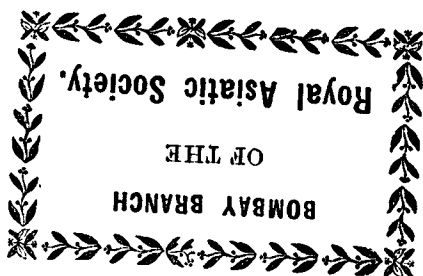




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E. AMI, DEL.

E. GILAS, LITH.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE
PERSONAL HISTORY ⁴⁹⁶
OF
LOUIS PHILIPPE,
(EX-KING OF THE FRENCH:)

FROM 1773 TO 1848.

COMPRISING

THE ONLY ENGLISH EDITION YET PUBLISHED OF THE WORK OF

M. BOUTMY,

MEMBER OF THE LATE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

WITH

SUPPLEMENTARY PARTICULARS,

INCLUDING THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF

THE RECENT REVOLUTION,

UNTIL AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE DEPOSED SOVEREIGN AT
CLAREMONT, IN ENGLAND:

BY

141351av

A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.—VIRG.
Thro' diverse changes countless dangers borne.—ED.

WHA-j-8

LONDON.

GRANT AND GRIFFITH,

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1848.

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PREFACE.

THE Revolution of 1848, the second that has taken place in France since the ever-memorable one of 1789, is infinitely more momentous in its results than that which preceded it in 1830. Nor can any living man foresee the disasters and dangers in which it may involve the French nation, and the serious effects it may have upon the peace and policy of Continental Europe.

After a reign of seventeen years and a half, fraught with anxious cares and imminent perils, after various providential escapes from the hands of ferocious assassins, a sovereign who has unhappily provoked the wrathful indignation of the French people, has been obliged to resign for ever that crown which they had placed upon his head, on the downfall of his infatuated predecessor and kinsman. Nay, more, they have decreed the

extinction of his dynasty, the perpetual rejection of his race, and the abolition of all royal authority under any name or designation whatsoever. They have pronounced for a Republic, and, marvellous to say, have universally succeeded in getting it recognized throughout the land, within the short space of four or five days!

In this sudden and abrupt transition from a Monarchy to a Commonwealth, events of vast and paramount importance have crowded upon each other with most amazing rapidity. Comparative tranquillity has been restored, with a promptitude which would appear almost incredible, considering the pitch of tumultuous vehemence to which the passions of the multitude have been so recently excited. But in the existing state of public affairs there is nothing to promise either duration or stability. The doubtful calm of the present cannot in the slightest degree be deemed a guarantee for the repose of the future.

The flames which in February, 1848, issued forth under the Column of July, 1830, from the burning throne of Louis Philippe, may have been a portentous presage of a European conflagration, while no human being can pretend to say how

soon it may take place, or what dreadful ravages may attend its devastating progress.

In the meantime it will be for the future historian to dwell and descant upon the different causes, social, moral, and political, that have led to events which will be eternally memorable, not only in the annals of France, but of every civilized nation in the world.

The chief object contemplated by the learned, eloquent, and accomplished writer, a version of whose work forms by far the largest portion of this volume, and is now brought generally before the British public for the first time (some few copies, printed only for private circulation, having appeared), has been the personal history of Louis Philippe, a name that will be for ever inseparably associated with the events in question. M. Boutmy has been always regarded with especial favour by the Ex-King of the French, and in collecting his materials has found ready access to the highest official sources. His statements, being generally supported by dates and facts, are most valuable in an historical point of view; but there are many instances in which Englishmen will totally dissent from his arguments and opinions.

Considered, however, as a narrative of extraordinary adventures, varied by most remarkable vicissitudes, difficulties, and dangers, there is nothing to be compared with it in the biography of any prince or potentate at this moment on the surface of the globe.

In the Supplementary Particulars, which, from their distinctive importance, are given as fully as the prescribed limits of this work would admit, the original design of the French author is strictly adhered to, with only one exception. That exception is the total absence of personal prejudices or partialities, where the interests of truth are alone concerned. In rendering into English the spirited pages of M. Boutmy, the Editor has felt it his duty to comment incidentally on some few passages in which the defects alluded to seemed to call for reprehension. Meanwhile he also felt that it would ill beseem him to be consciously led into faults which he has censured in another.

For all further prefatory purposes a few words will suffice.

A deposed and denounced monarch has been fiercely precipitated from the highest and proudest eminence of royal power, which man could possibly

attain. Compelled to fly from the scene of it, and disguise himself in his progress, he has rejoiced at having arrived in safety in England, well remembering in his old age the generous hospitality with which he had formerly been received here as a young fugitive prince. With him has arrived, to comfort, and console him in his exile, an illustrious lady, who, from the first moment of her union with him down to the present hour, has invariably been distinguished by all those pure and bright virtues which can dignify and adorn the sex in any station of life, and which are so peculiarly enhanced in the combined character of wife, mother, and queen. These virtues (among which her fervent piety and boundless beneficence to the poor hold a prominent place) have left behind them many hallowed remembrances in the land from which the perverse destinies of her fallen consort have so painfully obliged her to retire.

Happily, however, Louis Philippe and the truly amiable Marie Amelie are now beyond the reach of danger, as are also all the immediate members of their family. Most of them have sought and found a secure and peaceful home in a land of real freedom. The reception given to the personage

who has been the cause of their compulsory expatriation, proves, by the noble emotions with which all classes of the people have been inspired, that in England the whole nation will always be ready to forget the errors and transgressions of princes in the misfortunes and calamities they have entailed upon themselves.

The people of the United Kingdom feel perfectly assured, that, under the sceptre of a gracious Queen, who religiously respects their constitutional rights, immunities, and privileges; and who seeks only to promote their best interests, whatever administration may happen to be in power, they have nothing to apprehend for the cause of liberty. Deeply impressed with this conviction, they will be constantly prepared in case of any emergency (which may Heaven avert!) to defend her Majesty's throne even to the death, and that of every future British sovereign who shall follow her example.—THE EDITOR.

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MEMOIRS
OF
LOUIS PHILIPPE,
ETC.

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Birth and Descent of the King of the French.—Title of Duke of Valois given to him.—Great attention paid by his Father to his Education, and that of his other Children.—The Chevalier de Bonnard appointed to take charge of it first, and Madame de Genlis afterwards. — Title of Duke of Valois merged into that of Duke de Chartres.—The young Princes obliged to accustom themselves to all sorts of active exercise. —Their extraordinary progress in general education, and various descriptions of useful knowledge.—Amiable and charitable Disposition of the Duke de Chartres at an early Age.—His filial piety.—Scenes at Spa.—Mont St. Michel in Normandy.—Destruction of the Prison of the “Iron Cage.” —Events before the Revolution.

LOUIS PHILIPPE of Orleans, now King of the French, was born at the Palais-Royal, Paris, on the 6th of October 1773. He was the first-born offspring of the marriage of Louis Philippe Joseph,

then Duke de Chartres, and of Louise Marie de Bourbon Penthièvre. He received, at his birth, the title of Duke of Valois, his grandfather still bearing that of Duke of Orleans, as head of the family.

The new descendant of Saint Louis and of Henry IV. came into the world in the midst of a court in which the want of everything necessary for the proper education of a prince was, day after day, more sensibly felt; — the want of grave and zealous men of high principles and noble examples. The young branches, besides, of more than one illustrious family, were, at this epoch, entrusted to unworthy hands, or, at least, to light and fickle minds.

The father of the Duke of Valois evinced more sense and foresight. He took good care not to seek among his flatterers, nor ask of the companions of his pleasures, a governor for his children. He knew too well the duties which his twofold character of father, and prince of the blood royal, imposed upon him.

The elementary education of Louis Philippe was confided to the Chevalier de Bonnard, a man of an amiable and gentle disposition. At a later period a lady, the Countess de Genlis, was the person whom the Duke of Orleans (that was the title he bore after the death of his father, which took place in 1785) selected to communicate instruction to his children. He then had four,

Louis Philippe Duke de Chartres; the Duke de Montpensier, born in 1775; Mademoiselle d'Orleans, now Madame Adelaide,* born in 1777; and the Count de Beaujolais,† born in 1779.

Madame de Genlis was *playfully proposed*, she was *seriously accepted*. The Duke of Orleans

* Recently deceased.—ED.

† Beaujolais, the place from which the youngest brother of Louis Philippe derived his title, is evidently a corruption of the word *Boijulii*, the name given to it after it was occupied by the Roman conqueror. In "Cæsar's Commentaries" it is called *Oppidum Boiorum* (town of the Boii), and hence *Boijulii* would make it the Julian settlement of the Boii. Classical archæologists, however, are not agreed as to whether the Boii, who were among the most powerful of all the tribes found in Gaul at that period, were an indigenous race, or the descendants of Teutonic invaders. Tacitus asserts that they, as well as the Helvetii (Swiss), were a primitive people of ancient Gaul, and states that the possessions of the former were more distant than those of the latter, which extended northward between the Hercynian forest (the Schwarz Wald, or Black Forest) and the rivers Rhine and Maine. *Igitur inter Hercyniam silvam Rhenumque et Moenum amnes Helvetii, ulteriora, Boii, Gallica utraque gens, tenuere.* Tacit. Ger. cap. xxviii.

The *ulteriora*, or more distant possessions of the Boii, comprised vast tracts on both sides of the Danube, extending in various directions from Suabia to the north of Hungary. They occupied the whole of Bohemia until they were expelled from it by the Marcomanni, but there, as well as in Bavaria, they left behind them generic designations (*Boiemum* and *Boiaria*), from which are derived the names borne by those countries at the present day. In any case the origin of that tribe is historically interesting from its connection with the remote antiquity of the Bourbon family.—ED.

discovered in her a well-regulated mind, solid and varied information, a character indulgent, but firm, a power of persuasion, and an elevation of sentiment, which rendered her extremely well qualified to do justice to his confidence. She possessed exactly the qualifications he sought. He hesitated not on account of the surprise with which such a choice could not fail to be received, nor on account of the pleasantries to which it might give rise. Both were excited, particularly at court, the prince allowed those around him to talk and laugh; time has been destined to justify his selection. Of Madame de Genlis, it was said that the highest eulogium which could be pronounced upon her, was he who at this day, sits on the throne of France. To the father who confided his children to her, a part of this praise is due: it would be unjust to forget it.

To give some detailed account of the early years of the young princes, would be to trace the plan, and exhibit the complete model, of a solid education, capable of preparing the body, the understanding, and the heart, for the highest as well as the most variable destinies. Madame de Genlis aimed not at making her pupils great lords, devoted to indolence and effeminacy, the easy succession to which was prepared for them by rank and fortune; but men whom fortune could never find wanting to themselves. She adopted

for them a system of gymnastic exercises which was to impart to them agility, vigour, and health. In winter the young princes were accustomed to descend into deep and damp vaults, carrying burdens on their backs, as if to brave the cold. The governess used to pass two whole hours with them on the roofs of houses, in the month of December, for the purpose of consoling such of the inhabitants as were without fire all the year round. They thus learned what it was to *know* as well as to *relieve* misery.

At Saint-Leu, their ordinary abode, they were accustomed to be their own servants, and frequently obliged to expose themselves to rain, and walk in the snow. Swimming was one of the exercises which Madame de Genlis particularly recommended to them. In their walks, as well as in places provided for the purpose, the young princes vied with each other in running, leaping across trenches, and climbing up trees, on the tops of which they used to balance themselves for some time. They thus acquired not only agility and muscular strength, but boldness and daring, and that coolness so necessary in critical moments, and difficult straits. The Duke of Orleans presided over their lessons in horsemanship. That prince was one of the best equestrians in France, and therefore his children could never have required any other master.

The governess still further wished that they should have an exact, and in some degree a practical notion both of all manual labours, and all things connected with useful knowledge. She frequently took them through the workshops and manufactories. There they acquired much more knowledge by their own experience than they could derive from books. There they learned to know what manual exertion was, and the value which, no matter whether as princes or as working mechanics, they ought to attach to the industry of the operative classes. Even these visits afforded them an opportunity of evincing in early life how much they owed to an excellent physical education. One day, the Duke de Chartres, while witnessing a smelting process on the premises of M. Boubier, a goldsmith, received on the leg a splash which burned him, but whether it was that his attention being so much occupied at the moment he was prevented from feeling the pain of the accident, or that he did not wish to interrupt the workmen on his account, he did not suffer a single complaint to escape him, and those who were present did not perceive what had happened until they saw the blood streaming from the wound.

Besides the danger of such accidents, the noise of hammers, and of anvils, the heat of furnaces, the stench of metals in a liquid state, and the cold necessary for certain operations, might well disgust

the young princes with such studies; but in order to instruct themselves and acquire that knowledge, the utility of which they perfectly understood, they cheerfully submitted to all inconveniences and risks. Their questions to the workmen shewed the real interest they took in the process. They caused every thing to be explained to them that was passing under their eyes; and they listened not only without shewing the least reluctance, but on the contrary with a pleasure which manifested their intelligence, and the importance they already attached to the instruction they had gained.

In proportion as the princes advanced in years this practical education extended itself to objects of much higher consideration. They were taught the secrets of mechanical power, according to the models now lying in the depository of arts and manufactures. Exercises explained with perspicuity, and pursued with diligence, initiated them into the laws of physics and chemistry, while history rendered clear and in some measure practical to them the science of human laws.

The Duke de Chartres went every morning to study surgery at the Hotel Dieu, and was among the most assiduous of the students who assisted at the dressings of the patients. He soon became a bleeder himself, and was so almost daily, while his sister learned from him how to dress the wounded. At a later period we shall see with

what appositeness he recalled to mind in exile, and on the throne, the useful lessons he had learned at the Hôtel Dieu.

The pupils of Madame de Genlis made at the same time rapid progress in literature, in the sciences, and in the study of languages. Their governess knew also how to instruct them in an agreeable manner rather by practical means than by demonstrations which are often dry and tiresome. Thus, at dinner, they spoke nothing but English, at supper everything said was in Italian, and as the young princes were very fond of botany, a German gardener was made over to them, who did not understand a word of French.

In 1787, the Duke de Chartres then only fourteen years of age, had, as the result of an excursion to another country, still farther improved this education, already so varied and far advanced. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the young princes, having gone to take the waters at Spa, her children were to join her with their governess. The particular spring which had been recommended to the princes, was called *Sauvèrè*, and lay in the midst of woods. The Duchess of Orleans soon got much better, and her children desired to leave in this quarter a testimonial of their joy and filial piety. By their own exertions they raised around the fountain a fine promenade, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and it is

shewn there to this day; while on the most picturesque spot that could be selected an altar of white marble was placed, on which the Duke de Chartres inscribed, with his own hands, the words "To gratitude."

Nor is this the only amiable trait which recommends the attention of the biographer to the journey thus undertaken. Not far from Spa stands the old castle of Franchemont, where prisoners for debt were then confined. "So long," exclaimed the Duke de Chartres, one day, "as there shall be prisoners within these old walls, this landscape will appear to me cheerless, despite of all its beauty." Acts immediately followed words, a subscription was opened, and the prince was soon enabled to set these poor captives at liberty. "Well, then," said he, "this landscape is really magnificent; one can now admire it without sadness."

Louis Philippe and his brothers were early accustomed to make a noble use of fortune. At Saint-Leu, a poor peasant boy, named Augustin, laboured under what appeared to be an incurable sore; an empiric was going to cut off his arm, when the Duke de Chartres called in an experienced surgeon; the boy escaped amputation, and found himself protected by the young princes. They shared with a poor paralytic invalid, whom they supported in his old age, the greater part of the

money that was given to them. One day the Duke de Chartres heard them talking of a man who was in great distress, and in want of everything, but to relieve him he was obliged to have recourse to extraordinary means, declaring that on the evening before he had given away all his cash for the purpose of releasing a prisoner. But said he to his governess, "I will deprive myself of my pocket-money until my education is finished, and devote it to acts of charity; every first of the month we shall decide upon employing it; I beg you to take my solemn word of honour for the fact."

On his return from Spa, the young prince stopped at Givet, for the purpose of inspecting the regiment of Chartres infantry, of which he was colonel in his own right.

The following year the young family, still under the charge of Madame de Genlis, made a tour through Normandy and visited the Abbey of Mont Saint Michel. There they saw the famous "Iron Cage," which had been constructed by the orders of Louis XIV. It was made of enormously thick planks, having only the colour of iron, and placed on purpose in the midst of a sink surrounded by fetid water, the access to it being by subterranean passages of filthy mire. In the interior of this cage a man could hardly stand up, and so crooked and bent was it that the unfortunate beings whom it inclosed from time to time,

were subject to continual torture, while inhaling the pestilence of death in the midst of a mephitic atmosphere. Here it was that the great monarch detained for fifteen years, and finally allowed to perish, a Dutch journalist, who had dared to direct against his power, one of those attacks which a prince so easily pardons in our days.*

The Count d'Artois had been for some time before at Mont Saint Michel, and also visited the "Iron Cage."† When the Duke de Chartres heard of the horrible purposes which this infamous

* The disastrous and fatal events arising from such atrocious enormities as these could never have taken place either in France, or in any other country, if that vicious principle of government had not been acted upon, which Cicero deprecated nearly two thousand years ago. I think it is in Book II. of his work *De Officiis*, he says that those who administer public affairs for the benefit of one portion of the citizens, and to the neglect of what they owe to the other portion, do that which is most pernicious to the peace and prosperity of the whole State—they introduce sedition and discord. "*Qui autem parti civium consulunt, partem negligunt, rem perniciosissimam in civitatem inducunt, seditionem atque discordiam.*"—Cic. *De Off.*—Ed.

† The author, in simply recording the fact of this visit without making any observations whatever upon it, manifestly intends that all men of just perceptions and feeling hearts, shall draw their own inferences from the conduct of the Duke d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) and that of his illustrious young relation, the Duke de Chartres. The former a prince of mature years, but rendered cold and callous by a vicious education, could behold with an insensibility too revolting to contemplate, the hideous memorials of a scene of filth, pes-

prison was made to serve, both he and his sister earnestly requested that it might be destroyed before their eyes, and the prior of the abbey, who was the governor, cheerfully consented to gratify them.

The young princes obtained permission for a great number of prisoners to assist in demolishing it. Persons belonging to religious orders, keepers, captives, domestics, princes,—all eagerly descended to those noisome subterranean caverns originally destined to become the tombs of human beings. The Duke de Chartres, who was the first to descend, was also the person who gave the first blow of the axe to the fatal cage, which was speedily shattered into one mass of ruins. A bonfire illuminated the dark and dreadful vaults, while consuming their last remains. “I have never witnessed anything more touching (says Madame de Genlis) than the transports, the acclamations, and the shouting applause of the prisoners during the execution.”

tilence, and horror, where so many of his unfortunate fellow-creatures had pined and perished under the direst inflictions; the latter a prince then in his adolescence, but who from his cradlehood had been taught to observe and respect those duties which he owed to society at large, as well as to himself, was not content until he saw every vestige destroyed that could point out to posterity the spot where the frightful *Iron Cage* had stood. What a contrast between the shameful indifference of the man and the noble indignation of the boy! And well may the world now exclaim *si sic omnia!*

There was only one spectator of this scene that did not participate in the joy of the assistants in it. This was the porter of the abbey, who thus saw himself deprived of the means of levying a tax upon the curiosity of travellers. The Duke de Chartres gave him ten louis d'ors. "Instead of the abominable cage," said he, "you will shew to visitors the place where it stood, and that sight being much more agreeable, will dispose them to still greater generosity."

In taking his departure, the prince did not forget for a moment those whose sufferings he had mitigated. He was particularly struck with the dejection of a captive who for fifteen years had not left the top of the fortress. On the occasion of the auspicious visit, he was permitted to accompany the illustrious guests of the abbey to the château. "What happiness!" he exclaimed,— "what happiness to walk on the grass!" On returning to Paris, the Duke de Chartres was fortunate enough to obtain his liberation.

This occurred a year before the taking of the Bastille, in the destruction of which monument of tyranny, and instrument of horrible torture, the young Princes of Orleans also acted a prominent part.

Their education had prepared them to behold with joy the reign of more humane and just laws. Their father was one of those who saw, without

regret, the time approaching for liberal reforms. He well knew the wants and wishes which each succeeding day more urgently enforced, and also the just discontent of the people. He could also see that the danger was too imminent not to excite alarm at the blind resistances and impotent barriers with which, in its obstinacy, foolish pride sought to surround itself. He could plainly perceive that there was no medium between the tranquil river and the raging torrent; between peaceful reforms and dreadful sanguinary revolutions. He wished that the king, in order to master and direct the popular movement, should place himself at its head; that to prevent great misfortunes, he should proceed to meet just exigencies, while proving to his people that he knew how to appreciate the progress of intelligence and instruction, both being every day more extensively diffused. Louis XVI. would perhaps have acquiesced in his wise suggestions, but he was surrounded by people who were tenacious of their privileges, and as the Duke of Orleans had openly censured them, that prince had almost as many enemies as there were courtisans at Versailles. They had recourse to calumny against him, and succeeded but too well in ruining him in the estimation of the king. Upon more than one occasion Louis XVI. evinced towards him an ill humour which approached even to severity. The prince was in many instances

exiled from court, but removed from his class, his greatness increased in the removal, contrary to all the laws of perspective.

The effects of this resentment extended to his family, and the Duke de Chartres did not get the *cordons bleu* until long after the usual time of its being given to princes of the blood. The young prince did not shew any resentment, nor did he avenge himself in any other manner than that which he had made the rule of his whole life—he placed himself above injustice.

When at last he appeared at the Tuileries as a Knight of the Order of Saint Esprit, the whole court appeared struck with the dignity of his mien, with his noble and easy deportment. “His figure and manner,” said an eye-witness, “had conjointly something noble, and at once indicated gracefulness and perfect affability. To all the questions addressed to him he replied without embarrassment; the sound of his voice was pleasing, the things he said charming, and the least enthusiastic of those who were present could not help agreeing in opinion, that Madame de Genlis had made of her pupil an accomplished prince.”

The Duke de Chartres found in this new distinction, enjoyments more real than those of vanity. The *cordons bleu* carried with it then a fixed monthly allowance of a thousand crowns, and the Duke of Orleans ordered that the whole

amount should be placed at the free disposal of the new chevalier. He had taught his children the use which a prince ought to make of his revenues, and he knew that all the virtues are strengthened by practice.

In this instance he was not deceived. As soon as the receipts amounted to three thousand, the Duke de Chartres ran with fifty louis to the Duke de Montpensier, fifteen to the Count de Beaujolais, fifteen more to his sister; his first thought was to participate in the pleasure of doing some good. He himself distributed the remaining part of one thousand crowns among the persons of his household and the poor.

Such were among the virtues of his family. The Duchess of Orleans, the worthy daughter of the excellent Duke de Penthièvre, did a great deal of good with her property. Every young person might see the Duke de Chartres economizing his pension for two months, in order to give forty louis to some poor officer. On the death of his father he was obliged to confirm all the pensions paid up to that time to different writers. To that list was added the name of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, and it was the young Duke de Chartres who was charged with being the bearer of the intelligence, to the illustrious author of "Paul and Virginia." The house of Orleans is one of which these royal traditions are not of the date of yesterday.

Such were the first years of Louis Philippe, —such the lessons that prepared him for the destinies for which Providence has preserved a life so precious.

One day some fishermen came to him requesting he would be good enough to give his name to a boat which was in progress of being built. “Most willingly,” said he, with that modesty which gives double value to the finest qualities, “if you think that my name can be of any service to you, I consent that this boat shall receive it, but it appears to me that it is as yet too obscure to give it to anything, whatever it may be.” This took place at Eu, on the shore which the naval squadron of a puissant queen very recently approached for the purpose of greeting the King of the French and his fortunes.

CHAPTER II.

Approach of the Revolution.—Position of Louis Philippe in 1789, when the Revolution broke out.—His Life identified with the first efforts made for rational Liberty.—Popularity of the Orleans family.—Attachment of Louis Philippe to the true Principles of the Revolution.—Mirabeau and his Party—Abolition of Privileges.—Approved by Louis Philippe when Duke de Chartres.—Popular Societies.—Demolition of the Bastille.—“Society of the Friends of the Constitution,” (afterwards) “The Society of Jacobins.”—Duke de Chartres member of the former, abhorred the latter.

THE Duke de Chartres now bordered on that age when, involved as a prince, in political events, his life was to belong to history. Already did everything announce the approach of that Revolution which, before giving to France a solid government laws conformable to her habits and political interests, such as her geographical situation, and even the natural configuration of her territory demanded, was to pass through so many excesses, to serve as a pretext for so many crimes, to undergo so many various changes of fortune, to raise up, destroy, and overwhelm so many thrones and existences.

Louis Philippe had hardly attained the age of sixteen, when the Revolution of 1789 broke out. Forty one years afterwards, in giving him a crown, the Revolution was to put him in charge of its destinies. There are few men in history who have been able to shew a similar career, and whose name so gloriously maintains its place in the midst of such events. In recording the chief occurrences in the life of the King of the French, we naturally recall to mind the principal phases of our Revolution. Louis Philippe is the most complete personification of it. He is so from his early enthusiasm in a righteous cause, in his ardour in defending the national independence against every attack from without, in his exile when all liberty had disappeared from France, in his calm and determined confidence, while a hypocritical faction sought, by retrogressive laws, to undo the work of the past; devoted in days of danger, great and generous in the hour of triumph, the sincere friend of liberty, the king to consolidate it by peace, and maintain it by order,—his whole life is that revolution in which everything that is most noble, most pure, and most worthy, must be associated with the eternal decrees of Providence.

The events of that long and memorable struggle cannot be narrated here, except in a brief and undeveloped manner. The subject of this work, is the life of Louis Philippe. He was still but

Duke de Chartres, and only sixteen years of age, when the cannon of the Bastille answered the oath of the Tennis-court, and united its roar with the voices of those who had already, in the National Assembly, demanded at Versailles the abolition of unjust privileges, and the enactment of equal laws for all citizens. Everywhere, then, in the street, in the Government, the Revolution had commenced. Kings, princes, men of intelligence, and men of action, young and old—all, at such a crisis, had their several parts to perform, their respective duties to discharge. The Duke de Chartres was already prepared for those which his rank and his age imposed upon him.

The good sense, good heart, and solid education of this prince, made him free from prejudices; the conversations of his father made him comprehend in due time the justice and necessity of the reforms demanded in 1789. In the midst of the National Assembly, the Duke of Orleans was himself one of the most sincere and disinterested reformers. Some days after the 14th of July, Madame de Genlis conducted her pupils over the ruins of the Bastille. For this she was unjustly blamed, as though battered down walls, broken chains, and open dungeons, afforded no lessons worthy of being deeply studied, especially by princes!

From that time forward, the family of the Duke

of Orleans belonged, as he did himself, to the Revolution—to the national cause. The people knew their private sentiments, knew them to be enemies to injustice, devoted to the national interests, and actuated by just motives, as being all of them persons of generous dispositions and superior understanding.

One day the Duke de Chartres and his brother, the Duke de Montpensier, rode out on horseback through a village in the environs of Paris; it was at the commencement of the emigration. On seeing the *cordon bleu*, the peasants collected in great numbers, and pursued them with violent menaces. “You are very clever at running away,” they exclaimed, “but we shall soon catch you.” “Then as they accuse us of running away,” said the prince to his brother, “let us not go far.” They stopped, and the peasants recognising them, very soon altered their tone; and, instead of menaces, evinced towards them the strongest proofs of respect and affection, greeting them with loud cries of *Vive le Duc de Chartres! vive le Duc d’Orleans!*

A sincere friend of liberty, deeply impressed with a sense of justice, and with feelings of charity—qualities which never fail to influence noble hearts and minds, as the necessary consequence of political reforms, the Duke de Chartres had himself early inscribed his name as a member of a

philanthropical society. He attended almost all the sittings of the Constituent Assembly, applauding the young nobles who spontaneously proclaimed the abolition of their privileges, and burned their titles on the altar of their country. He identified himself with all the views and efforts of men who were new in political life, too enthusiastic and confident, perhaps; who endeavoured, in good faith, to establish a constitutional throne upon a sincere alliance between the king and the nation—between the past and the future.

The Duke de Chartres was present at the sitting in which the Assembly erased from our laws the absurd prerogative of the right of primogeniture. He was anxious that he himself should be the person to convey to his brothers this pleasing intelligence. The first of them whom he met was the Duke de Montpensier. He immediately embraced him, and with tears of joy in his eyes, informed him of what had taken place. "I need not tell you," said he, "what pleasure this gives me; my brother well knows that even when the law had been still in existence, it never could make any difference between us; it was an injustice, and I, who am the eldest, could not endure it."

At this epoch was formed "The Society of the Friends of the Constitution," which, at a later period, took the name of the "Society of Jacobins,"

one of such sad and dire notoriety. But people ought to take care not to judge of its origin from what it ultimately became. Men brought together for the purpose of living under new laws, assembled with the view of studying social rights—of instructing the people never to separate those rights from their duties. The young admirers of the talents of Mirabeau, Barnave, Duport, and Lameth, were prepared to follow in their footsteps at some future day. Such was, in 1789, the object of this society, when the Duke de Chartres determined to become a member of it. He eminently distinguished himself by his precocious talents—his unbounded patriotism, and the free and entire renunciation of those privileges which his birth might be supposed to have rendered dearer to him than to any other person. Being as modest as he was well-informed, he spoke but seldom on other occasions, and if he took upon himself to bring forward a motion, it was only for the purpose of making an appeal to the humanity of his colleagues on behalf of those prisoners who had abandoned the Philanthropical Society. Subsequently, when “The Society of Jacobins” commanded murder, and decked out the scaffolds, the prince was not to be found among its members, but, on the contrary, among the number who were enrolled as its victims.

In treating of matters relating to the men and

events of the Revolution, it is above all things necessary to guard against confounding epochs, and displacing responsibilities by dates.

For some days after the commencement of the Revolution of 1789, there was nothing in it which could render that of 1830 an object of envy. It was equally pure—equally generous, just, and legitimate in principle. A movement of humanity, rather than of political design, precipitated the masses upon the Bastille—that grim and dismal prison—the cells of which had stifled so many unavailing moans, and of which so many tragical histories are related. The people were not impelled by any premeditated thought of destruction. They cherished no secret feeling of violence, contemplated no projects either of convulsion or of vengeance. Quite the contrary, they were found full of sentiments of humanity, of a desire to preserve the public peace and social order.

Irritated by provocations, by unjust suspicions, by resistances, which were, perhaps, calculated to cast odium upon them, the people still thought only of defending themselves—of preserving order with the rights which they had re-asserted, and the throne with its liberties. They formed National Guards, being themselves determined to resist all factions. What then was wanting to prevent the people of Paris and of France from establishing, in a few months, that which they

have waited for during the long space of five-and-twenty years, and paid for so dearly? A Louis Philippe at their head.

He was in their ranks, at least at that post which his age assigned to him. On the 9th of February, 1790, he went with his brothers, wearing the uniform of the National Guard, to the district of Saint-Roch, for the purpose of enrolling himself. At the moment of signing his name, seeing that he was described in the registry by all his titles, he erased them without affectation, and wrote in their place the plain words, "citizen of Paris." Still later, when a decree of the National Assembly ordered that the colonels, who were proprietors of regiments, should each appear at the head of his own corps under the penalty of losing his rank, the Duke de Chartres who, since the year 1785, had been Colonel of the 11th Dragoons, responded to the call of the legislators, and hastened to his post.

CHAPTER III.

Disagreement between the Court and the House of Orleans.—

The Court hostile to all reform of abuses.—The Duke of Orleans regarded with great suspicion by that party.—Efforts made to criminate him.—The Duke of Orleans consents to accept a mission to England.—The Duke de Chartres joins the Army of the Revolution as Colonel of Dragoons.—His strict attention to his military duties.—Abolition of titles and armorial bearings.—Sentiments of the Duke de Chartres on the subject.—His heroic courage in saving two Priests from being massacred.—Effects of it upon the enraged Populace and upon the mind of one of them in particular.—Saves, at the imminent risk of his own life the father of a family from being drowned.—Introduced to General Dumouriez.—Intrigues of the Emigrants.—Anti-Gallican Alliance of Foreign Powers.—War declared in the name of the King against the King of Bohemia and Hungary (Emperor of Austria).

THE Revolution had the effect of dividing the two branches of the Royal House. The Court beheld with great dissatisfaction the part which the Duke of Orleans took in the Constituent Assembly. It neither forgave him the disinterestedness with which he advocated wise reforms, nor the sentiments entertained by his family. The general history of this period is well known. The

world knows with what enthusiasm the nation applauded the first efforts of those who proclaimed equality, and the abolition of privileges. The world also knows in what manner these first acts of political regeneration were received at Court, and by a part of the *noblesse*. They took no pains to conceal their vexation and anger. They openly advertised their blind pretensions of resistance. They threatened, they talked of chastising the rabble (*la canaille*), they hurried off to seek the aid of foreign arms.

The first result of these culpable imprudences was to increase the popularity of those who pursued an opposite course of conduct; particularly of the Duke of Orleans, who naturally, on account of his rank and name, gained more by the contrast. That prince asked only for an unassuming place in the Assembly. He had refused the presidency. He was not seen surrounded either by turbulent or intriguing men. Yet he still appeared to give offence, and a jealous suspicion of his popularity was excited,—a popularity which even those who were said to dread it most, did by their conduct all in their power to increase.

The events of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, and the procedure consequent upon them, do not appertain to this narrative.

Nothing was left undone to implicate the Duke of Orleans. In the absence of proofs and facts,

the most malevolent insinuations were thrown out against him in all directions. No regard whatever was paid to the grace and youth of the Duke de Chartres, who under the new laws neither saw nor sought anything but new duties. In order not to be confounded with those who fled under the name of "emigrants," the father consented to accept an official mission to England. The son, on his part, could not fail to receive with joy a decree which, withdrawing him from a life subject to the malignant calumnies of intrigue and perfidy, called him elsewhere to serve his country. "I am henceforth," said he, "a soldier of France, the country demands the *services* of her children, and not their *opinions*."

His regiment, when he joined it, was in garrison, at Vendôme. Neglected until then, it very soon, by the care and activity of its young colonel, assumed a new attitude. The Duke de Chartres did not understand the service in the same sense as those colonels did whose only attention was paid to matters of parade, officers by inheritance, by favour, or sometimes by money; captains who had never been soldiers, and were not always military. The latter contented themselves with making a showy appearance on parade, seeing no ornament except in their epaulettes, and never known to set a better example.

Scarcely had the prince arrived when he ex-

pressed his intention of being present at all the exercises. He was well aware how much the presence of the chief excites emulation, and stimulates negligence to exertion. Often finding himself in the midst of his soldiers, he gave, while addressing them directly, more authority to his reprimands—more value to his praises. On every other occasion he shewed himself their friend. He heard their complaints with kindness, was prompt and just in attending to all their reasonable demands, and replied to them with a noble and cheering familiarity. He very soon gained all their hearts, and the affection of the soldiers enabled him, without labour, to re-establish discipline, and maintain it without difficulty.

This happy influence shortly after extended itself throughout the rest of the garrison. Though junior in years, the young colonel was at the time, by the date of his commission, the senior in rank of all the superior officers then assembled at Vendôme, and the oldest veterans discovered in him a degree of intelligence and precision which made them forget his youth, seeing that it sometimes left their long experience in the back-ground. No matter what the state of the weather was, he visited the stables almost every morning before the lieutenant-colonel whose duty it was to do so, and was equally strict in attending to all the other exercises. The lieutenant-colonel thought it right

to intimate to him one day, that it might hurt him in the estimation of the dragoons to be seen by them too often, as they might, from habit, lose a portion of that respect which they owed to their colonel. "I do not think," replied the prince, "that I can lose anything in the estimation of my soldiers, and be the less entitled to their consideration, because I set them an example of strict punctuality, and that I, as their chief, submit myself to discipline."

At this time appeared the decree suppressing armorial bearings, and all insignia which could recal distinctions of birth. The Duke de Chartres received it without regret, and even with joy saw it proclaimed that Frenchmen free and equal, were in future to be distinguished only by the services which they might render to their country. "The more freely," said he, "I renounce the honours which I owed only to my birth, the more shall I glory one day in those which I may merit by serving my country; and if a whole life solely devoted to the public interest, be sufficient to deserve marks of honour, I have the fullest confidence that I shall prove myself worthy to receive them."

Thus, when left to himself, as well as when under the eyes of those who had formed his understanding, and directed his heart, Louis Philippe (the great-grandson of Louis XIV.) knew at the

early age of seventeen, how to practise the great principle of equality, to render homage to the rights of all men, to set before each an example of duty and of submission to the laws. It was the Revolution under the dictates of its first, generous spirit, allying respect for the laws and humanity with the ardour of political reforms, that prepared him in good earnest to contend against bad passions, blind fanaticism, and the fatal allurements which, at a more advanced period, might otherwise have stained or compromised his cause. To this it is we are indebted for not having seen political scaffolds erected for fourteen years; this mode of noble resistance is not of recent origin.

One day (the festival of Corpus Christi) the crowd assembled opposite an inn at Vendôme demanded that two priests should be given up to them for the purpose of putting them to death, being accused of having, during the morning procession, insulted the sworn vicar who was carrying the holy sacrament. The mayor and magistrates attempted in vain to appease the enraged multitude. The young colonel hastened to the spot, and prevailed upon them to attend to the language of reason and humanity. The people heard him, and promised that, as being under *his* protection, they would do nothing to the two priests. The prince then giving his arm to the elder of them, proceeded to conduct him to the Town-house, but

scarcely had they gone a few paces, when the furious multitude wished to stop them, and commit acts of renewed violence. A man armed with a musket took a deliberate aim at one of the two ecclesiastics. The colonel did not hesitate to place himself before him to the imminent danger of his own life. This noble act of courage restored the people to their senses; they remembered their promise and spared the lives of two unhappy men who were on the point of being massacred.

Next day, the prince saw a man come to him, bringing with him a basket of fruit. "For whom is this fruit?" he asked. "It is," said the peasant, "the finest in my garden; I have picked it myself, as the offering of gratitude." "For me!—What have I done for you?" "I am one of those who, yesterday, wished to kill the priest whom you have saved." "Indeed!—What do you want now?" "I was out of my senses; I am saved from blood: now that I am calm, I am come to thank you for having turned me from crime." How many people at this day ought to be no less grateful to the King of the French!

Shortly afterwards the young Colonel saved the life of the father of a family, M. Syret, an engineer, who was bathing in the Loire, near an eddy where many persons had perished before. Drawn in by the current, the unfortunate man called out in vain for assistance. At a distance of

about a hundred paces from the place, the Duke de Chartres heard his cries, and rushed to his rescue. "Courage, my friend," he exclaimed; "I am with you." He jumped into the water, and seeing only the top of the hand of the unhappy man, he seized it, and after running the risk of perishing with him, was fortunate enough, while aided by a faithful domestic, to rescue from death the father of five children. The municipality of Vendôme adjudged a civic crown to the man who had done this splendid act. In 1814, the crown, in charge of a guard of honour, composed of the inhabitants of Vendôme, was sent to the Duchess of Orleans, and is perhaps, of all other memorials, that which the Queen of the French now shews with the greatest joy to her children.

In the month of August, 1791, the Duke de Chartres proceeded with his regiment to Valenciennes, where, as senior colonel of the garrison, he performed the duties of *commandant de place*. It was there he saw Dumouriez for the first time, to whom General Biron presented him as the model of the officers of his army; some days later, and he might have also mentioned him as among the most brave.

In fact that war soon commenced, the representations of which are so gloriously described on the walls of the Palace of Versailles. It was not in vain that the Emigrants visited all the Courts of

Europe, while looking out for enemies of the French Revolution. A coalition had been concluded at Pilnitz, between the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. The two brothers of the King of France had taken part in it. The English Minister, Pitt, and the Empress of Russia, Catherine II., promised succours. Thus supported by formidable forces, the Emigration became menacing.

The fear of a counter-revolution, and of terrible reactions, were added to the difficulties which the internal administration of the new government had to encounter. It was changed amidst troubles and adversities, an agitation inseparable from all great political movements.

The Constituent Assembly gave way to a new legislature. It does not come within the design of this work to recount what acts of blind disinterestedness marked the latter days of that Assembly, in which, through the weight of character, Bailly and La Fayette, and by the force of eloquence, Barnave and Duport reigned triumphant. The party of the Revolution was divided. Mirabeau died without imposing *silence on thirty voices*, and these thirty voices took advantage of the event while seeking to strengthen themselves and multiply their numbers, through the many errors of the Court, and the suspicions which it inspired. It was chiefly in the midst of the clubs that the

sway of the assembly that had succeeded the Constituent body was paramount at the epoch at which we are now arrived. The deplorable effect of the journey to Varennes is but too well known. When the party of the Emigration avowed its projects, and treated openly with foreign powers, fears and suspicions were redoubled. The patriots loudly accused Louis XVI. of acting in concert with his brothers, or at least of founding criminal hopes upon the armies of the Coalition.

On all sides there appeared to be a perfect unanimity in calling for war. In other respects neither the resolutions of that epoch must be judged of by the circumstances which we have since witnessed; nor should the political events of 1830 be estimated by the ideas and situation of France in 1792. War with the absolute European monarchies was at that epoch inevitable; and those men whose minds were the most seriously preoccupied with the national independence, had, perhaps, reason to believe that the best way of ensuring success, and of shortening the struggle, was to accept the challenge, and even to anticipate it. In this they seemed to agree with the avowed enemies of the Revolution. The latter also wished that the war should be immediate, and the more overheated among them did not dissemble the impious hope of soon seeing the old *régime* reestablished with all its abuses.

Which of these two parties should the Court have espoused? Louis XVI. did not, perhaps, belong to one or the other. A weak and undecided king in the greatest as well as in the smallest affairs, an honest man but without capacity (history is obliged to record the fact) to comprehend the generous efforts of a people, and to direct while associating himself with them, he chose rather to temporize, to wait, and take counsel of circumstances. Those around him only wished for hostilities. At the decisive moment M. de Graves charged provisionally with the *portfeuille* of war during the absence of Dumouriez, thought it his duty to consult the queen for the last time. Not being able to see her, he addressed a note to her which she immediately sent back with the following portentous word written in pencil, with her own hand — “*War!*” From that moment all indecision on the part of the Minister ceased.

On the 20th of April, 1792, Louis XVI. proceeded to the hall of the Legislative Assembly to declare war against the Emperor Francis I., King of Bohemia and of Hungary (for France did not yet recognise him as Emperor of Austria*). To those men who were sincerely devoted to the cause

* France could not do so, and for the best of all reasons at that time, and for several years subsequently, no Emperor of *Austria* existed. It was only after the imperial throne of Germany was humbled and crushed to pieces by the over-

of the Revolution and national independence it appeared, that, whatever might be the necessity which called for immediate decision, it was an act of audacity thus to provoke and commence against all Europe a conflict which France did not appear by any means in a condition to sustain. In fact what had we to oppose to the Coalition? Raw recruits, the majority of them without clothing or arms, but all full of enthusiasm.

Then who were the generals? They were to be produced in the field of battle, the veterans being hardly prepared for the part that awaited them. There were many who had distinguished themselves in America, but that war, from the length of time that had since elapsed, was then hardly known in France, and but little calculated to inspire that confidence which it is so necessary should exist between soldiers and their chief. Some even hesitated to take the command of the army after the course pursued by the Assembly. Thus Rochambeau (who fought with La Fayette for American independence), being appointed General-in-Chief of the army of the North, had come to a fixed resolution not to accept of the post. Summoned before the Assembly for the purpose of

whelming power of Buonaparte that the sovereign of Austria, renouncing the imperial crown as head of the Germanic Confederation, confined his title as emperor to his hereditary States.

—ED.

taking the oath, he presented himself there with the firm determination of refusing to do so. They knew his reasons, but did not wish his dismissal; therefore scarcely had he opened his lips when his voice was drowned amidst plaudits and eulogies, all previously designed to serve a purpose. He was obliged to receive their tributes as due to a patriotism which he was far from possessing.

CHAPTER IV.

Delicate and critical situation of the Duke de Chartres.—His first encounter in the field of battle.—His coolness and bravery.—Promoted in rank.—Gallantry of the French General Luckner.—First introduction of the Duke de Chartres to Kellermann.—Prompt and happy answer to a blunt question.—Declaration of war against France by the Allied Powers.—Manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick.—Indignation of the French people excited in consequence.—France invaded.—Preparations of defence.—Successes of the allied army in the first instance.—Positions of the two divisions of the French army.—Duke de Chartres appointed General of Division.—Arrives at Valmy.—Hard fighting there the day before the general action.

At the time of which we now speak, the Duke de Chartres was too good a judge of men and things, not to comprehend all the delicacy and danger of his position. His birth, his name, exposed him more than any other person to suspicions and ingratitude. He neither felt any taste for those excesses by which some persons wished to save, and others hoped to destroy the Revolution. All his sympathies were for the party of sincere and moderate patriots,—a party as yet too weak, which counted in its ranks some justly celebrated

men, but which having lost its leader, by the death of Mirabeau, had no weight in the mind of Louis XVI., and was without a chief.

To remain for any object in such a situation, to accept without ambition all its consequences, required more than courage and devotion. The Duke de Chartres had always shewn a high sense of duty; he did not hesitate on this occasion. He was perfectly aware that the critical moment was that at which it was particularly incumbent upon every citizen to be at his post. Without influence in the direction of public affairs, it was at least permitted to him to pay, as a soldier, his debt to his country, now menaced with foreign invasion. He did not calculate between results and his duty as a soldier. It was with joy he beheld unfurled upon the frontier that flag, the glorious folds of which were partly to conceal so many mournful and deplorable excesses.

He was then under the orders of General the Duke de Biron, commanding the division of Valenciennes, and Maubeuge. He took part in the first hostilities at Boussu and Quaragnon, on the 28th of April, 1792. The army in these encounters, at first obtained some advantages. On the 30th a new engagement took place at Quiévrain, but at night a panic (easy of explanation in the instance of troops as yet but novices in the art of war) threw our soldiers into disorder, causing

them to fly. By his firmness, the prince powerfully contributed to rally them, and make that army maintain its ground whose only talk was, of retiring as far as Valenciennes.

“The Dukes de Chartres and de Montpensier (said General Biron, in his dispatch, giving an account of these operations) marched with me as volunteers, and in their first essay, under a heavy fire of musketry, behaved in the most brilliant and steady manner.”

On the 7th of May, 1792, Louis Philippe was appointed, by right of seniority, Mareschal de Camp, the same day as Berthier, afterwards Prince of Wagram. He then took the command of a brigade, composed of the 14th and 17th Dragoons, under the orders of Marshal Luckner, an old soldier, whose brow was never disturbed in facing the most murderous fire. At the attack on Courtray, which took place some time afterwards, several officers seeing Luckner in the midst of the hottest part of the fight, requested him to retire a little on one side. “It is useless, my friends,” said he, “the balls respect the brave.” Courtray was taken, but only to be soon evacuated in consequence of a change of ministry.

The generals were changed very often. The army of the North had already seen at its head Biron, Rochambeau, Luckner, La Fayette; towards the end of the month of July, General Philippe,

as they then called him, was stationed at Metz, under the orders of Kellermann. “*Corbleu!*” * said the latter, when the Duke de Chartres went to head-quarters, “I have never yet seen a general officer so young! What the d—l have you done to be made a general already?” “It is because I am the son of him who has made you a colonel,” replied Louis Philippe. “Well, well!” returned Kellermann, “I am delighted to see you under my orders.”

After the expedition of Courtray, the Duke de Chartres was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and offered the command of Strasburgh. “I am too young,” said he, “to be shut up in a fortified place, and I ask permission to remain on service with the army.” This reply was dictated to him by the approach of new dangers. In fact, the Duke of Brunswick, on the part of Prussia, and Austria had also made a declaration of war, not against Louis XVI., but against France. He issued his famous manifesto. Posterity has done justice to this miserable *factum*, worthy rather of a Vandal than of a captain who knew the rights of war, and addressed himself to a civilized and brave nation. He proposed nothing less than punishing as rebels, all the National Guards who should fight against the allied courts, and be taken with arms in their hands. The inhabitants who should

* One of those conventional but vulgar exclamations which are common to all countries.—Ed.

dare to defend them were to be delivered over at once to all the rigour of the military tribunals. In case of an attack upon the *château* of the Tuileries, on the part of the factious, Paris was to be one scene of execution, of total destruction, and the rebels doomed to suffer death, with previous tortures !

Behold what those monarchs were preparing for France, who professed themselves to be the friends and defenders of the throne ! And the emigrant princes, Frenchmen, armed against their country, identified themselves with this odious language—with these impious threats !

The world does not know, however, with what astonishing, what incredible levity, they prepared for these triumphs. “It will only occupy us,” said they, “some few weeks to reduce Brabant, and not more than two months to crush the Revolution of France ; postilions’ whips will be sufficient to drive off these clowns who have taken up epaulettes and swords.”

When the Emigrants heard that a new decree had been issued against them, they gaily had recourse to the boot of General Bender,* for, according to them, the kick of a boot ought to suffice to send into the dirt the whole new order of things,—constitution, social rights, and all.

* This is a French witticism meant as a satire on bluster and bravado.—ED.

To the ridiculous they joined the horrible, not confining themselves to extravagant delusions. After the anticipated victory, they were to hang all those who had taken the oath to the Constitution, and to break upon the wheel all those who had been parties to the sitting of the Tennis-court. "No indulgence, no pardon: thus must we govern." Such was the motto of Coblentz.

It is even said that the flatterers of Louis XVIII. parodied the plan presented by Potemkin to Catherine II., for going to Constantinople: having traced from Coblentz to Paris a route where each relay was marked by a post surmounted with the head of some one of the most influential members of the Constituent Assembly. The first relay was destined for Bailly, who had presided at the famous sitting of the Tennis-court. It would, perhaps, be unjust, after the examples which 1815 has left us, to say that every person connected with the Emigration professed such sentiments. But, as to those who so often wished to throw upon the sincere and moderate friends of the Revolution, the responsibility of revolutionary excesses; as to such persons, how can they withdraw the chiefs of the counter-revolution from a pledged participation in all the projects with which it appears to have been surrounded.

What impotent cries! What dangerous and fatal delusions! The denunciations against France,

the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, and the language of the Emigrants, could only redouble the courage of those whom they ridiculously pretended to alarm; and, to those who had hitherto hesitated, they imparted, perhaps, the strength of indignation and of despair. They precipitated the destruction of the unfortunate Louis XVI. while dishonouring his cause. They inspired our young army with a resolution which was excited and fired to enthusiasm.

In the meantime the French territory was invaded. A combined army of Prussians, Austrians, Hessians, &c., marched upon Paris under the orders of the Duke of Brunswick. The king of Prussia accompanied it in person, with a great number of princes, among whom the two brothers of Louis XVI., Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were conspicuously remarkable.

The army of Dumouriez did not number more than 33,000 men in its ranks, that of Kellermann 27,000. But "the country is in danger!" and at this cry, proclaimed by the Assembly of the representatives of the people,—at this cry which everywhere bursts forth and reverberates like a peal of thunder, the whole nation was aroused. Battalions of volunteers, of confederated bands, rushed forward from all quarters to the inspiring strains of *la Marseillaise*, and arrived by forced marches in line to arrest the progress of the army that was

penetrating into France. In three days the city of Paris alone had mustered, armed, equipped, and dispatched forty-eight battalions of infantry, forming together 32,000 effective men. More ardent than experienced and disciplined troops, these might have clogged the movements of the army, and proved injurious to strategic order. Almost all of them being kept at Chalons-sur-Marne, they there formed, under the orders of Luckner, a reserve, imposing by its numerical strength, and formidable by the spirit with which it was animated.

Scarcely had he been invested with the command of the army encamped near Sedan, when Dumouriez proceeded to the Argonne, the defiles of which appeared to be the most efficacious line of defence against the rapid march of the enemy. It was there that in taking up his position at Grand-Pré, he was apprized of the loss of Verdun. "Verdun is taken," said the General in writing to the Executive Council, "and I expect the Prussians. The camp of Grand-Pré and that of the Islettes, are the Thermopylæ of France, but I shall be more fortunate than Leonidas."

They wished at Paris that he should form behind the Marne, and, notwithstanding his importunities, instead of urging a junction of the army of Kellermann with his own, they directed the latter to occupy the ground on the Upper Marne, as also Saint-Dizier and Vitry-le-Français. Dumouriez

was right. He remained alone, and immoveable, in the camps of Grand-Pré and the Islettes.

On the 14th of September, his left wing was beaten and routed at la Croix-aux-Bois. This success opened to the Duke of Brunswick a passage through the plains of Champagne, into which he threw himself immediately with a great part of his forces. Dumouriez was obliged to abandon Grand-Pré, but he held possession of the Islettes and la Chalade, and formed upon Sainte-Menehould, taking these two important points as his pivot, and having in the rear a vast section for a change of movements.

On the 16th, although a panic caused for the moment the whole body of the army to be thrown into disorder, (a circumstance which fortunately was not perceived by the enemy,) it occupied the camp of Sainte-Menehould in a good and regular state of discipline. In this new position Dumouriez remained master of the high road between Verdun and Chalons, obliging the Prussians to establish their communications through byways, and in a country which bad weather began to render impracticable. He again urged Kellermann to join him, and the latter finally decided to do so. On the night of the 19th of September, his army took up its position to the left of that of Dumouriez. It encamped upon two lines, the first under the orders of Lieut.-General Valence, the second

under those of Lieut.-General the Duke de Chartres. The advanced guard, commanded by General Desprez de Crassier, took its post at Hans, having in the rear, at Valmy, General Stengel with a corps of light troops of the army of Dumouriez. Gisancourt was occupied by Colonel Tolozan, with the 1st regiment of Dragoons.

Meanwhile the Prussian army defiled by Grand-Pré and Croix-aux-Bois, advanced through the plains of Champagne, and penetrated as far as Chalons, so as to place itself between the French and Paris.

On the 20th of September, before daybreak, the Prussian Hussars of Koelher surprised at Gisancourt the 1st regiment of Dragoons, who were in the rear of Kellermann's camp. Colonel Tolozan had only time to see his regiment mounted, when he was obliged to quit the village, leaving all his baggage behind. Happily the Prussian hussars had no infantry with them. They dared not remain at Gisancourt, and that important post, retaken by the French troops, was not afterwards carried by them.

About half-past six in the morning, a loud cannonade was heard on the side of Hans, where the advanced guard was stationed, and the *générale* was beaten at the camp. Desprez de Crassier announced to Kellermann, that, attacked by superior numbers, he was going to re-form his line.

He added that the thick mist of the morning prevented him from ascertaining what corps it was that attacked him, but he believed it to be the whole Prussian army, which advanced *en masse*.

The general, acting on this intelligence, returned to the camp with the whole of the advanced guard, which was immediately directed upon Gisancourt. At the same time, Kellermann placed his front line, under the orders of General Valence, before Orbeval, between the river d'Anve and the little hill of Valmy, perpendicularly towards the causeway of Chalons. The second line, commanded by the Duke de Chartres, was placed parallel with the causeway, and perpendicularly towards the crest of the hill of Valmy. This was the most important post of the battle, and a strong battery of artillery in position was established at the mill of Valmy, the most elevated point in that quarter.

What must have been the promptitude of the Duke de Chartres in putting himself in motion! The necessity of defending the camp, and of loading the pack-horses, caused him to lose so much time, that it was nearly eight o'clock when he arrived at the mill of Valmy with his infantry. "Come, then! come, then!" said General Stengel to him, "for I cannot quit this post until I am relieved: however, unless I advance, the Prussians there above," he added, "are shewing us the way to l'Hyron; we shall be annihilated in an hour."

With these words, and directing his infantry to follow him as well as they could, he rapidly rode off with some squadrons of light troops which he had under his orders, and two companies of horse artillery under the commands of Captains Barrois and Anique. Quickly passing through the village of Valmy, then the valley that separated it from the P'Hyron side, he arrived at the latter place just at the moment when a Prussian column was advancing to occupy it. But it was repulsed, and P'Hyron was defended throughout the day with great gallantry.

The cannonade which was heard at the commencement at the mill of Valmy, before the Duke de Chartres relieved General Stengel, became very brisk about ten o'clock. The Prussians brought two batteries to bear upon the mill, afterwards reinforcing them in succession. One of these extended along the length of the hill close to where the mill stood; the other was upon an eminence opposite to it, on the side of the causeway before the fee-farm called *La Lune*, which that day has rendered celebrated, and where on the day following the King of Prussia fixed his head-quarters. These batteries proved very destructive to the French army. The charger which Kellermann rode was wounded; and General S enarmont had his thigh shattered by a ball, which obliged him to retire from the field. But nothing, in the meantime, could shake the firmness of the

troops; and there was only one instant of disorder in the two battalions of the division commanded by the Duke de Chartres. A howitzer tumbled among them, filled with an immense quantity of cartridges. That explosion caused a momentary shock; but the young general, despite of the incessant fire to which he was exposed, immediately suppressed the disorder, with a coolness and a courage which never forsook him for one instant.

Towards eleven o'clock, the mist being entirely dispelled, the army of the enemy was discovered advancing in the most perfect order, with numerous columns, and deploying with as much precision as they could have shewn upon an esplanade, while they proceeded along the great plain which extends from Bionne towards Chapelle-sur-Auve. The eye could then take in at one view upwards of 100,000 men, ready prepared for battle; and the spectacle was so much the more imposing, as people were not accustomed to see such large armies. For thirty years before that epoch, Europe had not set on foot so vast a muster of combatants.

CHAPTER V.

Battle of Valmy.—Confined solely to a cannonade throughout the whole day.—Regarded as a victory by the French from the importance of its results.—Enthusiasm of the French troops.—Attempts of the Coalition to gain over the Duke of Orleans from the cause of the Revolution.—Communication made to the Duke de Chartres on the subject by a confidential emissary.—Treated with utter contempt.—Armistice between the belligerents.—All further hostilities against France abandoned by the army under the Duke of Brunswick.—Duke de Chartres appointed second in command in the army of Dumouriez in Belgium.—Successful operations of this army.—Victory of Jemappe.

THE deploying of the Prussian army was very slow. It was not until about two hours, (some time after it was completely over,) that they were seen forming columns of attack. It then seemed that the enemy was on the point of engaging in combat, and loud cries of "Live the nation! Live France!" were heard on all sides, throughout all the ranks of the French army. But whether it was that the fine appearance of the troops had made the Duke of Brunswick feel that he should meet with much greater resistance than he had at first calculated upon; or whether, (as is very probable,) he desired

to wait for the Austrian corps of General Clairfait, which did not arrive until during the night, it is certain that the Prussian columns formed and deployed three times successively, without deciding upon an attack. The combat was reduced to a simple cannonade, which lasted during the whole day, and ceased only when the darkness of night rendered it impossible to continue it longer. The artillery officers calculated the number of cannon-shots, discharged by both armies, at 40,000; and the munitions of Kellermann's park of artillery were nearly exhausted.

Such was the first success of the French armies in that long series of wars rendered illustrious by so many victories. Considered in itself, it can be regarded only as a cannonade, in which each of the two belligerent armies maintained its position. But the Prussian army failed in its object, while the French army attained its own; and reasoning on the subject in a strategic point of view, when the epoch and the circumstances are considered, all men must admit that the moral and political effect of the cannonade, and the consequences resulting from it, deserve to be regarded as a battle and a victory. In fact, it was on that glorious day that foreign armies first began to prove how soon the resistance of a great nation, prepared to defend its independence and liberty, may become formidable. France learned;

at the same time, how much she had to expect from her new warriors, and from generals made at the moment. It was no trifling affair to exhibit them to Europe in battle array, as steady under the fire of twenty batteries, as they were impatient to rush to arms.

Among the battalions composing the infantry of the division commanded by the Duke de Chartres, there was one of the national volunteers of the 1st Battalion of the Saône-and-Loire. It was animated with so enthusiastic a spirit, and such an ambition to rival the troops of the line, that the men appointed to the baggage-guard refused the service; and the commandant could not find any who were willing to act differently. When this was reported to the general, one of the soldiers, stepping out of the ranks, said, "We are here to defend the country; and we demand that not one of us shall be obliged to quit the colours of our battalion, for the purpose of guarding the baggage." "Well, then, my comrades," replied the Duke de Chartres, "I will exact nothing; this day the baggage shall take care of itself; you shall all march with your comrades of the line, to whom you will shew that you, as well as themselves, are good French soldiers." The battalion marched, and never lagged for an instant. So great was the patriotic ardour of the troops belonging to every branch of the service, that

the cavalry,—hussars, carabineers, dragoons, and all,—wherever their horses were killed or wounded, immediately ran off to join the ranks of the infantry.

If the victory of Valmy confirmed the hopes of those who had calculated upon the valour of the army and its untrained auxiliaries, it also dispelled a great many wild illusions and expectations of foreign aid. The day after the battle, an officer, coming from Berlin on parley, and who was ignorant of what had taken place the evening before, stated to the Duke de Chartres, without knowing him, that he had letters of introduction for all the châteaux along the route to Paris; that he expected to enjoy the sports of the field, and lead a pleasant life, during his visit, but he wished it to be with as little delay as possible, as he was anxious to arrive in Paris in time to see La Fayette hanged. “What you had better do,” replied the prince, “is to return to Berlin, where I wish you may see nobody hanged;” communicating to him, at the same time, the event of the previous evening.

The firmness of the chiefs, and their fidelity to the cause of the Revolution, were not less beneficial in their effect than the ardour and courage of the soldiers. The frank and faithful attitude of all was such as to produce a strong impression. The Emigration had no doubt filled the minds

of strangers with notions more conformable to its views; it had counted on regrets, on ambitions.

Some days after the 20th of September, Colonel Manstein, aide-de-camp to the King of Prussia, requested of Kellermann the favour of permission to present himself at his head-quarters, under the patronage of Baron de Leymann, who had taken service in France, in the hussars, and owed his promotion to the Duke of Orleans. Kellermann consented, and the Baron immediately said to the Duke de Chartres, "Will you be good enough to take charge of a letter for the prince, your father?" "Most readily," returned the duke, "if it contains nothing but testimonies of your gratitude to him." "Ah! if it contained nothing else," rejoined the baron, "it would not be sufficient. It depends, perhaps, on the Duke of Orleans to arrest the flames of war. I know the intentions of the allied sovereigns; I know that that which they desire above all things, is to preserve France from anarchy; and, as they thought that I should see you here, I have been authorized to intimate to the prince, your father, that they would feel their confidence reassured, if they were to see him at the head of the government." "Bah!" said the prince, in a tone of irony; "how could you think that my father and I could listen to such idle nonsense?" The baron entreated, but finding the determination

of the Duke de Chartres to be immovable, he confined himself to requesting that he would be pleased to forward to his father a simple letter of respect and attachment. The Duke of Orleans received the letter without opening it, and the Convention, in whose bureau it was deposited, had it burned, even without reading it.

The consequence of these illusions, and the results of the victory of Valmy, are otherwise attested by much more decisive facts. The King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick immediately demanded an armistice from the French generals—an armistice followed by the complete évacuation of our territory, and the relinquishment of every enterprise so imprudently undertaken. Ungrateful towards their allies, and more jealous of maintaining their bravadoes than of guarding their honour, the men of the Emigration accused them of treason, and of having shamefully abandoned the Coalition and its original designs. This impression prevailed for a long time in the minds of persons who had reposed all their hopes in the army of the Duke of Brunswick. We are informed, that in passing through Champagne, while on his way to Rheims to attend the religious solemnities which took place on his accession to the throne, Charles X. said to the Duke of Orleans, “We have met each other before in these plains.” “Yes, Sire,” said the Duke, “but not under the same colours.” “I have never been able to learn,”

added the King, "if Brunswick had, or had not, received money or orders to retire." "Sire," replied the Duke, "the courage of the French army has done it all; and I am not surprised, that after the battle of Valmy, the Duke of Brunswick was not in the humour to march upon Paris."

To no person more than to the prince, was it competent to speak his mind so freely on such a subject. The soldiers had loudly applauded in the field of battle the intrepidity and bravery of "General Philippe;" tried veterans were struck with his coolness and determination; and, in the bulletin of the battle, (published in the *Moniteur* of the 22nd of September, 1792,) the following words appeared from the pen of the general-in-chief, Kellermann:—"Embarrassed in making selections, I shall only cite, among those who have shewn great courage, M. de Chartres, and his aide-de-camp M. de Montpensier, whose extreme youth renders their coolness, under one of the best sustained fires which it is possible to witness, particularly remarkable."

After the battle of Valmy, the Duke de Chartres was appointed second in command of the troops of the new levee which General La Bourdonnaye was charged with mustering at Douay. In this instance, again preferring active service, he refused the appointment. But his place having been already occupied in the army of Kellermann, it was

proposed to him to put himself under the orders of Dumouriez, then preparing to enter Belgium. This was a service which he liked, and which also placed him in the midst of the grand theatre of the war. In fact, Dumouriez, having arrived from Champagne by forced marches, soon found himself in front of an Austrian army of 22,000 old and well-disciplined troops, commanded by General Clairfait, under the orders of Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, governor of the Netherlands.

The French army was composed of forty-eight battalions of infantry, a third part being old troops of the line, and the remainder national volunteers, consisting of new levees. It had no other cavalry than hussars and *chasseurs à cheval*, who formed the advanced guard, with some battalions of light infantry, under the orders of Generals Beurnonville and Dampierre; and rather more than two small corps of flankers on the right and left, commanded by Generals Stengel and Henry de Frégevillè. The general-in-chief divided his army into two wings, of twenty-four battalions each. That on the right was under the orders of the Duke de Chartres, having under him the Maréchaux de camp, Desforêts, Drouet, and Stetenoff. The left was commanded, in the absence of Lieutenant-General Miranda, by Maréchaux de camp, Ferrand, Blottesièrè, and Berneron. The different corps presented an effective body of 27,000 men. A trifling skirmish,

(commenced perhaps imprudently) on the 2d of November 1792, near the village of Thulin, decided Dumouriez upon reinforcing his advanced guard by a part of the division of the Duke de Chartres. The latter, operating on the right, attacked the enemy on the 3rd, and carried the mill of Boussu, with the battery which defended it; while the Generals Beurnonville, Dampierre, Stengel, and Frégeville, dislodging the Austrians from one post after another, drove them back as far as Saint-Ghislain.

On the 4th, Dumouriez wishing to profit by these advantages, put his whole army in motion. On the 5th, he bivouacked in the presence of the Austrian camp, then intrenched behind the heights of Jemappe.

On the morning of the 6th, Dumouriez sent forward sixteen pieces of artillery, 16-pounders each, twelve of 12-pounders, and as many howitzers, under the orders of the colonel of artillery, La Fayette, and placed them in battery on the front of the line, while his left wing attacked the village of Quaregnon, vigorously defended by the Austrians. The French advanced guard then made a movement to place itself in line with the rest of the army, so as that, on arriving at a certain point of the right wing, it was to form the centre. The position of the Austrians was formidable. Their right, supported by the village of

Jemappe, formed a square with their front, and their left extended along the height as far as the place where the ground begins to descend down towards Berthaimont. They also occupied a fortified post defended by redoubts and batteries, the front being covered by a wood in which they had piled up some *débris*.

Dumouriez had fixed upon twelve o'clock at noon as the hour of attack, in order to allow time for the arrival of the division of General d'Harville, who was encamped under the walls of Maubeuge with a force of 6000 men. But after a cannonade of three hours, seeing the Austrian regiment of Coburg dragoons coming down from the heights at a smart trotting pace, and as it appeared to direct itself upon our artillery, he resolved to wait no longer, and gave the order for a general attack by the whole army.

The Duke de Chartres, who commanded the centre, immediately broke his division into columns of battalions, and marched upon the wood of Flenu, which covered the Austrian centre. He placed ten battalions in reserve, and, with eighteen others, dislodged the enemy's light infantry, which defended the batteries, crossed the wood, and arrived at the top of the *plateau*. But the Austrians, supported by the artillery of the redoubts, which kept up a most destructive fire, caused such ravage at the head of the columns that

it was impossible to make them debouch. These columns re-entered the wood and crossed it rapidly in great disorder. It was there that the following officers fell:—Colonel Dubouzet of the 104th of the line, who was killed on the spot; General Drouet, both whose legs were carried off, and who died a few hours after; with Colonel Dupont de Chaumont, and Gustave de Montjoie, Adjutant-Generals, who were shot.

All was lost, if the Austrians had only profited by the momentary advantage they had gained. But their infantry remained immovable. They were content with sending out some hussars and foot *chasseurs*, who could not traverse the wood, and they satisfied themselves with the resistance offered by a small number of battalions.

In the meantime the Duke de Chartres, forming in the rear of the wood a column of horse *chasseurs* to arrest the fugitives, succeeded in rallying them. The battalions being all mingled together, formed in reality but one, which was called “The Battalion of Mons.” Five stand of colours had been abandoned by the fugitives and recovered by General Desforêts, who held them for a long time embraced in his arms. The six battalions kept as a reserve, at the entrance of the wood, were called in as a reinforcement. Some of those words, which always appeal so forcibly to the heart of the soldier, often make enthusiasm succeed to fear; and

the young general gave the order for the drums again to beat the charge. Then it was that the same soldiers whom a panic had caused to fly from the field, attacked with an irresistible intrepidity the Austrian infantry that defended the redoubts. They entered the latter at the point of the bayonet, and seized a portion of the enemy's artillery, while the Austrian cavalry endeavoured in vain to get it taken back to Mons.

At this moment, victory was no longer doubtful. Prodiges of valour multiplied in our ranks. On the left wing, Colonel Thouvenot and General Ferrand, one of whom had a horse shot under him; on the right wing, Beurnonville and Dampierre; in the centre, Dumouriez, who charged himself at the head of a squadron; in short, both chiefs and soldiers were prodigal of their valour and blood. The enemy, routed from all his positions, fled, leaving behind him his dead and his cannon, covering the field of battle.

CHAPTER VI.

Unworthy attempts to depreciate the importance of the victories of Valmy and Jemappe.— Gallant conduct of the Duke de Chartres in both.— Various subsequent encounters with the Austrians.— Battle of Nerwinde.— Success and discomfiture of the French army.— The Duke de Chartres again distinguished for his bravery upon occasions of the greatest emergency.— His horse killed under him.— The French General Miranda suspected of treachery.— Anarchy and bloodshed universally prevailing in the interior of France.— The Terrorists intent on the destruction of the Duke of Orleans.

THE victory of Jemappe produced a still greater sensation than that of Valmy. These two names were repeated with enthusiasm all over France, and for forty years they have been cited, with honour, at the head of the glorious annals of the Revolution, and of the Empire. It has been reserved for us, to see those who pretend to be the only men of the Revolution, disclaiming, in some respects, the inheritance of these two great victories—these elder sisters in the struggle which it has been necessary to sustain for a quarter of a century. An attempt is made, in our days,

to derogate from the importance of these two splendid achievements of arms. Some Frenchmen, with malignant minds, would fain have it be considered as good taste, to treat Jemappe and Valmy, as their grandfathers treated Marlborough, and to consign to ridicule those recollections which constituted the pride and delight of their fathers. We say nothing of those whose colours were found in the baggages of Brunswick and of Clairfait. As regards *them*, we have no right to be surprised, whatever they may say. But we are serious with respect to persons who would pass themselves off upon us as children of 1789, if we had been less familiar than we are with the chronicles of revolutions. History derives not its inspirations from such sources, nor its discussions from such opinions.

Foreigners are more just. They still remember what an immense effect, both in a moral and political point of view, has been produced in Europe by two victories so closely connected together as those of Valmy and Jemappe. Without these two days, there was an end to the French Revolution, and even of the nation itself. In 1814, Macdonald placed the name of Dumouriez among those who were entitled to be made marshals or cordons of the Legion of Honour. Louis XVIII. erased it on two different occasions. "It is not surprising," exclaimed the old general (the former

minister of Louis XVI.), "I have something in my face which he will never forgive." That something was the name of Jemappe, a name curst and glorious, which might be said to be at once the triumph of the Revolution, and the ruin of the last hopes of the old *régime*.

The share which Louis Philippe had in the honour of these two victories, is no longer to be questioned. It was no easy matter to become distinguished in the ranks of an army full of youth, ardour, and emulation—an army in which there were such men as Davoust, Foy, Mortier, Serrurier, Moreau, Jourdan, Angereau, Maison, Gérard. The Duke de Chartres, however, was fortunate enough to obtain distinction among them. In the unanimous opinion of strategists, the "battalion of Mons" saved the army, and changed into a defeat that victory which the Austrians had already almost assured.

After the glorious battle of the 6th of November, two days were allowed the army for the purpose of repose, and of re-establishing order in its ranks. Then it set out in pursuit of the Austrians. On the 14th, an affair took place at Auderlacht, where the Duke de Chartres distinguished himself at the head of the advanced guard. On the 19th, at Tirlemont, on the 27th, at Varroux, the Austrians were defeated, and on the 28th the tri-colour flag floated at Liége. The army then took

up its winter quarters, and operations were interrupted until the month of March, 1793.

We shall not be led into a recital of the events which took place at this memorable period, while it is permitted to us to follow the Duke de Chartres to the end of his military career. When he took his position in the midst of troops among whom he knew no other title to distinction than devotedness and courage, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg had forced General Lanoue, at Aix-la-Chapelle, to raise the siege of Maestricht. The different corps of the army assembled immediately before Louvain, under the command of Dumouriez. The enemy advanced under the orders of the Archduke Charles, a good general, who had great injury done him by his having been almost always opposed to Buonaparte. The French were inferior in numbers; the Austrians occupied an intrenched position in the village of Nerwinde; yet the only chance of success was to attack them without delay. Our troops were badly supplied with provisions; they had no reinforcements to expect; the enemy was certain of getting them, and might, therefore, defer the conflict, for everything we wanted they possessed in abundance. In this state of things it would have been wrong to wait, and, despite of our numerical inferiority, Dumouriez, who could not fall back without fighting, resolved to trust the

chances of a battle to the impetuosity and patriotism of the army which had conquered at Jemappe.

General Valence, who commanded the right wing, was the first to attack, on the 18th of March, 1793. The Duke de Chartres, who commanded the centre, having under his orders Generals Dietmann and Dampierre, was to sustain the brunt of the battle, should the force prove insufficient or the result doubtful. But, on the contrary, the attack, boldly and impetuously made, was crowned with complete success. The Austrians were dislodged from the village, but Valence committed an error in pursuing them too far, without knowing what was taking place at other points of the battle. Ambitious of following up his success, he neglected to guard the position of the village, and the enemy re-entered it, thus also placing the right and centre of the army in an extremely critical situation.

The Duke de Chartres perceived it at once, and recommenced the combat with his columns fresh and full of ardour; for they feared for a moment that they should not have an opportunity of taking part in the victory. Animated by the words and example of the young general, they advanced upon Nerwinde, and a charge with the bayonet, sustained by a fire of artillery and well supported by several charges of cavalry, put them again into possession of the village.

The newly recruited battalions, however, dispersed in confusion. In vain did all the generals use incredible efforts to arrest the disorder and bring back the fugitives. The cry of *sauve qui peut* (let those save themselves who can) was raised. It was not a retreat but a rout. Happily, however, the whole army did not follow the example. The Duke de Chartres, and General Leveneur, who had taken the place of General Valence, covered with wounds, were found at the head of whatever number of old troops they had with them; and taking up a fortified position in the square of the village, they there held the enemy in check for a long time to prevent him from pursuing those who had fled.

The Duke de Chartres had a horse killed under him during the action. On all sides and at every instant, his position in the village of Nerwinde became more and more critical. Despite of all the importunities which were used to make him hasten his retreat, he passed the whole night on the field of battle in rallying his troops, which, (thanks to his devotedness,) re-entered Tirlemont the following morning. Without such firmness, the affair of Nerwinde might have become as fatally disastrous to France as the victory of Jemappe had been eminently serviceable.

General Miranda is accused of having behaved as a traitor. It appeared certain that his jealousy

of Dumouriez degenerated into malevolence and compromised the fate of the army, which, perhaps, owed its safety to the energy and imperturbable courage of the Duke de Chartres.

After the first two battles had been gained, the Revolution was so strong that a defeat on the following day could not affect its independence. It required only one victory to dissolve the formidable coalition with which it was menaced. While the country was invaded by deserters who flattered themselves with finding there a party of adherents, it experienced in a brilliant manner the fidelity of all. These were fine pages in its history, as yet so short.

In the bosom of France that history was unfortunately very different. To massacres succeeded scaffolds; to excesses committed in days of error and alarm, succeeded organized terror and the guillotine *en permanence*.

These doleful recollections doubly appertain to the history of Louis Philippe. *Pars magna fuit*; he had a great share in them. He, as well as that liberty which he always so sincerely loved, had to receive the baptism of blood! How, except by retracing the picture of those times of public woe, is it possible to narrate and judge of the events of his life whom Providence has reserved to prevent a return of such scenes? But, upon this point, our recital shall be confined to as short a summary as

possible, and containing no details unconnected with our subject.

The essay of a constitutional monarchy, attempted after the journey to Varennes, and at a time when the first of our assemblies gave place to a totally new class of legislators, had not even made a halt in the march of revolutionary ideas. At that time, people could see only a comedy, and a comedy too, very badly performed. Discussions about the titles of "Sire," and "Majesty," and the famous scene of *baiser Lamourette*, comprised them all. An indecisive parliament, without a majority, without system, without leaders, without bonds or links with the past,—such was the edifice thrown up, and placed, like a badly-fixed tent, on the top of a volcano, around and in the midst of which the most terrible convulsions already growled. It was worse than nothing. It would have been better that the hurricane had not encountered any barrier, any semblance of opposition.

The greatest injury done to the constitution of 1791 (an admirable work, and in many respects immortal), was its having been given to a country, the situation, habits, and geography of which, seem to have been completely misunderstood by its authors. In a time of calm and repose, received with disinterestedness and sincerity, whether good or bad, it might have been carried into practical operation; it might have been amended, revised,

corrected; but with the resistances which were organised on all sides, in the midst of passions and ambitions, excited in all directions, it was impossible that it should not be calumniated the moment it was published; and that the worship with which it was surrounded, should not be suddenly derided and denounced. The recollections of the 20th of June, and the 10th of August, spare us the necessity of citing further proofs of these facts.

On the 10th of August the work of the Constituent Assembly perished under the ruins of the throne. In vain did some of the men of 1789 (at the head of whom was placed General La Fayette, with more courage than firmness) endeavour to defend it, and cause it to be respected. They had on their side only a great popularity, then in its decline, with, moreover, the possession of certain important offices in the state. La Fayette had the sole command of the army, and a great majority of the National Guards were willing to act with it in maintaining order and the reign of the laws. The factious carried all before them. It is said besides that events from without concurred in giving them the victory. Upon the authors and accomplices of the famous Manifesto of Brunswick, history has justly fixed one part of the responsibility of the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September.

The Duke of Orleans had already been for a long time separated from the Court, and had embraced the interests of the Revolution. They accused him of ambition and personal views; nor was that all, they charged him likewise with a want of disinterestedness. That man must have been blind, totally ignorant, and incapable of understanding anything, to imagine that in the midst of the events which followed from 1789 to 1793, there were the slightest grounds for imputing to the father of Louis Philippe such projects as those with which he was charged. To subvert a throne and then re-establish it! To seek as the means of adjustment between adverse parties, a substitution of persons! That indeed had been profound ignorance; it had not been common sense, and none but the enemies of the Duke of Orleans desired that it might appear feasible. Moreover, such projects, even presuming them to have existed for a moment, could not have offered any resistance to the violent shocks experienced in 1792, and the prince to whom the opportunity presented itself was then separated from a cause to which he had never been for one instant unworthily attached.

The Duke of Orleans, however, committed one very serious fault—that of believing that with his name, his rank, his alliances, and his fortune, he could become all at once, and without any trans-

ition a simple citizen of a republic, in a country in which his forefathers had reigned, and in which he himself was seated on the footsteps of the throne. His intention was sincere, he trusted to his power, in that he was in error.

No person could at this day commit such an error through inexperience. We are too strong in our convictions, we who, even if 1830 had made a complete change in the form of government, and of the dynasty, would not have allowed the Duke of Orleans, however well-intentioned, and disinterested, to live at the Palais-Royal as a peaceful citizen of a new republic, or as a loyal subject of a Buonaparte.

CHAPTER VII.

Visionary Patriots.—The Duke of Orleans the victim of wild illusions at first, and of designing villains after.—National Convention.—Controlled by a Minority, composed of Anarchists and Levellers.—Royalty abolished and a Republic proclaimed.—Decree of Banishment against *all* the members of the House of Bourbon, not excepting even the Orleans branch.—The Duke de Chartres arrives in Paris.—Vainly implores his father to fly from his perilous position.—Louis XVI. condemned to death.—The Duke of Orleans hurried off from his palace to the tribunal to vote for his conviction.—Dumouriez suspected by the Convention.—Summoned to Paris together with the Duke de Chartres.—Both save their lives by escaping from France at the risk of being taken or shot.

BUT false as appeared, and as in reality was, that idea,* it must be confessed that it was not incompatible with the general state of public feeling which prevailed in 1789 and 1791,—epochs of generous reveries and blissful Utopias; when it was believed possible that a decree could effect a total regeneration, and that a constitution tied up in a gilt morocco-leather pocket-book would be

* The idea of voluntarily abjuring birth, rank, fortune, power, and position for the sake of that vision "Liberty and Equality."—ED.

sufficient to make Louis XVI., though an absolute king the evening before, reign next morning at the Tuileries as a constitutional sovereign, while his brothers drew up at Pilnitz the manifesto of the Allied Powers. It was the error of the first authors of the Revolution; it was the error of La Fayette, of Louis XVI., of the Girondists. The Duke of Orleans was not deceived either as to their intentions or means; but he had entirely misunderstood his situation, and the suspicions and dangers to which it fatally condemned him. Whatever might have been his *acts*, his *intentions* were certain to be suspected and calumniated. His name, invoked in turn by different parties, was soon compromised in the midst of civil dissensions. They carried it about as a signal to rally with, and then affected to repudiate it with disdain. * Circumvented the evening before, accused in the morning, the Prince might well be a stranger to the source of all these intrigues. "In spite of himself (according to the expression of Boissy d'Anglas), he constantly found himself the chief of a party to which he did not belong."

The Duke of Orleans neither sought popularity nor display. He limited himself to the rights and

* The attempt of the author to find some feasible excuse for the conduct of so dark and designing a criminal as the father of Louis Philippe, is totally unworthy of him, and much to be deprecated as a gross abuse of his splendid talents.—Ed.

duties of a simple citizen. After the 10th of August, it was decided that a National Convention should be called. All the deputies of the Constituent Assembly who had not withdrawn from the Revolution, placed themselves in array for the purpose of being elected members. The Duke of Orleans followed their example, and was elected. It was upon that occasion that the commune of Paris, refusing to inscribe him under any *personal* designation, said, "Give him even that of *Egalité* (Equality)," one which the Prince did not refuse, and ought not to refuse. Far from exciting feelings of repugnance, such a symbol to a person in his perilous situation could not be considered in any other light than as tutelary and protective.

People plainly foresaw that the new Assembly would be a theatre of stormy conflicts, and that great difficulties were to be overcome. It was impossible to dissemble that in the very bosom of the Revolution was formed a party of anarchists and levellers, ready prepared to have recourse to violence and audacity for the purpose of raising itself to a Dictatorship of blood—a formidable party, in a minority among the representatives, but supported by an ignorant populace, composed in one part of the declaimers upon antisocial doctrines, and, in the other, of those persons who by intrigues and menaces never ceased to excite agitation and turbulence, with the view of pro-

moting the objects of the counter-revolution. But nobody could foresee what would be the sudden turns of fortune (*péripéties*), and the consequences of such a struggle. The greater the danger, the less were courageous men prepared to admit the thought of flying from the combat, and deserting the post at which their country had placed them.

The Convention assembled on the 21st of September, 1792. It abolished royalty, and proclaimed the republic. Shortly after, as a consequence of this bold resolution, appeared a decree banishing from the French territory all the members of the House of Bourbon, not excepting the members of the Orleans branch. "Let them go, (said Buzot, in supporting the decree,) and carry to some other quarter than the Republic the misfortune of being born so near the throne, the misfortune of bearing a name which may serve as a rallying-point to the factious, or the emissaries of the powers."

The Duke de Chartres was at this time at Tournay, to which place he had taken his sister, who was inscribed on the list of Emigrants, in consequence of a visit which she had made to England with Madame de Genlis. On receiving intelligence of the decree of banishment, he hastened to Paris. He could not behold the progress of anarchy without being alarmed at its effects, as regarded his family, nor could he see without painful emotion,

the position of imminent danger in which his father was left in consequence of his fidelity to the Revolution. Judgment was demanded upon Louis XVI. While calling for the decree of banishment against all the members of the House of Bourbon, Saint-Just added, "As to the king, we take care of him, and you know why."

The young prince, who at a distance from passing events, judged more correctly of the situation of affairs than persons living in the midst of the storm, thought that he ought to receive the decree of the Assembly, as a door of honour open to his family, to allow the members of it to escape from a state of torment. He implored his father to take advantage of it, and free himself at once from all his difficulties. "This is, above all," said he to him, "a terrible position in which you are going to place yourself. Louis XVI. is about to be accused before the assembly of which you are a member: you will have to sit as a judge before the king!" He conjured him, for his own sake—for the sake of all those who were dear to him—to withdraw from those distressing scenes, and seek in North America, far from the enemies of France, some peaceful retreat, where, calm and undisturbed, he might wait the advent of better times. Moved by the entreaties of his son, the duke told him to go and consult one of the influential members of the assembly upon the subject. The deputy refused to interfere.

“I cannot,” said he, “give any advice to your father; our situation is the same. As for me, I have personal injuries to avenge: your father has his; he ought to listen to his conscience as a prince, to his duty as a citizen.”

This indecisive reply was not of a nature to act with any force upon the mind of the Duke of Orleans. The title of “citizen” appeared to him more difficult to abdicate than that of prince. A representative of the people—the father of two sons publicly mentioned with high praise for valour and devotedness in the military service of their country—what had *he* to fear? And what were the circumstances to render applicable in *his* case a law calling upon him to abandon his post, and renounce his country, receiving ostracism as the means of placing his life in safety and his conscience at ease? When his son thus saw him make a point of honour of that which was a question of duty, he ceased all further entreaties, embracing his father for the last time, and, with his mind full of fatal presentiments, he returned to the army.

The decree of banishment was carried in all that related to the Orleans family.

Shortly after, Louis XVI. appeared before the National Convention, constituted into a supreme court of justice.* The day on which the fatal sen-

* The author adopts the specious designation given to this monstrous tribunal by the fierce republicans of the time. To

tence was pronounced, the Duke of Orleans, doubly agitated no doubt by the recollection of the anxious supplications vainly addressed to him by his son, moved up and down through his apartment at a rapid pace. Astonished at not seeing him in the assembly, a member hastened to the Palais-Royal, and, triumphing in his hesitations, imputed his absence to cowardice, at the same time carrying him away with him to the Convention. The Duke of Orleans was a judge : it belongs only to God to descend into the consciences of men.

If, among those who condemned Louis XVI., there were only, as it was said, some Girondists who sacrificed the unhappy king, rather from a desire of appeasing the Revolution than from any sentiment of rigorous justice, the latter soon found themselves most cruelly deceived. Domineered over by that minority which was supported by a ferocious populace, the Convention became an instrument of a tyranny to which everything illustrious, everything virtuous, gave offence. The services

suppose for a moment that the fiendish wretches by whom all its proceedings were tyrannically ruled at will, ever entertained the slightest respect for *justice* would be the greatest insult that could possibly be offered to the human understanding. It would be the greatest profanation of a name too solemn and sacred ever to be once mentioned by such an incarnate demon as Robespierre, or by a savage so rabid in cruelty to his species, as Legendre, whose ordinary trade of drawing blood as a butcher of beasts, was irksome to him compared with the delight he took in shedding human gore !—ED.

rendered to the country soon became a motive for proscription ; and, upon that ground, treacherous designs were soon put into practice against the Duke de Chartres.

Dumouriez had already, for some time, been treated with suspicion. He was accused of having an understanding with the Emigrants ; and, at the same time, by a strange contradiction, of preparing a restoration of constitutional royalty for the advantage of the Duke de Chartres. This was more than sufficient to be the destruction of them both.

Dumouriez had not entered into any conspiracy with the Emigrants ; had he done so, the recollection of it would have effaced, at a later period, the words "Jemappe" and "Champagne," which were written upon his forehead, and he had received the marshal's bâton. It is also erroneous to suppose that he wished to re-erect in France a constitutional throne, for the purpose of placing upon it his young lieutenant. Dumouriez knew his situation too well to believe in the possibility of such an enterprise. Like all honest men, he saw with sorrow the Convention oppressed and borne down by a factious minority, opening a passage to the dictatorship by a march of blood. As general-in-chief, at the head of the army, and having at his disposal one of the principal forces of the country, he wished for an opportunity of employing it to save France from the factions of the interior, as

well as from enemies from without. Desiring the occasion, he wished perhaps to provoke it. It might arise even from the exercise of legitimate power. Dumouriez hardly stopped to consider in what manner General La Fayette had acted some months before. Like him, he anticipated events. The affair of Nerwinde took away the confidence of those who perhaps had their eyes fixed upon him, and increased the audacity of those who feared him. On the 31st of March, he received an order to appear in Paris, and render an account of his conduct. This was tantamount to a sentence of death. He was at supper with the Duke de Chartres, at St. Amand des Boucs, when the courier arrived with the news. While reading the order of the committee of public safety, the young prince expressed to the general his great regret. Dumouriez opened another despatch, and said, "It is your turn now, my friend; here is a letter for you, enclosing a similar order."

In fact, both were decrees of accusation. Dumouriez and the Duke de Chartres were summoned to the bar of the Committee of Public Safety. They knew it was their heads that were required, and that their only safety was out of France.* Still

* At that time a single word, a whisper, or even the slightest suspicion of entertaining a hostile thought, was sufficient to consign any man to destruction, no matter how highly important to the republican cause his previous services might have been. France, worshipping Liberty at the shrine of the

they had no time to lose. Next morning they proceeded towards the frontier, followed by some faithful adherents,

This decisive act in the life of Louis Philippe has given rise to many comments and much diversity of opinion. Do not events shew the inevitable necessity of it, and thus render all discussions superfluous? To refuse to obey such orders, was to spare the republic from a crime. By immolating himself he could save nobody.

A battalion of the Yonne, commanded by Davoust, afterwards Prince of Eckmühl, met the two generals, and, without knowing who they were, fired upon them. No person was touched, but the first sentinel at the post gave the alarm, and a detachment of cavalry galloped off in pursuit of them. It was upon this occasion that the presence of mind of Baudouin, the groom of the Duke de Chartres, proved so invaluable to them. That faithful servant, in order to draw off the attention

Goddess of Reason, and denouncing crowned heads as the tyrants of the earth, was nearly in as dreadful a state as Rome under some of the most cruel and capricious of its sanguinary emperors. The Roman annalist, writing at a period of comparative repose and security, says, in allusion to the terrific times he had previously witnessed, that he and all others must have lost even memory itself, together with the right of using the human voice, had it been as easy for them to forget by volition, as to remain silent. "*Memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus, si tam in nostra potestate esset oblivisci quam tacere.*"—Tacit. Agr. cap. ii.—ED.

of the pursuers of his master, pretended to be wounded, and lay stretched on the side of the road near a hayrick, behind which he had taken the precaution to conceal his horse. When the cavalry came up, they asked him if he had seen the persons of whom they were in pursuit, and what road they had taken? Baudouin pointed to a totally different direction from that taken by his master, and, when the cavalry were out of sight, hurried off to rejoin the prince whose misfortunes he felt a pride in sharing.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke de Chartres arrives in safety at Mons.—Rejects the offer of service made to him by the Austrian general the Prince of Saxe-Coburg.—Proceeds to the Rhine.—His strict precautions to avoid being recognized.—Incident at Coblenz. — Duke de Chartres apprised at Frankfort of the arrest of his father and of the two young princes, his brothers.—General La Fayette at Frankfort, a prisoner in chains, in the hands of the Prussians.—The Duke de Chartres proceeds to Switzerland.—His anxieties and adventures.—A brother exile “a friend in need and a friend indeed.”

THE Duke de Chartres thus reached the frontier, and proceeded to Mons, then the headquarters of the Austrian army. There he met the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, who offered him service with the same rank as he held in the French army. The Duke de Chartres had too much cause to blame the violent excesses of the Revolution, and might well even have written to the Conventionists, giving them to understand in unequivocal terms, that he had no sympathy with their system of terror and of blood; but, first of all other emotions within him, he felt that he had a French heart. He refused with firmness,—“I will not,” said he, “bear arms against my country.” He

declined the honours which were offered to him by the Austrian general, and would only consent to receive from him passports for Switzerland.

He submitted with resignation to the lot of a proscribed exile, already shared by so many true and sworn friends of liberty. Banished from France, deprived of every opportunity of serving his country, his only, his incessant uneasiness, was about the fate of his family ; such was not the lot he expected when first he hailed with enthusiasm the revival of the spirit of the people and of liberty. Yet nothing could make him mix himself up with the crimes committed in the name of that sacred and beautiful idol of his youth. Nor could anything prevail on him to serve under the colours of the Emigration. He preferred, for his part, to be repulsed as the partisan of that Revolution of which he was the victim.

After his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, then securely concealed in the château of the Duke de Penthièvre, at Vernon, had been made acquainted with his departure, he set out from Mons, in the month of April, 1793, under the name of De Coroy, passing as an English traveller, and attended by his aide-de-camp, Cæsar Ducrest.

His first chagrin on leaving Mons, was his being obliged to traverse as a fugitive the very countries through which he had passed a few months before as a conqueror with the French army. These

countries were now occupied by enemies whom success at Nerwinde had reanimated with a little of their former daring. On the other hand, the Convention, in seeking to reign by means of terror, had filled the towns with emigrants who taught foreigners to pronounce the name of France with horror and abomination. The Duke de Chartres was every instant liable to be recognized either by enemies or by companions in exile. To escape this, he was obliged to have recourse to the most minute precautions. Thus, at Liége, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne, he and his party, observing the strictest *incognito*, dared not even venture to dine at the *table d'hôte*.

At Coblenz there were still more recent recollections, with a sort of Court which the emigrants kept up until the day of the battle of Valmy. After that check the King of Prussia revenged himself upon them, by treating them with less courtesy and attention. The brothers of the king were obliged to remove to a distance, and their Court disappeared.

At the *hôtel* where he lodged, the Duke de Chartres was surprised to find portraits of all the members of his family, as well as his own. On questioning the host on the subject, the latter replied, "They are tokens of remembrance of their having passed through here; I have lodged them all."—"All?" asked the young prince. "Yes, all with-

out exception." He then proceeded to shew the young traveller the apartments which he said these great personages had occupied in his establishment. He was far from doubting that he had now before his eyes for the first time one of those princes whose portraits brought custom to his hotel.

At Frankfort, the Duke de Chartres learned from the "Gazette" that his father and his brothers had been arrested. In fact, in the month of April, 1793; the Committee of General Safety of the Convention had issued its mandates against the Duke of Orleans and all the members of his family. Conducted, in the first instance, to the mayoralty, the prince in vain demanded from the Convention the inviolability of his person, in his quality of deputy, alleging that he could not be arrested except in virtue of a decree of accusation issued by the Assembly itself. They replied to this reclamation, only by passing to the order of the day. They then directed that he should be removed to one of the fortresses of Marseilles, where they denied him the consolation of communicating with his children.

At the same period, and in the very town where the Duke de Chartres was then a proscribed wanderer, La Fayette was found loaded with irons, in charge of a guard of Prussians.* La Fayette was

* How singularly remarkable is it in the history of extraordinary coincidences, that, so far back as 1793, La Fayette

also treated as an enemy to liberty by those who swayed the Convention, and set down as one of a party whose names were inscribed in the book of death. He had to fly his country in order to save a life which was ultimately to be still useful to it.

Such, at both extremities of France, as well as at Paris, was the testimony of fidelity, devotedness, and courage, borne to the Revolution by its first promoters and best and truest friends.

He who was the first to announce it to Louis XVI., the virtuous La Rochefoucauld, perished himself upon the scaffold, at the same terrible epoch. "The name of my unfortunate friend, La Rochefoucauld," said La Fayette, writing in the month of June following, "is always before me. Ah! *there* is the crime which deeply lacerates my heart! Yet the cause of the people is not the less sacred in my estimation. I would freely give my blood for it, drop by drop; I would reproach myself, every instant of my life, for not devoting myself exclusively and entirely to that cause, but the charm is destroyed. Discourage-

should have been found as a captive in chains, in the identical town in which there was, at the time, a proscribed prince and countryman of his, whom, in 1830, he was so greatly instrumental in elevating to the exalted position of King of the French, after the second fall of an unfortunate dynasty!

—ED.

ment has penetrated to the very heart of La Fayette.”*

On leaving Frankfort, the Duke de Chartres directed his course to Bâle, from a little hill near which town the eye discovered the summit of

* The analogy between two frightful eras in the history of ancient Rome, and two hideous epochs in the annals of modern France, is most forcible. Characterized by similar excesses, proceeding from similar extremes, both have left behind them records of enormous crimes, to serve as subjects of appalling retrospection for all future generations. The inordinate outrages arising from republican licentiousness, before the battle of Actium, can be compared only with the numerous dark deeds of blood, and the open, daring atrocities, which have rendered the names of the immediate successors of Augustus eternally odious and shocking to mankind. The chief perpetrators, in both these instances, have found worthy copyists, in the regal oppressors who maintained the Bastille and the Iron Cage, with all their horrors; and in the ferocious demagogues who, after these diabolical places were pulled down, influenced by the example that had sanctioned them, transferred the spirit of it to the interior of the Temple and the Conciergerie at Paris, and to the infernal dungeons of Fort Saint-Jean, at Marseilles.

Various ancient writers inform us of the many acts of frantic violence committed by the Roman rabble, through what Cicero calls “liberty carried to excess” (*immoderata libertas*). We have already seen, from Tacitus, that imperial tyrants at Rome, not only stifled the voice and stopped the ears, but would fain have taken away the faculty of memory, from the wisest and best men in a land afflicted with an accursed sway. As regards writers distinguished for ability and honesty, their highest merits were irrevocable death-warrants against them. Their noblest works were doomed to the flames as a holocaust to the infuriated spirit of autocracy. “Nor was it only”

the fortress of Huninguen.* The prince could there see floating on it, that tricolour flag under the shade of which he had fought so valiantly. *There* was France; *there*, lately flourishing with so many splendid hopes of a new social order; *there*, with so many hearts beating and responding with the noblest ardour to the call of that revolution which destroyed the Bastille. With what tender emotion did he salute the flag of Huninguen!

Hitherto, the Duke de Chartres had not been (says the annalist) "against the authors themselves that violent rage prevailed, but also against their productions, an official triumvirate being appointed to burn, in the court of the town-hall (the *comitium*, used as a place of public execution) and the forum, works which were monuments of the most splendid genius." "*Neque in ipsos modo auctores, sed in libros quoque eorum sævitum, delegato triumviris ministerio, ut monumenta clarissimorum ingeniorum in comitio ac foro urerentur.*" —Tacit. Agr. cap. ii.

One of those acts which made "discouragement penetrate to the very heart of La Fayette" was precisely of a character similar to the many horrible perpetrations which, under the Republic, bear bloodstained testimony to scenes of this kind, for, though no works of the *victim* were burned, the rage against the worth of the *man* was the same.—ED.

* About the year 1680, despite of all the remonstrances of the Swiss, Louis XIV. caused a strong fortress to be erected at this place. Towards the conclusion of the late war, the Austrians laid siege to it, and being taken, after a long and obstinate resistance, it was razed to the ground, in 1815, pursuant to one of the precautionary stipulations of the Congress of Vienna, for preserving the peace of Europe against the aggressions of France.—ED.

recognized. He was recognized at Bâle by a captain in the Swedish service. To this motive for hastening his departure, another was added. Count Gustave de Montjoie, who was charged with receiving Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Madame de Genlis, at Tournay, came to inform him that he had conducted them to Schaffhausen.

From that instant, the duke was obliged to provide, in Switzerland, both for himself and that little colony of exiles of which he was the protector, a retreat, humble and obscure, in character with his condition at the moment. He met with many difficulties. At Zurich, a member of the grand council said to him, that perhaps he might find such a place as he wanted, but that it would cost a great deal of money; and the young prince had, at the time, for the maintenance of himself, his sister, and all his devoted followers, not more than about one hundred louis.

Consigned, by the dominant power that prevailed in his country, to all the vicissitudes of exile, to all the casualties of poverty, to the most torturing anxieties as to the fate of his nearest kindred, never, in any emergency,—no matter how great his sufferings, how severe his misfortunes,—did he forget that cause which he had, from the commencement, honestly and faithfully espoused. Wounded, like La Fayette, in his dearest affections, he remained, like him,

devoted to the object of their incessant efforts. Far from accusing Liberty with those wrongs which he had suffered for her, far as she appeared from being worthy of respect and homage on this earth, on which he could hardly find an asylum, he still admired those monuments to her which are consecrated by the freedom of a people.*

He went on to the village of Steinen, and there visited, with religious veneration, the little chapel elevated on the spot on which formerly stood the thatched cottage of Verner Stauffacher, one of the three liberators of Helvetia, when that country threw off the Austrian yoke.

His admiration of the companions of William Tell, was not quite sufficient to procure for him protection in the midst of their descendants. Establishing himself at Zug, both he and those who accompanied him passed as an Irish family. In the course of a few weeks, he gained the goodwill of the whole neighbourhood, when, unfortunately, he happened to be recognized by the emigrants. They behaved towards him with marked attention, and extolled his courage, but they feared the sensation which his presence might create, and a decree of the council of Berne ordered him to quit the canton.

* How splendid is this sentiment, and how splendidly expressed by the author!—Ed.

Thus painfully circumstanced, the Duke de Chartres found that he must separate himself from his sister, for whom he was anxious to secure a safe asylum ; but how was he to do so with such limited resources ? Happily, M. de Montjoie, who was settled at Bâle with his family, recollected that General de Montesquiou, a former member of the Constituent Assembly, and placed under a decree of accusation while he commanded the army of the Alps, had obtained a retreat at Bremgarten, where he lived in quiet obscurity, under the name of Chevalier Rionel. He went to him, and informed him of the situation of the illustrious exiles.

The general exerted himself to render them all the assistance in his power, and succeeded (but not without a good deal of difficulty) in getting Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Madame de Genlis received at the convent of Sainte-Claire, at Bremgarten. As to the prince, General Montesquiou could not, without inconvenience to them both, contrive to provide accommodation for him. "Nothing remains for you," said he to him, "but to wander in the mountains, to reside nowhere, and continue this melancholy mode of rambling (*cette triste manière de voyager*) until the moment that circumstances shall appear more favourable. If fortune should prove propitious to you, it will be then your Odyssey, the details of which will

be received with avidity.”* He was a prophet, as well as Dumouriez, who, writing about the exiled young prince, said, “Let him profit by his disgrace, † to inform and fortify himself; this dizziness will pass away, and he will then find his proper place. Princes ought to have their Odysseys, rather than their pastorals.”

Content with having placed his sister in security from the storm, the Duke de Chartres reconciled himself to his precarious destiny. He submitted to it with fortitude, and with honour. Sad and painful was the spectacle, to see a young prince, the descendant of Louis XIV., doomed to wander almost alone, without money, and obliged to hide himself in solitudes and mountains, in order to save his life! How often had he then just reason to recall to mind, with gratitude, the anxious care bestowed upon his education! Early accustomed to fatigue, and strengthened from his youth by bodily exercise, his health and constitution were proof against all hardships. And, again, he found in his acquirements and in his principles, those consolations and that moral force,

* Well, indeed, might the old general have anticipated the highest excitement of curiosity from the details of such an Odyssey as that of Louis Philippe. Where, since the days of our great Alfred, is there anything at all to be compared with it?—ED.

† It were needless to say, that, in the original, this word is used entirely in a conventional sense.—ED.

which placed him above adversity, and protected him from despair. "All that which he owed to the accident of birth" (said Madame de Genlis, with just pride) "he lost; nothing remained for him but that which he owed to nature and to me."

On leaving his sister, the Duke de Chartres went to Bâle, where M. de Montjoie waited his arrival, and where his first care was to dispose of his horses,—a necessary sacrifice, for he was now without money. That resource procured him about sixty louis. There he was again obliged to separate himself from a devoted friend, being with difficulty able to maintain even a solitary domestic. The attachment of the faithful Baudouin would not suffer him to set out alone on a long journey, and as the latter was then ill, they set out together from Bâle, the prince on foot, and the domestic mounted on the only remaining horse which the exile had reserved for himself.

Switzerland, to a well-informed man, is a country fruitful in subjects for observation. Nature offers to the eye of him who studies her, the finest spectacle imaginable, the most varied and most picturesque. Glorious associations present themselves at every step the traveller takes. Bearing his fate with a noble resignation, the Duke de Chartres wished at least to turn his education to some account. At the lake of Neuchâtel, and in the environs of that city, he allowed his mind to disport in eloquent

recollections of "Jean Jacques."* What homage to regions immortalized by the philosopher† who preached equality upon earth! At Kussnac he contemplated with respect, the monument erected to the glory of William Tell. At Telenblat he could not behold without emotion, the little chapel consecrated to the liberator. An artist has traced there with an unpractised pencil, a series of paintings, representing the principal scenes of that drama, to which Switzerland is indebted for her liberty. There appears in these paintings, even with all their defects, a sort of simple eloquence, which is almost sublime.

At some paces distant, the august exile visited the ruins of the imperial castle of Hapsburg, and beheld its last vestiges disappearing under the grass.

After having traversed the towns, hills, and valleys of Switzerland, the prince wished to study nature in the mountains. At Grindelwald he paid his tribute of admiration to that little valley, which seems to unite in itself all the seasons at one and

* The French generally speak of Rousseau in this familiar strain, giving to his name a distinction, *par excellence*, as if there was no other John James in the world.—Ed.

† The author alludes to this "philosopher" (*pseudo-philosopher* would be a more appropriate term) rather with the enthusiasm peculiar to his country, than with his usual discrimination in judging of the motives and actions of men.—Ed.

the same moment, and all climates at one and the same place, at Schreckhorn, which defies the burning heat of the sun, reflecting its light in a rainbow of a thousand colours, and elevated in the midst of delightful verdure to a height of 5,400 mètres above the level of the sea.

Arrived at the Alps, in a quarter which his venturesome spirit was desirous of exploring, and always followed by his faithful Baudouin, he ascended as far as the *hospice* of Mount St. Gothard, where, on ringing the bell, one of the religious brotherhood presented himself, and asked him what he wanted? "A little refreshment for my companion and myself," replied the prince. "There is nothing here for foot-passengers (*piétons*), and persons of your appearance," returned the monk. "But, reverend father, we will pay you whatever you desire." "No, no," said the other, "that inn there will do for you," pointing with his finger to a sort of cart-house in which the muleteers of the Alps were eating cheese; and then closing the window in front of the prince.

CHAPTER IX.

The Duke de Chartres a houseless wanderer in Switzerland.— Curious night adventure of a royal guest in the country of the Grisons.—Constant kindness of the exiled General de Montesquiou to the Duke de Chartres.—Relieves him in the hour of his dire necessity—Obtains for him a small professorship, with a small salary, in a small Swiss college.—Passes under the name of Chabot.—The Duke hears of the execution of his father, and is greatly affected.— Takes his final departure from Switzerland, with a pack upon his back, and in his pocket a certificate of the greatest good conduct and ability as a professor.— Proceeds to the north of Europe.

Thus repulsed from the hospice, where some years after they would rather have besought his protection, in consideration of his passing that way, the prince continued his wandering life, and traversed the country of the Grisons. At Gordona, as at St. Gothard, his dress and luggage caused them to refuse him hospitality. Meanwhile, night was fast closing upon him, the weather very bad, and through humanity they agreed to let him have a bed of straw in a barn. Extremely fatigued, the wanderer accepted it with joy, and continued in a sound sleep until about the break

of day, when he was awakened by the dull monotonous noise of footsteps pacing up and down the floor before him. On opening his eyes, the prince beheld to his astonishment a young fellow armed with a musket, standing as a sentinel by his side. On being asked what had brought him there in so strange and menacing a manner, the peasant replied, "My aunt sent me into this barn for the purpose of shooting you if, on getting up, you should intend to rob us of anything." The duke smiled at the suspicion, allowed himself, on leaving his straw couch, to be attended by a body-guard, paid his little account, and pursued his roving career.

Arrived at the lake of Lucerne, he met there a French priest, and a tradesman, who were arguing with a waterman about the fare for their passage. The priest had no money, and notwithstanding his own poverty, the prince paid for him. During the passage, the tradesman informed his companions that his name was Nauséda, and that he was an optician in the Palais-Royal. He then began to speak for a long time about the Duke of Orleans, to whom he said he had sold spectacles more than once. He also spoke about the young princes, his sons, pretending to know them all very well. The Duke de Chartres, however, could very soon perceive that he had no more reason to entertain any fear of being recognized by the optician of the Palais-Royal than by the host of Coblenz.

The priest, as a testimony of gratitude to his benefactor, offered him his services as chaplain. The personage to whom the offer was made could much more easily have engaged chaplains some years afterwards, but now he was exiled, poor, with worn out raiment, and an empty purse. He, of course, declined the proposal, and thanking the worthy ecclesiastic, with a smiling countenance, he received on leaving the boat (as if a favour sent from heaven) a letter from M. de Montesquiou, whom he remembered at Bremgarten. The proscribed general was hardly able to afford him a reception at his abode, but he proposed to him a resource which the strong and courageous spirit of the prince did not hesitate to accept.

M. de Montesquiou knew that M. Chabot-Latour, who had quitted France, had been admitted to a professorship in the college of Reichenau. Not seeing the prince arrive, he thought of asking some such appointment for him from the burgomaster, M. Aloys Toost, whom he knew intimately, having been introduced to him by M. Boul, director of the college. This proposal being agreeable to the prince, then twenty-two years of age, he was examined with all that strict severity enjoined by the importance of the duties which he was desirous to discharge. He was unanimously admitted, as a great acquisition to the college, entering on his duties under the name

of Chabot, in the month of October, 1793, at a salary of 1,400 francs per annum.*

For fifteen long months did the prince continue to discharge all the duties of this secondary po-

* Before that young prince, whom the anxious desire of investigating the phenomena of nature in the desolate and rigorous regions of the north pole, was led to visit the extreme point to which access was at all possible in that quarter, he was but too happy at being enabled to earn the bread of honourable independence, by a situation which produced him a scanty stipend, on the summit of the Alps. Reichenau, a village in the country of the Grisons, has been locally celebrated, in all ages, as the spot immediately near which a junction takes place of the three streams that form the sources of the Rhine; and where, after dashing over huge precipitous rocks, at the height of 9000 feet about the level of the sea, their waters, mingling with numerous tributaries, fall into the bed of that noble river, which they supply, and which is here about 250 feet in breadth, keeping its descending course between lofty rugged mountains. The month of October, 1793, was destined to give additional distinction to this village. Here it was that, in a little obscure college, Louis Philippe, disdainng to become a dependant upon any of the great and illustrious families that stood in such close relation to him, by royal descent, preferred to avail himself of the kind services of a poor brother exile, whose friendship had obtained for him the means of providing for his support, by the exercise of those talents with which Providence had blessed him, and on the early cultivation of which so much sedulous care had been bestowed. Within a short distance of this place, is Gordona, where, upon a recent occasion, during his homeless wanderings, the compassion of a suspicious hostess allowed him a straw bed in a barn, while, in obedience to her command, her rustic nephew stood as a sentinel over him all night, lest he might prove to be a felon in the morning!—ED.

sition, with the most scrupulous regularity. He taught mathematics, geography, history, and the French and English languages. He did not spare any pains or toils which his condition at the moment imposed upon him. His life and manners were so unaffected and simple, that never did the least suspicion arise in the mind of any one as to his true rank.

A new affliction, more painful and poignant than all the others, came upon him in the midst of a life of trouble and resignation. He was apprized of the death of his father, the Duke of Orleans. It took place in France, at the epoch of juridical butcheries, when victims were sent to the scaffold in batches (*fournés*), when the noblest heads were consigned to the executioner in countless numbers. The ferocious murderers of September reigned as dictators in the midst of the National Convention, and sat under the combined names of judges and juries in a species of provost-marshal's court called the "Revolutionary Tribunal."

On the 3rd of October, Amar, in the name of the General Committee of Safety, made a report upon the pretended conspiracy of the Girondists, and proposed to the Convention the accusation and trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal of forty-five of its members! The report having been heard, Billaud-Varennes, one of the Paris deputies, passing as a person of great influence

with the Mountain party, proposed simply and without any other form of process the addition of the name of the Duke of Orleans to that fatal list. Such was the dreadful terror then prevailing, that the addition was agreed to without a single voice being raised against it, or even the reason being asked.

The acting functionaries were immediately ordered to bring the Duke of Orleans to Paris, who in the meantime believed himself to be forgotten in his prison at Marseilles. On their arrival, they declared to the illustrious prisoner that it was less for the purpose of a trial than of an explanation he was desired to attend. It was probable, said they, that the decree was intended as the means of putting an end to his captivity. The prince allowed himself to be persuaded of this the more easily, because it appeared plausible.

He never had been the friend of the Girondists, a spurious party, impotent, repudiated by all men of any political weight, liberals without fixed principles, and revolutionists without firmness or daring. The Duke of Orleans had always found among them only enemies and persecutors.

On the 23rd of October, 1793, the unfortunate father entered the chamber of the Duke de Montpensier. "I am come, my dear son," said he, "to bid thee adieu, for I must go * * * (his feelings here oppressed him). I wished to go away with-

out seeing thee,* for the moment of parting is always painful; but I could not resist the desire I feel of embracing thee once more before I depart. Adieu, my dear child; console thyself, console thy brother, and think of the happiness we shall have when *we meet again.*"

He made the journey under this illusion, and in the last letter which his two sons received from him, dated from Lyons, he endeavoured to confirm them in that hope, with the view of removing their anxieties for his fate. He arrived at Paris in the night intervening between the 5th and 6th of November,† and was immediately conducted to the conciergerie, where it was announced to him that he must appear next morning before the Tribunal. It was only *then* that he was made acquainted with the specific charge which was to be preferred against him. Great, indeed, was his surprise at finding it to be *precisely the same* as had been preferred against his enemies, the Girondists, and upon which they had been sentenced to death and executed only eight hours before. The members of the tribunal did not even give themselves the trouble of making any other, which, as they thought,

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that, in France, the second person singular of the pronoun is most frequently, if not always, used, where persons are addressed in terms of familiarity and endearment.—ED.

† The author is evidently desirous of being *most particular* as to dates and events.—ED.

might at least be applicable to the Duke of Orleans; and among the absurdities which the indictment contained, was one directly affecting the principal party to it, the deputy Carra, that of having wished to place the Duke of York on the throne of France!

“But, in fact, this has an air of pleasantry,” said the Duke of Orleans, in a cool and determined tone, just as the passage was read. Being asked by the Tribunal whether he had replied to the accusations preferred against him, he merely observed that they had fallen to the ground of themselves, and did not apply to him, as it was notorious that he had always been opposed to the system and the measures of the party which he was accused of having favoured. Still, the Tribunal having condemned him to death without hesitation (*sans désespérer*), he said (not appearing at all disconcerted), “Since you are decided that I must perish, you should at least seek for more plausible pretexts to arrive at such a result (*vous auriez dû chercher au moins des prétextes plus plausibles pour y parvenir*), for you never will persuade any man, whoever he may be, that you have thought me guilty of all that of which you have just convicted me; and you, least of all others, you to whom I was so well known,” he added, with his eyes steadily fixed on the foreman of the jury (*le chef du jury*). “For the rest,” he continued, “since my lot is decided, I ask not to be made to

languish here until to-morrow, and that you give orders for leading me on to death immediately.

They granted him that sad favour without difficulty. In crossing the square of the Palais-Royal, the cart on which he was taken to the place of execution stopped for some minutes, and, during that terrible interval, he cast his eyes, with the greatest coolness, on the façade of his palace. Arrived at the Place Louis XV., he mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and received the fatal stroke on the 6th of November, 1793 (16th Brumaire, year 2).

If, under such dreadful circumstances, anything could afford consolation to the exiled prince whom the scaffold had thus suddenly invested with the illustrious title of Duke of Orleans, it was, perhaps, the courage with which his father voluntarily demanded to hasten the fatal moment, a courage which, to the very last, he displayed on the scaffold. That event at once made the prince deem it a duty to collect some remaining memorials of his father's fortune, then lying scattered about in England.

In the meantime, a political movement had taken place in the country of the Grisons, and the director of the college had been summoned to the assembly of Coire. These various circumstances made the prince resolve upon quitting Reichenau. He set out on foot with a pack upon his back, carrying with him a most flattering certificate of

his abilities and good conduct, and with his passport made out in the name of Chabot.

He proceeded to the residence of M. de Montesquiou, where he had taken the precaution not to arrive until night. He sojourned there for some time, under the name of Corby, and passing with the rank of aide-de-camp to the general. But, one day, while in a room adjoining that in which M. de Montesquiou was sitting, he heard him arguing with some persons, whose suspicions being excited respecting his guest, caused him some embarrassment. This circumstance made him fear lest the hospitality he received might prove disastrous to the general, and he could not think of exposing him one moment longer to new perils. Moreover, he had no further occasion to watch for the safety of his sister, who having quitted the convent of Bremgarten, obtained an asylum in Hungary, with the Princess de Conti, her aunt; Madame de Genlis had, in the meantime, gone to Hamburg. He resolved then on retiring from Switzerland, and in fact took his departure, much regretting however, notwithstanding all that he had suffered, to leave a country where at least he was so near to France.

At this time, and for many years after, the life of Louis-Philippe was altogether isolated by the events which were taking place in France. All liberty had disappeared from that country. The

world has seen how the principles and the men of 1789 were treated.

We congratulate ourselves at not having even to recollect that spectacle of furious struggles, destructions, violences, and weaknesses. Endowed with an understanding very rarely to be met with, and fortified by precocious experience, the Duke of Orleans perceived, with wonderful sagacity, that as for him, the moment of making himself still useful to his country had not yet arrived, and that this was not the time for him to re-enter it. Nearly reassured as to the security of the surviving members of his family, by the events of the 9th Thermidor, he had the intention from the year 1795, on leaving Switzerland, to embark for America. He hoped to find there that asylum and repose which were denied him in Europe. But having arrived at Hamburg, he discovered that he wanted the resources necessary for undertaking so long a voyage. He then determined on making an excursion through the north of Europe. He resolved, above all things, to conceal his name from the hatred and ambitious designs of interested parties, and to complete that instruction for which he was already so much indebted to his misfortunes.

Before he took his departure from Hamburg, a circumstance occurred which awakened bitter recollections in his mind, while it caused him regret at not being able to be generous. It was in the in-

stance of an old man who had lived as a pensioner upon the bounty of the late Duke of Orleans, and who had been obliged to fly from Paris without means. "My friend," said the prince to him, "I am hardly better off than you are; I have only four louis in my purse, here, take one of them, and do as well as you can with it." Furnished with a trifling letter of credit, accompanied by M. de Montjoie who had come to join him, and attended by the faithful Baudouin, the Duke of Orleans embarked for Copenhagen.

He found the Danish banker to whom he applied a host full of benevolence, and whose influence obtained for him passports from the Danish government. He therefore visited Zealand. At Elsinour he saw the castle of Cronenburg, which had been the prison of the queen Caroline Matilda.* He visited the gardens of that Hamlet, whom Shakspeare has immortalized in England, Ducis and Talma in France. He soon after passed the Sound, went through Gottenburg, and stopped at lake Wener, near the waterfall of Goetha-Elf; and, after admiring the works which had been undertaken at Trollethen two centuries before, for the purpose of uniting the Gulf of Bothnia with the North Sea, he entered Norway.

* A princess of England, more unfortunate even than another, Queen Caroline, whose destinies will for ever remain as painful records in the history of this country.—ED.

CHAPTER X.

The Duke de Chartres sojourns at Frederikshall, in Norway.—Information and improvement the object of his visit.—Scene of the death of Charles XII. of Sweden.—Particulars minutely described.—The Duke, passing under another assumed name, that of Corby, visits Christiania.—His interviews there with the Lutheran minister M. Monod, afterwards President of the Reformed Church at Paris.—Visits the extreme point which it is possible to reach towards the North Pole.—Re-enters Sweden, and proceeds to Stockholm.—His rank is discovered despite of all precautions, and he is received with great distinction at Court.

HERE he sojourned for some time, in the little town of Frederikshall, before which a ball, directed by an invisible hand, arrested the career of Charles XII., just at the moment when he was preparing to restore his power, then broken and shattered, after the defeat of Pultowa. People are much divided in opinion upon the subject of that death. It is said that Charles fell by the hand of one of his own men, and not by that of the enemy; the form of the wound being considered a strong indication of the fact. The form is verified (*constatée*) by a plaster cast of the head, and by the state of the hat and dress he wore on

the day he was killed. The hero of our odyssey, had an opportunity of seeing these precious relics, at a later period, at Friderikshof, near Stockholm, and also of examining these mute witnesses of the death of the great captain.* The dress is of very coarse, thick cloth, such as that worn by our peasants on Sundays, but the shirt is of an extremely fine texture. The gloves, made of the skin of the reindeer, are very large and well-shaped. The right glove is stained with blood, as is also the shoulder-belt (*le baudrier*), because the king, on finding himself wounded, placed his right hand on the hilt of his sword, and it is even supposed that, though struck in the head, he lived long enough to draw the sword half out of the scabbard. From this movement, it is concluded that the shot came from the interior of the trench, and not from any other quarter. The hat, which resembles that of a clergyman, and which has no other ornament than a gilt copper button, is pierced by a ball, in the part immediately over

* How remarkable and worthy of note is it, that a prince, who, in after life, has been destined to occupy, and ultimately lose, the most powerful throne on the southern part of the continent of Europe, should, while roving about, upwards of half a century ago, as a poor exile, anxiously seeking for knowledge and improvement, have visited the spot where the ever memorable "madman of the north" fell, and have had an opportunity, of examining such interesting evidences of his fate!—ED.

the left eye. The plaster cast of the head exhibits two holes made by a ball, the one corresponding with that in the hat, and the other behind the right ear. If the latter were actually smaller than the hole over the left eye, as the plaster cast of the head would seem to indicate, then there could be no doubt whatever that the shot came from the interior of the trench, and from a point at which his position rendered it absolutely impossible for him to see the person who had aimed at him. The very interesting character of the subject and the occasion must be our excuse for these digressions from our narrative.

Such historical memorials, such judicious researches, together with the study of the grand scenes of nature, have become memorable events in the biography upon which we are now engaged. Besides, what fact or circumstance is it that we should be justified in neglecting in a life so full of contrasts and of great lessons? In a work like this, which abounds with incidents, it is not necessary for the purposes of the present to enhance the interest of the past, the details of which, consisting of positive facts, resemble a narrative invented by some Fenelon for the education of kings.

Most willingly, therefore, shall we continue our account of the wanderings of the proscribed prince, of his labours, his impressions, of all the anecdotes respecting him, nay, even those traditions which,

though well authenticated and attested as they are, still appear like the materials of a poem or a legend.

From Frederikshall the Duke of Orleans went to Christiania, where he was still indebted for generous hospitality to the introduction of the worthy banker of Copenhagen. The late M. Monod, who, in 1830, was president of the Reformed Church in Paris, resided at that time in the capital of Norway. The Duke saw him sometimes, but without being known to him otherwise than under the name of Corby. Their conversations generally turned upon France and recent events. Upon one occasion, M. Monod was naturally brought to speak of the character and conduct of a person whom he did not know to have been the father of the individual who addressed him. "I hear continually," said he, "the late Duke of Orleans accused of all sorts of vices and crimes; but still I cannot help thinking that he had some great qualities. Would such a man as they would represent him to have been, have taken such care of the education of his children? I have been assured that his eldest son is a perfect model of filial piety, and that that is not his only virtue." The young traveller blushed. "Do you know him?" asked M. Monod. "A little," replied the Duke, "and I believe you have exaggerated his praise." Twenty years after that time, the pastor, on proceeding to pay his respects to the first prince of the blood at his residence in

the Palais-Royal, discovered there with surprise the young man so well informed, so mild, so retiring, whom he had seen in Norway under the name of Corby.

The Duke of Orleans lived at Christiania tranquilly and unknown, happy to escape from the suspicions and *surveillance* which so often followed him in his exile. One day he thought he was recognized. According to the established custom in some families, after breakfasting in town they went to spend the day in the country. Immediately on his return, he heard the son of the banker at whose house he was staying, cry out in a loud voice, "The Duke of Orleans's carriage!" He could not help being startled. How was he to explain this singular incident, unless by the fact of believing himself to have been discovered? However, the young Norwegian did not happen to perceive the anxiety which he caused to his guest. He neither doubted, in fact, the received acceptance of the words at the moment, nor the recollections awakened by them. The exclamation which the prince heard with so much surprise, was only a reminiscence of the cry raised in Paris on leaving the Opera. It had more than once been stupidly raised, and, instead of simply calling for a carriage, it was one of the first of those cries that suggested themselves to the mind from a mere freak.

On quitting Christiania, the Duke of Orleans

visited some towns in the northern parts of Norway. At Drontheim, he was received with the most marked attention by the governor Baron Kroh, and thence descending along the shore of the Gulf of Soltan, he visited the Maelstrom, despite of the dangers attending the enterprise.

Setting out from Saltdalm, conducted by an Iceland *perruquier*, whom he engaged as a guide, he pursued on foot the crest of the mountain in order to gain the North Cape. He soon found himself travelling on with the inhabitants of those distant regions, the Laplanders, whose chief and sole object was to have it recorded of them that they had seen Frenchmen visiting their country. Like them, the prince wore the *koufte* or travelling tunic. He took pleasure in putting questions to them, observing their character, hearing their stories, and studying their manners, habits, and customs, as well as noticing the strange accidents that occur in a climate so totally different from our own; one in which no vegetation is presented to man—in which there is but one continued day of six months, and one night of the same duration.

On the 24th of August, 1795, the Duke of Orleans arrived at the most northern point of the North Cape, within eighteen degrees of the Arctic Pole. The author of the "*Légataire Universel*," and the philosophical Maupertuis, who were sent by a king of France to measure a degree of meri-

dian under the polar circle, were stopped at a point five degrees short of that which our young traveller attained. Thus, with more justice than Regnard, he well might have written that line which has given so much celebrity to the expedition of the latter :—

*“ Hic tandem stetimus, nobis ubi defuit orbis.”**

The arrival of a Frenchman was quite an event in these countries. The Prince was received by a Lutheran minister, M. Ozemhoff, who had resided for some time here, a solitary sample perhaps of a country which had never before witnessed so striking an instance of human vicissitudes. Forty years afterwards, the obscure and poor guest of these remote colonists, being then king of the French, sent to Mersfeldt as a memorial of his grateful sense of the reception he had met with there, a clock so constructed as to defy the cold of these icy latitudes.

From the North Cape the Prince returned to Torneo by the extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, and traversed Finland, anxious to study the events of the last war between Sweden and Russia, on the

* There are two ways in which this line may be freely and familiarly translated. Thus :—

Here at last have we stood upon the last point on the globe.

or,

Here at last have we stood where the world went no further.—ED.

very theatre where they had occurred. He advanced as far as the river Kymène, the boundary of two states; but Catherine II. had shewn herself too much the enemy of the Revolution, and too much the friend of the Emigrants, to allow the Duke of Orleans any hope of safety in her dominions. He embarked, therefore, for the isles of Aland, and reached Sweden towards the end of October.

His intention was to live according to his simple tastes, and observe the most strict incognito. He unconsciously discovered himself, however, in accepting a note which he had received inviting him to a grand ball at Court.

Placed in a little detached compartment, he could see without attracting the eyes of anybody, as much as he desired to witness of the pomp of a fête which any one of his own could at least have equalled, not very long since. But scarcely did he find himself there, when the master of the ceremonies, whose duty it was to provide suitable places for foreign visitors, offered, without knowing him, to get him a better one than that which he occupied. The duke, a good deal embarrassed, declined the attention for some time; but fearing that by doing so he might excite suspicion, he finally availed himself of it, and the polite functionary shewed him into the gallery appropriated to the diplomatic body, where he took care not to remain for a single instant. The pre-

caution was to no purpose. Next morning, Baron Hamilton, major in the regiment of Nassau, calling upon M. de Montjoie, whom he had known, said to him, "They state as a fact that you are here with the Duke of Orleans." The count denied it at first; but the prince seeing it impossible to preserve his incognito any longer, thought he had better give it up entirely. In fact he had been recognised by all the principal parties present, and, among others, by M. de Rivals, envoy of France. "You have not told me all your secrets," said the latter during the ball to the chancellor of Sweden, Count Sparr; "you have concealed from me that the Duke of Orleans was here." The minister did not wish to appear cognizant of the fact. "It is so true," said the envoy, "that I have just seen him in the tribune of the *corps diplomatique*."

The chancellor immediately wrote to the illustrious traveller, telling him how delighted the Court would be to see him. The prince, thus compelled to renounce the concealment of his rank and name, accepted the invitation, and was presented to the king, as well as to the Duke of Sudermania, regent of the kingdom, both of whom received him in the kindest manner. The court of Sweden made him the most generous offers, but he accepted only of those which afforded him the necessary facilities of seeing the various curiosities of the country, and the several monuments that were worth attention.

CHAPTER XI.

The Duke of Orleans visits Dalecarlia, the scene of the patriotic exploits of Gustavus Vasa.—Editor's note on the dissimilarity of relative positions of the Swedish hero and the Duke of Orleans.—The Duke visits the celebrated naval arsenal at Carlscrona.—Leaves Sweden, and returns to Hamburg.—Indications of a change of political feelings in France.—Proposals made by the French Directory to the Duchess-Dowager of Orleans offering certain terms upon which the young Duke and his brothers were to leave Europe, and reside in America.—Pathetic appeal of his mother entreating his compliance.—The Duke's noble reply and consent.—Embarks for America.

IN his new excursion the prince passed through Dalecarlia, celebrated at once as the stronghold and temporary abode of the renowned Gustavus Vasa. Here he descended into the famous copper mines of Frahlun, whence the liberator of Sweden emerged in the sixteenth century with his principal supporters.* Among the other memor-

* However anxious the ex-king of the French might naturally have been to visit the scene of the labours, adventures, and exploits of Gustavus Vasa; the stern strictness of history obliges us to say, that there is no analogy whatever between the condition of that patriotic hero, and his own.

able places visited by the august exile, was the farm of Mora, so long the asylum of the Swedish hero. Here he remained for the night. What extraordinary emotions must have been excited in

France, in struggling for freedom, provoked foreign aggression by her excesses. Sweden, without giving any provocation, was oppressed and crushed by the Danish tyrant Christian II. The son of the Duke of Grypsholm was only a remote descendant of the old royal family of Sweden, the son of the Duke of Orleans was brought by relationship into close proximity with the throne of France. The former found his main strength and support in the very bowels of his native land, the latter was most unworthily and ungratefully proscribed from the surface of the ground that had given him birth. The former contrived to remain in his country until he redeemed her from a foreign yoke; the latter, an exile from his country, was doomed to wander about through vast portions of the Old World and the New, while she was deprived of all liberty, and rendered odious to the world by her own sons. The former founded a throne to which descent alone would never have elevated him; the latter, many years after his proscription had ceased, raised up a new dynasty from a different branch of the same stock. But though his reign was prolonged for several years after the more fierce Republicans had in vain made repeated attempts to put an end to it by assassination, his selfish policy continued to excite against him the violent opposition of all parties in France, except those who were interested in supporting it. In England it has caused him to be regarded with jealousy and distrust. In an evil and fatal hour, he has preferred family aggrandisement to the welfare and prosperity of the people over whom he presided. Hence the ruin of his House, the destruction of his throne, and the inglorious termination of a career that might have immortalised his name as "a patriot king."—ED.

his mind by the records of this Gustavus, rescued so often as if by miracle from the hands of men who were constantly seeking to despatch him, obliged to hide himself in the bowels of the earth, and preparing to issue forth from his retreat for the deliverance of his country !

The Duke of Orleans did not wish to quit Sweden without also paying a visit to the superb arsenal of Carlscröna. The Court offered to conduct him through it with all the honours due to his rank, but this he declined, preferring to go as a plain foreigner, who was curious to see the finest marine arsenal, at that time in Europe. He was very near having occasion to regret his modesty. Presenting himself to the governor, and stating his object, the latter replied without ceremony, that foreigners were not admitted. Already long accustomed to disappointments, the prince was about to retire before the inflexible guardian of the place, when a courier arrived from the Regent, who anticipated the difficulty ; while the governor was left in total ignorance of the rank of the individual to whom such great and particular attention was paid. All the gates were immediately thrown open to the exile, the governor accompanying him himself, explaining everything to him, and occasionally intermingling his conversation with questions slyly asked, for the purpose of leading the distinguished stranger to

forget his incognito, but in vain. He was left to indulge his conjectures, and despite of all his artful efforts to gratify his curiosity, was unable to learn anything about the rank or position of the person for whom he put himself to so much trouble.

There was nothing further to detain the Duke of Orleans in Sweden, and re-crossing the Sound, he returned to Hamburg in 1796. It may easily be supposed that the state of his finances was not much improved by his previous wanderings, and as to his political situation, it neither gave him an assurance of the present, nor any pleasing hope of the future. During his sojourn in Sweden he received from Altona a communication from Louis XVIII., inviting him to join the army of Condé, but Louis Philippe could not think of acceding to a proposal, the first condition of which was that he should bear arms against France. On the other hand, to the Directory which succeeded the Convention, the young prince was an object of attention as well as of uneasiness. Carnot wrote to the widowed Duchess of Orleans, offering him permission to return to France, and her reply was "The act of proscription against him must first be publicly revoked." "We cannot do that," returned the director, "without compromising ourselves." The duchess then demanded such strong guarantees for the life of her son, that the contemplated

object was not followed up, and the result was a communication which expressed a wish that the prince should leave Europe. The Directory, conscious of its weakness, became suspicious. The members composing that assembly plainly perceived from all that was passing around them, that a re-action was at hand.

There was already formed in the heart of France, then cured of its democratic fever, a party composed of the middle class, which was desirous of giving to the country a government which should neither be republican nor framed upon the plan of the old monarchy. The Duke of Orleans was already considered to be the most proper person for giving executive effect to this intermediate form of government, one which should surround a throne with republican institutions; but the time had not yet arrived for it. The Directory might perhaps have employed itself more profitably than in devising means for removing to an immense distance from France, the only man who could protect it, but the parties then in power could not be thought capable of so much self-denial and sagacity. Besides, there was not in France, at the time, any fixed opinion or sound judgment. Both men and things were very different in 1796, from what we have seen them in 1830;—that epoch of difficulties and impediments. France, at the latter period, was getting relieved

from the effects of those struggles which she had to sustain against all Europe united, and which had obliged her to have recourse to a military government.

No wonder then that the Directory, ignorant of the real dispositions of a numerous body of the people, should be uneasy at the presence in Europe of a prince who, without a retinue, and almost without money, was indebted for his influence only to his name, to his antecedents, and to the many proofs which he had already given with so much dignity, of being of himself alone, a distinct and positive power. Application was made to his mother, the duchess, offering to remove the sequestration imposed on the estates, and liberate the young princes, the Duke de Montpensier and Count de Beaujolais, provided the three brothers would consent to banish themselves to America. But first it was necessary to ascertain where the Duke of Orleans was to be found, as he had taken his departure from Sweden for some time past. The minister of the French Republic to the Hanseatic towns, after searching for him as far as Poland, for about two months, discovered him at last in the little town of Frederikstadt, in Holstein, and presented to him a letter from his mother the duchess.

This was to him the greatest happiness he had experienced during a long time. That princess

implored him in the most tender and moving terms of entreaty and affection, to embark for the United States of America, where his brothers, on being restored to liberty, were to join him. "What a prospect," said she, in her letter, "to soothe the many sorrows of thy poor mother, and relieve thine own, to contribute to the repose of thy country by thy generosity!"

The following was his reply.

"When my tender mother will have received this letter, her orders will have been carried into execution, and I shall have taken my departure for America. I shall embark on board the first vessel that sails for the United States. And what would I not do after such a letter as I have just received? I shall think only of happiness whatever may be my destitute condition, since I am still enabled to soothe the sorrows of a mother so dear to me, and whose position and sufferings have torn my heart (*m'ont déchiré le cœur*) for so long a period. I am wild with joy when I think that in a short time I shall embrace my brothers, and be once more with them, for I have been brought to the necessity of believing such an event impossible. Not, however, that I seek to complain of my destiny, though I have but too well experienced how dreadfully severe it has proved. I shall not even believe myself unfortunate, if, after having again found my brothers, I ascertain that our dear mother is also

as well as she can be, and if I am allowed to believe that I may be still of service to my country by contributing to its repose, and consequently to its happiness. There is no sacrifice which I would not make for it, let it cost me what it may; and so long as I live there is nothing which I am not ready to do on its behalf."

The expression of such thoughts and sentiments as these, could not fail to excite great emotion in the minds of the men who were then at the head of the government of France, and inspire them with an uneasiness which, in some respects, was well founded. Where was there ever seen a more tenderly affectionate son, a more attached brother, or a better citizen? That letter, too, might be supposed to have been written only yesterday, so faithful has the prince been all his life to the principles and the sentiments which have dictated it.

His brothers, arrested under a decree, from the effects of which he was so fortunate as to escape, were shut up in the dungeons of Fort Saint-Jean, at Marseilles. The Convention spared their lives, but condemned them to live apart during their captivity, leaving them in the meantime exposed to every species of inhumanity on the part of their keepers.* The idea of rescuing them from such

* The author states in a note that "the Princes de Montpensier and Beaujolais tried to effect their escape in 1795.

a terrible state of existence, was enough to make the Duke of Orleans gladly reconcile himself to a new life of exile.

The proscribed prince undertook, upon his honour, to fulfil all the conditions of the agreement, before the Executive Directory discharged its own obligations. He immediately took his passage on board a ship called "The American," Captain Ewing, a merchantman trading regularly between Hamburg and Philadelphia. He introduced himself to the captain as a Danish traveller. The "American" left the Elbe on the 24th of September 1796. There was only one other cabin passenger besides the Duke of Orleans, a French emigrant, formerly an inhabitant of St. Domingo, and far from suspecting who his companion was. He did not understand English, and spoke it very badly, but perceiving that the young *voyageur* was perfectly acquainted with that language, he asked him if he also spoke French, and upon being answered in the affirmative, he observed,—“In fact, for a Dane, you speak it very well, and I shall request of you to be my interpreter.”

During the first few days of the voyage a violent storm drove them so near the coast of

The attempt failed in consequence of a fracture received by the Duke de Montpensier, and his brother, not wishing to leave him, returned and gave himself up.”—ED.

France, that they could perceive they were close to Calais. A small French privateer had charge of two Danish ships which she had taken on their way to England. She did not fail to visit "The American," and so great was the alarm of the emigrant when he saw her boat approach, that he immediately left the deck, and shut himself up in his cabin. Perceiving on the stairs that he was not followed by the Duke of Orleans, whose coolness disconcerted him, he exclaimed in an angry tone,—“By my faith, Sir, if you were a Frenchman as I am, you would not be so much at your ease at this moment!” The party from the privateer came on board, the captain shewed them his papers, and they said, “Ah! very well from Hamburg to Philadelphia, it is a neutral port, and we have nothing to say to you, continue your voyage, but it should be towards the coast of England, which would answer you better than that of France.” They then left the deck without troubling themselves about the passengers.

CHAPTER XII.

The Prince discloses his rank to the Captain on his arrival in America.—Is joined by his brothers.—His sojourn at Philadelphia and selection of society.—No sympathy in America with the Anarchists of France.—The Prince and his brothers are introduced to General Washington.—Their visit to him on the banks of the Potomac.—Impressions made upon the mind of the Duke of Orleans by the appearance and demeanour of Washington.—The three Princes proceed on a tour through the United States.—Adventures in woods and wilds.—Privations, hardships, and dangers.—Accidental interview between the Princes and Alexander Baring, Esq. (now Lord Ashburton) in the woods near Buffalo.—His surprise at their temerity in travelling through such savage regions.

It was only at the mouth of the Delaware that the young prince disclosed to the captain his rank and position. As to the St. Domingo colonist, it was not until he arrived at Philadelphia he learned that his companion was a Frenchman; but not one of the same political party with himself, as he could discover, when he saw him put the tri-colour cockade in his hat, on setting his foot on that land of freedom and hospitality. In poverty and exile, the Duke of Orleans might well have

resumed his title and his name, for most nobly did he support that hard fate, which on the throne at this day, and admired as a king by all Europe, will serve to enhance his past misfortunes in the estimation of posterity, as one of his most splendid titles to glory.

The passage was a short one. On the 21st of October he landed in America. His brothers were not so lucky. Embarked at Marseilles, on board the Swedish ship, "The Jupiter," their voyage was long and painful. Their ship got aground at Gibraltar, where they were obliged to wait for some time, and did not arrive at Philadelphia until the month of February 1797.

The Duke of Orleans lived at Philadelphia in a quiet, unassuming retreat, suited to his circumstances at the moment. He neither sought in society, nor in the public walks, any other occasions than those of acquiring information. He made it his study to discover those men who were most distinguished for their attainments, and then evinced an earnest desire to form their acquaintance. He had himself sufficient knowledge and splendid enlightenment to be sought in turn not solely on account of the amenity of his character. The laws of the country were more especially the object of his study and attention. He compared them with those of his own country, which he heard judged of by foreigners with impartiality and inde-

pendence. In his interviews and conversations, he found at once useful instruction and opportunities of manifesting his sentiments towards his native land. It was an egregious error to suppose that in the bosom of this commonwealth the reign of terror and of anarchy (which in France was also called a republic), was an object of sympathy. The French Révolution was judged of in America by enlightened men, who were indebted for some experience to the attention paid by them to the affairs of their own country. Their opinions and views accorded with those of the proscribed patriots, who having escaped the scaffold, atoned in exile for the error they had fallen into in wishing to establish, too soon, the indispensable union of order with all public liberty. "The abolition of the king's functions, and the massacres of September, (said Mr. Hamilton, writing to General La Fayette in 1798,) have taken from me all sympathy for the French Revolution. I have never believed France capable of being made a republic, and I am quite convinced that the attempt, however long it may last, will only end in misfortunes."* "You

* This opinion was given in 1798 (the year of the Irish Rebellion), and the person who delivered it was a candid and shrewd citizen of a new republic. It is but too probable that before the expiration of 1848 its correctness will be *practically* proved, not only in France, but in many other countries, by misfortunes and calamities of a most afflicting character. None but wild projectors of systems of perfectibility which

would remind me, (said the same clever and sagacious politician, writing to him in 1815,) of the illustrious democrat Jefferson, "you would remind me perhaps with what earnestness I induced you and the other patriots with whom I was connected at the epoch of taking the oath of the Tennis-court, to enter into arrangement with the king, one which should ensure religious liberty, the freedom of the press, trial by jury, the *Habeas Corpus*, and a national legislature (measures which were then certain of being adopted), and afterwards to return to your homes, leaving these institutions to act of themselves upon the condition of the people, until further progress could safely be made on occasions which could not fail to arise. That was all which I then thought your countrymen capable of bearing with moderation and advantage to themselves."*

Such was in America the general impression upon the minds of the most eminent men, and as to the young prince, these opinions and disinterested judgments, freely pronounced at a remote distance, and in a land where party spirit and passion could have had no influence upon them, can never be established, or rabid democrats who delight in destruction, could ever think that to pull down thrones and abolish royalty were the only means of giving permanent security to rational freedom. How much preferable would it be to remedy defects, and improve institutions!—E.D.

* Memoirs and Correspondence of General La Fayette.

were necessarily a valuable guide to him while passing his time in preparing his mind for solving the problems of the future.

Philadelphia was then the seat of the federal government, and General Washington was at the head of the administration. The three young foreigners were presented to him, and he invited them to visit him at Mount Vernon after the approaching termination of his executive duties should have arrived. Louis Philippe was present at the sitting at which the General addressed to Congress his last Message, and also at the installation of Mr. Adams, his successor. He afterwards proposed to his brothers to travel in the interior of the United States, and the three set out on horseback at the beginning of summer. Their first visit was to the quiet retreat on the banks of the Potomac, where under the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, free from the noise of camps and the bustle of politics, lived that simple citizen who had saved and governed the rising republic of the United States. At Mount Vernon the life of the American Cincinnatus was that of a gentleman of Virginia in easy circumstances, comfortable but not ostentatious, plain but without the affectation of simplicity, and most ingenuous and unreserved in his manner and deportment. Such was the man his guests found him to be. But what must have struck them still more forcibly, was that

which leaves upon the mind one of those impressions which nothing can efface, that admirable serenity of the man (king, had he wished to be one;) dictator, had he not himself rejected the dictatorship; great in war, foremost in peace, foremost in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Washington was convinced, that in a country entirely new, a country in which there were neither nobles nor races derived from royalty, any attempt at royalty would have been an anomaly,—an unjustifiable usurpation. In his conduct towards the natives of countries differently constituted, he knew how to accommodate himself to the habits, times, and demands of the past. He was ardently devoted to liberty, but to liberty united with order, and submission to the laws. His love for it was one of those pure passions which honoured and saved it, not one of those wild impulses that corrupted and destroyed it. Never before had Louis Philippe so much reason to feel himself completely justified in his anticipations of happy results from liberty as he had upon seeing himself honoured with the paternal friendship of such a man as Washington. At the same time, the life and conversation of the American Liberator taught him to distinguish still more clearly true liberty from the crimes and excesses committed in its name.

During the visit of the young princes to Mount Vernon, the general prepared for them an itine-

rary of a tour through the United States, giving them also letters of introduction to different persons. Their object was to proceed into the interior of the country, to observe on the frontiers of a state as yet in its infancy as it were, the highest point of civilization hitherto attained by savage tribes, whose existence perhaps was still hardly known to the civilized world. "We must make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with this country," said the Duke of Orleans to his brothers, "it will one day become a powerful ally of our own dear land, for we young men (and you may be assured of the fact) will see our France reconciled to all the exiles, as she has already saved them from the scaffold."

The King of the French preserves to this day the map he had used in his excursions. It is the first edition of that published by Bradley of the United States. An American, to whom the royal traveller shewed it since his elevation to the throne, felt convinced that it exhibited proofs of rough and severe service, and that the long lines in red ink intended to point out the route, bore testimony to the arduous journeys which the princes had made. Louis Philippe also preserves, we are assured, an exact account of every dollar spent during the time they were engaged in these explorations. Habits of order formed in like manner a marked feature in the character of Washington.

The travellers directed their course in the first

instance towards Winchester, and visited in succession the several important towns in Pennsylvania. In traversing the plains of Kentucky, they arrived one night at a little cottage in front of which were written up in large letters, the words "Lodgings for men and horses." They found there a host who was extremely anxious and inquisitive while seeking to ascertain who they were and what might be the object of their journey. The good man could not conceive that they had come all that long distance for no other purpose than that of acquiring useful information, and the Duke of Orleans heard him frequently repeating the words "What a loss, that three young men should be mispending their time in such a manner!" The injustice done them by being banished, deprived the young princes on several occasions of their just right to celebrity and distinction. Upon one of them, at least, the lessons of misfortune (the experience gained by distant peregrinations) ought not to be lost.

At Pittsburg, where the travellers stopped for some days, the health of Count de Beaujolais was seriously affected. This was the result of three long years of painful suffering and bad treatment in the dismal dungeon of Marseilles, upon a constitution more feeble and delicate from its nature than that of his brothers. The Duke of Orleans was alarmed. He had acquired from the study of

medicine, and attending the hospitals, sufficient knowledge to shew him the danger with which the health of his dear brother was threatened. He, therefore, attended to him with the more anxious solicitude, and when his invalid brother was comparatively restored to health, the Duke of Orleans himself was confined to his room by indisposition. This was at Bairdstown. On arriving in that town our travellers found every thing in a state of confusion, and were obliged to wait a long time at the inn before they could get any attendance. The hostess gave as an excuse that they had a grand theatrical performance—the first of the kind known in the country—and she could not prevent her family from attending it. Without making any allusion to this trifling inconvenience, Louis Philippe has remembered on the throne, the hospitality and attention he had experienced at Bairdstown, and sent to that place a present of a clock for the Cathedral.

The three brothers being fortunately reinstated in health resumed their travels. Arrived at Buffalo on the shores of Lake Erie they found themselves suddenly in the midst of a tribe of Seneca Indians who did not appear to entertain the best intentions towards them. But the Duke of Orleans, by his coolness, courage, and dignity of manner, caused himself to be promptly respected by those men, who, probably in a state of nature, had a more

quick perception than we have of that which is natural nobleness of air and character.

The little band of Indians did not leave the princes for four days, and then they were hardly out of sight when Count de Beaujolais, perceiving he was not followed by a dog to which he was very much attached, said, "I am convinced he has been drawn away by one of our guests, and that they have stolen him." — "Very well!" replied the Duke of Orleans, "if they have stolen him they must give him back."—"Do you think so, brother?" asked the Count, "we are only four against the whole tribe."—"True," continued the eldest of the brothers, "they have superior force, but we have right and justice." Then promptly turning back he followed the Indians, and on coming up to them addressed himself to their chief, unaccompanied by any one. So determined and authoritative were his words and looks that the dog was immediately restored. "Alas!" said Count de Beaujolais, with a smile, "I know a country where, despite of the code designed to maintain the Rights of Man, all the eloquence of my brother would not so easily gain his cause in pleading respect for property."

From Buffalo the princes proceeded to the Falls of Niagara, obtaining permission to cross the Canadian frontier, for the state of the country at the time did not allow of their entering it directly.

To this day, Louis Philippe delights to talk of the first impression produced upon his mind by the imposing sight of these stupendous cataracts; as also of the pleasure with which he visited for the first time the primitive village of the Chipewa Indians.

In their progress from Buffalo to Canandaigua, the travellers had to traverse a country altogether in a state of nature. They penetrated into vast forests of centenarian trees, which fell only under the strokes of time where no defined trace of destruction had ever yet marked the presence of man. They advanced along immense plains without roads or paths, or any indication of a line which could guide the traveller in passing through high, rank grass, often set on fire by the scorching heat of the summer sun, against which they could hardly find the remains of a few scattered leaves of trees to protect themselves, being so scarce in these boundless wilds as to appear like the oasis in the desert. We shall not attempt to follow up by any descriptive details the dreadful fatigues of such a journey. The Duke of Orleans was afterwards heard to declare it as his opinion that this country seemed to him to be the very *beau idéal* of all that was impracticable and dangerous.

Between Buffalo and Canandaigua the young princes met an English merchant, who was so much occupied with making his fortune that he could not suffer himself to imagine at the time

that another ambition was ever to lead him into the career of politics, and that he should at a future day return to America, graced with the title of "Lord," and with the important dignity of Ambassador Extraordinary. That merchant was Mr. Alexander Baring, created Lord Ashburton after having been made a minister, and in 1841 specially appointed by the English Government to terminate the differences existing between the two countries, and to fix the boundary line of the American frontier on the side of Canada.

Mr. Baring asked the adventurous travellers if they had foreseen all the difficulties they were going to brave, and all the privations and even dangers they were to encounter? His account of the various wild and difficult tracts they had to traverse was anything but cheering. They were not, however, intimidated in the slightest degree, and though not as he was, seeking to make a fortune, they were princes of the blood royal, and knew upon what conditions princes gained instruction, and ennobled misfortune.

They continued their course, re-ascending Lake Seneca, and proceeding afterwards to the point of Tioga, on the Susquehannah, while they travelled twenty-five miles of the way on foot, each with a pack upon his back. From Tioga they descended the river as far as Wilkesbarre, and returned to Philadelphia, in the month of June, 1797.

CHAPTER XIII.

Interesting letter from the Duke de Montpensier to his sister Madame Adelaide, giving an account of his late adventures in the woods.—The Princes solaced in their sufferings by fraternal affection and endearment.—A scene among the Cherokee Indians.—A poor refugee Frenchman on the banks of Lake Ontario.—Realises a large fortune by a strange but harmless expedient.—Pestilential fever at Philadelphia.—Lives of the Princes in imminent danger.—Their departure from Philadelphia and return to it.—They set out for the Havannah.—The Duke of Orleans meets with an accident at Carlisle, in the United States.—Bleeds himself, and is taken for a surgeon by the inhabitants.—Travelling impediments.—The Princes arrive at New Orleans, then in possession of the Spaniards, and are most hospitably received.—Embark for the Havannah.—Captured in the Gulf of Mexico by an English frigate.—Politely treated by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Cochrane, released, and landed at the Havannah.

SOME time afterwards the Duke de Montpensier sent a letter to his sister, Madame Adelaide, giving her an animated description of the fatigues incident to his toilsome journey, and of the impressions made upon his mind by all he had seen. That letter deserves to be preserved. The following is the tenor of it:—

“ Philadelphia, August 14, 1797.

“ MY DEAR SISTER,

“ I hope you have received the letters which we have written to you from Pittsburg. We were then in the midst of a journey which we finished fifteen days ago. It lasted four months; we have travelled in that space of time, 1000 leagues, and always on the same horses, except for the last 100 leagues, which we have made partly by water, partly on foot, partly on hired horses, and partly in a stage coach, or public conveyance. We have seen a great many savages, and even remained for several days in their country. They are, in general, the best creatures in the world, except when their anger is provoked. They received us wonderfully well, and our being French, contributed a good deal to that reception, for they are extremely attached to our nation. The object, which after these, was certainly the most interesting, we found to be the astonishing cataract of Niagara, towards which, as I informed you from Pittsburg, we were directing our course. It is the most imposing, the most majestic sight, I have ever beheld. Its height is 137 feet, and its volume of water immense; for it is the river Saint Lawrence, that precipitates itself here with its whole collected force. I have taken a sketch, and hope to make from it a painting in water-colours, which my dear little sister, will see safely placed in our

dear mother's hands. But it is not yet commenced, and will take me a good deal of time, for it is not, I assure you, a trifling work.

“To give you an idea of the agreeable mode of travelling in this country, I must tell you, my dear sister, that we have passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all sorts of insects, drenched to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves, and with nothing to eat but bacon, sometimes a little salt beef, and bread made of Indian corn. But besides all this, we had to take shelter for forty or fifty nights in wretched hovels, where we had to lie down upon a plank, the surface of which was painfully rough and irregular. Then there came, in addition to these, the bad temper and growlings (*grognasseries*) of the inhabitants, who often shut the door in our faces, even in places where the accommodation was disgusting. Never, I declare, should I recommend such a journey to any person, whoever he may be. Yet we are far from repenting that we have made it, since we three have returned in excellent health, and necessarily with some further increase to our stock of knowledge.”

The pleasure of always meeting each other, and the consciousness of full and complete liberty, served to reconcile the princes to all their fatigues. Moreover, being each of them of a happy dispo-

sition, they bore all their annoyances with resolution, and sometimes even evinced a degree of gaiety in enduring them. The Duke de Montpensier sketched all the boldest and finest views that presented themselves to his eye, and some of his paintings are to be seen in the gallery of the Palais-Royal. The Duke of Orleans observed, studied, and reflected upon everything. The youngest of the three, the Count de Beaujolais, delighted them at their halting places, and diminished the tedium of the route, by the vivacity of his character, and joyousness of his manner. The princes met in the plains more hospitable tribes of Indians than those mentioned by the Duke de Montpensier. Among the Cherokees, as amidst the Seneca Indians, the Duke of Orleans was excellently well received. The princes, after a harassing journey, arrived at a place occupied by the former, and the Duke of Orleans, to the great astonishment of the wild spectators around him, proceeded to bleed himself. He contrived, however, to make them comprehend that this gave him relief. He then stopped the blood, closed up the vein, and shewed them that he was no longer in pain. They then took him to an old man, who was labouring under an attack of illness, and he bled him with an equally beneficial effect. The astonishment of the Indians was then turned into admiration, and judging from the demonstra-

tions of respect which they manifested towards the royal traveller, he might have been considered certain of becoming the Esculapius of their mythology.

Louis Philippe preserved for a long time the lancet which proved so useful to him on so many occasions. He afterwards made a present of it to a student, by whom it has been deposited in the Museum of the Medical School of Paris. That which the Duke of Orleans regretted more than his reverses of fortune, was to be denied the means of diffusing happiness around him. Yet destiny, upon one occasion, seemed as it were desirous of affording him consolation, while he proceeded to minister to the happiness of a poor Frenchman, who being, like himself, a fugitive from his country, had fixed his abode on the banks of Lake Ontario. The prince recognized him at once, from his dress and his language; but after a few words of conversation, he perceived with surprise that the person with whom he was speaking appeared to be much more occupied with looking at him, than with listening to what he said, — “Ah *Monseigneur!*” (my Lord,) said the poor man, “it is not at you I am looking, it is at your hat; if I had it only for an instant, my fortune would be made.” “Very well! then make your fortune,” said the prince with a smile, at the same time entrusting him with his hat. The latter (for he was one) jumped with joy, copied the form and shape of the

hat, and thanked him as if he had received a treasure.

It happened that some time afterwards the princes being at the Havannah, met the very same man there, established in business as an opulent manufacturer. "It is to you," said he, to the Duke of Orleans, "it is to your hat I am indebted for all this. I made some after the same model, and all the world wished to have *des chapeaux à la Française à la Duc d'Orléans*. At this time if I had a sufficient supply of water on my premises, my stock in trade would be doubled. I have long sought for it in vain, but perhaps your presence will also bring me good luck in this instance." His anticipation was realized; a copious spring was discovered, and the hatter became a *millionnaire*.*

Scarcely had the princes returned to Philadelphia, when the yellow fever broke out there about the end of July.* All the families in easy circumstances hastened to fly from the pestilence, but, wanting resources, the three brothers were obliged to remain exposed to its mortal attacks. Their common purse was nearly exhausted. To have recourse to a loan was repugnant to the feelings of the Duke of Orleans, and when he saw himself on

* This term is applied in France to any man who has realised property to the amount of about 41,666*l.* British currency.—Ed.

the point of wanting money, he preferred to confine his expenditure within the strictest limits of economy. At this crisis, which was not the first he experienced, that spirit of fine, regular order, so rare among princes (even though unfortunate), became particularly conspicuous, and so prudent was the use he made of the little supply he had still remaining, that when towards the month of September, the exiles received from their mother (then put into momentary possession of the restored property) funds sufficient, not only to place them at their ease, but to enable them to set out upon new excursions, they contrived, by severe management, to live honourably without contracting a single debt. They were but too happy to escape from the pestilential epidemic. It raged for two months before, but fortunately without attacking them, and now they had the means of quitting the place.

They went on to New York, and then to Boston and Rhode Island. Leaving the latter place, they traversed Massachussets, New-Hampshire, Maine, and returned to New York. It was in this city that they learned from the public papers the events of the 18th Fructidor, and were apprised of the law which banished from France all the members of the Bourbon family still remaining there. They returned at once to Philadelphia, where, on being informed that the Duchess of Orleans was in

Spain, all their thoughts were fixed upon the hope of joining her. But the war between Spain and England opposed insurmountable obstacles at the moment. They resolved immediately to proceed to Louisiana, which still belonged to Spain, and thence to go on to the Havannah. That colony occasionally despatched ships of war to Europe, and the young princes flattered themselves with the hope that they would not be refused a passage.

They left Philadelphia on the 10th of December 1797, much regretted by all those with whom they were acquainted. The latter wished, if possible, to dissuade them from the voyage, particularly as the season was by no means favourable; but their purpose was fixed, they were determined that nothing should retard their departure.

Travelling on horseback being too fatiguing, they purchased an open waggon, and at once proceeded on their way. At Carlisle one of the horses attached to the waggon became restive, and caused the Duke of Orleans to fall, not, unfortunately, without a severe contusion. On that occasion, too, he was still his own surgeon, and bled himself in the same manner as, some years ago, his royal escort saw him bleed the courier, Vernet, who fell from the horse that was going on before his carriage. The inhabitants of Carlisle were surprised at the cleverness of the operation, and, taking him for a surgeon emigrating to one of

the Western Settlements, eagerly sought to retain him among them, assuring him that he would find here better practice and more advantages than anywhere else.

At Pittsburg the travellers found the Monongahela route already shut up in ice, but the Alleghany was free. They therefore purchased a boat, and being joined by three persons to assist in the navigation, they commenced descending and following the current of the Ohio. Before they arrived at Wheeling, the river was completely closed against them, and they were obliged to betake themselves to the land, and make a halt for several days. But upon the first clearing away of the ice, the princes feeling convinced that at a distance of some miles further the stream was free, resumed their navigation. An officer charged with despatches, and proceeding by the same route, could not venture to follow their example, and did not get down to a certain point on the river until three weeks after they had arrived there. Their little caravan was disembarked at Marietta, but the ice threatening to intercept them once more, the intrepid travellers were constrained to get back precipitately. The negligence of their helmsman upon this occasion was near running them aground. They arrived, however, at New Orleans on the 17th of February 1798, after a passage of sixty-eight days. They experienced from the governor,

Don Gayoso, and from the general body of the inhabitants, a most gratifying reception, which they felt the more sensibly, as their views were entirely turned towards Spain. A corvette was to take them to the Havannah, but the irksome delay of waiting for it made them resolve upon embarking on board a Spanish ship, that once used to sail under the American flag.

In the middle of the Gulf of Mexico, they were met by an English frigate that had hoisted the tricolor flag. After a few cannon shots they struck, and a lieutenant of the navy came to announce to them that they were prisoners. The Duke de Montpensier heard the words with great sorrow. "Who knows," said he, "to what place they are going to take us?" The Duke of Orleans had more confidence in his fortune, and even in his name, which had been so often proscribed. Advancing towards the lieutenant, he said, — "Sir, have the goodness to inform your captain, that I am the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by my two brothers, the Duke de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais; we are going to the Havannah."

Struck with astonishment, the officer hastened to communicate this intelligence to Captain Cochrane, who assured the illustrious personages that they should be well received on board. To get on deck it was necessary to ascend by a rope, and that being badly adjusted, made the Duke of

Orleans fall into the sea, obliging him to swim to the frigate before he could set his foot on board. Captain Cochrane, who recently died an admiral, received the three princes with great respect. "You are going to the Havannah," said he, "I will take you there without going on shore myself, I owe you this little service at least, for the annoyance which this interruption has caused you on your way."

At the Havannah, where the princes arrived on the 30th of March, they could find no means of getting a passage to Europe, and the inhabitants, as if to compensate them for the disappointment, lavished upon them all sorts of attentions so as to render their sojourn as agreeable as it could be made under the circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV.

Prejudices of the Court of Spain against the Orleans family.—

The Governor of the Havannah receives an order from Madrid to send back the Princes in exile to New Orleans.—They refuse to comply with it, and are sent first to the British Islands of Bahama, and afterwards to Halifax.—Very kindly received at the latter place by the Governor, the late Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty.—Through his interposition they obtain leave to proceed to England.—Arrive there in the year 1800.—The Emigrant party.—Interview between the Duke of Orleans and the Count d'Artois.—Remonstrances and retorts.—The Duke of Orleans hears that his mother is at Barcelona.—Contrives to get there in the hope of seeing her, but is disappointed.—Returns to England.—Establishes himself and his brothers at Twickenham.—Repeated offers made to him by the Count d'Artois, and positively refused.—Refuses to attend a royal conference at Mittau.—Death of the Duke de Montpensier.—Latin inscription on a recent monument to him.—Translation of it by the Editor.—The Count de Beaujolais attacked with illness.—Accompanied by the Duke of Orleans to Malta, where he dies.—His disposition and character.

THE military commandant, father of the Countess Merlin, was particularly solicitous in his endeavours to make them forget, amidst amusements and fêtes, the fatigues and inconveniences of their passage.

But the Court of Madrid was altogether devoted to the Emigration—to that royalty of Coblenz which flattered itself that it had the power of making Bailly expiate on the scaffold the oath of the Tennis-court, and Philippe of Orleans, his attachment to the revolution. With these dispositions, the Spanish Government could not be thought likely to act as the protector of the three exiles. Moreover, naturally suspicious, and feeling very uneasy at the spirit which then agitated the Havannah, it did not behold without jealousy the presence in that colony of a young French prince, whose sword was never idle in the cause of liberty. Hence, an order despatched from Aranjuez, had just reached the captain-general, directing him to banish the three brothers to New Orleans, without giving them any promise of providing for their subsistence in the meantime. Protesting against such inhospitable treatment, they refused to comply with the order; and then it was that in the emergency of their distress, they cast their eyes upon England, the only asylum which appeared open to their misfortunes.*—(*Ils jetèrent*

* This testimony, so honourably borne to the hospitality of England by the native of a country so long her most powerful rival in arms, can only be reciprocated by the just admission, that France when not unduly influenced by passion or prejudice, has also been the most earnest and anxious rival of England in acts of generosity and kindness to the brave and the good, in moments of misfortune.—ED.

les yeux sur l'Angleterre, le seul asile qui leur parût ouvert à leurs infortunes.) By means of a Spanish parley, they were first sent to the British islands of Bahama, and then to Halifax, where the Duke of Kent, one of the sons of the King of England, and father of her Majesty Victoria I., received them in the kindest manner. He did not wish, however, to take upon himself at once the responsibility of granting them a passage to England. He addressed a communication on the subject to George III. and his ministers, and the request of the Duke of Orleans being acceded to, the princes proceeded by sea from Halifax to New York, where they finally embarked for England, arriving at Falmouth in the month of February, 1800.

When the Duke of Orleans had been obliged to cross the Atlantic ocean as an exile, shunning the penal effects of proscription and the hatred of parties, it was with the tricolor cockade in his hat he landed at Philadelphia. In London, in the midst of the Emigration, he never displayed any other colours than those of France. But the counter-revolution appeared to have made its last efforts; it was a vanquished party. The Duke of Orleans thought, therefore, that he might renew intimacies which never went further than the ties of kindred warranted him in carrying them. He saw in the chiefs of the Emigration, only exiles

like himself. Louis XVIII. was then in Poland, the Count d'Artois in London, and it was with the latter prince that the Duke of Orleans had his first interview. "The king will be delighted to see you again, sir," said the count; "but first of all it is necessary you should write to him." The Duke of Orleans found no difficulty in that. His letter was full of candour and nobleness of mind. It referred to those principles which he had professed and acted upon all his life. The Count d'Artois would have wished it to contain something else, and he explained what that something was: "You should," said he, "speak to the king about your errors." "Errors!" replied the duke, "I might have committed some; but you, have you not, committed some also? It would be, therefore, useless to talk of errors, and neither courteous towards others, nor worthy the dignity which I owe to myself." The letter was sent as he had written it. Louis Philippe did not recognise, as errors, his love for France, the blood he had shed for the Revolution, and his refusal to serve under the standard of Condé. Louis XVIII., a man of mind and tact, returned a very gracious answer, without saying, on his part, a single word which could hurt the feelings of the Duke of Orleans. The latter had no other idea than that of reestablishing his position in relation to those princes who formed the elder branches of his House, and

of discharging the duties and obligations enjoined by family ties, and which, from the very nature of them, ought to survive all political dissensions. The Count d'Artois had a different object to serve. He wished, by every possible effort he could make, to prevail upon his cousin to join the army of Condé. That was what might be termed his *fixed idea*. He incessantly talked of it. Immovable on that point, the Duke of Orleans, to escape his importunities, and gratify one of his own most ardent wishes, requested from the English Government the means of visiting his mother, whom he believed to be at Barcelona. He was also anxious that she should make some arrangements respecting her future situation and his own, and establish herself in some peaceful country.

The war between Spain and England opposed great obstacles to that meeting. In the meantime he succeeded in getting a passage on board an English frigate, which took him to Minorca, and from that island he would be enabled to enter Spain. Hardly, however, had he arrived there, when he discovered that it had become the place of rendezvous for the English army and the Emigrants. The latter took advantage of his presence to renew their efforts to gain him over to their side, but he remained steadily faithful to his opinions. Some time afterwards, the first consul (the conqueror of Marengo) deprived the counter-

revolution of its last hopes for a considerable period.

A Neapolitan corvette having put into Port Mahon, the Duke of Orleans availed himself of that opportunity of taking his passage on board, and proceeding to the harbour of Barcelona. On his arrival there, he was still doomed to new regrets, at not being able to embrace his mother, from whom he had been separated for so long a time. The sole advantage he derived from his voyage was that of ascertaining, through private communications, that his sister Mademoiselle d'Orleans had been recalled by the Duchess from Hungary to Spain, and had sent her affectionate regards to her brothers, in a letter which they had received on their arrival in London. That princess, as has been already stated, had quitted Switzerland a little before the Duke of Orleans. She had followed the Princess de Conti, her aunt, who had taken her under her protection, and from that time they both resided in Hungary, where the days of Mademoiselle d'Orleans were passed in gloom and sadness, far away from a family and a country from which her affections were never absent for a moment.

On returning to England, the Prince established himself with his brothers, at Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames. Visited by old friends and old adherents, the princes received all French-

men with joy, and notwithstanding their limited fortune, liberality often served to enhance the interest attached to their modest abode.

One day he received a visit from the Count d'Artois, who renewed his propositions respecting the army of the Prince de Condé, already almost forgotten. It was at the moment when the execution of the Duke d'Enghien revived so many bitter animosities.* But notwithstanding

* A mock trial at midnight, and a preconcerted murder in the morning, formed the appalling features of the plot and catastrophe of this dreadful tragedy. Not all the enthusiastic admirers of the Emperor Napoleon—not all the servile flatterers of the First Consul Buonaparte—not all the wonders of his astonishing achievements—not all the dazzling brilliancy of his victories—can ever make future generations forget, until history shall falsify itself, that though not in a *physical*, he was most assuredly in a *moral* sense, the principal perpetrator of the awful crime committed within the fosse of the Castle of Vincennes, on the morning of the 21st of March, 1804. It is not because he would fain have fixed the conscious guilt on his first minister, the subtlest of all statesmen, most degraded of all priests, the wily and worthless Talleyrand,—it is not because his head military policeman, and abject creature, Savary, was the active agent in it, that therefore posterity will lose sight of the red record of blood, which must stand against himself until time shall be no more! Without *his* sanction and authority who could have dared to undertake the responsibility of so terrible a deed!

Ettenheim, from which the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien was forcibly carried away by a body of armed men, in order to be immediately afterwards sacrificed, is a little town in the Baden territory, on the borders of the Upper Rhine. It stands on the banks of the Unditz, one of the tributary streams of

the indignation which this juridical murder excited in his mind—indignation which he expressed in strong unequivocal terms, the Duke of Orleans did not wish to rally round those who haughtily avowed themselves to be the enemies of France. Upon that point all the entreaties of the Count d'Artois were utterly useless.

They then had recourse to another expedient, it being of special importance to them that a

that river, and takes its name from Etto, the original proprietor of the place, which name, prefixed to the German monosyllable "*heim*," will, with a slight change in the spelling, give the word Ettenheim, or Etto's home. The town has about 3000 inhabitants, and connected with its earlier history, there is an authentic chronicle of crime, coupled with a most marvellous legend in reference to its consequences. I have frequently heard both talked of on the banks of the Rhine, and as the very spot has been the scene of a modern outrage, which will be recorded through all future ages, a short notice of them here will not be uninteresting. In the year 640, a Scotch nobleman, named Landelius, afterwards canonized as a Saint, for his great piety, established himself here in a wild valley, in which are seen to this day, the ruins of the old Castle of Giesenburg, rising up in the form of a lofty pyramid, thirty-six feet high. At the foot of this pyramid he made a cell, with his own hands, and passed there the whole of his time in penance and prayer. His only object was total seclusion from the world in the most severe spirit of an anchorite, intent both day and night on solemn musings and rigorous mortifications. The tyrant lord of the glen, however, imagining that he was brooding over some dark mysterious design against him, caused him to be assassinated. The remains of St. Landelius are deposited in a little church near the spot. Thus much as to the chronicle which nobody doubts, whether learned or ignorant, but then comes the

public demonstration should be made on his part in favour of the exiled dynasty.

Louis XVIII. wrote to him from Warsaw, expressing an anxious wish to confer with him on the situation of Europe, and more especially on that of France. That conference was suddenly transferred to Mittau, and to it were also invited the Count d'Artois and the Prince de Condé. It was to take place under the auspices of the King of Sweden. That circumstance decided the Duke of Orleans. He refused the invitation, and left the Count d'Artois to take his departure by himself. Still later, he was given to understand that the British Ministry and General Woronzoff, then Ambassador of Russia, in London, did not trouble themselves about what was done at this little congress. "You have done well," said one of the English Ministers to the Duke of Orleans some time afterwards, "in resolving *of yourself* not to go, for our government would not have allowed you." Thus the world knew how to appreciate, already, the influence which the recollections of his early legend, which nobody believes, except the credulous and uneducated. The story is that at the very instant the holy man was sacrificed, an immense quantity of water, possessing no mineral properties whatever, suddenly gushed forth from five separate springs, and that persons labouring under various diseases were immediately cured by having recourse to them. The fame of the five springs is perpetuated down to the present time, under the name of the "Bath of Miracles!" so prevalent in all ages is popular credulity.—ED.

youth, of his courage and immovable firmness, could not fail of giving to the Duke of Orleans.

The prince secluded himself once more within his retreat at Twickenham, which he lately revisited, when forty years older than at the former period, but forty years to which neither honour nor glory can be deemed wanting. The name of the Duke of Orleans, his virtues, and his misfortunes, the charm of his adventurous travels, rendered him an object of general interest. He visited also everything which excited the curiosity of foreigners, whether in England or in Scotland. He cast his eyes over the public monuments, went through all the most celebrated establishments of national industry, studied with attention the political economy of the country, and particularly those laws which have emanated from two revolutions, and which have formed, for nearly two centuries, the basis of the public liberties and power of Great Britain. The English Government treated him with equal esteem and distinction, appreciating the sage conduct of that prince, who, shutting himself up in his own recollections, led a peaceful life, free from ambition, and in accordance with that position in which his lot had placed him. This happy state of peaceful repose was unfortunately interrupted by the death of the Duke de Montpensier. Long imprisonment in dungeons had produced such injurious effects

upon his health, that in 1807, being then hardly thirty years of age, he died of a complaint of the chest, at Salthill, near Windsor. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where, during his visit to England in 1829, the Duke of Orleans caused the simple marble which had previously marked his tomb, to be replaced by a monument more suited to his rank, and on which is inscribed the following epitaph, the joint production of Louis Philippe and General Dumouriez, in 1807.

Princeps illustrissimus et serenissimus
ANTONIUS-PHILIPPUS, DUX DE MONTPENSIER,

Regibus oriundus ;

Ducis Aurelianensis filius natu secundus ;

A tenera juventute

In armis strenuus,

In vinculis indomitus,

In adversis rebus non fractus,

In secundis non elatus ;

Artium liberalium cultor assiduus,

Urbanus, jucundus, omnibus comis,

Fratribus, propinquis, amicis, patriæ

Nunquam non defendendus,

Utcunque fortunæ vicissitudines

expertus ;

Liberali tamen Anglorum hospitalitate

exceptus,

Hoc demum in regum asylo

Requiescit.

Nat. III. Julii M.DCC.LXXV.

Ob. XVIII. Maji M.DCCC. VII. ætat. XXX.

In memoriam fratris dilectissimi

Ludovicus-Philippus, Dux Aurelianensis,

Hoc marmor posuit.

TRANSLATION.

The most illustrious and serene Prince,
ANTONY-PHILIPPE, DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,
 The descendant of kings ;
 Second eldest son of the Duke of Orleans ;
 Gallant in war from a tender age,
 In chains unsubdued,
 In adversity undepressed,
 In prosperity unelated ;
 Diligent in cultivating the liberal arts,
 Polite, agreeable, courteous to all persons,
 Ever to be deplored by his brothers,
 relations, friends, and country ;
 Having experienced *all* vicissitudes of fortune,
 Yet after being received with liberal hospitality
 by the people of England ;
 He at last reposes in this asylum of kings.
 Born, July 3d, 1775. Died, May 18th, 1807, aged 30.
 Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans,
 has erected this monument
 in memory of his most beloved brother.

Count de Beaujolais, who had been immured in the horrible cells of Marseilles, appeared to be attacked by the same complaint. The London physicians recommended that he should be sent to a milder climate than that of England. The Count seemed to think such a change quite useless. "I feel," said he to his brother, "that my life is to terminate like that of Montpensier, what good is there in going so far to seek a tomb, and lose the consolation of dying in this retreat where we have at last found repose? Let us, then, stay in this

hospitable land. Here I can at least die in thy arms, and repose with beloved remains." Deeply afflicted by such melancholy presentiments, the Duke of Orleans urged his brother to comply with the advice given to him. "Thou shalt accompany me then," said the Count to him, "for it would be impossible for me to separate once more from thee, with thee I could consent to the voyage." The Duke agreed with sorrowful eagerness, and they embarked for Malta.

The climate of that island seemed at first to have a favourable effect upon the feeble and declining powers of the young invalid, but that happy change was only of short duration. The most fatal fears soon succeeded every remaining hope which the prince had still cherished. An English physician assured him that the climate of Malta was bad, and recommended that Count de Beaujolais should be sent to the top of Mount Etna. The Duke of Orleans hastened to write to the King of Sicily to obtain his permission for the purpose, but before his answer could be received, Count de Beaujolais had ceased to exist. He died in the month of October, 1808, at the age of twenty-eight. He was a prince with a fine noble figure, great decision of character, most graceful amiability of disposition, prompt perception, and pleasing animation. To the most determined courage he added a portion of that reckless

bravery which characterizes the French nation. One night while at the Opera in London he heard that a brig was to sail for the coast of France in order to observe the preparations which were going on at the camp of Boulogne. He wished to be of the party, and those whom he addressed sought in vain to dissuade him from so rash an enterprise by pointing out to him the folly of running the risk of a useless death, in the event of the brig being either captured or sunk. "Very well," said he, "that may be, but at least I shall have the pleasure of again seeing the cherished shores of that France which I am condemned never more to revisit." He persisted in his project which was fortunately carried into execution without any danger. The report of it got afterwards into general circulation, and persons even went so far as to say that he had been staying in disguise in the camp of Boulogne for twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XV.

Obsequies of the Count de Beaujolais at Malta.—Great commemorative honours subsequently.—The Duke of Orleans disconsolate at the loss of his brothers.—Proceeds to Sicily.—Receives and accepts a most cordial invitation to the Court of King Ferdinand IV., at Palermo.—Editor's note in reference to the strange similarity of situations of the aged King of Naples and the Ex-Empress of the French, at the Congress of Verona.—At Palermo, the Queen from political motives is most anxious to secure the Duke of Orleans as a husband for her daughter, the Princess Maria Amelia.—The duke most desirous of the union, but from feelings of the purest disinterestedness and affection.—The duke is requested by King Ferdinand to accompany his son, Prince Leopold, to Spain, where the latter is to take part in the war of Independence.—Consents to do so, and both princes embark at Palermo for Spain.—The duke vindicated from the censure of the Republicans, and Buonapartists.—Prevented from going to Spain by Lord Collingwood, Governor of Gibraltar, and sent back to England.—Is unexpectedly joined in England by his sister, and proceeds with her to Malta.—Again expects to see his mother, but is again disappointed.—Revisits Sicily.—His marriage decided upon, and on the eve of it has a narrow escape from being taken and sold as a slave by Barbary Pirates.—In the mean time, to his great joy, his mother arrives at Palermo, and the celebration of his marriage takes place.—The Cortes refuse permission to the Duke to take any part in Spanish affairs.

COUNT DE BEAUJOLAIS was interred at Malta in the church of St. John. The English governor of the island paid the highest honours to the remains of the young prince. There is in the gallery of the Palais-Royal, a drawing which accurately represents the whole pomp of the mournful ceremony. His tomb no longer remains without honours commemorative of his exile. On the 5th of December, 1843, the Consul of France at Malta, the officers of the French navy, and Baron Taylor, officially appointed to serve on the pious mission, inaugurated the new mausoleum which Louis Philippe, King of the French, caused to be erected to the memory of his brother. Discharges of artillery were heard minute after minute, while the Governor, the Admirals Owen and Carter, the Consuls of the different powers, and the officers commanding the several ships of war then in the harbour, were all present on the solemn occasion.

The Duke of Orleans thus deprived of his only remaining brother,—a separation rendered doubly cruel after having gone through so many misfortunes together, could not for a long time endure the sight of scenes and places which constantly recalled afflicting associations to his mind. He embarked for Messina. There he received in the most flattering terms an invitation to the Court of Ferdinand IV.,* who at that time resided in

* In 1822, I had frequent opportunities of seeing this aged

comparative retirement at Palermo, while Murat reigned at Naples. He was very cordially received by the Queen Marie-Caroline. That princess, who

monarch at Verona, on various public occasions, during the time that he, and the several other sovereigns then assembled there, were attending the Congress. At that period the father-in-law of Louis Philippe, was very far advanced in years, and looked like some venerable patriarch in the midst of Kings; his long white locks, floating loosely over his shoulders; his features were extremely prominent, and in his countenance, there was an expression of great benevolence. A memorable fête was given in the celebrated Amphitheatre, in the month of November, 1822. Distinctive *éclat* served to ~~enrich the~~ splendid scene, by the presence of an increased number of royal and noble personages, including two emperors, several kings, crown-princes, viceroys, ambassadors, ministers of state, and, in fact, such an assemblage of illustrious and ~~exalted~~ characters as had never before met within the precincts of the same ancient structure, from the reign of Trajan (to which it is generally referred) down to the day of which I now speak; and such as most probably will never be found there again. All foreigners who were under the protection of their respective ambassadors, and had obtained permission to remain in the city, were freely admitted, on producing their passports. Being one of the number, I had thus the privilege of gazing from an elevated marble bench in the interior, upon so vast and astonishing a display of rank, grandeur, and gorgeousness. Upon this occasion it was, that a French gentleman with whom I was acquainted, and who sat near me, called my attention to the similarity there was in the relative situations of the King of Naples, and the Ex-Empress of the French (Maria Louise), as regarded the Imperial Pavilion in which they were both seated. Detached from the king, at a short distance in the rear, sat an elderly lady, his second wife by a left-handed marriage, who not being of royal blood, was not by the etiquette observed on state occasions, entitled to a

had heard many eulogies pronounced upon his early achievements in arms, thought that in the difficult position in which she was placed, while constantly exposed to the attacks of so dauntless a foe as Joachim I., it would be useful to her to attach to her family a young French prince, already celebrated for his courage and military talents. Thus political considerations first suggested an alliance, which the prince very soon sought to bring about from the dearest and most disinterested attachment.

King Ferdinand, who also entertained a high opinion of him, requested that he would have the goodness to become the guide and mentor of his second son Leopold, who was about to make his first military essay in Spain, while joining in the struggle for independence in which that country was engaged. The Duke of Orleans consented, and the two princes embarked at Palermo.

place in the pavilion. Behind the chair of state provided for the Ex-Empress, within the pavilion, stood on the outside, a tall portly-looking man, about fifty years of age, and of a very martial appearance. A black silk shade covered the vacant socket of an eye which he had lost in battle, and his countenance altogether was that of a hard, weather-beaten warrior. That man was the late Count de Neuperg, chamberlain to Maria Louise, who was then privately married to him, though her husband, the once mighty Napoleon, who for a time had nearly all Europe as his empire, and all its thrones for his footstools, had pined and perished only the year before, in the loneliness of his remote exile, at St. Helena !!!—ED.

The enemies of Louis Philippe have strangely blamed this resolution. They would fain have it thought to be at variance with those French opinions which he has professed all his life. But it must at least be admitted that he has not at the same time abandoned those principles of liberty and of justice which he has constantly practised. Would he then have been the first man who had instantly sacrificed nationality when the principle was perverted, stained, and outraged; when nationality shewed itself oppressive with all the odious features of iniquity and violence?

Were they the France and flag of 1789 that emboldened the Emperor to seize upon the Pyrenees, and attack the independence of an allied nation? It is said, and events abundantly prove the fact, that the Spanish war of 1808 was a serious error in a political point of view. Even before facts could have proved it to be so, there was sufficient evidence to shew an attempt on the part of Napoleon upon the sovereignty of a people, rather than an enterprise of that French nation whose first care in reasserting its rights and liberties had been solemnly to renounce all conquests. The Emperor was carried away by the delusion of substituting in all directions the Buonaparte family for the House of Bourbon, and of turning to his own account the work of Louis XIV., while universally despoiling the descendants of the Great

King. Was that, then, the object, that the intention, which in the judgment of the Duke of Orleans ought to legitimize usurpation, commenced by fraud and continued by violence?

Such were the facts, such the real and true characters of the aggression directed against Spain. The nationality, the independence of France, had nothing whatever to do with it. No one could then have entertained an idea of such an invasion, of a war which should prove most disastrous to the parties who provoked it, particularly if Spain, confiding in her own resources or in the power of some allies who were ready to save her liberty, should give a proper direction to her courage, forces, and military talents, and ultimately see her freedom vindicated under the tutelar protection of England. What service might not have been rendered to France by the very party that had commenced the war!

The English government could not be deceived as to its position. It saw how important it was to its interested views with regard to the Peninsula, to prevent the influence of any other power than its own from being felt there. Hence the officer commanding at Gibraltar, Lord Collingwood, declared to the princes that he would not allow them to enter Spain. Prince Leopold was detained at Gibraltar, and the Duke of Orleans sent back to England on board the same vessel that had brought

him from Palermo. On getting to London he was informed that the conduct of the governor of Gibraltar was in strict conformity with British policy: The prince insisted on not being considered a captive, and that, at least, he should be permitted to rejoin his mother, who was then at Port Mahon, having taken refuge there when the bombardment of Figueras obliged her to quit the latter place. He obtained, with difficulty, permission to leave England on board a frigate, the commander of which had orders to take him to Malta, and he was on the point of embarking at Portsmouth, when he was joined by his sister, the Princess Adelaide, who had looked for him in vain in all quarters for upwards of six months. "God be praised!" she exclaimed, on seeing the duke, (her only surviving brother after the death of Count de Beaujolais,) "he has restored to me one of my angels!"

It was now sixteen years since they had last parted at Bremgarten, and during that long and melancholy interval, to what new misfortunes, vicissitudes, and wanderings, had they not been doomed. Many were the tears of joy which a meeting so long and so anxiously desired had made them shed; and the princess resolving henceforth to follow the fortune of her brother, they both embarked for Malta, where they arrived at the commencement of 1809.

One only wish now remained for the Duke of Orleans. He thought he could easily forget all his sorrows and afflictions, if he could but only again have the happiness of beholding his mother, but, unfortunately, obstacles to that meeting, instead of being removed, still continued to be multiplied.

Disappointed in his fondest hopes, the prince thought it incumbent upon him to revisit Palermo, where affairs had assumed a new aspect. The same malignant spirit with which the Emigration had never ceased to create enemies for him, amidst all his embarrassments and privations, had pursued him to Sicily. So far was calumny carried at that Court, in order to prejudice the mind of the queen against him, while on his first visit she had received him as a son, that it was even said he had voted for the death of Louis XVI. But the prince had no difficulty in confounding those calumnies, and succeeded in removing that which afflicted him doubly more, the cause which had for a moment interrupted the project of an alliance which was now resumed.

At that time each of two claimants, Ferdinand IV. and Murat, called himself King of the Two Sicilies. This title announced with sufficient formality the intention of each to depose his rival, and leave the question as to who should possess the whole kingdom, to be decided either by the

right of birth or by conquest, so that, in fact, only one party could get it.

Sicily was protected against the attacks of the brother-in-law of Napoleon, by a fleet and a body of British troops; but Queen Marie Caroline felt persuaded that the policy of the Court of St. James's, was opposed to the throne of Naples being re-established in favour of its late possessor, for, in her opinion, that would prevent the English from holding Sicily under their domination.* Therefore, her thoughts were solely occupied in devising the means of counterbalancing their influence, and of recovering Naples either without their aid, or despite of their secret opposition. The Duke of Orleans was a military chief whom she was impatiently desirous of attaching to her cause. This motive banished from her mind every species of doubt or hesitation about consenting that her daughter, the Princess Maria Amelia, upon whom he had fixed his affections and heart, should be united to him in marriage.

The education of that princess had been entrusted to a lady of great merit. Madame d'Ambrosio had discovered in her pupil those noble and simple virtues, which were destined to become the brightest ornament of a throne. The Princess Maria Amelia was hardly ten years of

* If the Queen ever entertained so absurd a notion, she was certainly most egregiously mistaken.—ED.

age when, in 1792, a French fleet under the command of Admiral Latouche Tréville, excited great alarm at her father's Court. Six years afterwards she was obliged to fly with her parents before the victorious army of General Championnet.

A sort of similarity in the character of their misfortunes, and still more, even the same resolution, the same strength of mind, and a calm resignation, equally noble and generous, enhanced in the mind of the Duke of Orleans, those sentiments of love and admiration with which the virtues and amiable qualities of the princess inspired him. There was nothing in the world he would not give, provided he could make certain of his mother's presence at the celebration of a marriage which would cause such unbounded joy to her maternal heart. He went himself to Cagliari to wait the arrival of the duchess, but to no purpose, and despairing of seeing her, he sailed for Palermo. In crossing, he was espied by a Barbary pirate, and had a very narrow escape of being taken. Most singular indeed was the fact, that he who, like Renard,* had written his name on the ice of the North Cape, should have been very near sharing the same fate as the author of the "Légataire," and sent as a slave to Africa.

* This adventurous person, who, as a comic writer, was little inferior to Molière, was a native of Paris, and in returning by sea from Italy, with considerable property, was cap-

The prince gave up all hope of seeing the last remaining member of his family that was wanting to complete his anticipated bliss, when most propitiously his mother happened to land at Palermo on the 15th of October, 1809. She had passed over from Gibraltar, and Lord Collingwood, describing her in one of his letters, said, "The duchess is a charming woman, and seems to have forgotten her misfortunes (they have been great) on seeing the choice which her son has made." On the 25th of October the illustrious couple, kneeling before the altar in the old Norman chapel of the Palazzo-Reale, received the nuptial benediction.

But the date of this marriage being borne in mind, the question arises as to what future advantages the illustrious parties themselves had to hope from it. The bridegroom was an exiled prince, the bride the daughter of a king still on the throne, but of a king who was obliged to take

tured by an Algerine corsair, sold as a slave, and sent off to Constantinople. He was ransomed at last, and returning home, died in 1709. His name has been already mentioned in connection with his visit to the Polar Regions. If anything could possibly add to the peculiar, the distinctive interest, attaching to the remarkable adventures and most imminent perils, of the Ex-King of the French, it is that he should have providentially escaped from all the horrors of African slavery, at the very moment when all the hopes of his heart, and all the happiness of his future life, were on the eve of being realized.—ED.

refuge in the insular portion of his States without any other means of defence than the batteries of the British navy. The star of both branches of the House of Bourbon had grown pale before the imperial sun. At that epoch, however, Lord Wellington wrote to General Dumouriez in these terms, "I have often deplored the fate of the Duke of Orleans: he is a prince of most estimable character, of great talent, and merited reputation; he will be one day the benefactor of his unhappy country." Events have verified this anticipation in the most complete and perfect manner. But at that time the Princess Maria Amelia was assuredly far from foreseeing the high destiny that was reserved for her, and from believing that in marrying a proscribed prince persecuted by fortune as well as by human beings, she was taking the first step leading to her seat on the finest throne in the world. If ever there had been a marriage contracted by persons of such high rank, without any object of ambition or interest that was precisely the one; and still further, not one can be referred to which has been crowned with more happiness and constant affection.*

* The language in which Tacitus speaks of the conjugal felicity of his father-in-law, Agricola, and of his mother-in-law, Domitia Decidiana, may justly be applied to Louis Philippe, and his consort, Maria Amelia, should this union be adverted to by some future family historian.—"And they lived

In the meantime, the struggle commenced in Spain, continued to be an incessant conflict between liberty and invasion. The Regency of Cadiz resolved to call to its aid in the name of the independence of a great nation the military talents, and the sword of the Duke of Orleans. He was at his house at Bagaritta, when Don Mariano Carnerero, one of the members of the Cortes, arrived in a Spanish ship for the purpose of communicating to him the wishes of his country. The prince believed it to be his duty to accept this mission proposed in the name of liberty.

Setting out from Palermo on the 21st of May, 1810, on board the "Venganza," he landed at Tarragona. He was received with acclamations, and the people pressed him to place himself at the head of the army. But he thought he ought not to accept a command which had not yet been conferred upon him by the Government. He, therefore, re-embarked, and arrived at Cadiz on the 20th of June. There they allowed him to remain inactive for so long a time, that tired of his position, he presented himself on the 28th of July before the Regency, which then represented the royal power in Spain, and energetically protested

together in wonderful harmony, each through the endearment of mutual love, giving in turn the preference to the other."—*Vixeruntque mira concordia, per mutam caritatem, et invicem se anteponeudo*:—Tacit. Agric., cap. vi.—Ed.

against the manner in which they acted towards him. On the 2nd of August the question was brought under the consideration of the Cortes: "On the one side," said the journal which reported the proceedings of the session, "they wished to give to the Duke the command of the army; on the other, they had to encounter the difficulty arising from the opposition evidently shewn by England." In fact, the Ambassador, Wellesley, had already more than insinuated, that the very instant any command should be given to the Duke, or any right of interference whatever granted to him in the military or political affairs of the country, he had orders from his Court to protest against such a measure.

Such was, doubtless, the reason (and perhaps the jealousy of certain generals) which dictated the resolution of the Cortes then assembled in full session. The Regency was directed to expedite the departure of the prince from Spain.

On receiving that order the Duke of Orleans proceeded to Leon, where the Cortes were assembled, and presenting himself in their hall on the 30th of September, demanded to be heard at the bar. Don Evaristo Perez de Castro, the Marquis de Villafranca, and the Duke de Medina Sidonia, were commissioned to state in reply, with all the respect due to the rank and dignity of His Highness, that the Cortes could not accede to his

desire. After vainly attempting to urge his right to be heard, he returned to Cadiz, and on the 5th of October, sailed for Palermo on board the frigate "La Esmeralda."

While setting his foot on Sicilian ground he learned that during his absence he had become a father. On the 2nd of September, 1810, the Duchess of Orleans gave birth to that prince, too promising of hope as the future pride and delight of his mother as well as of France, to be carried off from them as he has been, by an awful catastrophe. Noble, ill-fated young man! What will hereafter be his place in the melancholy record of his doom! and to whom does the mournful horoscope of the poet who derived his inspirations from the muses of Sicily, so peculiarly apply: *Tu Marcellus eris!*

CHAPTER XVI.

The Duke of Orleans resides in tranquil retirement at Palermo. — Napoleon's reverses and disasters. — Different effects produced by them on the minds of King Ferdinand and his son-in-law. — False news, hopes, and alarms. — Authentic intelligence of the total discomfiture and downfall of Napoleon. — Great joy of the king and the Court of Sicily. — The Duke of Orleans indulges in painful reflections on the fate of his country, and hastens off to Paris. — Presents himself to Louis XVIII. — Is well and affectionately received. — Enmity of the Emigrants. — Takes up his abode with his family at the Palais-Royal. — The king prejudiced against him by the Emigrants. — Napoleon returns from Elba. — Great alarm at Court. — A night scene at Lyons. — The Duke of Orleans offered, by the Duke de Berri, a command in the army of the North. — Accepts it. — Rapid progress of the military revolt. — Arrival of Louis XVIII. at Lille. — The Duke of Orleans ceases to act in a military capacity.

THE Duke of Orleans was again condemned to inaction. He had wished to co-operate in fighting for the independence of a people, and, so far as it was in his power, to withdraw Spain from the exclusive influence of England.* This was not

* The author, though in general fair and just, in his observations upon England, yet sometimes from national jealousy,

the mission for which Providence has destined him. A truly noble son of France, it is for his country, for the days of her salvation, that his courage and high intelligence, strengthened by experience, have been reserved. All this his country possessed before, and the events which upon a certain day called on the prince to execute the arduous work which he has so gloriously accomplished, were then on the point of making immense progress.

On his return to Sicily, his life was passed in tranquillity, amidst the blissful joys of home. He at last felt the sweets of that repose which had seemed to fly from him for so long a time. But the news of the great events of 1812 and 1813 soon arrived at his retreat, and the prince, all French at heart, suffered deeply on more than one occasion, while hearing the recital of the terrible catastrophes which then succeeded our rapid triumphs. France invaded by the allies, Napoleon driven into the very heart of his dominions, such was and ought to have been a subject of joy for the Court of Palermo. That Court represented to itself

discovers in her policy, an interested selfishness, which Englishmen will not be prepared to admit, yet will not think it worth their while to disclaim, knowing, as they do, how totally groundless the imputation is. To a certain extent, all nations must be selfish and interested. But for a state to be vigilant, and energetic in defending its own position, is quite a different thing from assailing or disturbing the position of others, where no provocation is offered.—ED.

the consummation of all its hopes and wishes, the moment when, with the fall of Napoleon, that fortunate lieutenant should tumble down, to whom the modern Charlemagne had given the finest half of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the refugees who had found protection in the island participated in the same hopes. The Duke of Orleans could see nothing but France invaded, given up to foreigners, her military glory humbled, and the regrets he experienced, destroyed the pleasures he otherwise should have felt at hailing that day on which it would be permitted to him to re-enter his country.

In the month of March, 1814, there arrived at Palermo an officer coming from Chatillon-sur-Seine. No news had been received there for a long time before, and the inhabitants interrogated him with avidity in every direction. According to his accounts, the allies had abandoned the invasion, peace was concluded, and Napoleon remained on the throne.

Great was the surprise of the Court of Sicily at this intelligence. The previous reports had given good grounds to expect a very different result. All those who calculated with so much confidence on the downfall of Napoleon, could not help making a manifest exhibition of their chagrin. The Duke of Orleans beheld himself thrown back into exile by what he had just heard, by it an insurmountable impediment was to be interposed

from that time forward between him and his former fortune. But yet at the bottom of his heart, he could not help feeling as a Frenchman, that this was to him a moment of joy and of pride. France escaped the lot of figuring before the world in the character of a vanquished land, and the plague of invasion was removed to a distance from her. All the world knows what truth there was in this news!

On the 23rd of April, 1814, they were still ignorant at Palermo of the great events which had taken place at Fontainebleau. While everything yet remained in an uncertain state, and the public curiosity was generally excited, the arrival of an English ship was announced. The Duke of Orleans ran off in great haste to the hotel of the Minister of Marine, where the ambassador resided. The latter, on seeing him, immediately said, "Let me congratulate you, Napoleon is fallen, and the Bourbons are restored to the throne of their ancestors."

Struck with astonishment at these words, agitated by a thousand different emotions, he could not believe it possible, and to convince him, it was necessary to shew him the "Moniteur," which arrived by the same ship. The prince carried the news to the palace. The king of Naples received it with enthusiasm. "Let all my guns," he exclaimed, "celebrate this happy day! Let us this

day thank heaven in front of the land!" Such joy was quite natural in a monarch who had been twice driven from his States by two French invasions. But the Duke of Orleans could not derive the same satisfaction, from the thought of the many sacrifices imposed upon France; and though happy at being enabled to revisit his country, yet he could not prevent himself from feeling a secret sorrow, that foreign standards were displayed in triumph over plains from which he had seen them speedily vanish before the tricolor flag.

In him, the love of his native land was a feeling paramount to all others. The commander of the English ship, which brought this most important intelligence, called upon him. "I am sent to your Highness," said he, "by Lord William Bentinck. He has gone to Genoa, which has just been taken; but his orders are that if you intend to re-enter France, I am to place myself at your disposal." The idea of again seeing his country made him forget everything else, and the Duke of Orleans set out instantly, attended only by a valet-de-chambre.

He arrived at Paris on the 18th of May, and proceeded to the *hôtel Grange Batelière*, for the Palais-Royal was not yet free. The first emotion, however, in the heart of the Prince, was to go and visit the abode of his ancestors. The porter still wore the Imperial livery, and, not knowing him,

opposed many difficulties to the admission of a stranger into the interior of the palace. At the sight of it, which called up all his early recollections, the Duke of Orleans found it quite impossible to command his feelings. He threw himself on his knees, tears started in his eyes, and he kissed the steps of the grand staircase. The porter, looking sharply at him, took him for a person who had lost his senses; but soon discovering that he was the Duke of Orleans, the conflicting emotions of fear and tenderness, with which the poor man was agitated, may easily be conceived.

The Prince presented himself next morning at the Tuileries, in the costume in which he appeared at the Sicilian Court, (for he had not yet time to get a new one.) Louis XVIII. received him kindly. "You were a Lieutenant-General five-and-twenty years ago," said the king to him; "you are so still."—"Sire," replied the duke, "henceforth it shall be in that uniform I shall present myself to your majesty."

The Duke of Orleans was altogether received with a feeling of deserved esteem and affection. His presence at Court was of a character to rally round royalty, the intentions of which he seemed to guarantee, all those who required no more from the Revolution than rational liberty — and a constitution in harmony with the progress of enlightened intelligence, and suited to the necessi-

ties of the country. In fact, Louis Philippe shewed himself more attached than ever to the principles of his youth. Without ambition, without ostentation, he remained devoted to the cause for which he had fought and suffered. He saw with pain the colours of the Revolution replaced by those of the old *régime*; he had wished that Louis XVIII., instead of dating from the eighteenth year of his reign, had sought to make the restoration a new era. Around the throne he had wished to see, instead of the men who had formed the Court of Coblenz, those who, to the very last moment, had remained with the unfortunate Louis XVI., with the same devotedness both to the monarch and the constitution which they had sworn to defend.

The conduct of the prince was in all respects such as his rank and the proper attributes of his position prescribed to him. His first duty was neither to shew any embarrassment nor uneasiness respecting the Government then established. Yet still he neither dissembled his sentiments nor his sympathies. General La Fayette in his "Souvenirs de 1814-1815," says, "The manner in which the Duke of Orleans inquired after my son, whom he had seen in the United States, made it my duty to call upon him. He evinced his sensibility at that act, bearing in mind, no doubt, my former differences with his branch of the family. He

talked of our times of exile, of the community of our opinions, of his respect for me; and that in terms too far above the prejudices of his family, to make it impossible for me not to recognize in him the only Bourbon whose principles were compatible with those of a free constitution."

It should not surprise us, after this, to find that the Duke of Orleans experienced certain effects resulting from those prejudices and habits which had produced them, and which never were effaced nor extinguished. The old Emigrants sometimes let him see how careful they were in preserving their rancour towards him. But again, as a compensation, he was cordially greeted by his old companions in arms. He had the pleasure of finding at the new court Macdonald, with whom he had fought at Jemappe, and all those warriors, heroes of the Republic and of the Empire, whose glory Louis XVIII. seemed to have adopted.

But his happiness could not be complete while his family was absent. Impatient to see them participate in it, he took his departure for Palermo in the month of July, on board the ship "La Ville de Marseille." The Duchess of Orleans, though approaching her confinement at the time, did not hesitate to prepare at once for a voyage which gave so much joy to her consort, in his anxious desire to fix his permanent residence in France. The duke, having then established himself at the Palais-

Royal with his wife and his sister, felt happy in devoting all his time and attention to the education of a family on whose welfare and prosperity so many hopes depend at the present moment.

He was at this period very coldly received at Court. The air of the Tuileries seemed very soon to have made the restored princes, and especially those around them, forget the lessons of misfortune and of experience. The monarch forgot them also, and easily suffered himself to be drawn into that downward tendency leading to a return to the system of the old *régime*; and which was, to keep aloof from the Duke of Orleans.

Moreover, the duke's noble air and appearance on horseback, and in the uniform of colonel-general of Hussars, produced a disagreeable impression at Court, when contrasted with the somewhat uncouth and unpractised deportment of the Dukes d'Angoulême and de Berri. The Duke of Orleans then prudently and modestly began to act with caution, when, on the 5th of March, 1815, intelligence arrived that Napoleon, having set out from the island of Elba, had landed at Cannes.

At eleven o'clock at night, the Duke de Blacas proceeded to the Palais-Royal, by order of the king, and, after informing the prince of what had taken place, invited him to the Tuileries. "Sire," said the Duke of Orleans to Louis XVIII., "I am ready to share your misfortune as well as your

good fortune; I am of your blood, I am your subject; let your Majesty dispose of me in any manner you shall please, for the honour and peace of France." The king talked of sending him to Lyons with the Count d'Artois. The Duke of Orleans, by no means desirous of serving under the orders of *Monsieur*,* observed respectfully that, "in such grave circumstances it might perhaps be necessary for him to keep the prince near his person. Being, however, suddenly called upon by a formal order of Louis XVIII., he set out on the 7th of March for Lyons, where he was apprized by the Count d'Artois, who had preceded him, that Napoleon had entered Grenoble.

A grand council was held at the residence of M. Roger Damas, and attended by Monsieur the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Macdonald, and the Generals Brayer, Parthuneaux, and Albert. They deliberated on the means which they thought most likely to arrest the flight of the eagle; but what was to be done against those vast masses that precipitated themselves before the *tricolor*? In the course of the following night they received intelligence that Napoleon was about to make his public

* As there may be, among the readers of this work, some few persons who are not acquainted with the gradations of rank in France, under the old *régime*, it may be proper to mention, that the title of *Monsieur* was given, *par excellence*, to the heir-presumptive to the crown, *Le Dauphin* being that of the higher personage, the heir-apparent.—ED.

entry into Lyons. Macdonald found out the Duke of Orleans, and informed him of the fact. "Monseigneur," said he, "there is not a moment to lose; we must hasten to apprise Monsieur of this, and make him set off instantly." They both went to the house where the Count d'Artois then was, forced open the door of his chamber, and the marshal, drawing back the bed-curtains, exclaimed, "Get up, sir, Buonaparte is arrived." That was more than enough to make the prince prudently resolve upon sounding a retreat.*

The Duke of Orleans being obliged to return to Paris himself, happened to meet the 72nd infantry on the way, with General Simmer, (afterwards a member of the Chamber of Deputies,) who said to

* The drawing of "Priam's curtain in the dead of night" could not have produced a greater effect on the foredoomed monarch of Troy, than this sudden alarm did upon a modern prince, who afterwards, as a king, and victim of his own infatuation, found himself in a similar position to that of Æneas, but from a very different cause. According to Dryden, and his prototype, Virgil, it was through no fault of his own that the Trojan hero,

"Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore."

Charles X. had nobody to blame but himself. He was deprived of his crown, and driven from his country, through his utter disregard of the responsibilities imposed upon him by the one, and the duties expected from him by the other. Yet, how strange to say, his sagacious successor has not, in the sequel, taken warning from his example, but, on the contrary, has followed him in his perverse fatuity.—Ed.

him, "Make yourself happy, Monseigneur, we shall not confound you with persons who, in displaying the white cockade, act as if they thought nothing else necessary for the welfare of France."

On his return to the capital, the solicitude of the prince was entirely occupied in providing for the safety of his family. He contrived to send them privately to England, for Louis XVIII., deceived no doubt by a fallacious hope, in which the Duke of Orleans did not participate, was opposed to his doing so. The prince himself looked forward to the contingent necessity of his seeking in that country, at a later period, an asylum better suited than any other to his desire of never interfering in the affairs of France, except in France itself, and among his fellow-countrymen.*

The Duke de Berry offered him a command in the army of the North, and he accepted it, to the great satisfaction of the king. After the expiration of a few weeks, a total alteration took place. Every thing was changed around the person of Louis XVIII. That was not the time to treat with cold indifference and neglect, nor to keep at a distance, the sole and only Bourbon who could inspire the friends of liberty with confidence.

On the 10th of March, the duke accompanied

* How suggestive of similarities between the past and the present is this whole sentence!—ED.

the king in his carriage to the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, whither the Court again proceeded for the purpose of renewing its oath of fidelity to that charter which had never ceased to be an object of detestation and derision with the Emigrants. Louis XVIII. wore that day, for the first time, the armorial shield of the Legion of Honour. "Do you see this?" said he, shewing it to the prince: "I should prefer to have seen it sooner," replied the latter, "but better late than never."

The Duke of Orleans also was present at the council assembled for the purpose of deciding as to the place to which Louis XVIII. could best effect his retreat; and, always an enemy to civil war, he strongly protested against the opinion of those who wished that he should betake himself to the Loire.

That very night the duke set out for Peronne, where the Duke of Treviso introduced him to the troops. At Cambray, Douay, and Lille, he was received with enthusiasm, while he everywhere gave orders to rally round the king and the constitutional charter; but particularly not to allow foreign troops to enter our territories upon any pretext. Never had Louis Philippe separated the good of his country from its independence.

On the 20th of March, while he was visiting the fortifications, he observed the telegraph at work in the distance. That of Lille had received a com-

munication, which was interrupted at the first syllables. The telegraphs had been broken upon that line on the departure of the king, but the *employés* supplied their places by service on horse-back. The message was from Napoleon, and couched in these terms:—

“The emperor re-enters Paris at the head of the troops sent against him. The authorities, military and civil, must not obey any other orders than his own, and the tri-colored flag is to be immediately hoisted.”

The Duke of Orleans kept this message secret, and on the 21st set out for Valenciennes, where he had commanded in 1791, and which he revisited with joy. On his return to Lille, he found a letter from M. de Blacas, announcing to him the arrival of the king at Abbeville; and on the 22d, at noon, Louis XVIII. himself entered Lille. The inhabitants received him with loud acclamations, but not a shout was heard in the ranks of the soldiers. It is affirmed as a fact, that the Duke of Orleans received on that very day, a letter from the hereditary Prince of Orange, offering to France the assistance of the allied army. He sent the letter to Louis XVIII., contenting himself with this laconic reply, “The king is here, I have no command here any longer.”

CHAPTER XVII.

The king holds a council, and then quits the French territory.—Memorable letter of the Duke of Orleans to Marshal Mortier, resigning his military command.—Editor's note upon it.—The Duke of Orleans revisits England, and joins his family at Twickenham.—Napoleon's return from Elba not connected with the cause of Freedom.—Battle of Waterloo the cause of the second restoration of the Bourbons.—Opinion of the late Emperor of Russia, with regard to the elder branch of the Bourbons.—The Duke of Orleans once more returns to France.—Court jealousies of him.—He supports the king's government in the Chamber of Peers.—Is afterwards, with all the other Princes of the Blood, prohibited, by a royal decree, from taking any part in the debates, except under most offensive restrictions.—His private life at the Palais-Royal.—His munificent patronage of literature and the arts.—His energy in accomplishing great and useful works.

THE king held a council, at which were present the Duke of Orleans, and the Marshals Mortier, Berthier, and Macdonald (Duke of Tarentum), together with the Duke de Blacas. Louis XVIII. received a letter, informing him that *Monsieur* was to embark at Dieppe; and then, instead of going to Dunkirk, as he had at first intended, he determined on quitting France. In fact,

he left Lille on the 23rd of March, at three o'clock. The Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Treviso took leave of the king on the glacis. Macdonald accompanied him to the frontier.

Louis XVIII., in going away, left* no instructions, either officially or privately, with the Duke of Orleans. He merely said to him. "Do whatever you wish." In this state of things, the king being no longer in France, the prince was rendered powerless, as to the command of a place from which he could transmit no orders in the name of His Majesty. The following are the terms in which he wrote to Marshal Mortier upon the occasion. That letter was posted all over Paris, the morning after the memorable days of July, and received as the expression of the most noble and pure patriotism.

"Lille, March 23rd, 1815.

"I have, my dear marshal, to resign to you, in its fullest extent (*en entier*), that command which I should have been happy to exercise under you in the departments of the North. I am too good a Frenchman to sacrifice the interests of France, because new misfortunes force me to leave her. I go to hide myself in retirement and oblivion. The king being no longer in France, I cannot transmit to you any orders in his name, and

nothing remains for me but to release you from all obligation of attending to those orders which I have transmitted to you, and to recommend to you to do everything which your excellent judgment and your patriotism may suggest to you, as best for the interests of France, and most in accordance with the duties which you have to fulfil. Adieu! my dear marshal, my heart feels a severe pressure while I write that word. Preserve your friendship for me, wherever fortune may place me, and always count upon mine. I admire your loyalty and your fine character, as much as I esteem and love you; and it is with my whole heart, my dear marshal, that I wish you all that prosperity of which you are so deserving, and which I hope is still reserved for you.

“L. P. D'ORLEANS.”

Twenty years afterwards, the brave and loyal Duke of Treviso fell, on the Boulevard du Temple, mortally wounded by the ball of an assassin, who aimed it at the heart of the king.*

* The most sage philosophers have often read and heard, with avidity, in the days of their childhood, the marvellous stories which are related of what is termed a “charmed life.” The extravagant flights of fancy, as well as the delusions of ignorance, have alike contributed to invest spells and incantations with an awful power, at once to interest and astonish the infant mind. But the circumstances under which

The prince did not confine himself to this letter, in expressing the many deep regrets he felt at being obliged to leave France. He said to Colonel Athalin, his aide-de-camp, that he would dispense with his passing the frontier and following him in exile; that he ought to consider himself happy in being allowed to remain in his native land, and there displaying those glorious insignia which had been gained at Jemappe.

Twickenham still became, after so many vicissitudes, the retreat of the Duke of Orleans. He remained there during the whole period of the *hundred days*. He neither took, nor could take, any part in the events of that epoch. He was a total stranger to the protestations and professions of faith which the English journals al-

vulgar callous murderers have so often sought the life of the King of the French, and been always defeated, are so very extraordinary, as almost to make us doubt whether incredulity is warranted in any case that occurs in this world, however incomprehensible it may appear. But even still more extraordinary are the associations connected with those atrocious attempts. In this respect, the first of them is unparalleled. A brave, veteran warrior, whom fortune had favoured in many a field of slaughter, had received from the Duke of Orleans (twenty years before Fieschi's attempt) the above letter, so splendidly honourable to the worth of the prince and to the merits of Marshal Mortier. That brave veteran was destined, by the loss of his own life, to save that of the king, for whom the ball was intended, and who had so long previously known and appreciated the deserts of the hero whom it struck dead.

—Ed.

lowed to appear in his name. He lived in the midst of that repose which, in his view, had no other alloy than his being obliged to find it in a foreign land, while it had proved so sweet to him in his own country.

Napoleon had come from the island of Elba in the name of liberty. Upon that point, the opinion of all men, sincerely devoted to the freedom of their country, is well known. It is useless to recal names. That of Benjamin Constant is familiar to all persons; the very mention of it is alone sufficient. It was no longer given to the conqueror of the 18th Brumaire, any more than to any chief of the Emigration, to be the man that was to support liberal institutions. The news of the landing at Cannes caused much pain and regret to the most eminent persons belonging to the constitutional party; and all of them, so far as they possibly could do so, associated for the purpose of defending the charter and the throne.

Afterwards, when Napoleon found himself involved in war with all Europe, France, in the new conflict, was no longer fighting for liberty *only*, but for a *dynasty*. The Duke of Orleans could not take a position under such colours. He had still less to expect from those persons who followed in the march of foreigners.

The doleful day of Waterloo reopened for the

Bourbons the portals of France.* The Duke of Orleans, perceiving that, at such a critical juncture, he ought to act with caution, did not return to Paris until towards the latter end of July, 1815. Once more in the midst of the crisis to which the affairs of France were exposed, those men who were most devoted to the liberties and prosperity of their country, anxiously cast their eyes upon him, his name holding a high place in their views and aspirations. This fact had transpired many years before history had penetrated and disclosed the secret of all that had passed at the congress held at that period. Equally certain is it, that the name of the Duke of Orleans was pronounced there. Alexander, Emperor of Russia, loudly complained that the Bourbons were actuated only by the prejudices of the old *régime*. He particularly spoke of it to General La Fayette, with a sort of bitterness (*amertume*). "And as I confined myself to a simple answer" (says the general, in the publication before referred to), "I observed, 'What a misfortune it is, however, that the Bourbons have not been corrected!' 'Corrected!'

* The author writes with the impassioned emotion of a sensitive Frenchman, whose dislike of the elder branch of the Bourbons is as intense as his admiration of the then regal representative of the junior line is enthusiastic. In the meantime, however, the acknowledged merits of the King of the French seemed, at that period, fully to justify any tribute that could be offered to them.—ED.

returned the emperor; 'they are uncorrected and incorrigible! There is only one of them, the Duke of Orleans, who has any liberal ideas; but as to the others, nothing can ever be expected from them.'" It is curious to find that almost these identical words came from the lips of Napoleon, at St. Helena. The remarks of the greatest sovereign that Russia has had since the time of Peter I., are no less interesting in reference to the strange policy pursued, after 1830, by the brother and successor of the late emperor.

Bound by obligations, and especially full of respect for the repose and free will of France, the Duke of Orleans did nothing to profit by those dispositions, which most certainly were known to him. Nor do we blame him. In 1815, as in 1796, his hour was not come; and that crown which was to be received in a greater or less degree from foreign hands, was not the one to suit the front of a soldier of Jemappe.

Notwithstanding his cautious reserve, it was quite impossible for him to escape the suspicious jealousies of the ultra-royalists. In their eyes his private sentiments were a crime, and the prince was not prepared to go so far as to dissemble them. On his return, he got the sequestration which had been imposed during the Hundred Days taken off the Palais-Royal, and the other estates of which he had been in possession up to

that time. An ordinance of King Louis XVIII. had authorised the princes of the blood to take seats in the Chamber of Peers. That was an opportunity of manifesting their sentiments. It was a duty they had to fulfil to France and the king; the Duke of Orleans joyfully accepted it in both relations.

He then might have placed himself at the head of a party which could form a dangerous and active opposition; but he believed himself bound in honour not to embarrass the government of Louis XVIII. Yet he could not by any means go so far as to abjure his constitutional opinions. He could not be a party to the reactions of the royalists, nor, through the apprehension of his being thought too popular by his moderation, could he feign to be influenced by those rancorous hatreds which he was conscious did not exist in his heart.

The Electoral Colleges, which had returned the Chambers of 1815, had sent addresses to the king, soliciting him to "purify the public administrations, and punish political delinquents." The Committee of the Chamber of Peers appointed to draw up the form of address to his majesty had received and adopted that proposition. "Without depriving the crown (said the Committee in their report) of the attributes of clemency, we shall venture to recommend to it the rights of justice. We shall venture humbly to solicit from its equity the

judicial and fiscal (*répartition*) necessary both as to rewards and punishments, for purifying the public administrations." The reading of this paragraph gave rise to an animated debate in the sitting of the 13th of October, 1815. M. de Barbé-Marbois, the Duke de Broglie, M. de Tracy, and M. Lanjuinais, contended for it in the name of justice and humanity. Several partial amendments were proposed, and other peers insisted on knowing why the chamber did not, by a formal vote, call for punishment upon the guilty. The Duke of Orleans then said, "What I have just heard confirms me in the opinion that it is right to propose that the Chamber shall take a more decisive part than that suggested by the amendments which have been submitted to us up to the present time. I move, then, that the whole paragraph be omitted. Let us leave to the king the care of adopting constitutionally the measures necessary for the maintenance of public order, and not make demands which malevolence may perhaps employ as instruments for disturbing the tranquillity of the State. Our functions as eventual judges of the persons towards whom more of justice than of mercy is recommended, impose absolute silence on our part. All anterior enunciation of opinion appears to me downright collusion, in the exercise of our judicial functions, rendering us both accusers and judges at one and the same time."

At this noble language several voices, and among them that of the Duke de Richelieu, were heard to cry out "Support! support!" A peer then moved the previous question, which was adopted by a majority of the Chamber, and the ministers, though voting against it, still allowed it to be carried.

Far, indeed, from this opposition, so full of reserve and moderation, has been that of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Kent, and of the Duke of Sussex, in England.* In the meantime, however, uneasiness and discontent began to manifest themselves at the Tuileries, so much so, that Louis XVIII., who ought to have been better acquainted with parliamentary privileges, revoked, as regarded *all* the princes, the authority he had given them to have seats in the Chamber of Peers.

* As the author does not cite any instances, either as to the questions or the periods to which he refers, it is quite impossible to reply to his general censure upon three royal personages who are now no more, and to whom history will, of course, do justice. It must be obvious, that an incidental note is not the proper place, even for a passing allusion to the political conduct of George IV., either before or after he had ceased to be a Whig. As to his illustrious brothers, the one the father, and the other the uncle, of her present Majesty, they were both steady and consistent Whigs all their lives: and, though their votes might have sometimes been displeasing to the Court, every dispassionate man feels convinced that it would be most unjust to say of them, that they were given for factious purposes.—ED.

They were no longer to appear there without special permission, one at a time, and each only for each sitting.

The clamours of those men who had always perversely misrepresented the Duke of Orleans, were redoubled. They accused him of rallying malcontents round his person, in order to form a party. They revived that old bugbear (*épouvantail*) cry, "The Orleans faction!" Harassed by insinuations which were as perfidious as unjust, incessantly obliged to struggle in vain against that spirit of reaction to which at that time the name of "*the white terror*" was given, the prince prepared to proceed to England with his family, and wait there the arrival of better and more tranquil days.

During the time that he was then sojourning at Twickenham, he received an affecting letter from the wife of Marshal Ney, entreating him to intercede with the Prince-Regent of England on behalf of her husband, at that moment summoned before the Chamber of Peers. Marshal Ney was one of the most glorious illustrations of France, and his political conduct was in his favour, according to the common consent of humanity. The prince could not hesitate. He addressed, in fact, a letter to the regent in the most pressing terms; but his generous efforts were all to no purpose. The Government of the Restoration was inflexible, and the death of the bravest of the brave ennobled for the

moment the punishment of traitors. Louis Philippe did not forget his widow, and the name of the Prince *de la Moskowa* was conjoined with that of Foy on the first list of peers created in 1830.

When the Duke of Orleans returned to Paris in 1817, France was then at least more tranquil than it was at the time he had left it. He again sought retirement in the simplicity of his tastes, and in the duties and peaceful enjoyments of domestic life.

Well knowing the many advantages of public education, he sent his sons to the College of Henry IV. "In truth," said Paul Courier, alluding to this subject, "of all the novelties produced in our days, that is not one which ought to appear to us as among the least to be regarded with surprise. A prince, for the purpose of studying, to go and join in a class! A prince to have fellow-collegians! All this—all these things—have their true name, and the same name serves for all; *there*, all is matter of instruction, and the best lessons are not always those of masters; there is not, as you well know, a better education than that of public schools, nor a worse one than that of the Court." The princes have gloriously justified the opinion of Paul Louis. Upon more than one occasion their ducal coronet has been embellished by a literary palm; and that laurel so dear to the

recollection of Villars* has been for them only the prelude of more noble and glorious triumphs.

Appreciating the enjoyment of letters, the cultivation of which had consoled him in his exile, the Duke of Orleans applied himself to the encouragement of them, but without making the slightest attempt on their independence. How many celebrated writers of the present day ought to recal to mind, and that too with pride, the time when they were pensioners of the Palais-Royal! The author of "Des Messéniennes" was invited there when, in 1821, M. de Peyronnet so brutally removed him from the Chancellerie. "I should be delighted," said the prince to one of his friends, "that M. Casimir Delavigne should find with me what he has lost elsewhere, while awaiting all that success which he cannot fail to obtain. But we must avoid ostentation. I dread it more than the appearance of censuring others, and of holding myself forth as ready to redress wrongs; though, however, I always feel inclined to do so."

He was not less munificent as a patron of the arts. He enriched his gallery with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Gros, Girodet, Horace Vernet, Hersent, Mauzaisse, Michalon, Picot, Drolling, and Géricault. Painting is indebted to him for the power

* Marshal Villars, a celebrated general in the reign of Louis XIV., and afterwards a member of the Regency of France and minister of state.—ED.

of taking its subjects from the splendid pages of our contemporaneous history.

Always occupied with great and useful undertakings, he has filled with artificers the whole of the Palais-Royal, and made it one of the finest monuments in the capital. Another instance is Neuilly, the wonderful gardens of which he has planned himself; and lastly the Château d'Eu, where, not long since, the monarchy of July displayed so much grandeur and royal pomp.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Beneficence of Louis Philippe. — His best intentions misrepresented by his enemies.—His prudence and moderation. —Bitter malignity of his adversaries, in charging him with ambition.—His sympathy in the grief of the Royal Family, upon the assassination of the Duke de Berry.—His known dislike of political reactions.—Men of honour and talent always countenanced by him.—The Duke of Orleans visits England, in 1829.—The crisis of 1830 foreseen.—Visit of the King of Naples to Paris. — Magnificent *fête* at the Palais-Royal. — Menacing appearances. — Address of the Chamber of Deputies to the king, in favour of public liberty. — His displeasure excited by it.—Dissolution of the Chambers.—New Elections.—Still the same majority in favour of popular rights.—The Duke of Orleans the long-tried and consistent friend of Freedom.

It were unnecessary to speak of Louis Philippe's beneficence. Abundant proofs of it have often been found in the journals. One particular instance will suffice on the present occasion. On a certain day, one of his secretaries happened to ask him for a sum of five hundred francs, to relieve the family of a literary man who had been unfortunate. The prince, who was engaged at the time, talked to him at once on the subject of politics, and the news of the day. The conversation was pro-

longed until the duke was informed that his council waited his presence. "*A propos*," then said he to the secretary, "You have asked for a note for a thousand francs for a distressed family." "A *thousand* francs, Monseigneur ! that is one of those mistakes which must be carefully guarded against." "You are right, my friend," said the duke. "The mistakes of princes often cost them so much, that I am not sorry upon this occasion, that mine will be of some advantage to these poor people." Instead of five hundred francs the secretary received from him a note for a thousand.

The active support of the Duke of Orleans would have given to the government of the restoration a force which it had never possessed before. It was easy to obtain that support. It would have been sincere and loyal, not in consideration of any personal advantages, but solely on the ground of a policy being adopted more accordant with the spirit of 1789. Instead of that, they every day departed from it more and more ; and he, a member of the Royal Family, being one of the highest and purest representatives of that Revolution which was always odious to the other party, was openly discarded, and left to trust to persons whose devotedness did not prevent them from indulging a little in insinuations and calumnies.

During that period, as well as throughout all the various circumstances of a life so chequered,

so agitated, the conduct of the Duke of Orleans was distinguished for moderation and admirable dignity. He never allowed himself to be led beyond the due limits prescribed by his rank, never did he consent to sacrifice his personal opinions. A citizen, with the ducal coronet, as he has likewise proved himself to be, as a crowned head upon the throne, he scrupulously observed all that was due to the king, as a prince of his family, and never in any case lost sight of the claims of conscience.

It has been most unjustly said, that under the Restoration, the life of the Duke of Orleans was one of ambition. In his inability to mix himself up with any intrigue, it was alleged that he was too clever, too dexterous, to commit himself in projects of the kind. This reproach of ambition must indeed appear strange to those who are at all acquainted with the circumstances and the times. Is it that during the course of the two reigns, included in the history of the Restoration, opportunities were wanting which were likely to tempt an ambitious prince? Is it because those reigns were so tranquil, so peaceful, so free from alarms? And if we are asked to particularize the day, date, event, and results, of the possibility of an attack being made upon the Restoration, without too much temerity, by a party at the head of which should voluntarily be found the Duke of Orleans, —if we are asked the day on which success less

brilliant, less glorious, less durable, perhaps, than that of 1830, was in the meantime still possible, we shall answer by asking in turn who can seriously put such a question?

We shall answer that it is not we who have pronounced judgment on the Duke of Orleans, who has been thus made to appear so formidable. It is the party of the old *régime*, it is those who excluded him from the tribune of the Chamber of Peers, who took so much trouble to prevent his having anything to do with the army; it is those who caused odious libels, and almost impious lies, to be written and circulated against him in all quarters, for the purpose of associating with the most criminal excesses, the name of a prince whose loyalty was equal to his patriotism. Nothing that malice or ingenuity could devise, was left untried on particular occasions. History itself was transformed into a libel. Yet that would not have done so much harm, if the charge had been one the weakness of which might be easily proved. The name of the Duke of Orleans had already become an actual power in the State. It carried with it a force which certainly might have tempted an ambitious man, to make a first essay upon the existing government. That force, the result of fifteen years of moderation, and of respect for the tranquillity and laws of the country, was in the summer of 1830, the safety of France.

All precautions with respect to the Duke of Orleans were moreover unjust, and improper. We have said as much before, we now repeat it to his praise. Never did he feel anger, never did he evince any resentment at being prevented by injustice from discharging those high duties which were traced out to him by the direct obligations of his elevated position. He sincerely sympathised in the grief of the Royal Family, when the Duke de Berry fell by the dagger of an assassin. The birth of the "*infant of a miracle*"* did not make him take any of those false steps which are so often the consequence of disappointed and ambitious hopes. We need hardly say that he was utterly ignorant of the informal protest then published in some of the London journals. No man of common sense could attach any weight to such a production. After the birth of the Duke de Bordeaux, the Duke of Orleans was as regular in his visits at the Tuileries as before, and, in his conduct and language, shewed the same moderation, and the same reserve.

It is true, also, that in him political reaction

* It is to be regretted, that a man of such polished refinement as the author, should have suffered such an instance of bad taste as this to escape his pen. The witticism of the allusion it makes to the birth of the Duke de Bordeaux is quite out of place, considering the melancholy period and peculiar circumstances of the event.—ED.

always found an adversary; and one, too, who visited it with his decided censure. He was by no means so prompt as others to admit that the stiletto of Louvel was a liberal idea. But after he had equally seen nothing but the instruments of anarchy, and disgraceful passions, in the machine of Fieschi and in the fire-arms of Alibaud, De Meunier, and of Darmès, he was not on that account led by resentment to attack the constitution of the country. Here then is a practical commentary on the opinions entertained by him in 1819.

Condemned to silence, though a peer, the Duke of Orleans had no legitimate means of opposition, and he could not think of resorting to any other. Neither could he at the same time disguise the fact, that his sympathies were with those who opposed the reestablishment of the right of primogeniture, and what was termed "the laws of justice and of love." At his private parties, he received with peculiar satisfaction those honourable citizens who devoted their eloquence and energies to the maintenance of our liberties. Among them were, with many others, Foy, Girardin, Laffitte, Dupin, (the defender of Ney,) and all the leaders of the liberal press, whom the prince appointed members of his council, as he had taken the poet of *des Messéniennes* under his patronage, in the character of a bookseller. In addition to these, there were also Benjamin Constant, Sébastiani, and Casimir Périer.

He conversed with them upon every subject which concerned the honour and glory of the country ; but never did they hear a severe or reproachful expression or word come from his mouth.

When General Foy was carried off by death from France—that country to which he was so much endeared—the prince, mingling his regrets with those of his native land, sent his carriage to follow in the funeral procession. That honourable manifestation of esteem and respect—that homage paid to the memory of an eminent man—was not suited to the taste of the Tuileries. “But my carriage has not been remarked,” said the Duke of Orleans to Charles X., “for it was not the only one ; and I believe that when a great citizen died, all those who loved their country were bound to join in his obsequies.”

These royal poutings (*bouderies*) had not the slightest effect in influencing the conduct of the Duke of Orleans ; it was still the same. In 1827 he went himself to the death-bed of Stanislaus Girardin. He was an old friend ! His presence and consoling words seemed to impart to the dying sufferer a little of that kindling heat which is so slowly extinguished in the heart. Girardin, in taking him by the hand, said to him, “In descending to the tomb I at least carry with me the satisfaction of believing that ere long you are to be king.” This great and good citizen deserved to

have his life prolonged, in order that he might see his prediction verified with the triumph of liberty.*

In 1829 the Duke of Orleans paid a visit to England, considering it useful as regarded the education of that young and fated prince, who was then only Duke de Chartres. He saw there men of all political opinions. He made no alteration in his habits, and no secret of his movements. He was always happy to introduce his admirable son. Surely if he had any ulterior designs or ambition, it was not as regarded himself individually, or any approaching period. Moreover, how could he then dream of the events which were in preparation? Who could have penetrated schemes and projects conducted to the very last instant with so much mystery?

The moment approached, however. From the first months of 1830, everybody foresaw a crisis, but yet not the extremes which totally destroyed Charles X.

In the month of May the King of Naples made an excursion to Paris. On the 31st the Duke of Orleans gave a magnificent ball in honour of his father-in-law. Amphitheatres of flowers, immense colonnades, terraces covered with orange-trees,

* Time has proved that this, and many other panegyrics pronounced by the author upon his royal patron, have been altogether unmerited.—ED.

roofs of glass sparkling in countless brilliant reflections, presented to the view, on one of the finest nights which it was possible to conceive, all the pomp and fascinating interest of an oriental fairy scene. It was indeed a truly royal fête. Charles X. himself was present at it. This was the first and last time he visited the Palais-Royal in state. He shewed himself on the terrace, and greeted the people, who responded with acclamations of "*Vive le Roi!*" the last perhaps he was ever destined to hear.

M. de Salvandi, in passing close to the duke, whom he complimented on his fête, said to him, "Monseigneur, this is quite a Neapolitan fête, we are dancing on a volcano." "That there is a volcano here," replied His Royal Highness, "I believe with you, but, at least, the fault is not mine; I shall not have to reproach myself with not having endeavoured to open the eyes of the king. But what do you mean?" "Nothing is heard," said the other, "God only knows to what all this will lead!"

In fact, the ministry of the 8th of August, 1829, had caused a sensation of general disquietude to be felt all through France. All rights were menaced, all interests formed closer relations. Under such circumstances the Chamber of Deputies comprehended the whole extent of their imperative duties. They presented an Address to the king,

signed by 221 members against 181. It was a declaration full of dignity in favour of those public liberties which were now evidently threatened. M. Dupin was the reporter on this Address, so strongly marked with constitutional royalty, at the same time that it expressed its devotedness to the interests of the people—an irrefutable proof of the spirit with which the opposition was then animated. Charles X. could see in it only an attempt upon the royal prerogatives; he first prorogued, and then dissolved the chambers.

New elections took place. The two hundred and twenty-one were carried in all places despite of the solicitations and threats of the adverse party, and the Chambers were convoked for the 3rd of August. Nobody entertained any doubt whatever, that they were not convoked for the purpose of carrying to the foot of the throne a second time, the expression of the wishes of the people. The Deputies as well as the Peers received their sealed letters, and the moment of their assembling was waited for with curiosity, perhaps with uneasiness, but still with that confidence which was justified by the antecedent conduct of the representatives of the people.

We now come to the moment when the historical narrative which we have undertaken to write, becomes that of a great people, and assumes an important place in the annals of the world. The

destined times had arrived, not such as were marked by any vague or mysterious prophecy, but such as had been foreseen by all men distinguished for judgment and superior intelligence. After so many catastrophes and transformations, the French Revolution was at last to receive that sacredness which is given to Revolutions by peace, justice, and social order, the good sense of a people, and the genius of a great man.

He who, after the expiration of forty years, held, in virtue of his rank, the first place among the adherents of the original Revolution, was also the first as regarded that disinterestedness which was rendered more conspicuous and dignified in his misfortunes, by his fidelity to his principles and his respect for the national feeling in all situations; he it was who was now about to be proclaimed king in the name and by the suffrages of a people freed in 1789 and liberated in 1830.

Here there is nothing marvellous; here there are none of those mysterious dramas which are almost always the cradle-attendants of dynasties (*autour du berceau des dynasties*). Here there are no oracles, no omens, to which, as presumed forerunners of the decrees of fate, public credulity is so ready to resign itself. In the past was seen a whole life of patriotic sacrifices, devoted to the maintenance of principles under whose peaceful influence the future was to be one of modern cultivations and improve-

ments. In the present, the most legitimate and purest of Revolutions, there was an act of national sovereignty proudly accomplished in the face of the world, with a loyal interchange of oaths. That is all; no intrigues, no plots—nothing to conceal from contemporaries—nothing to hide from the researches of history.*

However great the name of its founder—however illustrious by his birth—we may ask, Is his the only royalty that can boast of the advantage of having a most noble and splendid origin?

It forms no part of our plan to write with that full development which it deserves, the history of the reign of Louis Philippe. It already constitutes one of the most perfect as well as one of the finest portions of our magnificent national history, and Providence will doubtless protect the King of the French for many days to come. It is at least reserved for our children, with the will of the Almighty, to take from that history, when it shall have been completed, and repeat for the instruction of future Governments, all the edifying lessons which will be bequeathed to them by this.

The picture of the glorious days of July belonged altogether and exclusively to the life of the Duke of Orleans; our work would be incomplete if we did not retrace some of its principal details. It is necessary, also, to pay particular attention to the

* Immeasurably too much.—Ed.

events of 1830, in order to establish plainly by irrefragable testimony, what the real sentiments of the people were before that Revolution. That is, in fact, the starting point of that royalty which has never for a moment failed in its acts, nor in its promises, so gloriously guaranteed,* and in which are still preserved in full vigour the same principles and the original symbol of them.

France waited quietly the regular action of the great constitutional powers, with regard to the *dénouement* of a crisis commenced on the 8th of August in the preceding year. Why should she have done otherwise? Her institutions were menaced by men incapable of comprehending, and ignorant of the fact, that progress was essential to their condition. It is no less true, that these men were the responsible depositories of the Executive power. But the law had not been yet violated, and hitherto both parties adhered to the letter of the constitution.

* In the original, the word is *sponsored* (*parraains*).

CHAPTER XIX.

Dissimulation of the ministerial party.—The people obedient to the laws until tyranny becomes too oppressive for further endurance.—The laws violated and subverted by arbitrary decrees.—Decree against the Press.—Meeting and protest of the editors of the journals.—Police outrages.—Suppressed emotions of wrath on the part of the people.—The Revolution of 1830 not the result of any previous concert or conspiracy.— Revolution commenced, 27th of July.— Forcible resistance offered by the people.— The Swiss guards, attacked with stones, fire upon the assailants.— Petition against the ordinances utterly disregarded.— The insurrection extends rapidly.—The streets lined with troops.—The spirit of liberty the sole incentive to the courage and daring of the people.—Popular successes on the 28th.—The tricolor flag hoisted.—On the 29th the conflict is resumed.—The insurgents joined by many public men of high position and eminence.— Proposals of accommodation rejected by Prince Polignac, on the part of the king.—The Tuileries taken.— Decided and signal triumph of the insurgents.— Flight of Charles X. and his ministers.— The Duke of Orleans proclaimed lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

THE Address called that of the 221, by which the Chamber of Deputies became the echo of the distrusts and fears of the country—that Address which had obtained a majority of 40 votes in the Chamber, and which was almost unanimously approved of

out of it—was remarkable for its moderation, and, people at the present day would say, even for the *timidity* of its language. M. Dupin had prepared it. The Chamber being prorogued immediately after the vote, the members separated amidst cries of “*Vive le Roi!*” In dissolving it still later, Charles X. called upon the country for new elections. Up to that period the Charter was strictly respected.

The projects of the Court were, however, arrested in the meantime. It can be no longer doubted, after the evidence of facts accessible to the whole world, that in affecting to derive support from the whole circle of constitutional prerogatives, a mere farce was enacted by the ministerial party. The object was to gain time. Before proceeding to act, they wished to receive from Algiers some intelligence which should make an impression on the public mind, and particularly on the army. The country alone was faithful in its respect for the laws. When imprudently threatened with seeing taxes levied by an ordinance, it contented itself with replying, that in France, as well as at Berlin, there were judges.

Such was the state of public opinion in 1830. The sentiments of the people were so well known, that no person could have the hardihood to make use of any other language than that which they employed in reference to the alarming state of

affairs; yet down to the very last day that it was possible to forbear, everything was left to the stern justice of the tribunals.

The "Moniteur" of the 26th of July created a new situation for all men. The party of the counter-revolution had thrown off the mask, and the country could no longer confide in laws which were trampled under foot. An ordinance of the 25th of July, made another violent assault on the Chamber, even before the members had yet assembled. That assault was followed by many others, annihilating the fundamental institutions of the kingdom; destroying every species of liberty of the press; placing thought under sequestration; * mutilating electoral rights; and placing France under the regime *du bon plaisir*.

At this news all Paris was one scene of agitation. In the coffee-houses, in the public squares, on the Boulevards, everywhere, groups were formed, among whom were remarked mingled sensations of anxiety, stupor, and indignation. The editors of the journals met, and drew up a protest, in which they declared that "obedience had ceased to be a duty." At the Exchange, despite of all the sacrifices that were made to maintain public credit, the funds fell

* This is a very happy and appropriate phrase, as applied to the reckless tyranny of Charles X., in attempting to extinguish the freedom of the press by his mere individual *dictum*. —Ed.

considerably. The most portentous reports were circulated. People talked of proscription lists, and prévôtal courts. Agitation continued to increase with the rapidity of lightning. The population had not yet taken up arms, but murmurs and menaces were heard all around, and groups were formed in every direction. At night, an assemblage broke with stones the windows of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Polignac, although strong patroles traversed Paris from one end to the other. However, the night of the 26th presented nothing remarkable, but a sort of dull working of discontent was acting upon all minds.

To any person seriously asking whether, in 1830, a conspiracy had been contrived by the Liberal party, the events of that and the ensuing day will give a sufficient answer. The provocation and resistance, the violation of the laws, and the effect which could not fail to result from it, were certainly not matters absolutely unforeseen. Who, then, was prepared to take advantage of these first movements? Who was ready to supply arms to that vast multitude so easy to be trained to the use of them? Who was to collect powder and balls enough for the wants of the conflict? Was there a single word of command or a rallying signal to point out to the combatants the direction in which they were to act? Nothing of the kind! We have since seen *émeutes*, criminal attempts against

the government of July. On the part of the assailants, all these things had been prearranged. The secret of their preparations had been revealed to us. They had their arms ready before the time for commencing the attack, their powder, their orders of the day, and their proclamations. If anything like similar preparations had been made in 1830, the struggle which lasted three days would not probably have continued three hours.

No, there had been no conspiracy or plot. The feeling which inspired all citizens with the same thought, the same courage, the same resolution, was equally spontaneous as universal. Moreover, the people were not the first; the Liberals were not the first to appeal to force. One of the ordinances prohibited the printing of journals not authorized by the police. The parties aggrieved had recourse to the magistrates, and the Tribunal of Commerce, over which M. Ganneron presided, as well as the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, at the head of which was M. de Belleyme, decided that the printers should be bound by their commercial engagements notwithstanding the ordinances. The Prefect of Police, M. Maugin, was not to be stopped by these judicial decisions, which would occupy too much of his time to contend against in the regular way.

On the morning of the 27th, he issued orders to the *gendarmerie*, to seize the presses of all the journals which had appeared without his authority. He

caused, at the same time, an order to be affixed to the walls of the capital, prohibiting the reading, receiving, or circulation of any journal or printed paper, under pain of arrest. Such violences and such tyranny excited universal indignation, which the appearance of the troops that crowded the streets could not fail to work up to the highest pitch of intensity. The multitude began by throwing stones at the Swiss Guards, who, in return, opened upon the assailants a fire of musketry. The Deputies then in Paris assembled in haste at the house of M. Casimir Périer, where they drew up a petition to the king against the ordinances. It remained unanswered.

The insurrection became general in two hours throughout all the trading and commercial parts of the city. From the Madeleine to Port St. Denis the Boulevards were still tranquil though covered with troops, one body of which guarded the hôtel of the minister for foreign affairs. In the mean time the agitation was gradually gaining ground. The Swiss, the lancers, the infantry of the guard and the gendarmerie fired repeatedly on the assembled multitudes, who confined themselves to acclamations of "*Vive la Charte!*" The conflict seemed universal. Courage increased with the awfulness of the danger. In every quarter there was one incessant rush to arms, yet were there no leaders—no orders. The instinct of liberty

did all. It was that alone which directed and animated the people—it was that alone which the people obeyed.

On Wednesday the 28th, at five o'clock in the morning, the whole population was in motion, the inhabitants of the Faubourgs being now arrived. A body of armed citizens got possession of the Hôtel de Ville; others gained the towers of Notre-Dame, on the top of which they planted the tri-color flag and sounded the tocsin. A crowd of the disbanded National Guards resumed their arms and uniforms. The whole Polytechnic School hurried on to the combat. The School of Law and the School of Medicine formed a junction, and followed the example. In short, Paris presented the appearance of a vast, an immense armed camp. The shops were shut, and on all sides were ranged royal guards, lancers, Swiss, and regiments of the line.

Paris was placed in a state of siege, under the orders of the Marshal Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), and about three o'clock in the afternoon the combat was general in all the populous quarters. In vain did the Deputies strive to stop the effusion of blood; in vain did the National Guards offer to act as mediators between the troops and the people with the view of restoring peace and order.

All accommodation was refused, and in a quarter of an hour to a minute, the inhabitants of the

capital, whose only crime was, that they had not forgotten the oaths they had taken at Rheims, and their acclamations of "*Vive la Charte!*" were slaughtered with shot, discharged in the name of the King of France! It was expected that these shopkeepers and their rash enterprise (*échauffourée*) could be easily put down. It turned out to be an affair worthy the sons of the warriors of Jemappe and Austerlitz.

Basely and odiously attacked, the Parisians had, in a few hours, organized, as if by enchantment, the finest and most vigorous resistance. They had formed all the streets into barricades; on the Boulevard they had cut down the trees; from the tops of houses they flung down, on the heads of the soldiers, heavy articles of furniture and bars of iron. The Hôtel de Ville was taken and retaken several times. The Pont Neuf, Porte St. Martin, and Rue St. Antoine were also the scenes of desperate struggles. The heroism of the people was triumphant everywhere.

The Duke of Orleans was then at Neuilly, with all his children, except the Duke de Chartres, who was at Joigny, with his regiment. In the evening the family were as usual sitting in the garden, round the green tables placed before the steps of the château, which looks over the Seine. The cannon was still heard in the distance, and it is more easy to conceive than describe the deep

affliction with which the heart of the prince was lacerated. In vain did his friends endeavour to tranquillize him. "No," said he, "I have tears and blood in my heart. Poor Paris! Poor France!"

On Thursday, the 29th, at break of day, the *fusillade* was again heard, but several posts had already been carried by the Parisians. A Municipal Committee, composed of Messrs. Casimir Périer, James Laffitte, Audry de Puyraveau, Count Lobau, Mauguin, and de Schonen, occupied the Hôtel de Ville. General La Fayette had taken the command of the National Guards. General Pajol put himself at the head of the Parisian columns. General Gérard directed the movement. The hôtel of M. Laffitte was converted into a Chamber of Deputies.

Animated by these examples of courage and patriotism, the people soon became victorious at all points. The Palais-Royal, the archbishop's residence, and the Louvre were carried. The Tuileries alone remained to be occupied. The Duke of Ragusa had retired with the ministers. Messrs. Laffitte, and Casimir Périer, anxious to stop the effusion of blood, went to him. They represented to him with warm energy the deplorable state of the capital. "Military honour," said the Duke of Ragusa, "is obedience." "True honour," replied M. Laffitte, "is not to slaughter fellow-citizens, when it is in the name of the laws that

they defend themselves ; and when the effusion of blood ought to be stopped." " But," returned the marshal, " what are the conditions you propose ?" " The recall of the ordinances of the 25th of July ; the dismissal of the ministers ; and the convocation of the Chambers for the 3rd of August." " Gentlemen, I will go and consult with M. de Polignac, he is here, I will ask him if he will receive you."

The marshal brought back, as his only answer, that the conditions proposed rendered all conference useless ; that the intentions of the king were immutable. " Then they wish for civil war," exclaimed the two Deputies with indignation. The marshal was silent, and Messrs Laffitte and Casimir Périer retired.

This patriotic proceeding was dictated by the love of peace and public order. It clearly indicated the object and real spirit of the Revolution. And however great the excitement of the Parisians, at a moment when it was heightened by the rapidity of their successes, we may be permitted to believe, that in the name of the Charter which was in all mouths, it might still have been allayed. The obstinacy of M. de Polignac increased their wrath, and their courage. They attacked the Tuileries, carried it, and the tri-color flag, adopted the evening before, was planted on the abode of kings, as well as on the towers of Notre-Dame.

The Duke of Ragusa, the ministers, and the

Royal Guard, protected by a last discharge of artillery, had only time to retire in haste to St. Cloud with the Swiss and the cuirassiers. A combat took place at Neuilly, in which some of the inhabitants were killed or wounded. Bullets came into the gardens while the Duke of Orleans was occupied there in giving orders for the relief of the poor wounded, who had taken refuge in the trenches of the park.

On Friday the scene changed and became of still higher interest. Charles X. quitted St. Cloud, for the purpose of retiring to Trianon. All illusion had ceased with the unfortunate prince. He had ascertained his defeat, descried the flag of 1789, and found the same men at the head of a generation more mature and better prepared for liberty. Then detaching himself from the council of eunuchs which had pushed him on to his destruction, he wished to make a last effort to recover his crown. "It is too late," was the reply returned at the Hôtel de Ville; "and besides, his throne has slipped from under him in blood."

From that moment all eyes were turned towards the Duke of Orleans. His principles so thoroughly known, his whole life pointed him out to the wishes of the country. A prince of the blood royal having in his favour that *prestige* which attaches itself to sovereign houses, and which the most rigid maxims could neither disturb nor destroy, he was at the

same time the man of the Revolution—the man of that prudent and well-regulated freedom, for which Paris had just fought, and in the name of which, without yet knowing the events which had taken place in the capital, the people rose simultaneously in every quarter into which the fatal ordinances had penetrated. The Deputies assembled at the residence of M. Laffitte clearly understood that the Duke of Orleans was necessary to them, and that he alone could take up and execute the work of 1789.

Members of the Chambers, men of letters, and other persons, hastened from Paris to Neuilly, anxious to be the first to announce this intelligence. The princesses received them, the Duke deeming it his duty to proceed on horseback to Raincy. On his way, a peasant, who was working in the fields near d'Aubervilliers, seeing the prince and his aide-de-camp passing along, cried out, "Tell us, you there, is it Napoleon II. you are looking for? I bet, that you with the cockade, are for Napoleon II." "I, my friend," returned the prince, "I have always dearly loved the tri-color cockade." He then pursued his way. Further on he was recognized by several persons, who received him with loud cries of "*Vive le duc d'Orleans!*"

He returned to Neuilly the same night, and found there addressed to him the following proclamation, by which the Deputies assembled at Paris had appointed him Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

CHAPTER XX.

Proclamation of the Chamber of Deputies.—The Duke of Orleans sets out for Paris.—A scene at the Palais-Royal.—Proclamation of the Duke of Orleans to the inhabitants of Paris.—Enthusiasm of the people.—The Duke of Orleans proclaimed Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.—Procession to the Hôtel de Ville.—Continued demonstrations of joy.—Arrival of the Duke's family at the Palais-Royal.—Extensive bounty of the Princesses—Their solicitous attentions to the wounded, of July.—Charles X. appoints the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.—Co-abdications of Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême, in favour of the Duke de Bordeaux.—Meeting of the Chambers on the 3rd of August.—Opening speech of the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.—Accidental interview between the Duke de Chartres and the Duchess d'Angoulême.—His arrival and enthusiastic reception in Paris.—Important adhesions to the new Government.—General desire of the people to elevate the Duke of Orleans to the Throne.—M. Dupin earnestly calls the attention of the Duchess to the subject.

“ INHABITANTS OF PARIS,

“ The meeting of Deputies at this time assembled in Paris, have deemed it urgently necessary to request His Royal Highness, Monseigneur, the Duke of Orleans, to repair to the capital, for

the purpose of there exercising the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and of expressing to him the general wish that the national colours shall be preserved. They have, moreover, felt the necessity of occupying themselves unremittingly with measures for insuring to France in the approaching Session of the Chambers, all those guarantees which are indispensable to the full and complete execution of the Charter.

“ Paris, July 30, 1830.”

This proclamation had forty names attached to it, among which were those of Guizot, Benjamin Delessert, Sébastiani, Dupin (sen.), Méchin, Charles Dupin, Persil, and Casimir Périer, as also those of Salverte, James Laffitte, Corcelles, Benjamin Constant, and L'Abbé de Pompières. The concurrence of the national party was unanimous. Only one common wish, one plain and definite object could be said to be represented by this proclamation, the date of which deserves serious attention.

The Duke of Orleans had no hesitation in deciding as to how he should act. He set out for Paris after affectionately taking leave of his wife, and of his sister, who attached a tri-colored ribbon to his button-hole. He was on foot, dressed in a plain frock-coat, and accompanied by Messieurs Berthois, Heymès, and Oudard. He entered Paris by the *Barrière du Roule*, and followed

the whole line of the *Faubourg Saint Honoré*. At all the posts they cried out — *Qui vive ?* (who comes there?) and his uniform answer was—*Vive la Charte!* He thus arrived at ten o'clock at night at the Palais-Royal, which he entered from the house in the Rue St. Honoré, No. 216.

Next morning, the 31st, the Palais-Royal presented a very unusual appearance. The iron gratings of the two courts being fastened, the vestibule of the stair-case was occupied by a body-guard of young Parisians, heroes suddenly called into existence (*improvisés*) without stockings, without clothing, persons who had retaken the Palais-Royal from the Royal Guard. They maintained the most perfect order, and enforced it with admirable strictness. The multitude crowded the square and the garden from a feeling of curiosity, but with no apparent object for they were yet ignorant that the Duke of Orleans was in Paris.

In the course of the day the following proclamation was posted up in every part of the city:—

“ INHABITANTS OF PARIS,

“ The Deputies of France at this moment assembled in Paris have expressed to me the general desire that I should repair to this capital for the purpose of exercising the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

“ I have not hesitated to partake of your dangers

in coming to place myself in the midst of your heroic population, and in using all my efforts to preserve you from the horrors of civil war, and of anarchy.

“ In re-entering the City of Paris, I bring with me with pride the glorious colours which you have retaken, and which I have myself displayed for a long time past.

“ The Chambers are about to assemble, and will adopt measures for assuring the reign of the laws, and maintaining the rights of the nation.

“ The Charter shall henceforth be a reality.

“LOUIS PHILIPPE, of Orleans.”

From the moment this proclamation was known there were unanimous calls for the Duke of Orleans, who shewed himself on the terrace of the garden, and was hailed with an enthusiasm which it would be difficult to describe.

In the meantime the Députies pursued their labours. After having proclaimed the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom they all came in a body to the Palais-Royal to accompany him to the *Hôtel de Ville*, whither he intimated his wish to go. The duke proceeded on horseback, and it was a fine sight to behold him in the midst of a close hedge (*haie*) of swords and bayonets, passing along with his hat in his hand through the immense concourse of persons that

pressed on to cheer him in his progress. On arriving at the Hôtel de Ville he was received by the Municipal Committee, whom he addressed in flattering terms, while he embraced General La Fayette.

In the grand Hall of Arms, M. Viennet, then a Deputy, delivered in the name of his colleagues an address to which the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom briefly replied as follows, "I deplore as a Frenchman the evil done to the country, and the blood which has been shed: as a prince I am happy in contributing to the welfare of the nation." These words were abruptly followed by an apostrophe from General Dubourg, who said to the prince, "I hope you will keep your oaths."—"Understand, sir," replied the Duke, with energetic animation, "that I have never failed in my obligations, and least of all could I think of betraying them when my country wants my services." After this reply, which excited a feeling of great satisfaction, the prince and General La Fayette appeared together on the balcony. There they again embraced, and waved the tricolor flag, in presence of the people, who made the air ring with their vociferous shouts of *vivat!* The return of the Duke of Orleans was like his setting out—a triumphal march. It was, however, marked by one particular circumstance. Along the quays, and through all the streets, the people formed a

passage by a double chain of hands linked together, and when the prince came under the arch leading to the stair-case, the people did not allow him to dismount, but lifted him from the saddle into their arms. They pressed round him with the most tender emotion, kissing his hands and clothes.

That splendid day was to conclude with a scene characteristic of the moment, and which was still further to enhance the joy of the prince in bringing around him those dear objects of his love without whom he knew no happiness. At nine o'clock at night one of those unassuming vehicles which convey passengers round Paris at a small charge,—a vehicle called a *caroline*, arrived from Neuilly at the Palais-Royal. From it descended a princess, followed by her children and her sister. That princess was the Duchess of Orleans, she was to be the future Queen of the French.

The presence of the princesses at Paris was immediately made manifest by the benefits they diffused. One hundred thousand francs were distributed to the poor by their hands, the hospitals were visited, and the wounded relieved and consoled. At a subsequent period we have beheld in the gallery of the Louvre a numerous group contemplating, with sympathetic tenderness, several

paintings representing the wife, sister, and children of Louis Philippe, attending at the bed-side of the wounded of July.

The Lieutenant-General of the kingdom had other duties to perform. The first official decree he signed was that of the 1st of August, for restoring the national colours to the country, and to its fleets and armies. On the same day he renewed the order for the convocation of the Chambers on the 3rd of August. The Municipal Commission of Paris, having General La Fayette at its head, wished to resign its powers into the hands of the prince, but, after deliberating on the subject in Council, he requested the members to continue to act provisionally in the discharge of all those duties which concerned the safety of the capital.

In the meantime, Charles X., by a declaration dated from Rambouillet, had also appointed the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. To that declaration was added the conjoined act of abdication of himself and the Dauphin, in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux, designated to reign under the name of Henry V. All these acts, valueless records of a will powerless for evermore, and of an authority totally extinct, the tardy confession (*aveu tardif*) of an irreparable fault, were merely and simply deposited in the archives of the Chamber of Peers, and inserted as

the dismissal of a functionary in the official part of the "Moniteur."

On the 3rd of August, the Chambers assembled in the Sessions Hall of the Chamber of Deputies. The space round the throne was shaded with tri-color flags, a tribune was reserved for the Duchess of Orleans and her family, and the others were for the most part graced with elegantly dressed ladies. All eyes were cast in turn upon the benches of the Peers, of whom only a small number attended, and upon those appropriated to the Deputies, among whom it was cheering to discover those who, during the Grand Week, had given so many proofs of their devotedness.

At one o'clock the cannon of the Invalids announced the arrival of the Lieutenant-General. Grand deputations of the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies received his royal highness at the entrance of the palace, and preceded him to the Hall of Sessions. The prince was received with the most animated demonstrations of joy. He was accompanied by his second son, his Royal Highness the Duke de Nemours, and followed by a brilliant staff to the passage and the steps leading to the throne. On the ministerial bench were seated Messieurs Guizot, Dupont (*de l'Eure*), Marshal Gérard, Baron Louis, Bignon, Duke de Broglie, and Marshal Sébastiani. The throne remained vacant, the Duke of Orleans

and his son occupying two stools (*tabourets*), the one to the right and the other to the left of it. After the usual formalities were gone through, the Lieutenant-General delivered the following speech, which was interrupted by frequent acclamations:—

“GENTLEMEN PEERS,* GENTLEMEN DEPUTIES,

“Paris, troubled in its repose by a deplorable violation of the Charter and of the laws, has defended them with heroic courage.

“In the midst of that sanguinary struggle, none of the guarantees of social order any longer existed. Persons, property, rights, all that is precious and dear to men and citizens, was exposed to the most imminent danger.

“In the absence of all public authority, the general feeling of my fellow-citizens turned towards me. They thought me worthy of uniting

* In France, the word “Messieurs,” is employed to designate nobles as well as simple commoners. The ease with which this designation is conventionally recognized, in its most comprehensive sense, by the people of a country, which, down to the year 1798, has been one of the oldest and most absolute monarchies in Europe, forms a strange contrast with the ambitious desire of high sounding titles, evinced at all times by the rough republicans of Holland, and continued at this moment by their descendants, as subjects of a constitutional sovereign.—*Their* parliamentary prelude at the opening of every session, is “High Mightinesses, High and Mighty Lords,” &c.—ED.

with them for the safety of the country; they have invited me to exercise the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom; their cause has appeared to me just, the peril immense, the necessity imperious, my duty sacred. I have hastened to place myself in the midst of this gallant people, followed by my family, and wearing those colours which, for the second time, have marked the triumph of liberty.

“I have hastened hither firmly resolved to do every thing which circumstances shall demand from me, in the situation in which I am placed, for re-establishing the empire of the laws, for saving that liberty which is threatened, and for rendering a recurrence of such great evils impossible, while assuring, for ever, the power of that Charter whose name, invoked during the conflict, was still called upon after the victory.

“In the accomplishment of this noble task, it is for the Chambers to guide and direct me. All rights ought to be solidly guaranteed; all institutions necessary to their full and free exercise ought to receive the developments which they require.

“Attached at heart, and from conviction, to the principles of a free government, I accept in the outset all the consequences.

“I believe it is my duty to call your attention this day to the organization of the National Guards,

the application of the jury to offences of the Press, the formation of departmental and municipal administrations, and, before all, to the fourteenth article of the Charter, which has been so odiously interpreted.

“It is with these sentiments, gentlemen, that I open this session. The past is painful to me; I deplore misfortunes which I could have wished to prevent; but, in the midst of this glorious exultation of the capital and of all the cities in France, at the aspect of order reappearing with wonderful celerity, after a resistance pure, and free from all excesses, a just pride excites my heart, and I confidently look forward in the meantime to the future destinies of my country.

“Yes, gentlemen, she will be happy and free. She will shew to Europe, that, occupied only with her internal prosperity, she cherishes peace as well as liberty, and desires only the welfare and repose of her neighbours.

“Respect for all rights, anxious attention to all interests, good faith on the part of the government—these are the best means of disarming parties, and of producing in all minds that confidence in the institutions, that stability which must be deemed the only pledges that can ensure the prosperity of the people and the power of states.

“Gentlemen Peers and Gentlemen Deputies, so soon as the Chambers shall be formally con-

stituted, I shall call your attention to the act of abdication of his Majesty Charles X.; by the same act his Royal Highness Louis Antony of France, Dauphin, has equally renounced his rights. That act was placed in my hands yesterday, August 2nd, and I have caused it to be inserted in the official part of the *Moniteur*."

This speech was received with reiterated plaudits by all who were present, and the princes and princesses were loudly greeted as they retired from the hall. Scarcely had the Duke of Orleans returned to his palace, the drums beating in the meantime, when he beheld in the court-yard 300 National Guards covered with perspiration and dust. They were the National Guard of Elbeuf, and had hurried on to take part in the combat, in the event of being able to arrive in time. "What a nation!" he exclaimed to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and this enthusiastic ejaculation was repeated all around her with just pride. Her brother hastened down to pass these brave fellows in review, at the head of whom was the Mayor of Elbeuf, one of the Deputies of the Lower Seine. The prince was received with transports of joy. In a very short time the Palais-Royal witnessed daily scenes of this description,—scenes tenderly appealing to his heart, exuberant in feeling, and sometimes characterised perhaps by natural simplicity, but always

imposing, as indications of the sentiments and free will of a great people.

One thing was wanting to these fêtes and to the joy of the Lieutenant-General. It was the presence of his eldest son. Already, at the first intelligence of the events which had just taken place, the Duke de Chartres was on his way from Joigny to Paris during the Three Days, but had been detained by the Mayor of Montrouge while proceeding on to Neuilly. Restored to liberty by General La Fayette, he thought it his duty to return to his regiment, and go back to Joigny. On the hill of Melun, he happened to meet with the carriage of the Duchess d'Angoulême, who was coming from Dijon. The duchess recognised him, and made him stop. "Pray sir," said she, "do you come from Paris? What is going on there? Where is the king?" "Madam," replied the Duke de Chartres, "I believe that the king is at St. Cloud; I have not myself been able to enter Paris; I have seen at a distance the tricolor flag floating on the tops of all the public buildings." "To what place are you going now?" "I am going back to my regiment at Joigny." "You will keep it faithful to us?" "Madam, I shall do my duty."

On the 4th of August the first regiment of hussars entered Paris by the barrier du Trône, displaying the tricolor banner. The Duke of

Orleans went out on horseback to meet it, and in a few moments the Duke de Chartres was in his arms. The young prince was so anxious to arrive with all possible expedition, that he came by forced marches. "I should have felt very great regret," said he, "if some other regiment happened to have anticipated mine in Paris with the National colours."

After passing the regiment in review, the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom returned to the Palais-Royal. The Faubourg Saint Antoine, the Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, the Place Vendôme and the Rue Saint Honoré were crowded with an enthusiastic population, and cries of *Vive le Duc d'Orléans! Vive le Duc de Chartres!* incessantly resounded in all ears.

The Duchess of Orleans awaited the arrival of her son with all the anxious impatience of a mother. After drawing up his regiment in battle array, in the square of the Palais-Royal, the Duke de Chartres ascended the terrace and threw himself into the arms of the princess, who pressed him to her heart with the strongest emotions of delight, with which the people around associated their own feelings, amidst plaudits and tears.

In the meantime all the great public bodies of the state, all those men who were attached to their country and their principles, to the prosperity of their country rather than to recollections and per-

sons, lost no time in flocking round the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

On the 6th of August all the principal functionaries of the Court of Cassation, the Court of Public Accounts, the *Cour Royale* of Paris, and the Royal Council of Public Instruction, came to tender their homage.

“When still young,” said the first President Séguier, addressing the Lieutenant-General upon that occasion, “in the first days of the Revolution, you participated in its trophies, you have received practical instruction from its casualties and vicissitudes, and you have retained for it that which is dear to the national honour. The simplicity of your domestic habits, the perfect order with which your house is conducted, the dignified character of your modesty, your affability to all ranks, your uprightness (*droiture*) in all transactions, had gained for you the hearts of all men, ere yet they could have foreseen the great event which has brought us this day with all due obeisance before you.”

These sentiments represented the feelings of the entire population. The same recollections, the same hopes influenced all hearts, people affixed them to the walls, they read them aloud in all public places, they learned by heart the letter written from Lille to Marshal Mortier, on the 23rd of March, 1815. With this they connected the high eulogium pronounced upon the Duke of Orleans, by

Paul Louis Courier, one of the most popular writers of the time.

An immense majority of citizens found in innate feeling, in memory, and in heart, sufficient reasons for wishing to maintain in France the monarchical form of government. The fear of beholding the revival of the old *régime* had not effaced from their minds the recollections of the Saturnalian republicans, and on the 30th of July, the following brief sample of chronology, most eventful in coincidence, was placarded in several places upon the walls of Paris.—“The 29th of July corresponds with the 9th Thermidor; Robespierre and Charles X. have fallen on the same day.” Here was a terrible approximation to similarity in disastrous effects, the exactness of which we do not profess to maintain, but which in its impassioned exaggeration has been eloquently given out as the opinion of the public in general. France wanted a king, but a king strict in his observance of the laws and in his devotedness to public liberty. *Sub lege rex et libertas* (a king and liberty under law). Such, if we may be allowed to cite while modifying an old principle of law, was the general wish, the universal suffrage.* And such a king the whole world pointed out. The Duke of Orleans was

* This phrase, so often used, and so often misapplied, and perverted in recent times, is aptly defined by Cicero, as the “*consensus omnium*.” It certainly would appear beyond all

the only man who could give sure guarantees to all interests and all principles; he alone was adequate to all the necessities of the situation in which the country was placed, and could undertake to adjust all its difficulties. He was truly the man for the moment, the man providentially sent for the purpose. Upon this point there was but one cry after the 30th of July. *The king alone is now wanting!* That expression did not originate with General La Fayette, nor with any other person—it was in the mouth of everybody.

When on the 30th, M. Dupin arrived at Neuilly he heard that the prince was absent. “In the meantime, madam,” said he to the duchess, with that sound judgment and appropriate language which characterize all his acts, “it is time to decide; all uncertainty would be fatal. The ordinances have destroyed every compact with the elder branch. A reconciliation between the people and Charles X. has become impossible, and the entire of France has constantly had the most cordial sympathies with the Duke of Orleans. But it is, above all things, necessary to take a prompt and decisive part, else the triumph of the Revolution of 1830 may be lost in vain theories, terminating in no other result than anarchy. The Duke

doubt, that though Louis Philippe had not the *consensus omnium* with him in being made King of the French, he had a vast and powerful majority in his favour.—ED.

of Orleans can alone save us from invasion, for no power would dare to attack France, peaceable and strong under a constitutional king of her choice, and whose interests would never be separated from the national cause.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Opinion of the Princess Adelaide on the same subject, and reply of M. Thiers.—Charles X. borne away from France.—Important Declaration of the Chamber of Deputies.—The Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom called to the Throne.—His reply and acceptance of the Crown.—Popular demonstrations of strong feeling on the occasion.—Concurrence of the Chamber of Peers in the Declaration of the Deputies, and recognition of the new dynasty.—The Duke of Orleans eminently qualified to discharge the duties of a Sovereign.—On the 9th of August, the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom takes the oaths and his seat on the Throne, in the presence of the Chambers, as King of the French.—His first speech from the throne, as King.

“But,” said the Princess Adelaide, “we must take care lest France and Europe should be led to believe that a Revolution has been brought about at the palace.”—“Madam,” said M. Thiers, “the whole world knows that the Duke has not sought the crown, but that Charles X. having become an object of antipathy with the nation, it was natural that it should turn its eyes towards the Duke of Orleans, who by his honourable antecedents had given so many guarantees to liberty.”

In fact, while avoiding precipitation, it was necessary to act with firmness and lose no time, Charles X. and his family set out from Rambouillet on the 2nd of August, and directed their course towards Cherbourg, where a ship was in waiting to take them away from France. At Paris the passions began to be agitated. Some remains of the *Sansculottism* of 1798, some young men seduced by theories imperfectly understood, and by recollections of false greatness, seemed only to wait an opportunity of turning the work accomplished in the name of the Charter to their own account, in promoting the objects of their ideas, and perhaps of their ambitions. At that moment the least symptom of disunion among the victors, or of disorder in Paris, might have caused the most serious complications and the greatest perils. But, fortunately, the Chambers were constituted, and in a position to command circumstances.

On the 6th of August, at the moment that one of the Paris Deputies was calling upon the Chamber for the impeachment of the Ministers who had signed the ordinances of the 25th of July, M. Bérard proposed various modifications of the Chamber of 1814, and a declaration dated from the following day. The Chamber was in permanent session, a committee was appointed, and had chosen for its reporter M. Dupin, the reporter upon the Address of 221. The discussion immediately fol-

lowed the report. Never, perhaps, did any deliberative assembly present a more admirable display of coolness and dignity. All sentiment, all opinions, all regrets were respected. Protected in some manner by the *prestige* alone of its high mission, and by the consideration attaching to the names of almost all the members, it succeeded in the midst of a city full of tendencies to revolution in maintaining its liberty as a Chamber, as well as the personal liberty of each individual. Next day the following declaration was unanimously adopted:—

“The Chamber of Deputies taking into consideration the imperious necessity which results from the events of the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July last, and the following days, and the general situation in which France has been placed in consequence of the violation of the Constitutional Charter; considering, also, that, in consequence of that violation and the heroic resistance made to it by the citizens of Paris, his Majesty Charles X., his Royal Highness Louis Antony, Dauphin, and all the members of the elder branch of the Royal House, having at this moment departed from the French territory, declare that the throne is vacant in fact and right, and that it is indispensable to provide for it.

“The Chamber of Deputies declare, secondly, that in accordance with the wishes and interests of

the French people, the preamble of the Constitutional Charter is suppressed, as wounding the national dignity, by appearing to grant to Frenchmen rights which essentially belong to them, and that the articles following the same Charter ought to be suppressed in a manner which shall be indicated."

Then after going into some verbal details not necessary to refer to here, the declaration continues:—

"To provide for the acceptance of these views and propositions, the Chamber of Deputies declare finally that the universal interest and earnest desire of the French people call to the throne his Royal Highness Louis Philippe of Orleans, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and his descendants in perpetuity in the male line by order of primogeniture, to the perpetual exclusion of females and their descendants.

"In consequence hereof his Royal Highness Louis Philippe, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, shall be invited to accept and swear to the clauses and engagements aforesaid, the observance of the Constitutional Charter and the modifications indicated, and after having done so before the assembled Chambers to assume the title of King of the French."

The original of this important instrument is signed by the president and the two secretaries of

the Chamber; James Laffitte, who occupied the official chair, in the absence of Casimir Périer; General Jacqueminot, now Commandant of the National Guards of the Department of the Seine; M. Cunin-Gridaine, Minister of Agriculture and of Commerce, M. Jars, and M. Pavée de Vandœuvre, raised by the King to the dignity of Peer of France.

Scarcely had the resolution passed, when the whole Chamber, preceded by the National Guard, went on to the Palais-Royal, where the members were received by the Lieutenant-General surrounded by his family.

M. Laffitte read the declaration to the Duke of Orleans. The reply of the prince deserves to be carefully preserved for ever.

“I receive,” said he, “with profound emotion, the declaration which you have presented to me. I regard it as the expression of the national will; and it appears to me conformable with the political principles which I have professed all my life. Full of recollections which made me always desirous of never being destined to ascend a throne; free from ambition, and accustomed to the peaceful life which I lead in the midst of my family, I cannot conceal from you the feelings which agitate my breast at this great juncture, but there is one which prevails over all others, and that is the love of my country; I know what it dictates, and shall do it.”

The Duke of Orleans was deeply affected and shed tears in concluding his reply. The emotion of the prince, the warmth with which he embraced M. Laffitte, the touching picture of his family around him, the enthusiasm which took possession of the whole assembly, the cries of *Vive le Roi ! Vive la Reine ! Vive la Famille Royale !* which resounded on all sides, the tears with which all eyes were filled, the acclamations a thousand times repeated, which were raised by an immense multitude in the court-yard of the palace—all concurred in giving to the scene the character of the finest and most moving drama that has ever been presented to view in the annals of a nation.

It was then that, satisfied in his conscience with the work in which he had faithfully co-operated, and his heart being full of all which of itself excited a delightful sensation amidst the smiles of the multitude, the old friend of Washington, the prisoner of Olmutz,* took him by the hand, and representing the sentiments of all, said,—“There ! we have performed good deeds ; you are the king we want.”

At ten o'clock that night the Chamber of Peers, with Baron Pasquier at their head, came to the Palais-Royal, to present to the Duke of Orleans their homage and adhesion to the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies. The prince replied

* The gallant and venerable General La Fayette.—ED.

almost in the same terms as in the preceding instance.

The double declaration of the Chambers, and the acceptance of the Duke of Orleans, were no sooner made known than they diffused universal joy among all classes of the population. They crowned, by a pledge of peace and security, the triumph of the Three Days. However pure it may appear, and with whatever glory it may be surrounded, still the word "Revolution" always alarmed the peaceful and industrious classes. In France, and in Paris especially, it recalled sad and distressing remembrances. To deny it would be not to write history, but to act with dissimulation towards the world at large; and, moreover, no inconvenience can arise from candidly admitting the fact. From the 31st of July to the 9th of August, certain disquietudes were admixed with the satisfaction experienced by serious and reflecting men. They had anxieties about peace without fearing war; they were apprehensive about the public tranquillity.

The National Guard and the Chamber of Deputies inspired universal confidence. But a chief was wanting to the one, and the legislative meetings could neither have vigorous action, nor external strength, unless by their union with a well organised executive power. The experience of the past had taught the people of Paris clearly

to understand that important fact, and the moment had come for recollecting it. It was necessary also that the very morning after the Revolution France should resume her relations with Europe, and that she should resume them upon such terms as that in taking a high position, while maintaining her dignity, her language should inspire full and entire confidence.

To place the sceptre in the hands of the Duke of Orleans, was at once to settle all these difficulties ; to reconcile the interests of the Revolution with those of public security—the well appreciated advantages of peace with the exigencies of the national dignity. Fifteen years before the same was said not only in the *salons*, and in diplomatic communications confidentially made, not only at the meetings of men engaged in public affairs, but repeated by the people in the identical words used at the time : “ There is the king we want ! ”

The Duke of Orleans united in his own person all the qualities necessary for the safety of the Revolution and of France ; and, still more, he alone had it in his power to do so. No other person than himself could have had the confidence to undertake the same task. Whatever might have been said afterwards, it is certain that a prince of the Blood Royal was necessary to the Revolution, and to the country ; one of those men who were placed by birth above all ambitions, and beyond all

rivalries—a king who was not without ties with the past, nor without engagements with the future. It was necessary that the throne should be surrounded by a numerous and brilliant family. “The Duke of Orleans calls himself Bourbon,” said La Fayette, writing in 1830, “but that very name is the best possible guarantee against war.” The Duke of Orleans belonged to the Revolution, as also to the glorious line of the Kings of France; he had all his life allied to his illustrious descent the love of public freedom; his name, his position, satisfied all wishes, gave security to all interests, responded to all hopes.

Thus with what joy did the people witness the arrival of the 9th of August, the day on which the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, after taking the oath, was to assume the title of King of the French! The whole population stationed itself between the Palais-Royal and the Chamber of Deputies, no longer impatient and wild from impetuosity as in the days of the conflict, but calm and satisfied. An air of contentment was brightly visible in every countenance, joy and hope were in all hearts. It had been well if the vast multitude then assembled with the eager desire of seeing the Duke of Orleans, and of testifying to him their respect, devotedness, and gratitude, were asked what motive had induced them to elevate a Bourbon as their great protecting power, and if

the word "although" or the word "because" should decide the question. What would have been the answer of the men of the Three Days? It would have been this:—

"We have chosen him *because* he, a prince, has been brought up in the love of his country and of liberty; *because* he has nobly passed through times abounding in practical lessons of all kinds; *because* adversity has proved and instructed him; *because* prosperity has neither made him forget the convictions of his youth, nor the lessons of his misfortune.

"We have chosen him *because* his whole life is a pledge of a sincere respect for our liberties, in connection with that firmness which maintains and secures the reign of the laws.

"We have chosen him *because* around him one of the finest families which it is possible to behold, adds to our security and to our hopes.

"We have chosen him *because* God, in preserving him through so many perils, in conducting him through so many vicissitudes as one of his chosen people, in plenteously supplying him with treasures as a father and prince, appears himself to have designed him for our suffrages, and reserved for our days so decisive a proof of the fact."*

* This eulogy is very highly wrought, and too elaborately

At two o'clock the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom set out from the Palais-Royal at the head of a numerous staff in order to proceed to the Chamber. On his way the crowd was immense. He was hailed throughout with loud and uninterrupted acclamations. The princes, his eldest sons, the duchess, then about to become queen, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and the younger princes and princesses had also their share in these enthusiastic manifestations of homage.

At half-past two o'clock the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom entered the Hall of the Peers, where the Deputies were assembled, preceded by four Marshals of France. His entry elicited the most animated demonstrations of joy. The hall was richly decorated. The Deputies were numerous, and the peers represented by the most brilliant illustrations of the order, the tribunes presenting a *coup-d'œil*, extremely pleasing and vivid in display.

In an instant the most profound attention marked the scene. By order of the Lieutenant-General, M. Périer, President of the Chamber of

and artificially framed ; yet, considering the suggestive nature of the subject, and the devotedness of the author to his royal patron, perhaps it might pass without commentary, had not the recent policy of Louis Philippe tended so much to derogate from the splendid qualities and noble disinterested conduct previously ascribed to him.—ED.

Deputies, read in audible and emphatic accents, the declaration of the 7th of August. Baron Pasquier placed in the hands of the prince the act of adhesion of the Chamber of Peers. His Royal Highness then expressed himself in these terms:—

“GENTLEMEN PEERS, GENTLEMEN DEPUTIES,

“I have read with great attention the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies, and the adhesion of the Chamber of Peers; I have considered it, meditated upon all its expressions. I accept without restriction or reservation the clauses and engagements which are contained in that declaration, and the title of ‘King of the French’ which it confers on me, and I am ready to swear due observance of the same.”

At these words his Royal Highness rose, and with his head uncovered took the following oath.

“In the presence of God! I swear faithfully to observe the Constitutional Charter, with the modifications expressed in the declaration; not to govern but by the laws, and according to the laws; to cause true and exact justice to be rendered to each individual, according to his right; and to act in all things with the sole view of promoting the

interest, happiness, and glory of the French people.”

Acclamations of *Vive le Roi des Français! Vive la Famille Royale!* were reiterated in every direction, and Louis Philippe subscribed the oath which he had just taken. The marshals presented to him the sceptre, the sword, and the hand of justice. He then took his place on the throne, and spoke as follows:—

“GENTLEMEN PEERS, GENTLEMEN DEPUTIES,

“I have consummated a great act. I feel profoundly the extent of the duties which it imposes on me, my conscience assures me that I shall fulfil them. It is with that full conviction I have accepted the compact of the alliance which has been proposed to me. I should earnestly desire never to occupy the throne, to which the national will has just called me, but France, attacked in her liberties, beheld public order in danger; the violation of the Charter had thrown everything into confusion. The operation of the laws was to be re-established, and to the Chambers belonged the power of effecting that object; you have done so, gentlemen. The wise modifications which we have just made in the Charter, guarantee the security of the future, and of France, which I hope will be happy at home, respected abroad, and the

peace of Europe more and more firmly consolidated.”

Renewed acclamations were called forth by these words. The whole concourse within the hall rose simultaneously, as the king descended the steps of the throne, and he retired from the Chamber, saluted in a similar spirit of enthusiasm.

About fourteen years and a half after the events which we have just narrated, King Louis Philippe found himself in the midst of the representatives (*mandataires*) of the nation, called together for the purposes of going through the annual labours of the session. Peers and Deputies came pressing on together within the same common circle. The tribunes were graced with a brilliant and numerous auditory; Africa vanquished and submissive,* had its representatives. Europe, through its ambassadors, paid all due attention to the words which came from the throne. The following was the tenor of them:—

“My relations with all foreign powers continue to be pacific and amicable, you, gentlemen, are witnesses of the prosperous state of France, you have seen displayed throughout all parts of our

* In this assertion, national pride and self-love are very excusable; for though Africa was not then quite vanquished, nor Abd-el-Kader entirely crushed, and doomed to surrender himself a captive to the foe, there was not any Arabian, Musulman, or Mauritanian host that could encounter a French army in the open field.—ED.

territory our national activity protected by wise laws, and receiving in the midst of order, the fruits of its labours. The elevation of public credit, and the balance established between our receipts and expenditure, annually, attest the happy influence of that situation upon the general affairs of the State, and the welfare of all.

“Gentlemen, Providence has imposed upon me great labours, and doleful trials. I have accepted the burden. I am bound myself, and I have bound my family, to the service of my country. Founded for a long future, their union and their welfare, is that which, after fourteen years, is the object of my constant efforts. I trust that with your loyal concurrence, God will enable me to attain it, and that France, free and happy, will be the reward of our mutual devotion, and the honour of my reign.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Fourteen years' experience of the New Reign.—Happy Results.

—Glory to be acquired, Difficulties and Danger to be encountered.—Contrast between the effects of two Memorable Revolutions.—Pacific policy of the King most conducive to the power and prosperity of France.—Wild excitement of the War-party.—Sympathy with the War-party, and causes of it.—Great wisdom and firmness of the King.—Napoleon's failure in attempting to found a new dynasty.—The King of the French, while intent on the preservation of Peace, makes the most extensive preparations for War as the best means of securing that object.

NEVER before had the words of a sovereign been pronounced with more authority, or received with more conviction and sympathy, than on that occasion. France, happy under wise laws, given up to the full enjoyment of peace, and triumphant as in the days of her most brilliant victories,—such was the work of this reign of fourteen years, gained by the devotedness and great sagacity of that man—that father of a family, in whose hands a sceptre was placed in 1830.

The day on which the Chamber of Deputies, on which the nation at large came to the Duke of Orleans, and said to him, “ Monseigneur, you are

king!" his task commenced. And if no other man could more perfectly comprehend than the prince, what was the glory, what the grandeur of such an undertaking,—so likewise, no man could more clearly see in anticipation what were the difficulties, troubles, and dangers, which it presented to him. He is not one of those who have learned nothing.* He has learned much, and forgotten nothing that he has learned. History will faithfully record how and by whom a difficult and perilous work has been achieved. It is not our purpose to enter into the particulars of it. Our object was to write the life of Louis Philippe, the private life of a king, and that it should conclude on the day that his reign commenced. The work, however, ought not to terminate without a retrospective glance over the fourteen years of a reign so full of glorious associations, and so popular in its origin. The life of the Duke of Orleans has been a long and continued preparation for the part for which Providence has reserved him. That part was by no means an easy one. However high might have been the ideas entertained of order in a powerful nation, and in a city with a vast influx of foreigners—a city comprising nearly a million of inhabitants—still the agitation caused by such a shock as that of 1830, could not be supposed to

* This refers to Napoleon's contemptuous opinion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, who, he said, had "learned nothing, and forgotten nothing."—ED.

subside and disappear without great difficulties. The Revolution which took place on that occasion, brought too many interests into collision, involved too many ambitions, excited too many passions of every kind : it could be accomplished in some days, but it left behind an immense task for those whose rank and patriotic devotedness caused the stability and complete execution of the work to be entrusted to their charge.

It is not, perhaps, to the contemporaries of king Louis Philippe that it will be useful to recall to mind the numberless dangers of such an enterprise. In the beginning, men were seen on the point of sinking under them, borne down with pain under so oppressive a burden, yet not on that account the less illustrious for their fidelity and courage. But there let us leave painful recollections and easy comparisons. Let us look at the picture which France has presented fourteen years after a Revolution, at two distinct epochs, which closely approach each other in our history.

In 1803 France appeared great and powerful. Almost tranquil at home, victorious abroad, she had witnessed the attempt at civil war suppressed, and her arms triumphant upon all points of her frontiers. Those wounds which were not healed until forty years afterwards, were at least closed. The empire of the laws was placed on a solid foundation. The church was re-established, that univer-

sity on the point of being erected, which was to give to society its basis and its moral obligations; commerce was reviving with wonderful activity; and, if it be not possible to speak of public credit at that epoch, at least order repaired our finances. But the Revolution which had cost so much blood, so many tears, what was the result of that? Some reforms in the civil law and the administrative centralization, perverted into an instrument of despotism. That liberty which, on its first appearance the people called holy, for which they had suffered so much, and the reverence for which still existed in the depth of generous hearts, what had become of that? It was with difficulty that a few traces of it could be found in political laws, and these vestiges were about to disappear. The year 1830 has given rise to no conquests in Europe: it has not been able to shew the trophies of fourteen armies: it has preserved peace, but with it liberty, —that liberty which, to use an expression of a noble writer, “can look glory in the face.”

Thus, at the expiration of the fourteen consecutive years after 1789, France, in return for the greatest sacrifices and the most terrible ordeals, had nothing or almost nothing remaining as the result of those rights which the Revolution had conquered, and of the hopes which it had at first excited. To re-establish order—to restore internal prosperity—it was necessary to make a new sacrifice, that of

principles in the name of which the people had fought. The progress made was by a retrograde movement, in reconstructing and replastering an edifice built up from old ruins! Behold, then, the fruits of all that took place since 1791!—the countless proofs of want of forecast, the weak and feeble designs, and the wild and dreadful excesses in which the revolutionary spirit lost itself. Who could then dream of the development of ideas, and of liberal reforms? Men were engaged only in paralysing principles, or in imposing restrictions upon them. Writing on this subject in 1799, La Fayette said, “The national masses are neither royalists nor republicans; they are nothing of that which requires political reflection; they are opposed to the jacobins, to the conventionalists, to all those that have ruled since the republic has been established: they wish to get rid of the whole system; that will be by a counter-revolution.”

Such was our situation at home. In our external relations, the name of France shone forth with great brilliancy; and the negotiator of Campo-Formio had been able to say, with legitimate pride, “the French republic is like the sun.” But was that glory which has been purchased so dearly, accompanied with those conditions which alone constitute solid and durable power—which give an influence that is recognized and acknowledged, and not merely submitted to—which forms the strength of

a nation as well in peace as in war? France was victorious, but victory neither gave nor could give her peace. In the presence of vanquished foreigners she was still weak in all things, the precarious situation of the interior being considered. She beheld her navy annihilated, while the state of the finances did not admit of her creating a new one; and she at the same time lost her colonies.* The *prestige* of military triumphs should indeed be very powerful, to make us wish for such a situation as preferable in our eyes to that in which we find ourselves at the end of fourteen years after 1830. The most certain test of the real strength of a country is its power to maintain peace, in the midst of such events as those we have passed through. No weak government has ever succeeded in doing so.

In 1830, France had at first in Europe more enemies than friends: everybody proclaims the fact, and it is, they say, because she has been weak that her enemies have respected and not attacked her. But all the cleverness in the world would not have saved her in such a case as that. Hostility never hesitates, nor stops for a moment, except in the presence of strong positions, and resolutions promptly and judiciously taken. In maintaining

* These are home truths told against Napoleon, and well worthy the attention of certain persons who would fain make him appear as having been as able in the cabinet as he was formidable and prescient in the field.—ED.

peace without making the slightest sacrifice of her interests, or of her dignity—without alienating her freedom of action, or her initiative—France in our days has acquired more external force, more real and durable influence, than the greatest victories could have given to her for forty years before.

Fourteen years after 1789, the French Revolution was destroyed by its own excesses, and, as has been already observed, in the language of La Fayette, the national masses demanded only to be freed from it. Notwithstanding the prodigies of valour which signalized its armies, it was always under the ban of Europe, and France was obliged to renounce it, in some degree, in order to resume her place among nations.

Fourteen years after 1830, the Revolution is established with firmness and stability, unquestioned, undisputed. It has penetrated into the government in everything in which its principles were sanctioned by legitimate right, justice, and generous consideration. By these real advantages, by these benefits equally diffused around, it has caused the excesses of another epoch to be forgotten, and that even to the sacrifices imposed upon some private interests. The great body of the people, the “national masses,” are sincerely devoted to the cause; every day diminishes the number of its former enemies. They are now

placed under its protection, and avail themselves of the rights which it guarantees. At the same time, in discovering its strength, it has succeeded in creating allies in Europe, and in extending around it the prevalence of its principles, by resorting to the fire of cannon when necessary, to guard the freedom of action in issuing orders for distant expeditions, as well as for giving effect to the greatest enterprise that has been conducted by any government in our time—the conquest and colonization of Algeria.

Such are the results of the political system pursued since 1830. They leave nothing for us to envy at any epoch. And the pivot of that system, the keystone of the arch of the glorious monument which has been erected, is the king.

It is said, that, in 1830, there were fewer obstacles to the progress and stability of the Revolution, than had existed half a century before, and that the epochs were different. Forty years had passed away, but there are certain things, such as dates, which never pass away and never change. The principal difficulties which a Revolution has to encounter and overcome are of that description. In some respects, the Government, after 1830, was in a worse and more difficult situation than it was after the original Revolution. Our narrative of the various circumstances con-

nected with the personal history of the king, would not be complete, without a statement of these facts. Let us now give a summary account of the obstacles that were to be encountered, and how they have been surmounted both at home and abroad.

It was abroad, and in its relations with Europe, that the Government of July had especially its most difficult task to perform. If free from external complication, the difficulties at home might be easily surmounted, with firmness and resolution, by a line of conduct open and sincere, and in that respect nobody entertained the slightest doubt of the new king. But the maintenance of peace was indispensable to the preservation of order and public tranquillity. In 1791, the war powerfully contributed to agitate all minds and inflame the masses, while changing the revolutionary focus into a volcano. The war, with its excitements, its sudden turns of fortune, with its alternations of anguish and triumphant vehemence, was ill-calculated to reconcile large populations to the reign of the laws, and secure for those laws that submissive acquiescence to which they are entitled. Accompanied with liberty, peace is the source of all progressive improvement, and of all amelioration, both moral and positive. War (in revolutionary times more especially) is too prone to licentiousness; for the reign of justice,

it substitutes that of brute force; it familiarizes the people with blood.

The royalty of 1830 was hardly established, in the meantime, when already the War-party began to hasten around it. The new Government had been officially recognized by all the powers; its ambassadors were received everywhere, and no sovereign of the Holy Alliance had openly protested against the act of independence which France had just accomplished. According to certain opinions, however, France was menaced, war was inevitable, and it was better to seek, than to wait for it; better to come upon Europe by surprise, than allow it time to unite, and make arrangements for forming a new coalition. War, then, they exclaimed, even to the very highest degree to which it can be carried; war, which is always a misfortune, but which gives glory, proving that power confers on dynasties the baptism of glory! War! in the name of the principles of that freedom and independence proclaimed by the France of July! Let the tricolor cockade and flag once more go round the whole world!

They demanded, moreover, a revolutionary war, a war of the people against governments, that which should carry with it fire and furious destruction of all kinds—that which should annihilate the reign of the laws, habits of labour, the prosperity of states—that war, the very first result of which

would be to reduce the whole frame of society to a chaos, in the chimerical hope of causing a new creation to issue from it.

If even the least extravagant part of that political system had prevailed, but for a single day, being an act of the Revolution, nobody can say what might have been the destinies of France. The recollections of the past served, then, as a great and salutary warning to many persons.

Yet to resist this wild and furious impulse was no easy matter. It would have been dangerous to indulge in any favourable expectations as to the views and designs of the continental powers of Europe. It was not possible to believe them completely pacific, while seeing before their eyes an absolute optimism.* In all parts, considerable armaments were in an active state of preparation, and it was known that one of these powers, † particularly, had received with a very bad grace the first communications of the new Government.

On the other hand the violent speeches and vehement excitements of the War-party found an echo in the feelings of a people more ready to con-

* All the wild notions entertained by visionary enthusiasts as to a regenerated state of social and political existence,—one which shall be perfect in all respects, leaving nothing more to be desired, are very accurately defined by the single word “optimism.”—ED.

† Russia.—ED.

sult their glory than their interest; always prepared to sacrifice even to the appearance of a generous determination, the advantages of a situation actually obtained. That people, moreover, remembered the events of 1814 and 1815. They remembered that ruin had awaited those persons who had identified themselves with their cause, their misfortunes, and humiliations at the time, and they talked only of a revenge which should be most complete and signal. They held forth Europe as humbled, in turn, in the same manner as in the days of Marengo and of Austerlitz. All hearts were animated at the thought, and, if the Government had committed the error of adopting the War-party, for a single instant, it would have enjoyed some days of unprecedented popularity. If victorious, it might even, like the consul of the Brumaire,* dispose at will of the liberties and institutions of the country.

Many high-minded men of sound sense and great sagacity, understood this state of things perfectly well. But their wisdom and experience would have been lost to the country, if the throne, in 1830, had not been occupied by a man of still greater wisdom—of still more certain and complete experience.

There was also in the Chambers and in the country, a party favourable to peace. It was from

* Napoleon.—Ed.

their ranks that Louis Philippe selected his advisers and the defenders of the crown.

It was in the maintenance of peace that the king wished to seek the strength and renown necessary to the chief of a royal race. A man to whom he had caused statues to be raised, and whose remains one of his sons has brought to us, had attempted by war to found a new dynasty which was soon to become extinct at Schoenbrunn.* Louis Philippe desired to accomplish that difficult task by peaceful means, and to consolidate by benefits, by a glory more solid and lasting than that gained in fields of battle, the throne destined for his descendants.

But, in order to preserve peace, it was necessary to be prepared for war. He was obliged to shew himself, (if pressed by circumstances,) as decided in supporting it to the very last effort, as in not appearing to be its chief promoter.

This was the first thought of the new Govern-

* In allusion to Napoleon's impolitic and inauspicious marriage with Marie Louise, which was the precursor of his disastrous flight from Moscow, and all his subsequent misfortunes down to the day of his ocean-exile upon a distant rock. It most certainly was not by the death of young Napoleon, at Schoenbrunn, that his father's dynasty had become extinct. It had become extinct while his son and heir-apparent was growing up from infancy to boyhood, and several years before his decease. It had become extinct with the first capitulation of Paris, and the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainbleau.—ED.

ment. Even before the circumstances of the interior were known, the chances of war increased; before Belgium, Italy, and Poland had torn in pieces the compact of the Holy Alliance, all the efforts of the new Administration were directed towards the organization of the army, and supplying provisions for the arsenals and fortified places. The National Guards, even down to the smallest villages, were armed as if by enchantment. At the same time, outworks were erected on all the most vulnerable points around Paris, in abundant numbers to secure the seat of Government from a *coup de main*. Thus was the army placed on the war establishment, provided with abundant *matériel*, the arsenals well stored; while the generals were celebrated for many a victory, and the king and his sons appeared at the head of one million of National Guards near Paris, ready, if necessary, to make a heroic defence. Such was our situation. If, then, the new Government desired peace, it neglected nothing that could place the country in a condition to accept war, and make it prepared for all the consequences.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Revolution of 1830 the cause of insurrections in Belgium, Central Italy, and Poland.—Determined resistance to the war-party essential to the existence of the Government.—Casimir Périer the founder of a system of pacific policy.—Alliance between France and England.—Determined attitude of France with regard to its policy towards Belgium and the Italian Legations.—Violent attacks on the Government by the war-party.—The King refuses an offer made on the part of Belgium to elevate his son the Duke de Nemours to the throne of that country.—Character of the French war-party of 1831. — New war-party composed of political theorists.—The British alliance advantageous to France without interfering with her freedom of action except in remote cases.

A REVOLUTION of three days in France was sufficient to give to Europe a long and reverberating shock. In the month of September, 1830, Belgium broke asunder the bonds which had united it with Holland, Central Italy was in open insurrection, and Poland proceeded to take up arms for the reconquest of her independence. In the eyes of the Powers which attacked or threatened these insurrectionary movements, our Revolution of July was responsible. It was our example, our excitements, the hope of our support, which set all

Europe in a blaze. For our part, we hardly care for these reproaches. Far from receiving them with contrition, we seem disposed to accommodate ourselves to them with wonderful facility. Belgium, French for so long a period, was one of our outposts. Turned against us in 1815, it turned against the enemy. Its cause was our own. Italy, every town and village of which recalled, as it were, one of our victories; Rome, whose very name was popularized among us by that of an infant king in his cradle; Poland, our sister in arms and glory, the country of Poniatowski and his faithful companions; these most assuredly were more than enough to electrify a people less enthusiastic than ours—less prone to generous indiscretions. The War-party was indebted to all these circumstances for a power and popularity which rendered it formidable. A still greater impetus was often given to it by the sensation which the language of General Lamarque and of M. Mauguin produced upon the masses, when, from the height of the tribune, these orators invoked, in aid of the Italian and Polish insurrections, memorable and glorious recollections, and sought to inflame the councils of the nation with those passions and that involuntary abandonment to emotion, which are so easily excited where allusions are made to external affairs.

“In order that the Government might have suffi-

cient power of resistance for guarding the initiative of its policy, and the high direction appertaining to it, it was necessary that it should exhibit an union of more than ordinary address and wisdom: it was necessary that it should shew more courage and firmness than the most glorious conquerors had ever displayed.

The first step for securing a pacific policy was to adopt immediately a line of conduct clearly defined,—to proclaim openly and loudly the principles to be pursued, with the full determination of accepting all the consequences of not going beyond them. Such was our situation. The events in the midst of which people found themselves, were not yet general throughout the nation. New complications might spring up, and did, in fact, arise every instant; while the policy of the Tuileries, firm and determined, was carried into practical execution with a wisdom, a cleverness, and a perseverance, to which (if we may be permitted to speak of the state of the interior), we are indebted for fifteen years of peace so profound, that it has not been disturbed by the cannon of Antwerp, nor that of St. John d'Ulloa, nor by the entrance of the Tagus forced by our squadron, nor by the noise of our successes or reverses in Algiers.

At this day, hardly any question arises as to the wisdom of that policy. The name of the man who had the honour of acting upon it, in his responsi-

ble capacity in the Government, is now the subject of almost universal praise. All parties are agreed in rendering homage to Casimir Périer—all are desirous of following his example. Those who have not succeeded in carrying out that policy, which is identified with his name, still bow with reverence before the standard which they have abandoned.

The conduct of the Government at that time was, nevertheless, calumniated in various publications. With respect to those who have so often descanted upon it in such a manner as to bring the whole responsibility to bear upon the king, without claiming for him any of the honour, it may be permitted to us to say a few words.

It is necessary that the facts themselves be recalled to mind. All the Powers that had subscribed the treaties of 1815, had not shewn themselves hostile to our Revolution of July. One of them, on the contrary, (Great Britain,) had manifested the best dispositions towards the new Government. That alliance was a great point gained towards the preservation of peace. It would have been folly not to estimate it at its due weight; and again no quarter was so much to be relied upon as London, which had, to a certain degree, its Revolution of 1830. Popular manifestations of a very strong and energetic character, succeeded in achieving the triumph of that party in England, which, for a great number of years before, had peti-

tioned and talked about obtaining Parliamentary Reform. Thus in France and England two parties who, since the year 1815, had formed the constitutional opposition, came into power at the same time. Sympathy between them was naturally to be expected, and, to a certain extent, a community of interests.

To regulate her conduct in the almost general movement which took place in Europe, France had to place herself in a two-fold point of view, namely, that of her own interest and the interest of that alliance. With regard to particular States, those which bordered upon her frontier, and separated her from powers whose intentions she might suspect, she was only to take counsel of herself. But for remote events, and such as she was not yet brought into contact with, it was natural and wise that she should submit her conduct to the judgment of the English alliance. That, in fact, was the rule of our government after 1830. That, in fact, has been its constant policy, in its conduct and in its acts.

Belgium had hardly severed the tie which had linked it to Holland, when the French Government declared its intention to interfere, if necessary, for the independence of the new State. Still more with regard to the Italian insurrection, M. Casimir Périer said aloud, that if the Austrians entered Piedmont, war was certain. The same declaration protected the neutrality of Switzerland.

But it is further urged, that the War-party, wishing to be considered as having emanated from the Revolution, the new Government was bound to support all the revolutions which might take place in Europe. And then it is asked, what has been the intervention in Poland? what the intervention in central Italy? It was to these vehement demands that Casimir P erier replied, "French blood belongs only to France." He was right; and to be brief, if France has not interfered more actively in favour of Italy and Poland, it is because prudence imposed it as a rigorous duty upon her to undertake nothing at such a distance, except in concert with England. "I have reproached our Government (said General La Fayette, writing to Lord Holland on the 14th January 1832) for not having (through your fault) maintained alone, the elevated position in which we are placed by the Revolution of July 1830; but I must do it the justice to say, that if it had found you less cold, it would have pursued a more decided and salutary system, with regard to the affairs of Poland and of Italy." We have reason to believe, however, that very few persons still concur in the opinion then given by General La Fayette as to those events. But that mode of looking at public affairs could only give additional weight to the testimony he bore to the measures of the Government, whose policy found in him both a censor and an adversary.

History will have some difficulty in explaining the attacks and gross injuries directed against that policy, certain traces of which will be found in pamphlets produced at the time. These publications might be said to comprise only the occurrences which took place the day after the Revolution, being written in the midst of the general tumult. The line of conduct adopted by the Government most certainly had in it nothing of pusillanimity. Its language was strong and firm, and its acts were in accordance with its words. We could understand the reproaches of which we have spoken, if its policy had been condemned by events forming part of a system which was in some degree of a negative character. But it had its days of action, and occasions of giving proofs of it were not wanting. When a deputation of the Congress of Brussels came to make an offer of the throne to the Duke de Nemours, the king refused. "It shall never," said he, "be the thirst of conquests, or the honour of seeing a crown placed on the head of my son, that shall lead me to expose my country to a renewal of those evils which war brings with it in its train. The examples of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon, are sufficient to preserve me from the fatal temptation of erecting thrones for my sons, and to make me prefer the happiness of maintaining peace, to all the *éclat* of victories which in war French valour, signaling

itself under our glorious colours, could not fail to secure.”

But when intelligence was brought by telegraph that the independence of Belgium was again menaced, a telegraphic dispatch carried back an order to the garrisons of the North to pass the frontier, and thus openly placed the new State under the protection of France.

Still later, the Austrians making some symptoms of ill-suppressed disorders, and renewed discontents, either motives or pretexts for a prolonged sojourn in the Italian legations, France established a garrison in the citadel of Ancona, and declared that it should not quit it until after the evacuation of that part of Italy.

In 1830, no rational man wished for war. Everybody knew the dangers to which it would expose the internal tranquillity and liberties of the country, and especially no person of the least prudence, had dared to express a wish for a Revolutionary war. The party who talked so much about it in 1831, and made *émeutes* a prelude to their purpose, was composed of ambitious men, whose mode of living was precarious, and who had not time enough to turn to their personal advantage a Revolution accomplished in the short space of three days. They were men who the next day neither found in labour nor industry, the means of getting an honourable livelihood, and all whose resources

depended upon the disorders arising from agitation, carried out to an indefinite extent. In speculating on the passions of a people more disposed to enthusiasm than to reflection and calculation, in making an appeal to recollections which even now act so powerfully upon the popular fibre, those agitators had a favourable moment for producing the intended effect upon the masses.

But all those who, though men of warm hearts, did not renounce their claims to be considered men of sense, were not slow in evincing a just appreciation of the conduct of the Government; and the Minister in whose policy it was so gloriously represented, had hardly expired, when the public sorrow attested that the day of justice was approaching. In a short time the capitulation of the citadel of Antwerp, and the general disarmament of Europe, proved to the most incredulous, that the system of peace, the best for the interest of our finances, did not constitute a policy of inaction devoid of glory.

Thus, some years after the Revolution of July, the superior understanding and great firmness of the king, enabled him to solve to the advantage of France, the difficult problem of maintaining pacific relations with Europe. At home, the policy of Revolutionary war, that which for the sake of revolutions, would urge on the country to sacrifice its last man, and its last *sou*, had fallen into the

most complete discredit. Abroad, suspicious disquietudes, and ill-will were disarmed. France could disarm in turn, and she had obtained that immense result without having been obliged to adopt a policy which had no influence, or to make sacrifices which would have been more injurious to her than even war itself. In the diplomatic history of no reign can anything be found so ably and happily accomplished. The picture of the six years, the principal features of which we have just noticed, will be for the writer who may be worthy of undertaking the History of France, a subject not inferior in interest to anything recorded of the finest epochs of our annals.

Since that time, questions of peace and war have ceased to occupy a prominent place in our discussions. Every day, however, these words are re-echoed around us; we have seen a new War-party formed, not a Revolutionary War-party, and the Propaganda, but one which is in some respects of a political character. This new system is nothing more than that of the Revolutionists of 1831. Its logic is a transcript of the arguments then employed. War is inevitable, said Messrs. Mauguin and Lamarque, seek not for any assurance of the fact, you will not have to wait long. War is impossible said the men of 1840, nobody in Europe wishes it; peace has no need of cautious management and prudence. To expose such a system, it

would suffice as a proof of all its defects, to shew how much there is in it, which is both puerile and dangerous. In 1840, there had been also some days of popularity. Ill-suppressed passions, remembrances which reason alone could efface, which time did not destroy, served in addition to national prejudices, to agitate for an instant the minds of the multitude. But it was all of short duration, and the policy of peace derived from that test still higher value and greater strength.

To enter fully into the details of that subject would far exceed the limits prescribed to this work. The events of 1830, and those intervening between that epoch and 1835, inclusive, belong to history. That is a period of facts accomplished and decided. Those to which we are now alluding belong to the domain of polemics. The new War-party is far from abandoning its ideas, caprices, and would-be (*vellétés*) realities. It has not given up the thought of availing itself of any circumstances which may appear likely to render its system dominant, and we have lately seen it trying one or two (which history will hardly notice), with an ardour, a vehemence, and a display of oratory and grandiloquence worthy of a better cause. The country has entrusted itself to a king of peace, to a king always prepared for war, to a king whose great wisdom Europe admires, and who reigns not less by the eminent qualities of his mind and heart,

than by the dispositions and desires of the people, for whose happiness and prosperity he exercises his sway.

The grandest and finest result of his efforts is that which consists in placing France in full possession of what our neighbours call the government of the country by the country.* Besides, all men know that the fixed purpose of Louis Philippe, and the great object of his policy is to maintain peace so long as it shall not be incompatible with the honour of the country, and by an intimate union between France and England to render war impossible in Europe. In 1815, General La Fayette, alluding to this point, wrote thus:—

“At the place where I am now writing to you, my dear Lord Holland, he whose memory we cherish and venerate, Charles Fox, said to me, ‘if our two countries could have, at one time, one liberal administration, the cause of the human race would be gained.’” This wish was the dream of him who had been the friend of Fox and of Washington; the king of 1830 has already partly

* Here the author evidently alludes to England, in every part of which the principle has from time immemorial been carried into practical execution, and never once departed from, except where there have been arbitrary encroachments of the crown, or as in the instance of Cromwell, where an usurper has made tyrannical innovations in the abused name of liberty.
—ED.

succeeded in accomplishing and realising it. He has made it the honour of his reign, and the imperishable title of his dynasty to the gratitude of the country and of the world.

After fifteen years, British alliance has had its vicissitudes, and been appreciated in various ways. France has never alienated her liberty of action. Upon the same principle that England refused to join us upon the Polish and Italian questions, we have refused to interfere in Spain on her account, and to all sensible minds, even in England, events have justified our policy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Consolidation of the Alliance between France and England.— Practical effects of a pacific policy.—Peace the great principle of European policy at the present time.—Opinion of Abbé Sieyès with regard to Revolutionists.—Attacks on the Government of July.—False predictions.—Factionous plots.—Inconsistency of General La Fayette.—Intense excitement occasioned by the approaching trial of the Ministers of Charles X.—Reflections upon the crisis.—Precautionary measures for repressing popular violence.

AT the present day, the alliance between England and France appears to be more consolidated than ever, and each succeeding year affords the most convincing and gratifying evidences of it. The Queen of Great Britain has set the example of this cordial understanding, by paying her first visit to the King of the French at the Château d'Eu, and some months ago Louis Philippe was received in turn at Windsor by his august ally, with all those manifestations of profound respect which a display of all that was most distinguished and glorious in England could offer. At the same time, while both Governments are agreed in removing every trace of differences by which the

peace of Europe might be compromised, each is at liberty to exercise, either separately or in common, its due influence in all parts of the globe, in order to give practical development to the sentiments of generous hearts and high minds, in establishing civil and religious liberty in every region of the universe. These are important considerations, the recollection of which will, for many long years to come, survive the eccentricities and mishaps of M. Pritchard.*

Numberless attacks have been made upon our pacific policy, and nothing has been left undone to depreciate it in the estimation of the country, and persuade the public that the national dignity was compromised and its greatness abased by a diplomacy without honour or vigour. These are questions of a purely ministerial character, and which have nothing to do with the present subject; but we may still be permitted to appeal to facts which have been accomplished before our eyes. Without going farther back than the year 1836, we may ask, has it not been the policy of peace that has reduced the castle of St. Jean d'Ulloa, as also Antwerp, and added to the victory of Algiers, that of Constantine? Has it not been the policy of peace that has planted the tri-color flag in the

* The strong remonstrances made by this missionary and official agent against the conduct of the French at Tahiti, produced at the time a very great sensation.—ED.

midst of Oceania, which has re-established our influence in the East, in Greece, in Spain, and which has made Algeria a French territory for evermore? Do not the names of Tangier, Isly, and Mogador, belong to its history? Is it not the policy of peace that has opened new channels for our commerce and new directions for our civilization upon the most distant shores? That is the only policy by which nations in our days can undertake or execute any great enterprise. The contrary system appears to be suited only to men who are blind, ignorant, inflamed with passion, or confined in heart and spirit by considerations of self-interest. Taking Europe as we find it in its present state, a Napoleon himself could do nothing great by war. Peace is the element into which enlightened populations have now passed. In fifteen years more, peace will have given a totally new aspect to Europe, and we shall see accomplished, without shocks and violences, those Revolutions which war had stifled in their incipient growth, while compelling us to make a retrograde movement for half a century.

Never, in any country, did a Government see itself, at the commencement, surrounded with so many proofs of concord and sympathy as the present monarchy. "Not only the Chambers and the population of Paris," says La Fayette, "with 80,000 National Guards and 300,000 spectators in

the Champ de Mars, but there were also all the deputations of the towns and villages of France ; in a word, a whole bundle (*faisceau*) of adhesions, which, unsolicited, and beyond all doubt, bore testimony in favour of the new royalty."

Such almost general unanimity during the first days was a great object gained. It allowed the Government to establish in public offices men devoted to its cause, and to see that the regular proceedings of the authorities and the administration of public justice, were not interrupted in any respect. Advantage was taken of that moment of repose, with, perhaps, too much confidence. History and experience have taught us that, in times of Revolution, these descriptions of unanimity are not lasting. But who is the man that would not sometimes allow generous illusions to take the place of experience? A Revolution always destroys a great many interests and sympathies. It shuts up avenues to advancement, puts a stop to ambitions, and leaves behind it regrets which very soon are transformed into discontents. There are, moreover, according to an energetic and just observation of Sieyes, two sorts of Revolutionists, those who attack only abuses and injustice, and those who wish to attack the principles of order and of society. "United," he says, "for a moment by an apparent community of views, they soon separate, and the Revolutionists against order shew them-

selves more revolutionary than necessary, until the day they have gained the ascendancy, and then they detest and abjure the Revolution itself.”*

It was not to be hoped that the Revolution of July would be completely exempt from all these difficulties. Many persons believed, or affected to believe, that it would sink under them. Not only did they predict its downfall before three years, but even before three months. They went so far as to talk of it as a parody on the “Hundred Days.”

In one point of view these persons were right. The difficulties were undoubtedly great, and the danger at certain moments imminent. And yet, perhaps, not a single day has passed during the last

* It is very extraordinary, that language like this should have proceeded from a turbulent and disreputable ecclesiastic, who acquired so much notoriety as a republican constitution-monger and regicide. Surely it ill-became the man who voted for the death of the guiltless, though misguided, Louis XVI., to stand up, as he did, in the tribune, to inveigh against the atrocities of the monster Robespierre! How happens it, that this worthless member of the sacerdotal order never thought of preaching or propounding the doctrine he has since advanced, at the time when, not content with depriving the king of his crown, he deemed it also his duty, as a “patriot,” to lend his active cooperation in taking away his life? Verily, it may well be said, that the affinities between Sieyes and the ruler of a certain nameless region are not far removed, and, meanwhile, the old adage will here hold good, the condemnations of crime by the former being hardly less endurable than the corrections of sin by the latter.

fourteen years, without giving to the Government of July additional force and stability.

The Revolution was carried amidst cries of "Live, the Charter!" The first words addressed by the Duke of Orleans to the nation that had chosen him, were, "the Charter shall be henceforth a reality." The Charter, in its revised form, gave satisfaction to all men of wise and moderate opinions. It provided guarantees against the return of those abuses which had ruined the cause of the Restoration. The Charter at home, peace abroad, such was to be, and, in point of fact, such has been, the policy of the new reign.

This is called the policy of the "*juste milieu*," and an attempt is made to turn into derision a phrase so appropriate and prudent. Those who have attentively read the parliamentary debates of 1831 and 1832, may remember the agreeable pleasantries of General La Fayette at that time. Yet he was himself upon one, and doubtless upon more than one occasion in the course of his life, a partisan of the "*juste milieu*." "Give to the nation," said he, writing in 1799, "liberal institutions, a government harmonizing with them, and composed of honest men, and you will return to the first ideas of Revolution, with less enthusiasm for liberty, but more fear of tyranny, and with a love of repose which will make it detest all commotion, whether aristocratic or jacobin." Now these words apply to

nothing else, but the system of the "*juste milieu*," one which the policy of 1830 has completely realised.

The new royalty had to encounter two sorts of adversaries, the partisans of the fallen dynasty and the ultras of another school—those who would be called at the present day, *revolutionists to the death*. The month of July took both parties by surprise. That Revolution, which certain persons represented to have been prepared at the expense of so many sacrifices, and contrived with such address, had neither been foreseen nor expected by any one individual. Those who wished to arrest its progress, as well as those who desired to see it realize its object, were equally astonished, and, as it were, stupified—the former at their defeat, the latter at their victory. The first dazzling display being over, both contemplated the work with wonder. The intriguing agents of the Carlist party were at first struck dumb, and immersed in darkness. Immediately afterwards their eyes were turned towards La Vendée, where they still might find some unfortunate dupes to mislead, and towards those absolute sovereigns of foreign States, the main support of all their dearest hopes. At this day, when a dynastic war is rendered almost impossible, it is very easy to disclaim the imputation of seeking foreign aid, and say that the party never desired any such support. But after 1830, their agents used very different

language. "It is impossible that the Legitimates can of themselves re-establish legitimacy," said one of its most devoted partisans, in writing to the Duchess de Berri; and, he added, "everybody is also persuaded that the Revolution is not in a state to resist a coalition of Europe, without which the Royalists can do nothing."

The Legitimists calculated also a good deal upon anarchy—upon that licentiousness which they believed to be inseparable from every Revolution. These men, professing to belong to a monarchical and religious party, would see without displeasure the scaffold of Louis XVI. re-erected, the cross broken down, the priests massacred, and all laws, both human and Divine, violated. The greater the excesses committed in dishonouring the liberal cause, the more certain appeared to them the means of achieving their triumph.*

The Jacobins, in fact, appeared to revive. The first club was opened in the Rue Montmartre, under the name of the "Society of the Friends of the People," and was closed by the National Guard. We have had already, in this narrative, many occa-

* There is unquestionably much truth in all this; but the author goes too far in unqualified condemnation, when he exhibits any number of his fellow-men in so odious and horrible a light, however selfishly vindictive they may be. This is one of those cases in which, as I have stated in the Preface, he must be judged of rather by his *facts*, than by his *opinions*.—Ed.

sions to cite the opinions and testimony of General La Fayette. It is an authority which ought not to be suspected of partiality to the New Government, and the policy which it has succeeded in carrying out. In the month of October, he said, in an order of the day addressed to the National Guards of the department of the Seine, "It is as evident at this day as in the first years of the Revolution, that the enemies of liberty (which is sovereign justice) would wish to see it debased by anarchy, supported by crime, and contemned by peaceable citizens, who readily confound it with the injury done by troubles destructive of their repose, industry, and legal order. Certainly it is not by such means we could consolidate what has been gained by the glorious Revolution of the "Great Week." The evil then was flagrant, the danger well known, and he felt the urgent necessity of applying an immediate remedy to it.

The General, in allusion to a more remote epoch (1798), has said, "Do not think that I have the silliness (*niaiserie*) to suppose that *all can be subdued, all saved, all convinced*, merely by limiting every object to the proclamation of the *Rights of Man*. No, I believe that there must be an active police, a vigorous government, and severe laws, severely executed. But then those laws ought to be as just as their execution should be unmovable. I agree that, in our times, there has been too much

mildness and impunity. I do not think that Government ought to set aside the experience it has acquired, and abandon to its enemies the tactics they may use against it, thus placing itself at the mercy of its adversaries, or even of parties who may be indifferent to its interests." The conduct to be pursued was forcibly pointed out in these words. And yet nobody can forget how much that evil and danger, of which they give warning, have been aggravated by the hesitations and differences of men of the best intentions and the most capable of applying to them the necessary remedy.*

The first occasion which presented itself to parties for agitating the minds of the masses, was the trial of the Ministers who had signed the criminal ordinances. They were arraigned at the prosecution of the Chamber of Deputies. Four of them were arrested, and of that number two men, Messrs. de Polignac and de Peyronnet, whose positions in the late ministry of Charles X., in connection with their antecedents, provoked the public wrath against them, in the highest degree. The accusation was ready, the tribunal of the

* These frequent references to the principles of La Fayette, as forming the basis of Louis Philippe's policy, only prove how anxious the author is to have the sanction of the great departed leader of the popular host, for a system which that celebrated veteran had so ably advocated in theory, but to which in practice he had not the firmness to adhere.—ED.

peers had made the capture, the crime was unquestionable—what was to be the punishment?

Death had been no new infliction, in matters involving political and ministerial responsibility, and perhaps those persons well deserved it, who, to support the violation of the laws, had ordained that French blood should be profusely shed by French hands. But, the conflict being over, was it fitting, in the name of a victorious Revolution, that still more blood should be shed, even where the guilty were concerned, that heads should be consigned to the executioner, and that scaffold re-erected for perjured and vanquished Ministers on which so many noble victims had perished, so many unfortunate beings, whose miserable end has caused their errors and faults to be forgotten! Certain individuals contended that recourse should be had to a signal example, a terrible chastisement. The violation of the laws by the highest depositories of public power! Was not that the greatest of all crimes? How remove it from the application of the most severe punishment to be found in our penal enactments? And in this case, too, the violation of the laws had been supported by force of arms! Blood had gushed forth, and our monuments exhibited almost everywhere recent marks of the combat; every quarter had its dead and wounded! Perjured towards the constitution, traitors to their country, abettors of civil

war, the ministers of Charles X. had deserved death thrice over !

These sentiments, these words of vengeful justice, found an echo among the masses, nor should the fact excite any surprise, this being the first opportunity for agitation which was offered to all those who thought that the Revolution had terminated too rapidly.

Before the trial commenced, a generous voice, that of a man whose devotedness to the cause of liberty could not be doubted, M. de Tracy, proposed to the Chamber of Deputies, the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences. Upon so grave a question, and under such circumstances, the Chamber could not venture to undertake the full responsibility of the initiative. Its only decision was, that it would convey to the foot of the throne, an Address expressive of the desires, and in conformity with the generous purpose in which the motion had originated. Thus did the Chamber associate one of the most cherished thoughts that influenced the heart of the king with one of the strongest convictions, which, in the mind of that prince, proved to be the result of high intelligence and vast experience.

The trial of the Ministers of Charles X., is a fact which is almost forgotten at the present day. How many intervening events are there to make it escape our recollection ! But if we go back for a

moment to the latter part of the year 1830, at the expiration of the "Hundred Days" (the first lease ironically granted to the establishment of the 8th of August), we shall find perhaps that the new royalty had to pass through a most difficult, most perilous, and most decisive ordeal. The policy of order and of moderation was brought into contact for the first time, with the feelings of a people excited to such a degree that they were ready to forget all respect for the laws, all regard for their own interests. Any wish to save the Ministers who were objects of their rage, was in some degree to make a man appear an accomplice in the crime of the guilty parties.

In the Chambers, and in the ranks of the National Guards, numerous citizens shewed themselves inspired by more generous sentiments, and at least disposed to respect the judgments decreed by the Charter, whatever they might be. But with a great many of them that was only the effect of an indulgent disposition, an emotion of pity. Besides they were anxious to guarantee the freedom of the judges, while adopting measures in due time for facilitating the execution of their award, and affording to the condemned the last sad protection, threatened as they were with vengeance excited beyond all calculation, and which could not fail to be still further inflamed by parties interested in the continuance of troubles and anarchy.

At such a conjuncture it was necessary to unite to a resolute determination capable of making the greatest sacrifices, a thorough conviction of the danger which real liberty and the cause of order might encounter in circumstances so urgent and perilous. It was necessary to understand and feel that now as at other times the whole Revolution was involved in the final issue of a great legal process. To leave to the rage of the masses even for a single day the sovereignty of judgments, and the liberty of condign punishments, would be to surrender into their hands those arms which they would very soon turn against the parties from whom they had either received or taken them away. It would be to entrust them to persons who were to be still further inflamed with a desire for blood and satisfaction.

Among the most moderate men, and those with the best intentions, there were several, however, who thought that there was more danger in resistance where the cause was so unpopular and so devoid of sympathies; and that it would be better to yield upon that ground, and seek (even in the satisfaction given to the resentment of the people) for new force, to struggle afterwards against every attempt at disorder. That was undoubtedly a false and dangerous calculation, but those who made it were actuated only by good intentions. With courage and resolution, they might be relied upon

for the maintenance of order. To hesitate with them would have been total destruction. A loyal and firm conduct then was the only safety.

The king comprehended wonderfully well all the difficulties of such a situation ; but he had also very fortunately the resolution necessary to overcome them. He had for his Ministers, Messrs. Laffitte, De Montalivet, Dupont (de l'Eure), Marshal Soult, General Sébastiani, d'Argout, and Merilhou ; General La Fayette commanded the National Guards of the department of the Seine ; Casimir Périer presided over the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Pasquier directed the debates of the Chamber of Peers. They all, with more or less determination and energy, were animated with the same sentiments.

During the trial, which lasted eight or ten days, Paris was one continued scene of agitation. Vast assemblages of persons made their way from all quarters towards the palace of the Luxembourg, in the direction of the Palais-Royal, and on to the Chamber of Deputies. Day and night, whole legions of the National Guards, and a considerable portion of the garrison, remained on foot. Never was a more admirable display offered to the public view than that presented by these soldiers, composed of citizens united for the maintenance of order, and for the purpose of causing due respect to be paid to justice, in reference to persons who

had lately filled their ranks with mourning, while arming them against each other. The courage shewn on the field of battle had nothing more heroic in it than the patience of these men, inaccessible to all suggestions, to all provocations, and opposing with arms in their hands, an infrangible barrier to popular passion and vengeance. The nearer the day of final decision approached, the more critical became the situation: On the last day the danger was immense, and never did circumstances require more resolution, presence of mind, and energy. It was necessary to conduct from the Luxembourg, and lead back, safe and sound, the men whose heads were vehemently demanded by the people. The Minister of the Interior, Count Montalivet, was unwilling that any other person than himself should incur the responsibility of that most arduous and perilous task. It was to him belonged, in the manner of discharging his duty, the danger and the honour of causing the decrees of justice to be respected, or of dying with those whose fate it was to determine.

CHAPTER XXV.

Devotedness and Energy of the Minister of the Interior (M. de Montalivet). — Issue of the Trial, and its effect upon the public mind. — Movements of the Anarchists.—Admirable conduct of the National Guard of Paris.—Great difficulties. —Disorders at Lyons.—Ravages of the cholera at Paris.— Noble proofs of humanity given by the late Duke of Orleans. —Funeral of General Lamarque.—Insurrection of the Anarchists.—Astonishing coolness and intrepidity of the King.— Remonstrance of Ultra-liberal Deputies.—Dignified reproof by the Sovereign. — “Society of the Rights of Man.” — Regicide its first precept. — New Jacobins. — Suppression of an Insurrection at Lyons.—The new Jacobin Club broken up.—Insurgents succeeded by Assassins.—The King’s life attempted by a pistol-shot from an unknown hand.

M. DE MONTALIVET was not thirty years of age at that time. He had taken an active part in the struggles of constitutional opinion under the restoration, and was deservedly appreciated by men of the greatest eminence. He was one of the first to pronounce in favour of the Revolution of July. Louis Philippe, an excellent judge, distinguished him among the young men of that epoch, for his sincerity of character, his just and elevated mind, and for the generosity of a heart always ready to under-

take noble enterprises with zeal and fidelity. He discovered in him a man of determination and promptitude, and when the day of peril came, he associated his young and resolute spirit in the same council with those graver and more experienced personages who composed the ministry. In a career already of long duration, M. de Montalivet had never once fallen off for a single instant in the good opinion of the king, whom he has served with zeal and independence. His conduct during the trial of the Ministers of Charles X. will of itself justify the choice which has called to the discharge of the highest public duties, a person so young as regards the great importance of his rank and position.

No person could have done more in maintaining order than he effected, in most difficult circumstances. Wherever there was danger, there the youthful minister became personally responsible. He was, without the slightest doubt, one of those who co-operated, with the greatest efficiency, in bringing a dangerous and decisive crisis to a happy and pacific conclusion. Afterwards, the king found him as devoted and disinterested in council, as he had shewn himself courageous and bold in his resistance to popular passions. It was, in a great measure, to M. de Montalivet that France was indebted for the formation of the cabinet of the 13th of March, which placed the

policy of peace in the ascendant. He had become, by the death of Casimir Périer, Minister of the Interior, when, on the 5th of June, 1832, the *émeute* turned into an insurrection and an attempt at civil war. On that day, no man could be more ardently earnest than he was in maintaining the safety of the monarchy. Still later, M. de Montalivet had it in his power to attach his official signature to the decree of amnesty. Among all the ministerial personages of that epoch, there is not one whose career is so fine and so perfect. We have dwelt upon the circumstances attaching to the trial of the Ministers of Charles X., and we have stated the reason. That first crisis was decisive. The judgment which awarded different punishments to the guilty parties, but without pronouncing against any of them the sentence of death, was delivered at night, and caused a certain sensation in the ranks of the National Guards and in the minds of the people. But all contingencies had been ably calculated, and measures taken to guard against the very first effects of popular violence.

Moreover, the consideration and generosity natural to French hearts, promptly removed those momentary impressions which are so easily understood. The morning after that day of universal agitation, the king, attended by the Minister of the Interior, the general-in-chief of the National

Guards, the principal officers of the citizen militia and of the garrison, passed the several legions and regiments in review, visited all the posts, and was everywhere received with acclamations of affection.

That moderate policy which never separated order from liberty, found, in its first success, force sufficient to triumph over the many difficulties it had still to contend against. But, though vanquished once, its adversaries were far from renouncing their projects and crafty manœuvres. The tranquillity of Paris was found to be menaced or troubled at every instant, under the slightest pretext. One day, workmen proceeded to break machines, on another occasion they directed their steps towards the Chamber of Deputies, as being the scene of some important discussion which governed the movements of the assembled concourse; the following week, the execution of the most simple measure of police formed a nucleus, which, artfully exaggerated and perfidiously contrived, was sufficient to collect a vast crowd in the first instance, and then cause an *émeute*.

On the 14th of February, 1831, a ridiculous and culpable exhibition foolishly attempted in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, at the conclusion of a service celebrated in commemoration of the Duke de Berri, occasioned the most serious disorders.

On the 5th of May, the column of the Place

Vendôme served as the rallying point for the turbulent multitude. The following month, assemblages occupied the Faubourg St. Denis and the Faubourg St. Martin. One day, a numerous band of these pretended patriots stopped, in the Rue de la Paix, the carriage of M. Casimir Périer, with General Sébastiani seated by his side. Already as of old, the cry of "*A la lanterne!*" was raised. "But which is Casimir Périer?" inquired some one? "Here I am," replied the President of the Council, keeping his horses all the time at a walking pace, and with the carriage open, "what do you want with me?" As there were present many persons of generous feeling, though led away by the multitude, they found it impossible to forbear from extolling his courage and firmness. The ranks were opened for him, and his carriage arrived at the Chancellerie without further interruption.

The events of foreign countries had also their influence in our streets and public squares. The taking of Warsaw by the Russians was the occasion of one of the most dangerous commotions which in those times had disturbed public repose.

If, under such circumstances, Government has succeeded almost in every case, but especially after the 13th of March, 1831, in displaying the firmness necessary to put down disorders and disperse tumultuous assemblages, while preventing all sanguinary collision, it has been admirably

seconded by the National Guard of Paris. Since the resignation of General La Fayette, given in after the events of December, 1830, it has been under the command of one of the most firm and faithful men of the empire, Marshal Lobau, having, as the chief of his staff and acting commandant, the brave and loyal General Jacqueminot. In 1831, it had to go through something like a long and perilous campaign. Upon that occasion both chiefs and citizens proved themselves indefatigable in the discharge of the arduous duties they had to perform. The Charter of 1830 was placed under the safeguard of the institutions of the country, and never had any sacred trust been attended to and executed with more fidelity, zeal, and patience. The moment approached when the anarchists were also going to put its courage to the test.

It is sometimes said that the royalty of July had only an easy task to perform. The very contrary was the case. What were the difficulties and dangers that then awaited it? Want of employment among the working classes (the inevitable consequence of a Revolution) caused a great part of the labouring population to fall into utter destitution. That misery was actually worked upon by the agents of anarchy and disorder; and Lyons, the place which must have naturally suffered most, became the theatre of insurrection on the part of the operative classes, who, for a moment, were masters

of the city, the authorities being driven out of it. The hapless and deplored Duke of Orleans, so young at that time, accompanied the Minister of War to a place where he might be exposed to some danger, and particularly where evils were to be prevented or remedied.

Some months afterwards, a contagious malady happened to afflict a part of France, and raged in the capital with greater intensity than anywhere else. There, at the Hôtel Dieu, at the medical *ambulances*, in the midst of the sick, we found our Duke of Orleans, setting an example of confidence, firmness, and resolution. The first violent attacks of the pestilence gave rise to some troubles. On the 5th of June, 1832, the funeral procession of one of the most illustrious of its victims (General Lamarque) was turned into an insurrection. The National Guard and the regular troops were attacked at their posts with musket-shots. The factious gangs perceiving that, while they confined themselves to wild vociferations, they could not tire out the patience of the defenders of order, had recourse to arms, and attempted to make civil war.

The king was then at St. Cloud. At the first intelligence of the revolt, he hastened to Paris with the queen, who was unwilling to leave him. "He, at least, is not afraid," said the peasants on seeing him pass. In fact, on the 6th, in the morning,

after reviewing the National Guard of Paris, and those of the *banlieue* which had mustered on the first report of the outbreak, Louis Philippe mounted his horse and traversed the different quarters of the city. "My presence will do more than your firing," said he; "I could wish that a single shot were not discharged, but they attack me, and I must defend myself. In other respects all this will be nothing; we have the people with us." Despite of the most earnest entreaties and expostulations to make him desist from exposing himself to danger, the king proceeded along the Boulevards as far as the Place de la Bastille. Thence he went on to the Barrière du Trône, redescended the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and returned to the Tuileries by the quays. In the direction of the street Planche-Mibray, a shot was heard. Representations of danger were again made to Louis Philippe, and his reply was, "My children are my best armour. My friends," said he, (still addressing the people,) "they have accused me of having fled towards the frontier: to justify myself I have come here among you."

In front of the Chateau d'Eau, one of the National Guard, who was severely wounded in the gallant and faithful discharge of his duty, said to the king, "Sire, I have just been fighting for my country, for liberty, and the king; I have many children, I recommend them to you." "I adopt

them," returned Louis Philippe, at the same time directing his aide-de-camp to take down the name of the unhappy father.

There was another hardship, we will not say danger, to which the king was exposed at the Tuileries. No person in the Chambers, no matter to what party he might belong, could venture openly to espouse the cause of violent agitation, and thus become the advocate of disorder. But whenever such tumultuous scenes occurred, the Government was accused as being the real promoter of them. They reproached it as shewing itself unfaithful to its origin, and false to its promises of July. They censured the offenders and deplored the misfortunes which, in the height of their irritation, had carried them into so many culpable manifestations of excitement; but, above all things, they accused the *system*. It was to that they imputed the irritation which was attended with such deplorable consequences, and that disaffection which the "patriots" made so glaringly notorious in all quarters. Some weeks after the events of June, the Deputies of the left had drawn up, under the heading of *compte rendue* (account rendered), a sort of manifesto which separated them from the Government, and seemed to promise turbulent leaders for the revolt.

On the night of the 5th of June, and on the 6th, in the morning, while the king was riding about

through the streets and pacifying the city by his presence, these very Deputies were assembled in deliberation at the residence of M. Laffitte. In the afternoon of the 6th, after all was quiet, three of them, M. Laffitte, M. O. Barrot, and M. Arago, proceeded together to the Tuileries, not for the purpose of offering their co-operation to preserve public tranquillity as good and loyal members of the legislature, as citizens known to the people for always holding the language of order and peace; no, the three orators of the meeting brought with them *remonstrances*, they came to recal the promises of July, to accuse the *system*, to speak of *disaffection*. They doubtless thought it a favourable moment to wrest certain concessions from the fears of the *monarch*, from the anxieties of the *father*. "The object of the Revolution of July," replied the king, "has been to resist the violation of the Charter; the Charter is become my sole guide, for it is *that* which I have promised, *that* which I have sworn to maintain, and *that* which I shall be always ready to defend at the expense of my blood. Do not deceive yourselves, gentlemen: the king is strong, for he is always strong when, as in my case, no value is set upon his crown or his life. There is, it is true, a little more difficulty in governing with liberty, than upon the principle of 'good pleasure;' but we shall attain the object. Liberty, when not separated from law, is the best of sove-

reigns. You have spoken of hostility against me; my Government, you say, is *depopularized*. Are you not aware that I have passed through Paris and the barricades, and that the cry of '*Vive le Roi!*' greeted me everywhere on my way? Would it be so if my Government had excited such violent discontents? No, no, gentlemen; I shall persevere in that which I believe to be for the good of my country; and I entertain the firm conviction that, when passions shall have settled down, people will appreciate my conduct as governed by justice and truth. My life is devoted to my country; I know what I owe to her and to my promise. You know whether I have ever proved false to my promises or to my oaths." Courteously dismissed with these noble and spirited words, the three representatives of the Laffitte association retired, and Louis Philippe joined his Council of Ministers. He had brought back with him an account of two victories gained in one day over the spirit of disorder and anarchy.

The events of June were destined to impart new strength to the government of the king. On seeing the insurgents display the *bonnet rouge*, and discovering in the new Jacobins the practices, as well as the language, of those of 1793, all men of good faith began to open their eyes, and see the necessity of rallying round the constitutional throne. The movements of the Carlist party gave,

at the same time, a similar warning to all the sincere friends of the Revolution of July. After a vain attempt to excite a revolt at Marseilles, some of the chiefs of this party threw themselves into La Vendée, where, by the aid of a certain number of refractory persons, they succeeded in organizing a sort of *owlism* (*chouannerie*).* The mother of the young prince, whom they called Henry V., deceived no doubt by promises and exaggerated hopes, had come to animate, by her presence, those who figured as the chevaliers of her cause. Only two words Nantz and Blaye, will suffice to recal to mind the issue of that criminal and rash attempt.

The factions, however, did not look upon themselves as entirely vanquished. It is true, they could not indulge in any illusion as to the feelings of the country, but still they expected to find, in the ignorant classes and the poor, especially in the great towns, force enough to overturn the constitutional government, and impose their execrable tyranny on men of order and progressive intelligence. Two excursions which the king made, the one to the departments of the east, and the other to the old province of Normandy,

* During the domination of Napoleon, the insurgents of La Vendée were called "*chouans*" (owls), as a term intended to imply ridicule of the enterprise, and contempt for the intellect of the parties engaged in it.—ED.

had been long regarded as family *fêtes*—real domestic triumphs. But the “Society of the Rights of Man” enlisted on its side the worst passions, and preached up its doctrines of levelling and social equality to all those to whom labour was irksome, and who believed that they would find, in civil war and spoliation, the surest and most rapid road to fortune.

Regicide was the very first of its dogmas. Insurrection was inculcated as a duty, a numerical majority was adjudged to be the only title to legitimate power, the people had only to rise, in order to vanquish, and the division of wealth was to be the reward of the victors. It was no longer the throne, no longer the constitution that was attacked, but society itself was menaced throughout its whole extent.

In some great towns, Lyons in particular, where the events of 1831 had, as their inevitable result, diminished the resources of labour, and increased the extent of misery, the success of these preachings, was very great, at least in appearance. The society recounted with pride the numerous sections that were baptized with formidable names. It even flattered itself with having faithful supporters in the ranks of the army. It had its clubs, its meetings, its orders of the day, and when it thought itself strong enough to carry its dogma of insurrection into practice, it inscribed its banners

in letters of blood. It was at Lyons that the signal was given. They calculated upon Lyons for producing a revolt, and forming, as in 1831, the commencement of a victory which, as they expected, should extend the movement to the neighbouring towns of St. Etienne, Grenoble, Chalons, and Dijon. Paris had only to complete the work by attacking a weak government in its centre. Everybody knows what the result of these criminal assaults has been. A combination of measures judiciously taken, the firm attitude of good citizens, the fidelity of the troops, and the National Guards, sufficed to quell in a few days that formidable insurrection in all places where they had not succeeded in preventing it from breaking out. The instigators, chiefs, and all persons taken with arms in their hands, were brought to trial before the Court of Peers, who, during the proceedings as in those of December 1830, shewed a firmness and a moderation which were beyond all praise.

The insurrection being thus overcome, the "Society of the Rights of Man" broken up, its clubs shut, still the spirit of anarchy and disorder had not yet uttered its last word. Seditious demonstrations ceased, only to be succeeded by attempts of another description.

It is thus that the history of all civil commotions generally terminates. Assassinations succeed insurrections. It is the last effort of party, or rather

at that point there is no longer a party. There are none but violent men, rendered desperate in the consciousness of their weakness, and whose only resource is in crime. After the wars of the League against Henry IV. came the poignard stabs of Jean Châtel and Ravallac. It was no longer the League that fought; these were the remains, and as it were the most impure dregs of the fanaticism of the League. After the revolts in La Vendée and the insurrections in Paris, when Jacobinism and royalism were convinced of their feebleness, came the infernal machines.

About the middle of November 1832, sometime after the defeat of the insurgents of the month of June, a pistol-shot was fired at the king, by a hand as yet unknown, just as he was about mounting his horse and setting out to open the session of the Chambers. At that intelligence every trace and symptom of dissension vanished among all good and just men. Peers and Deputies hastened in a body to the Tuileries, and cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were reechoed round the château with the wildest vehemence of enthusiasm. Touched by these marks of affection and sympathy, Louis Philippe calmly said, "My life disturbs the Jacobites; the ball of the assassin cannot reach my heart."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Fieschi's "Infernal Machine."—Death of Marshal Mortier and other particulars of a day of horror.—Deep affliction of the King.—Enthusiasm and sympathy of the people.—Ominous presentiments.—The Assassin Meunier condemned to death for having fired at the King.—Commutation of his sentence and speedy liberation of the Criminal.—Royal clemency no security against factious murderers.—Discovery of projects and plans for another attack on the Government.—Criminal rashness of Prince Louis Napoleon.—Louis Philippe's authority firmly and constitutionally exercised.—Dreadful shock occasioned by the sudden and calamitous death of the Duke of Orleans.—Anguish of the King.—His extraordinary fortitude.—Duke of Nemours appointed Regent of the Kingdom, in the event of a minority.—His qualifications for the duties appertaining to that high position.—The King of the French at "*home*."—His unwearied attention to business.—His tastes, predilections, and ordinary habits.—His domestic happiness.—Panegyrics.—Conclusion of the Author's work.

PROVIDENCE reserved us for a day of horror and mourning, as an awful confirmation of the words of the sovereign. On the 28th of July, 1835, Louis Philippe passed along the Boulevards in reviewing the National Guards and troops of the line assembled in Paris. On his arrival at the Boulevard

du Temple, opposite the garden of the *Café Turc*, an explosion similar to the discharge of thirty muskets was heard. The Marshal Duke de Treviso was struck dead close to the king. Generals of the royal escort, soldiers and citizens, were either killed or wounded, and one young female died in the arms of her father. Prepared with diabolical art, and placed in such a manner as that the king could not fail to be in the midst of the massacre, the infernal machine scattered death around him, and levelled on all sides his most devoted servants, among them a Marshal of France, the faithful and brave Mortier, the veteran hero to whom he addressed from Lille in 1815 that letter so worthy of them both.

Never before had the noble heart of Louis Philippe been subjected to a more terrible trial. It was necessary to continue the review, to reassure the National Guard, the army, and the whole population, to shew them that the king was safe, and that the assassins had failed in their aim. It was necessary that, though afflicted in mind and tortured in heart, he should respond to the acclamations of the multitude. Throughout his whole progress the enthusiasm of the people was carried to the highest pitch; the expression of resolution and sorrow depicted in all his features, caused a profound emotion. His conduct on that day was regarded with universal admiration.

Ominous presentiments, and vague warnings, yet but too well founded, had announced, as it were, the dreadful catastrophe. Rumours anticipating some such event had entered the Tuileries; but the review was promised, and the king did not wish that it should be countermanded. On the very morning already mentioned, the 28th of July, the Duke de Treviso was requested by the royal family not to attend the review, not to join the royal *cortége*. "My place," he replied, "is by the side of the King; I am large in figure and will protect him with my body."

A year had not yet passed away since another assassin made an attempt upon the life of Louis Philippe. It was as he was setting out from the Tuileries, when a pistol, supported by the door of the carriage, was fired at him, but still God once more protected France.

Afterwards in going to open the Session of the Chambers, a third pistol-shot was discharged at the king. The ball passed through the carriage and broke a portion of the glass which had nearly cut the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours in the face: both of them accompanying their father upon the occasion. Treating it as a trifling affair they never once stopped to inquire about it.

On the 25th of April, 1837, Meunier, the author of the last crime, was condemned to death by the Court of Peers as had previously been Fieschi,

Morey, Pepin, and Alibaud, but the king was tired of that inexorable justice against those who were never tired of their implacable hatred. Meunier repented, and his punishment was commuted. The decree to that effect was signed in Council, when a woman entered the Court-yard of the château, and being admitted into the presence of the queen, threw herself at her majesty's feet bathed in tears. She was the mother of the criminal. At that moment the king was announced, and addressing the afflicted supplicant, said, "Your son is penitent, I wish him to live; I have pardoned him without waiting for your petition,—compose yourself," he added, "your son is already aware of his pardon, I have just sent to the President of the Court of Peers to apprise him of it."

Thirteen months afterwards, in the midst of *fêtes*, and the most cherished hopes of his heart, the king signalized one of the happy days of his reign, and of his life, by an act of clemency. He dictated to his ministers a proclamation of amnesty. The ordinance appeared on the 8th of May, 1838. It was a full and entire amnesty for all political crimes, including even that of the last wretched being, who had some months before raised his parricidal hand against the king, and whose whole punishment was thus limited to imprisonment for one year.

But nothing in his power could completely dis-

arm the factious. To associations openly promulgating the doctrine of revolt succeeded Secret Societies. The police made a timely seizure of another *depôt* of arms, of powder privately manufactured. Orders of the day, and plans of an insurrection, in which the machines were constructed with a still greater certainty of destructive effects than that of the Boulevard du Temple. Regicide and insurrection were the first dogmas instilled into the minds of the initiated, the first duty to which they were sworn upon oath.

In the month of May, 1839, during the ministerial crisis, which followed the dissolution of the cabinet over which Count Molé had presided, the Societies believed the moment favourable for a new attack with arms in their hands. Insurrection reappeared in our streets, proceeding on that occasion with the assassination of isolated National Guards and soldiers, knocking down defenceless men, and seeking to make themselves formidable by surprise and terror. This was promptly repressed, leaving after it two regicides, Darmès and Quénesset. The former fired at the King, but the latter at the Duke d'Aumale, the very day on which the young prince entered Paris, bringing back his regiment from Africa, while its glorious colours were pierced with the balls of the enemy and torn with shot.

In completing the catalogue of enemies which

the royalty of 1830 had to overcome, it is painful to add to that list of assassins and leaders of revolt, a name for ever glorious among those which are the pride of our history. Deceived by false information, led away no doubt by his notions of the influence which should attach to his name and his family, and by an erroneous estimate of the veneration in which all persons in France hold the memory of the emperor, a nephew of Napoleon expected to find in the country a Buonapartist party. A first attempt made in 1836, at Strasburg, was a complete failure. The result was not sufficient to disabuse the mind of Prince Louis, and what is more distressing to say, the clemency which even at that very time wished to save him from every species of punishment, had not influence enough upon his heart to prevent him from recommencing afterwards at Boulogne the rash attempt of Strasburg. The Court of Peers proceeded against him, and the fortress of Ham, from which a former amnesty had delivered other guilty persons, has become the prison of this Buonapartist pretender.*

* It was generally said (and in this case common fame might easily be credited) that the escape of Louis Napoleon, was not more gratifying to himself than satisfactory to Louis Philippe, whom it relieved from a very unpleasant embarrassment. Though the criminality of the Pretender, was as glaring as it was reckless, still perhaps the feelings of the French people could hardly be reconciled to the *perpetual*

In the midst of these ordeals, and while exposed to perils of all kinds, the conduct of the king was invariably the same. His heroic patience was never for a moment wearied ; his courage has not been for a single day found wanting, his confidence in that God who has guarded and protected him for so long a time, to carry out the difficult work he has accomplished, has never for one instant been shaken. His combats in support of the laws against revolt, his incessant personal struggles with the spirit of disorder and anarchy have not been able to break down his strength, or turn him in the slightest degree from those constitutional grounds which must always continue to be maintained as the basis of the Government of 1830.

After twelve years of conflicts and trials, the noble object of so many efforts seemed nearly attained. The present was calm and prosperous, the future appeared assured. The monarchy of July, without going beyond the laws, without having demanded the powers of a dictatorship, had triumphed over its enemies. Louis Philippe, after having miraculously escaped the balls of assassins, had, in the elevated sphere of public authority, accomplished a task which was neither one of the

imprisonment of the nephew of a man whose bones had been brought from St. Helena, at the expense of the nation, and deposited with the greatest public honours and solemnities in the church of the Invalids.—Ed.

easiest nor the lightest for a prince reigning after a Revolution, which in a great part was of a parliamentary character. He had established, by precedents incontestably supported, the principle of the irresponsible action of the king in the government of the country.* Full of respect for all its prerogatives, he has shewn himself anxious to establish and maintain also those of the Crown, and he has ultimately succeeded in doing so without vindicating them by dangerous collisions. Faithful to the *letter* as well as to the *spirit* of the constitution, he has only wished to see the era of constitutional kings inaugurated in France, by the reign of a tutelary monarch, a stranger to matters decided and done in his name. Without any encroachment, he has, by the sincere execution of the Charter, acquitted himself of his duty to royalty, and placed the crown in a situation in which, as a condition of its being irresponsible, it has not been made a mere plaything, or a piece of furniture intended for show.

Thus on all sides the work has been achieved and consolidated. Under the empire of laws which are respected, order has reigned everywhere in the administration of the country, in the finances public credit has risen to a height hitherto unknown in France, commerce has experienced

* This principle is obviously taken from the British Constitution.—ED.

unparalleled prosperity. Assured by a law which will become one of the finest claims of the reign of Louis Philippe, public instruction has been diffused even among the poorest classes, and prepared for the country faithful citizens made for freedom. The future then appears as full of hopes as the present does of realities.

With his mind formed in the school of the "Napoleon of Peace," and fortified by the experience of those twelve years, an accomplished prince appeared near the throne as the pledge of the future. The dynasty was established, and it seemed as though all efforts to subvert it were henceforth utterly vain, when a thunderbolt suddenly fell upon the edifice, and shook it for a moment to the foundation.

Nobody will forget for a long time the horrible catastrophe of the thirteenth of July, 1842, and the effect produced all over France by the astounding intelligence, "The Duke of Orleans is dead!"*

We shall not attempt to describe the intense

* France was not the only country on the Continent that felt the shock which the intelligence gave to public feeling. Having been in Germany at the time, I well recollect the extremely painful sensations it created there, and the expressions of deep regret which were heard in all quarters. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the seat of the Diet, the Diplomatic Body, the civil and military authorities, and an immense assemblage of persons of all creeds and classes, without the slightest distinction, attended a grand *requiem* which was

grief and consternation of all ranks ; the sorrow of the troops, who knew him ; of the artists, who loved him ; of the grave and sage men, who appreciated him ; of the people, who reposed their hopes in him. With that grief so severely—so profoundly felt, was mixed a prepossession of patriotism. And the king? the king so cruelly smitten in his affections, in the future promised to his house, in his work as a prince and as a father ; the king, who at seventy years of age found himself between a cradle* and a tomb, could *he* be able to support this new trial? Could *his* fortitude be still too strong for so great a calamity?

No one could picture the grief of a father so dreadfully stricken down, and the feelings of agony which his hours of solitude then awakened. No one could measure the abyss of eternal regrets which so sudden and fatal a shock was to leave behind! But the tears of the people, while mingled with his own, and the cries of love and devoted attachment, which were then a sufficient answer to murderous assassins, seemed to have given double courage and strength to Louis Philippe. Borne down for an instant, he recovered from the shock with new energy.

celebrated at the Cathedral, as a commemorative tribute to a departed prince, whose premature doom was universally deplored.—ED.

* In allusion to his infant grandson, the Count de Paris, thus left without a father.—ED.

It will be a distinguished honour to the men who were then at the head of the Government, that they shewed themselves equal to the task which such events imposed upon them. Most of them are still ministers, and that is a bad situation to obtain justice. Once fallen, their conduct in circumstances of extreme difficulty, would call forth unqualified praise.

General elections took place, and the Chambers were immediately convened to deliberate on a measure which was to be adopted in case of a minority, and a regency being appointed to exercise the functions of the Crown. The measure introduced passed into a law in the form proposed by Government, being supported by a great majority against some dissentients.

The Administration at that time comprised Marshal Soult, Messrs. Guizot, Count Duchâtel, Martin (*du Nord*), Admiral Duperrey, Lacave Laplagne, Villemain, Teste, and Cunin-Gridaine. The Cabinet which, with some modifications, has had the direction of affairs for the last five years, is the same which erected the fortifications of Paris, which has given to France a reticulation (*réseau*) of railroads, and achieved the conquest of Algeria.

But let us return to the void caused by the death of that magnanimous prince, for whom, in the eloquent language of M. Guizot, the best laws will not supply a substitute. The void was immense,

but the dynasty of July is not one of those which can be placed in jeopardy by the loss of the heir to the throne, and the father as the king can count with pride upon the treasures which Providence has preserved for him. The infant, over whose head the crown is as it were suspended, is growing up under the eyes of a mother admired for her fortitude, beloved for her beneficence, and whose elevation of mind and rare prudence are universally extolled by all who approach her. His young understanding will be governed and regulated by the lessons of a grandfather, whose whole life will be to him so eloquent, so perfect a model. And if the sceptre should come into his hands before the age when kings are allowed to reign, he will find in the prince whom the laws have called to the regency, a second father, an enlightened Mentor, a faithful and devoted guardian of the royal power.

France has its eyes at this day on the Duke de Nemours. He has been long known to possess a resolute and good heart, an accomplished mind, and just views. It is known that at the bivouac, in the trenches of Antwerp, and at the assault of Constantine, he shared the fatigues and dangers of our soldiers. Traits of his courage and coolness are referred to as proofs of his firmness and fidelity. Called by a calamity which no person has more deeply felt than himself, to appear in evidence before the world to take the first rank in the state,

the high minded young man will shew himself worthy of him who has been so greatly beloved, so greatly lamented. The Duke de Nemours has given proofs of intellectual qualities as brilliant as they are solid. Mingling with the soldiers and the populations of various departments, he has gained the affection of all by his worth and frankness. He has evinced tact and knowledge which the whole world has been obliged to commend. Everybody remembers the Mayor of Mans, who on one occasion was led to address a political harangue to the prince. The harangue afforded the Duke de Nemours an opportunity of shewing, with perfect moderation, an intimate acquaintance with the laws and constitutional relations of the country.

No one at this day believes that the monarchy of July is crushed by the death of the Duke of Orleans. Even a cradle might be placed on a throne when the royal authority is thus represented ; when around the throne, the three sons of the king, the Prince de Joinville and the Dukes d'Aumale and Montpensier take their station as defenders ; when in the chambers, in the administration, in the magistracy, in the clergy, so many eminent men are devoted to the new monarchy from conviction and heart ; in short, when ideas of order and peace have acquired such great weight, and taken such deep root in the land.

All this has been the work of Louis Philippe, the work of fourteen years of struggles and trials. Never before could a king have accomplished a finer or a grander task, never before could a sovereign have entitled himself to the gratitude of a happy and free people by more certain and more brilliant claims.

This narrative could not be brought to a suitable conclusion without introducing the reader into the interior of the Tuileries, for the purpose of shewing him some features in the domestic life of the king.

At the Palais-Royal, the Duke of Orleans always lived in the bosom of his family. The numerous occupations of royalty have not made him entirely lose sight of the sweets and peaceful enjoyments of private life. And yet in a country of great centralization like France, such royalty as that which surrounds Louis Philippe is far from being a sinecure. Let people only imagine for a moment the countless numbers of official papers which cannot be despatched without the signature of the king, and it will be fearful to think that the weight of so many cares and duties should fall upon one man. Louis Philippe, however, pays to each affair an attention proportioned to its importance; and there are some matters which, as appertaining especially to the royal prerogative, require on his part a great deal of anxious and

severe labour. Upon this subject General Cass gives the following particulars:—

“One night as the hour approached two in the morning, Mr. Stevenson, Minister of the United States, at Paris, was obliged to go to the Tuileries, on some special affair. Introduced into the King’s private chamber, he found him busily occupied in looking over a voluminous mass of papers. They were documents relating to a trial which had terminated in a sentence of death. The king examined them to see if there were any grounds for granting a pardon. Never has monarch better estimated the value of that noble prerogative, and it is during the advanced and solemn hours of the night, that Louis Philippe studies with the most scrupulous care the files of every capital case, bringing to a subject so grave, that admirable spirit of order which distinguishes all his acts. He himself keeps a register, in which are written the name of the condemned party, the nature of the crime, and the grounds of the verdict.”

Despite of the labour of the night, the king rises at a quarter to five in the morning, from a repose which he finds more than sufficient. Hardly has he risen when he takes up and arranges all the business of the day. Despatches from ambassadors, and petitions which require an early consideration, are immediately laid before him. At eleven o’clock he is perfect master of every

subject connected with his previous toil, he knows all that is said in Europe, and knows it too, from the first source. He reads very few journals, but tolerates all, and in his ante-chamber are found, by the side of the most scurrilous pamphlets, newspapers which are beyond all others zealously devoted to his dynasty. After breakfast, which is soon over, the king has personal interviews with his ministers, and with some men of consideration in official and political circles. He is very fond of a little private chat, and one of the roughest and most able antagonists in a tilting argument, that it is possible to encounter. He amazes, excites, carries away, prostrates his adversary. In grave complicated affairs he does not delegate to any person the power of entering into personal negotiations, and very properly. It often happens that men of strong minds and stout hearts, who, in coming to have an audience with the king, had pre-determined to act upon the principle of cold reserve, leave him as ardent enthusiasts, or with tears in their eyes, just as circumstances may occur.

One o'clock is the usual hour for the ministers to meet in council. The moment their deliberations are over, the sittings of the Chambers calling away all political men during a great part of the year, the king receives visits from foreigners of distinction, learned persons, writers, and artists.

He converses with each of them in his own idiom—his own language. Louis Philippe can discuss questions with men of nearly all the nations of Europe, without the aid of an interpreter. It is affirmed as a fact, that there is no living language with which he is not acquainted. His conversation is always full of amenity, always intellectual and animated. It abounds in brilliant traits, and reveals, at each instant, a mind to which nothing that is useful is unfamiliar, and a judgment which nothing can escape.

Thus it is that no person possesses in the same degree as Louis Philippe, the taste for all useful and great things. Whenever the two qualities of the useful and the grand are found combined in the same project, a man may be always certain of the sympathies of the king. This explains his predilection for architecture, that art which at once seeks to unite all that is sublimely grand with all that is essentially necessary to satisfy the first wants of life, suiting both to the most simple, and the most delicate tastes.

Louis Philippe is partial to monuments; he is partial to them in the sense of an artist, and of a man of fixed judgment. He is the first sovereign that has ever thought of attaching honour to his reign by completing works which others had commenced, and restoring those which time and Vandalism had partly destroyed. To the ministers and

local administrations, he has given at once an impulse and an example.

Without speaking of the Palais-Royal, and of Fontainebleau, it will suffice to mention Versailles. What a splendid day is that in which the King attended by the most illustrious men of the time can behold the gorgeous palace of Louis XIV. peopled with all the glories of France! On one occasion his whole family were assembled there, and at the moment when the brilliant and distinguished circle around him stood looking with the greatest admiration on the noble and virginal statue of Joan of Arc, then become so popular, "Gentlemen," said the King, "here is the artist," shewing them among his children, the Princess Marie, that angel whom God has taken from her mother too soon.

After the conversations (the point at which we have gone into this short digression) the king either goes out in his carriage, or takes a walk. This is his customary time of visiting the public works which are in progress, and he makes a close personal inspection of them to ascertain whether in the execution his ideas are realised, and his directions carried out. Dinner is served up with all the exactness of military precision as regards time. The king is not generally present at the commencement, arriving only when the second course is on the table. After dinner he receives

his visitors, and passes some moments with his family.

At ten o'clock at night all the usual routine business of the day terminates, and the king reserves his remaining hours for private affairs exclusively. His first care is to add some pages to the history of his life, which he has continued to write day after day for many years past. There cannot, perhaps, be any more noble occupation for a king, any more useful to his people, and to himself than that conscientious daily examination which is dictated and governed by his own judgment upon his acts and intentions.*

Louis Philippe observes on the throne the same strict attention to order which at New York en-

* The author is exceedingly just in this observation, yet how often has it happened that Diaries and Autobiographies, which, if published within a reasonable time after the decease of the parties leaving them behind, would have been most interesting and instructive to the existing generation, have either been withheld from the press for a long series of years, or consigned altogether to total oblivion. This is more especially the case as regards MSS. left by crowned heads, princes, and ministers of state. The circumstance, therefore, of the author having been enabled to collect in anticipation, from unquestionable sources, so many important and *authentic facts* respecting a life so astonishingly eventful as that of Louis Philippe, must create for his production an interest of the highest character at the present day, while as a work of reference, it cannot fail to be consulted by the future historian, and read by all persons who know how to appreciate his labours.—ED.

abled the three exiled princes to live honorably in the midst of the most difficult circumstances, and which, under the restoration, re-established and almost remade the whole fortune of the House of Orleans. For the last fifteen years, much to the credit of his attachment to regularity and judicious management, with a civil list reduced by more than one-half, he has been able to do more in surrounding the crown with *éclat*, than any of his predecessors, and to complete enterprises which the latter could not even have dared to think about.

By the side of the throne to alleviate the burden of so many cares, to partake of his troubles and joys, to mitigate the anxieties of the father and the king, heaven has given him a noble, courageous, yet retiring wife, Queen Maria-Amelia. The daughter of a king, she married when her husband was an exile; the Duchess of Orleans assisted him in reconstructing his fortune. The queen appears raised to her present exalted position only to prove herself a perfect model of conjugal love, of piety, of dignity without display, of beneficence without ostentation, in one word, of all the virtues. In this age of revolutions, of angry struggles supported by party spirit, it would seem as if Maria-Amelia has been chosen by a sort of special election of Divine Providence to attain an eminence above the rage of injuries, outrages, calumnies,

to exhibit a majesty of mind always revered, a virtue which not the slightest shade of suspicion could ever sully, a certain distinctive illustration of all that is sacred and holy among human beings.*

There are few mothers and wives who have gone through so many, and so severe trials as the queen. The Princess Marie died far away from her of a cruel malady. "My God!" exclaimed the queen, "I have one child the less, but you have one angel the more in heaven!" Her first-born, the Duke of Orleans, was deprived of life by a sudden and terrible accident, "I was too proud of my son," said she, "God has taken him away from me!" In reading passages of this kind one would almost be led to believe that some of the most touching scenes in Scripture were presented to the mind.

That guardian spirit which was formerly so happy in being restored to Louis Philippe after the crosses and troubles of exile, is now near the throne, we allude to the sister of the king, Madame Adelaide, schooled also in misfortune, endowed with solid judgment and a pure and acute mind, she has the wise discretion and sagacity to confine herself in all things to those duties which her situation and her sex impose upon her, while in the meantime she is seen by the side of the

* It is quite impossible that praise could go higher than this, yet equally impossible is it to deny that every word of it is both just and well-deserved.—ED.

king, as the perfect image of the most absolute devotedness, of entire confidence, and total abnegation.

We shall now bring these descriptive details to a close. The lives of the king's sons do not yet completely belong to history, nor do we deem it meet or proper to intrude upon the delicacy of the princesses who form the sweetest joy, and the brightest ornaments of the throne. One word more will suffice for all further eulogy. On the day when inevitable necessity shall compel an interruption, the work of Louis Philippe will find itself in hands worthy to continue it, and that illustrious house in which the virtues of the queen, and of the king's sister, shine forth so brilliantly will be duly represented by deserving successors.

The work of M. Boutmy terminates here, and the supplementary particulars will shew how totally groundless have been his sanguine hopes, and confident predictions.

SUPPLEMENTARY PARTICULARS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Public opinion strongly manifested against the King.—The principal cause of it.—M. Guizot, a special favourite at the Court of the Tuileries.—Portraits of the King and Queen presented to him.—Another desperate attempt on the life of the King.—Particulars respecting it:—Trial, conviction, and execution of Lecomte, the assassin.—Addresses to the King.—New elections.—Bribery and corruption.—Intrigues and artifices respecting the Royal Marriages in Spain.—Political differences between England and France.—Their consequences to the latter country — The King again fired at.—Particulars respecting the criminal, Joseph Henri.—He is tried and convicted.—Sentenced to be imprisoned for life, with twenty years' hard labour.—The Spanish Marriages solemnised.—Observations on the subject.—Venality and turpitude.—Unexpected transition from a Monarchy to a Republic.—Austrian alliance sought by France — Important news from Algeria.—Surrender of Abd-el-Kader.—Death of the Princess Adelaide.—A severe loss to the King.

FROM the day on which the able writer of the preceding pages concluded the last of them in 1845, down to the 24th of February 1848—a date which adds one more to the many memorable

epochs in the annals of France, the national dislike of the people of that country to the sovereign, whom they had unanimously raised to the throne fifteen years before, continued to manifest itself with increased vehemence. Yet Louis Philippe was still one of the most powerful crowned-heads in Europe, and might have remained so up to this hour had he consulted the welfare and prosperity of his people, instead of directing his whole attention to interests which only related to his own rule and dynasty.

Unfortunately for the fame of M. Guizot, that statesman who on previous occasions had evinced so much wisdom, prudence, and discretion, now altered his policy, and lent himself but too readily to the personal views of the sovereign. This made him so great a favourite at Court, that in the month of February 1846, the king presented him with his portrait at full length, by Winterhalter, and the Queen of the French was then sitting for her's to the same artist, and for the same purpose. Alluding to the latter compliment, one of the Paris journals of the day ("L'Epoque") says,—“ Her majesty has never hitherto given such a mark of regard and esteem to anybody except to persons of her own family.”

But while these flattering tributes were paid to the minister for his pliancy in matters intended to promote family interests, though at the risk of the

happiness of individuals, and perhaps of the repose of Europe, he had the mortification of finding himself openly taunted and accused by the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies as an instrument of the injurious and offensive designs of England with respect to Spain.

On the 16th of April, 1846, the name of another miscreant served to increase the black list of desperate criminals who had previously attempted the life of the king. Most fortunately, however, in this instance also, the villain missed his aim.

On the above-mentioned day as the king and queen, with a family party, were returning from Fontainebleau in a vehicle called a *char-à-banc*, and while passing through a private park, known by the name of the "Avon," a most ferocious fellow about forty-eight years of age, having mounted himself upon a pile of faggots, within a short distance of the route over which the vehicle was to pass, took a deliberate aim at the king the instant it drove up, and discharged a double-barrelled gun, the contents of which cut the fringe of the *char-à-banc* directly over his majesty's head, the wadding falling into the queen's lap. The atrocious wretch was instantly pursued, and on being taken into custody he openly exulted in the murderous attempt he had made, and said his only regret was that it had failed. His name was Lecomte, and about eighteen months before he had been dismis-

ed for bad conduct from the situation of forester which he had held at Fontainebleau. He afterwards made most unjustifiable demands upon the king in a grossly insulting letter, and because his majesty would not comply with them, the villain resolved to take that deadly vengeance which he was now so providentially prevented from gratifying. He had no accomplices, and was not influenced by any political motives whatever.

The king continued his route back to the capital with as much composure as if nothing had happened, but the alarm of the queen and the princesses, indeed of all the personages of the royal party except the one who had again been so miraculously preserved from the balls of the assassin, it would be utterly impossible to describe.

After the usual preliminaries, the trial of Lecomte took place before the Court of Peers on the 4th of June. Being capitally convicted, he was a few hours subsequently executed at night, with the greatest privacy, to prevent any further shock to public feeling by a daylight exhibition of the scaffold with another reckless malefactor, doomed to lose his head for the same diabolical crime.

The king's fortunate escape called forth addresses of sympathy and congratulation from all quarters. Foreign princes and communities hastened to forward them to him by special functionaries. In France even those parties who were most opposed

to the policy of his cabinet, assured him in terms equally respectful as fervent, of their anxious solicitude for his safety, of the indignation and horror with which they regarded the repeated attempts made upon his life, and of the great joy they felt that such attempts had uniformly failed of effecting their atrocious purpose.

To the several addresses the sovereign returned appropriate replies, but though at first an object of sympathy with immense numbers of the French people, he was soon looked upon by these, as well as by the vast majority of their countrymen, as a ruler in whom no confidence whatever could be placed. In this year there were new elections throughout the whole kingdom. The results were anticipated almost before the several contests commenced. The Guizot administration secured for itself a mercenary phalanx, by means which were totally incompatible with constitutional freedom, and greatly tended to the subsequent ruin of the cabinet and the destruction of the monarchy.

Through a perverse exercise of power opposed in all respects to that practice which is recognised, sanctioned, and established in England, the late King of the French persisted in presiding at the Council Board of his ministers, and in influencing their proceedings. One of the most serious charges brought against him by his adversaries has been, that, in order to promote his personal

interests, he constantly took out of the hands of his responsible advisers those duties which properly belonged to them; thus acting in a manner not only unconstitutional but most injurious to the public weal.

Early in the summer of 1846, the effects of the political intrigues carried on in Paris by Maria Christina, and in Madrid by the French ambassador and his agents, for the purpose of bringing about the two Spanish marriages which were then contemplated, and next solemnized in the ensuing autumn, became painfully and ominously apparent. The one, that of the young Queen of Spain, gave rise to the most inauspicious predictions as to domestic felicity; the other, that of her sister, the princess Maria Louisa Ferdinanda, caused the most earnest and energetic remonstrances and protests to be made against it on public grounds, which involved a question as to the faith of treaties. The differences created between the Cabinets of St. James's and the Tuileries, on the subject of the latter marriage, assumed so grave an aspect, that though they did not prevent the usual official intercourse from taking place between the two nations, they completely put an end to that *entente cordiale* which had previously been so often and so much sneered at by the democratic opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. There was at this time no friendly understanding whatever between

the two countries. On the contrary, all international relations were kept up by cold and formal diplomacy. To the ambitious designs which caused this estrangement, Louis Philippe may mainly ascribe his own disastrous downfall and the utter ruin of his dynasty.

On the 29th of July, in the year here referred to, an unfortunate poor wretch of weak intellect, named Joseph Henri, committed a crime which rendered him liable to the same condign punishment that the daring malefactor Lecomte had recently suffered, and several others that had preceded him. At seven o'clock in the morning of that day, the king and queen, the late Madame Adelaide, and some of the officers of state, were in the balcony of the Tuileries, looking into the gardens. The *fêtes* of July were going on, and while the king was preparing to take his seat to listen to a concert that was to be given in the open air, a slight report was heard, upon which his majesty immediately exclaimed, "That is for me!" Those around him thought the explosion had proceeded from some fireworks, but the king replied, "No, there were two pistol shots, which were fired from that spot," pointing to the place with his finger. The fact was so. Henri had stationed himself outside the reserved gardens, behind the statue called the Crouching Venus, and had discharged them at the king, who at once

advanced to the front of the balcony, and shewed the people, by his looks and gestures, that he was not touched.

Henri was instantly arrested, and taken to the Conciergerie, where he returned such answers to the interrogatories of M. Dufresne, the Inspector of Prisons, as left very little doubt on the public mind that his intellects were affected, though, ultimately, the Chamber of Peers did not arrive at that conclusion. He said, that being on the eve of bankruptcy as a jeweller, quite tired of life, but wanting resolution to commit suicide, he had looked into the Penal Code to see whether the punishment of death attached to the crime of attempting the life of any one, though the person making the attempt might not have any intention whatever of doing such person the least injury. That was his case; nothing was farther from his mind than the thought of hurting the king in the slightest degree, and the idea of killing him was quite out of the question. All he wished was, that he himself might be put to death for what he had done.

A small pocket-pistol was the one which the wretched creature had used, and it was fired at such a distance, that it was totally impossible the shot could reach the king. He was tried, however, by the Chamber of Peers on the 26th of August, and, on the 27th, a large majority

finding him guilty of the wilful attempt, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, with twenty years' hard labour.

On the sentence being read over to him, the convict said, "that was not what I expected." Then, after a short pause, he added, "I wished for a capital conviction, and I implored to be put to death as a favour, and as an act of grace."

The Revolution of 1848, has had the effect of restoring this unhappy man to liberty, though it is very questionable whether he ought not still to be kept under restraint, as a person labouring under dangerous delusions.

Glaring evidences of the unpopularity of the king, both in the capital and the provinces, still continued to manifest themselves, despite of all that his interested adherents could do to give public and patriotic *éclat* to his deeds and name. They sought to create in the minds of the people of France, an impression that his determination to unite his youngest son, the Duke de Montpensier, in marriage with his cousin, a Princess of Spain, arose entirely from the love he bore his country, and his anxious desire to see the political power of France enhanced by so important an alliance. Repeated stimulants were resorted to for the purpose of exciting the national vanity, and there was a great deal of vaunting about the positive determination of the Cabinet that both

the proposed marriages should take place simultaneously at the same Spanish altar, perfectly regardless of any objections that might be made by England to such a proceeding.

But the French, though always jealous of the power and influence of England, were not to be deceived by the artifices of selfishness under the specious appearance of patriotism. They very soon learned to discover that the project of the intended union, originated only in the hereditary spirit of the *Family Compact*. And, furthermore, the remarkable contrast between the Foreign Ministers of both countries, could not have escaped their acute discernment. They could not have failed to observe the marked difference there was between the artful, wily, and equivocating negotiations of M. Guizot, and the bold, honest, and able policy of Lord Palmerston.

On the 29th of August, 1846, a Royal Decree appeared in the "Madrid Gazette," declaring the intention of Queen, Isabella II. to give her hand in marriage to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, and announcing the union of her sister with the Duke de Montpensier, was to take place at the same time.

Now as regards her own marriage, it is an incontestible fact acknowledged by all the world, except those who are deeply and darkly interested in denying it, that this decree, though ostensibly

issued as her free and spontaneous act, was extorted from her by the most cruel compulsion that an unnatural mother had ever before exercised over the tortured feelings of a helpless child. Innumerable chronicles of the day, and countless records that have not hitherto seen the light, will supply to the future historian abundant materials for the development and exposure of the criminal intrigues, plots, and machinations, in which the entire affair and all its revolting circumstances originated.

After a grand nuptial mass, celebrated on the preceding day, the two marriages were solemnized together, in the chapel of the palace, on Saturday evening, October the 10th, the officiating ecclesiastic being the Archbishop of Cordova, Patriarch of the Indies. The ceremonies were as imposing as it was possible to make them by "pomp and circumstance," but the presence of Queen Christina, or to call her by her less dignified title, the Duchess of Rianzares, acting before the altar as bridal matron to her royal daughters, was of itself quite sufficient to destroy all solemnity, so strongly repulsive were the associations it suggested.

In the year 1847, the events relating to the *personal* history of Louis Philippe were comparatively few, and (with one most painful exception) not of a nature to cause him much uneasiness. But in his public capacity as sovereign, various

transactions and occurrences took place to produce in his mind both anxiety and alarm.

The Opposition, comprising both monarchists and democrats, but the latter infinitely more powerful than the former in numerical strength, though not openly and publicly avowing their principles at this time, had now organised a complete system of political warfare against the ministerial majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Confidently relying upon that system, they defied their adversaries to prevent them from speedily carrying the important measure to which all their energies were incessantly devoted—namely, electoral reform. Adopting public banquets as the basis of their plan, they announced them in such rapid succession, that in a short time there was not a single town of any consideration within the departments or districts of France, which formed an exception to the general rule of political festivity and declamation. In all instances the guests were most multitudinous, and it was observed that upon each occasion the health of the king was studiously omitted in the list of toasts.

No stronger evidence than this could be adduced of the unfavourable sentiments which the people at large entertained both towards himself and his dynasty.

• Meanwhile this year brought forth such revelations and disclosures, respecting certain foul

transactions which took place in the preceding one, that a storm of public reprobation was raised all over the land. The King, already so unpopular, was rendered an object of still greater aversion, through the shameful delinquency of persons who enjoyed his entire confidence, at the very time that, through the basest cupidity, they were wantonly and wickedly violating the duties of the high offices of state over which they presided. In this conscious criminality, the names of Teste, Cubières, and many other delinquents of the same class, will pass down to after ages till the end of time, with the deepest ignominy and foulest reproach.

The following letter, addressed to the President of the Council (M. Guizot) by the daughter of a private functionary, and referring to the popular historian of "The Empire" and of "The Consulate," is a notable sample of the extent to which systematic corruption was carried under the sceptre of Louis Philippe. The letter first appeared in the third number of the "Revue Retrospective" lately published :—

"MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT DU CONSEIL,—My father desires me to transmit to your Excellency the following information :—A person who has lived for a great number of years on intimate terms with M. Thiers had the other day a conversation

with that gentleman, of which the following are the principal points. M. Thiers said, — ‘The country is advancing with rapid strides to a catastrophe which will burst forth before the King’s death, if that prince lives to a great age, or some time after the King’s death. There will be a civil war, a revision of the Charter, or, perhaps, even a change of persons in a high position. The country will not support a regency unless something great be effected to raise the character of the nation. King Louis Philippe has founded nothing; he leaves to his family the most arduous task—to maintain itself. If Napoleon II. was still alive he would replace the present King on the throne. For my part, I am quite disgusted with everything, and will not have anything. Europe will again find this nation in its way. Until the King’s death there is nothing to be done. Guizot must remain; but he must be prevented from following up his plan to draw closer to the continental powers. We must impose on him the policy which he ought to follow with foreign powers—must alarm him with the Chamber and the country. It is for that that I will ascend the tribune, and oppose him to the utmost possible extent both on the Italian and the Swiss questions.’ My father guarantees to your Excellency the exactitude of the preceding information, and requests you to have the kindness to keep the matter secret. Deign to receive, Monsieur le

President, a renewed expression of my entire devotedness,

“AGNES DE KLINDWORTH.”

‘ In France the elections of 1846 produced a sort of moral pestilence, the virus of which was so subtle and powerful in its effects upon the social frame that many persons were covered with corruption almost before they were aware of their danger, and many more were quite indifferent to the consequences.

This contamination being the result of the policy pursued by the Ministers of the Crown the King, as presiding over their Councils and sanctioning all their measures, must of necessity have become prominently exposed to the public indignation which it excited. Those persons who then professed to be his most devoted friends cannot now deny that he was so to a degree that made his throne a most frail and insecure seat for several months before it was consigned to the flames under the column of July. The proved guilt of some of his highest functionaries, and the willingness of most of them to overlook the turpitude of the culprits, made the public attribute to their vicious example the origin of the very worst crimes that could possibly be committed. So strong and universal was the prevalence of this impression among the lower orders that in their minds the dreadful

domestic murder at the Hôtel Praslin would never have taken place had not the Ministers been so corrupt and servile, as to be capable of countenancing any act, however atrocious, provided their own purposes could be served by it. Nor should it be forgotten, in referring to the causes of the recent Revolution, that the leading democrats took every opportunity of turning to their own account the faults and misdeeds of their opponents, by exaggerating them to such a degree as to excite the fiercest passions of the multitude, almost to a state of frenzy. Though the Republicans, whether of the philosophical and contemplative, or of the violent and unreflecting sections, might not on the first, or even on the second day of the Revolution, have had any intention whatever of abolishing royalty, and sought nothing more than Reform, still when a seasonable moment arrived for establishing their own favourite system, they perfectly well knew with what confidence they might rely on the co-operation of the Paris populace in carrying the project into execution. Hence the sudden and unexpected transition from a Monarchy to a Republic.

In the midst of all the public discontent that prevailed in the year 1846 the differences between the Crown and the people were not by any means so serious as not to admit of a tranquil adjustment, if only some moderate concessions had been made

by the former. But they were obstinately refused until it was "too late." The Cabinet of the Tuileries seeking both succour and support in an Austrian alliance, and apparently quite indifferent to the dissatisfaction of England, seemed much more intent upon external objects and influences, than engaged in the consideration of wise and judicious measures of domestic polity. Of these there appeared a most culpable neglect on the part of Ministers, without having any resources whatever to depend upon for the strength and security of the executive, except those which constituted its weakness, the doubtful fidelity of the army and the venal votes of a corrupt majority in the Legislature.

In the meantime Government received most important despatches which it was vainly hoped would prove so highly gratifying to the people as to prevent them from thinking or talking upon any other subject for some weeks or months. Intelligence was brought of the complete submission and pacification of Algeria, of the surrender of Abd-el-Kader to the Governor, the Duke d'Aumale, and of his arrival as a captive at Marseilles.

But this news, which, under different circumstances, would have filled all France with rejoicings from Boulogne to Bayonne, ceased even to be a topic of ordinary conversation after a very few days. Nothing could divert the public mind from

the subject of electoral Reform, the one with which it was anxiously occupied, almost to the exclusion of all others. Political banquets were still continued and repeated with the utmost ardour and enthusiasm, but as yet no obstruction or impediment was offered to them on the part of the Government.

Towards the close of the year the King was destined to experience a most painful loss in the death of his only sister, the Princess Adelaide, an illustrious lady, of whose wise and salutary counsels he had always availed himself with great advantage in moments of emergency. Never could they have been more essentially serviceable to him than at the very time of her dissolution. The melancholy privation affected his feelings very severely, and the Queen deplored it in the depth of silent sorrow. The princess expired at an advanced age, universally lamented, honoured, and revered for her many virtues.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Commencement of the Revolution of 1848.—Memorable Week.
—Preparations for the Paris Banquet.—Numerous Guests.
—The Banquet Prohibited by Proclamation.—Police Proclamation.—General Order of the Day to the National Guards.—Impeachment of Ministers proposed by the Opposition.—Extensive Military Preparations for the Defence of the Capital.—Tumultuous bands of Insurgents.—Collision between them and the Municipal Guards at the official residence of M. Guizot.—Forbearance of the Troops of the Line.—Barricades raised, demolished, and reconstructed.—Fighting and Bloodshed.—Plunder of Arms.—Fatal Encounter.—Partial Restoration of Order.—Renewed Tumults.—Count Molé sent for by the King to form a new Ministry and fails.—M. Thiers and M. Odillon Barrot next sent for and also fail.—Dreadful scenes on the night of Wednesday 23rd.—Thursday, 24th, Proclamations announcing the Abdication of the King.

SUNDAY, February 20th, 1848, was the commencement of one of the most memorable weeks that France has ever seen, in the second month of a new year. Before the expiration of that week, it has been destined to witness the irrecoverable downfall of Louis Philippe, and the total destruction of his throne, in the plain and literal sense of the word.

The banquet, which was to have taken place on Sunday, was postponed till Tuesday, in consequence of the preliminary arrangements not having been completed, and, in the Paris papers of the former day, the scene of festivity was announced to be a field near the Champs Elysées. To this the Government originally intended to offer no further objection than merely a protest on the part of a civil functionary, in order that the question of the legality or illegality of the meeting might be brought before the courts of law. Meanwhile the committee of management representing the Opposition issued a new programme, which invited the Deputies to assemble in the Place de la Madeleine, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and the other guests in the Place de la Concorde, from both of which localities the whole congregated assemblage was to march off in procession to the place appointed for the general muster. Ten thousand National Guards, in uniform, but unarmed, were to line the route in double file, along the avenue leading to the Arc de Triomphe, at the further end of the Champs Elysées.

Among the regulations agreed to by the committee, it was publicly announced that only one toast would be given, namely, "Reform and the Right of Meeting," and that it was to be introduced in a short speech by M. Odillon Barrot. It was also agreed that all the guests, as well as the

National Guards, were then to separate, and proceed to their respective homes. On Sunday, the number of the former comprised 2000, including 100 Deputies, together with magistrates, members of councils-general, and provincial deputations from the schools of law and medicine, colleges, &c.

Meanwhile, on Monday evening, February 21st, the following prohibitory proclamation was posted up in different parts of Paris, by order of the Government:—

“Parisians: The Government had interdicted the banquet of the 12th *arrondissement*. It was within its right in doing this, being authorised by the letter and spirit of the law. Nevertheless, in consequence of the discussion which took place in the Chamber on this subject, thinking that the Opposition was acting with good faith, it resolved to afford it an opportunity for submitting the question of the legality of banquets to the appreciation of the tribunals and the High Court of Cassation. To do this, it had resolved to authorise for tomorrow the entrance into the banquet-room, hoping that the persons present at the manifestation would have the wisdom to retire at the first summons. But, after the manifesto published this morning, calling the public to a manifestation, convoking the National Guards, and assigning them a place ranked by the legions, and ranging them in line, a Government is raised in opposition to the real

Government, usurps the public power, and openly violates the Charter. These are acts which the Government cannot tolerate. In consequence, the banquet of the 12th *arrondissement* will not take place. Parisians! remain deaf to every excitement to disorder. Do not, by tumultuous assemblages, afford grounds for a repression which the Government would deplore.”

On the same evening, the subjoined proclamation from the prefect of police was published, together with the annexed order of the day, by General Jacqueminot, Commander-in-chief of the National Guards.

“ Inhabitants of Paris : A disquietude, injurious to labour and business, has reigned for some time in the public mind. This arises from manifestations in preparation. The Government, from motives of public order but too well justified, and exercising the right invested in it by the laws, and which has been constantly brought into use without dispute, has interdicted the banquet of the 12th *arrondissement*. Nevertheless, it has declared in the Chamber of Deputies, as this question was of a nature to admit of a judicial solution, instead of opposing by force the projected meeting, it came to a resolution to suffer the contravention to be established by permitting the guests to enter the banquet-room, hoping that they would have the prudence to retire at the first summons, in order

not to convert a simple contravention into an act of rebellion. This was the only means of bringing the question before the Supreme Court of Cassation. The Government persists in this determination, but the manifesto published this morning by the journals of the Opposition announces another object and other intentions; it sets up a Government against the true Government of the country, that which is instituted by the Charter, and which rests upon the majority of the Chambers; it calls for a public manifestation which is dangerous to the peace of the city; it convokes, in violation of the law of 1831, the National Guards, whom it arranges before hand in regular line, by number of legion, with the officers at their head. Here no doubt is longer possible. The clearest and best established laws are violated. The Government will cause them to be respected; they are the foundation and the guarantee of public order. I invite all good citizens to conform to these laws, and not join in any assemblage, for fear it may give rise to disturbances that may be regretted. I make this appeal to their patriotism and their right reason, in the name of our institutions, of public peace, and the dearest interests of the city. Paris, this 21st of February.

“G. DELESSERT,

“Peer of France, Prefect of Police.”

Order of the Day to the National Guards :—

“ So long as the manifestation which is preparing made no direct appeal to your co-operation and support, I abstained from reminding you in what limits the law has fixed your rights and your duties, for you have never ceased, during a period of seventeen years, proving that you knew them well, and that you never failed in them. Now that an attempt is made to mislead you, even in the name of legality, the maintenance of which is confided to your devotedness and patriotism, and that men who are strangers to you are convoking you, and calling upon you to usurp the rights of your chiefs, I must protest aloud against this insult, and it is in the name of the law itself that I address you. [The General here quotes the articles of the law, and also article 93 of the law, which declares that all chiefs of corps acting without a requisition of the proper authorities, shall be tried by the tribunals, and punished conformably with articles 234 and 258 of the Penal Code.] You see that the law is too clear and too precise for it to be possible for you to be deceived by an interpretation, the falsehood of which is evident to your good sense. Few among you, without doubt, are disposed to allow yourselves to be led to a culpable step, but I wish to spare them the error and the regret of showing their small number among the 85,000 National Guards of which your legions are composed. It is,

then, in the name of the law that I conjure you not to disappoint the confidence of the country, which has confided to you the defence of the constitutional royalty and legal order. You will not refuse to listen to the voice of your Commander-in-chief, who has never deceived you. I rely on your prudence and patriotism, as you may always rely upon my probity and devotedness."

But much to the surprise and discontent of the whole population of Paris, it was publicly stated in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday, and openly proclaimed in the streets by placards affixed to the walls, that the Government had determined upon prohibiting the banquet by military force. In the meantime, the Government proclamation declared that the Committee of Management had acted illegally in directing the National Guards to assemble without their arms, no persons except their officers being allowed to issue such orders. The procession of students was also declared to be a violation of law; and General Jacqueminot, Commander-in-chief of the National Guards, published an order prohibiting the attendance of the latter at the banquet, unless called upon by their chiefs.

Early on Tuesday morning the Committee issued an Address to the people, recommending them not to resist the decree of the Government; while the members of the Opposition announced their intention of bringing forward a motion for the impeach-

ment of Ministers, and of instantly resigning their legislative functions in the event of its being negatived.

On Monday night, military waggons and artillery *caissons* continued without intermission to arrive at the barracks of Paris, from Vincennes; and the papers of Tuesday stated that the garrison had then been increased to 100,000 men, and that no one part of the capital in which the people were likely to assemble, was left unoccupied by troops.

All the avenues leading to the Palais Bourbon, were on Tuesday crowded with cavalry and infantry, with large detachments of Municipal Guards. A numerous body of horse chasseurs was stationed on the side of the Place de la Revolution, and employed in dispersing an assemblage of about 5,000 or 6,000 persons, who, while quitting the ground, commenced singing the "Marseillaise" in full chorus, and shouting out repeatedly "*Vive la Reforme!*" "*À bas Guizot, l'Homme de Gande!*"

The several passages through the adjacent streets and the Place de Bourgogne were occupied by troops of the line; and none except Deputies, and persons provided with tickets, were permitted to enter the palace. General Perrault presented himself on horseback in the court-yard, ready to take the command of the troops; and, at the foot of the bridge of La Place de la Concorde, stood a commissary of police, for the purpose of delivering

legal notices to the people in due time. The whole space appropriated to the banquet was also occupied by the military.

Everything, however, remained comparatively tranquil until about half-past eleven o'clock, when a dense mass of persons issued from the Rue Royale, the greater number of them wearing the blouse, all marching abreast in perfect order, and singing "La Marseillaise," proceeded to the hôtel of M. Guizot, and uttering fierce groans and denunciations against that minister, began to throw stones at the windows and the gate.

The danger of a collision was now most imminent, and it soon proved but too certain. A body of the Municipal Guards, commanded by a Commissary of Police, in coloured clothes, but wearing a tri-colored sash, turned into the court-yard, and deliberately loaded their guns. A detachment of horse Municipal Guards then rode up and dispersed the mob.

Great forbearance was shewn by the troops of the line; and, at occasional intervals, the words "*Au nom de la loi!*" (in the name of the law) were uttered by the Commissary of the Police while calling upon the people to disperse; and they cried out, "*Vive la Ligne!*" with the view of gaining over the troops by flattery.

The people, who were for the most part wholly unarmed, now began to erect barricades in several

streets, by tearing up the paving stones, and seizing upon carts and omnibuses, &c. These hasty works, however, were soon carried by the Municipal Guards and the troops, yet at some of them there was very hard fighting. Acting upon the principle mentioned by the Roman poet,—

“Furor arma ministrat,”

the multitude continued to make their raging impetuosity furnish them with weapons. Several shops were pillaged, and among them that of a gunsmith in the Rue St. Honoré. In the course of the afternoon, the mob broke into the shop of an armourer on the Quai de la Megisserie, and plundered it of its contents. A similar attack was made on the premises of an armourer in the Rue de la Ville-Evêque, but the arms had been previously removed, and the populace got nothing.

The shop of M. Le Page, in the Rue Richelieu, was the next attacked; and so formidable was the mob at this point, that had it not been for the opportune arrival of a squadron of cuirassiers, very serious consequences might have ensued.

At eleven o'clock various arrests were made, and in resisting an attempt to release the prisoners from custody, a municipal guard was killed, while one of the insurgents lost his life at the same time.

Ultimately the municipal guards succeeded in dispersing the people and retaining possession of

their prisoners. In the evening all parts of the capital were occupied by the troops, and they remained under arms throughout the whole of Tuesday night, demolishing, in the meantime, the numberless barricades which the insurgents had raised, so that they were totally destroyed by the morning.

But still the latter were not to be put down or intimidated. On the contrary, they were found on Wednesday morning with increased activity and augmented numbers, many of them supplied with arms, and all reconstructing barricades.

The whole vicinity of the Tuileries was invested with troops, and forty pieces of cannon were ranged along the esplanade of the Invalids. An attempt was made to burn the royal palace. The mob set fire to that at Neuilly and destroyed it, together with the omnibuses there.

At three o'clock a deputation of the officers of the National Guard went to the Tuileries to demand that the Ministers should be dismissed, and they were told by General Jacqueminot that they had retired from office. The intelligence was instantly hailed with reiterated acclamations. The congregated thousands never ceased their roars of "*Vive la Reforme*;" and to satisfy them on the point, one of the generals in command of the troops exclaimed, "You shall have reform." "And the dismissal of the ministry," returned

the people. "Their dismissal, accusation, every thing," replied the general, and his words called forth immense applause.

The Chamber of Deputies met on Wednesday, and the members of the Left formed a strong force. One of them (M. Vavin) a Deputy of Paris, rose amidst profound silence, and said he had a solemn duty to discharge. He had to call upon the Minister of the Interior to account for the scenes which were then passing in the capital. During twenty-four hours the most serious disturbances had taken place, and the people could not help feeling amazed at the absence of the National Guards. On Monday, orders were given for their attendance; why had those orders been countermanded? Why was it only after a violent collision, that the drummers were permitted to beat to arms? Had the National Guards been called out from the first, fatal misfortunes would have been avoided.

M. Guizot (on the part of the Government) said he did not consider himself bound to reply to the questions now asked. The king had at that moment sent for Count Molé (loud cheers from the Left) to charge him with the reconstruction of a cabinet. So long as the present Ministers remained in office, they would cause order to be respected.

M. Odillon Barrot then rose and said that,

taking into consideration the critical situation of the cabinet, he consented to the postponement of his motion for the Impeachment of Ministers.

M. Dupin said, that under such circumstances as the present, it would be quite impossible for the Ministers to maintain order, and provide for their own security at the same time.

M. Guizot replied, that they would be able to do both until the King should have relieved them of their functions. Some further discussion ensued upon this point, and the sitting was then abruptly closed.

By Tuesday morning affairs had taken such a turn, that no change of ministry would satisfy the people, so long as the King was in possession of the throne. In the meantime the National Guards, who to a certain extent had espoused the popular cause from the first, now produced such results as left no doubt whatever, that the decisive triumph of the Revolution was already achieved.

The chief subject now talked about by those who wished to save the monarchy, though looking upon the cause of the monarch himself as hopeless, was the absolute necessity which existed, that the king should abdicate in favour of the Count de Paris, with a regency under the Duchess of Orleans. As to the Duke de Nemours, he was so unpopular, that no public mention of his name as regent, would be endured.

With respect to Count Molé, scarcely had he and his colleagues been named as the successors to the Guizot Cabinet, when they were obliged to disappear from the scene, through the irreconcilable hostility of the people to the sovereign who had sent for them.

M. Thiers, on being applied to, undertook to form a ministry, upon condition of his having M. Odillon Barrot as his principal colleague. To this the King did not hesitate to agree; but events shortly convinced him that not only was his reign terminated for ever, but that by no concert or combination which it was possible to imagine, could royalty itself be now rescued from destruction at the hands of an infuriated multitude.

The utter want of firmness and decision evinced by Louis Philippe, when everything on earth which concerned his existence as a sovereign, depended upon a most prompt and determined manifestation of both, precipitated that ruin which the policy he pursued could not ultimately have averted.

Shortly after the arrival of M. Thiers, Marshal Bugeaud, at that moment at the head of a garrison consisting of 100,000 men, and whose appointment had taken place only a very short time before, ordered the troops to retire, by command of the King. This was a fatal error on the part of the latter; but he had previously committed a very great one, in not issuing his orders for the soldiers of the line to

act before so many of them fraternized with the National Guards. Though humanity may commend his forbearance in this respect, common sense would regard it as the most deplorable infatuation under the desperate circumstances of his position. But perhaps he was inwardly conscious of the little reliance that was to be placed on the fidelity of troops, in a country where republicans had learned to raise up new dynasties upon the ruins of hereditary thrones, and could so promptly pull them down again.

Wednesday night was a most dreadful one. People assembled in considerable numbers in the quarters St. Denis and St. Martin. At ten o'clock they had succeeded in erecting barricades at the Porte St. Denis in the Rue de Clery, the Rue Neuve St. Eustache, the Rue de Cadran, and the Rue du Petit-Carréau. A *fusillade* took place at some of these barricades between the populace and the Municipal Guard. Two young men were killed, and a Municipal Guard was disarmed. The Guards fired and wounded several persons. A woman, the relation of a tradesman, was killed on the spot. An officer of the National Guards, who witnessed the scene, was so indignant, that he cried out "to arms!" upon which the Municipal Guard retreated. At the Porte St. Denis the troops charged the people, and the barricade in the Rue Cadran, at the entrance to the Rue Mont-

martre, was attacked by the Municipal Guard, who fired upon the mob, and killed a child, while two workmen and three women were severely wounded.

About this time a most ferocious band, who had been fighting and raising barricades, had just left the office of the *National* newspaper, where they were harangued from the balcony by M. Marrast, the principal editor, who assured them that on *this* occasion at least they had nothing whatever to fear for their liberties. They proceeded along the Boulevard des Italiens in a column of about 600 or 800 people, among whom were many communists, and several of those murderous criminals who are invariably found exhibiting their characteristic habits in all public tumults and commotions. Their countenances at once indicated their calling. Not many minutes elapsed before one of them committed an act which gave a practical proof of his qualifications for *citizenship*.

Though M. Guizot had retired from office, the Hôtel des Affaires des Etrangères still remained occupied and guarded by troops. A daring young ruffian, without the slightest provocation, walked up to the officer in command, and, discharging a pistol at his head, blew his brains out on the spot.

This terrible atrocity so enraged the soldiers, that, on seeing their officer fall, they instantly fired

upon the populace without waiting for orders, and many persons were killed. The sensation which the latter event produced among the multitude was intensely felt, and awfully displayed.

About twenty minutes afterwards (profound silence prevailing in that quarter in the interval) deep buzzing sounds were heard in the distance, and it soon appeared that they proceeded from an immense concourse of persons approaching from the Boulevard des Capucines. They were the moanings of suppressed rage, suppressed only until the solemn duties of the grave allowed a whole funereal host to seek vengeance in blood. Instead of the *Marseillaise*, which is always sung by French republicans as their popular air of triumph, the dirge of death, "*Mourir pour la Patrie*," was chanted in long-drawn wailing accents. Admixed with this baleful chorus was heard the rumbling noise of wheels. A large body of the people slowly advanced in solemn procession, four in front with lighted torches in their hands. Behind them came an open cart, with torch-bearers. The light was strong, and discovered four or five dead bodies partly undressed, and laid out in the cart in such a manner as to shew that great care had been taken to make the display excite public indignation and sympathy.

So soon as the head of the procession reached the corner of the Rue Lepeletier, the tones of sor-

row were suddenly changed into simultaneous exclamations of the most dreadful wrath, and one wild shout, or rather scream of "vengeance," burst forth from all those who took part in the fearful scene. The dead bodies were those of the men who had fallen under the fire of the soldiers that had avenged the murder of their officer in the manner above mentioned. The night was such as to fill the mind with horror, while the noise of workmen and the clang of arms appeared to be breaking upon its stillness.

Early on Thursday morning, all the military posts on the left bank of the Seine were disarmed, and occupied, partly by National Guards and men of the people.

At twelve o'clock, Odillon Barrot, accompanied by General Lamoriciere, proceeded from the Chamber of Deputies to the hôtel of the Minister of the Interior, where the former was at once installed, but only to retire from office within an incredibly short time after he had accepted it.

The following proclamation, hastily drawn up, and then posted on all the walls of Paris, was the first public document issued by him:—

"MY DEAR COMRADES—I have been invested by the new Cabinet with the superior command of the National Guard of the Department of the Seine.

"By your energetic attitude you have asserted the triumph of liberty. You have been, and will

ever be, the defenders of order. I rely upon you, as you may rely upon me.

“ Your comrade,
 (Signed) “ General LAMORICIERE.
 (Countersigned) “ ODILLON BARROT.”

“ Paris, Feb. 24, 1848.”

At two o'clock the following proclamation was posted on the walls of Paris:—

“ CITIZENS OF PARIS,—The King has abdicated. The crown, bestowed by the Revolution of July, is now placed on the head of a child, protected by his mother. They are both under the safeguard of the honour and courage of the Parisian population. All cause of division amongst us has ceased to exist. Orders have been given to the troops of the line to return to their respective quarters. Our brave army can be better employed than in shedding its blood in so deplorable a collision.

“ My beloved fellow-citizens! From this moment the maintenance of order is intrusted to the courage and prudence of the people of Paris and its heroic National Guard. They have ever been faithful to our noble country. They will not desert it in this grave emergency.

“ ODILLON BARROT.”

All the London journals, with scarcely any exception, give very accurate accounts of these most

momentous proceedings, and some of them are peculiarly graphic.

The future historian of this Revolution could not possibly collect better materials for his work than are to be found in the columns of the English diurnal press, most of the facts and incidents being minutely and faithfully narrated by eye-witnesses. Investigations into causes and effects, however, must entirely depend upon his own judgment and discrimination.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Fraternization.—Shocking massacre.—Remarkable occurrence.—Scene at the barrack of the Public Firemen.—Prisoners released by the Insurgents.—Meeting of the Chamber of Deputies.—Formal announcement of the King's Abdication.—Duchess of Orleans proposed as Regent to the Count de Paris.—Proposal rejected.—Violent tumults.—The Duchess of Orleans, the two young Princes her sons, and the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier retire from the Chamber followed by the Monarchists.—The Democrats remain.—Appoint members of a Provisional Government, and proceed to the Hôtel de Ville to have it installed.—Great slaughter at the Palais-Royal, and the Palace sacked.—Destruction at the Tuileries.—Particulars of the Surrender of the Château to the National Guards.—Minute details of the Departure of the Ex-King from the Tuileries.—Proclamations and Decrees of the Provisional Government.

FROM about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, up to the hour when the above proclamations were issued, large bodies of troops continued to fraternize with the National Guards, the former retiring to their barracks, and voluntarily surrendering their posts and muskets to the latter. But at half-past ten o'clock a lamentable affair took place. An officer of the staff, while proceeding to the guard-house of the Municipal Guard, near

the Champs Elysées, passed a numerous mob, then rapidly hastening on in that direction. On reaching the guard-house, he addressed the little garrison, assured them that all was over, that any resistance to the people was utterly useless, and might prove fatal to themselves. Unfortunately they paid no attention to his words. Their arms were demanded by the mob; they replied by a volley; the guard-house was stormed, and every one of them butchered on the spot. Immediately after, young fellows were seen bearing on sticks, in token of triumph, the military caps of the slaughtered soldiers, covered with blood and dirt.

Coincidentally with this deplorable scene, a very remarkable one occurred on the Boulevard des Italiens. Several regiments of infantry of the line, preceded by National Guards and a regiment of cuirassiers, three field-pieces, and three caissons of ammunition, came in sight. They were stopped by the people, who, with the greatest possible coolness, seized the horses by the heads, broke open the caissons, and distributed the ammunition among their party, without the slightest resistance being offered to them. On the contrary, the behaviour of the military evidently shewed no other feeling than that of friendship and fraternization. The number of troops of the line who thus abandoned the royal cause, "in its utmost need," was at least 3000, armed to the teeth. The horses

were unharnessed, and the cannon drawn away by the people, amidst loud acclamations.

At noon, a party of armed workmen, headed by the pupils of the Polytechnic School, presented themselves at the barrack of the firemen in the Rue du Vieux Colombier. The sentinel attempted to oppose their entrance; but, when told that they acted in the name of the National Guard, the officers immediately agreed to surrender their arms, which were passed to the people under the gateway. The firemen then presented themselves at their windows, raising loud cries of "Reform and destruction to Guizot!"

The next proceeding of the all-powerful multitude was to release the prisoners confined in the military establishments of the Abbaye and the Conseils de Guerre. Of these prisoners, thus suddenly restored to liberty, three had been sentenced to be shot. All the bedsteads and furniture were then brought out into the street, piled up together in one heap, and, being set fire on, were speedily reduced to ashes.

A few minutes after one o'clock, the Chamber of Deputies met under the presidency of M. Sauzet, when about 300 members were present. Scarcely had the president taken the chair, when it was stated that the Duchess of Orleans had arrived from the palace. Her Royal Highness, dressed in deep mourning, as also the two young princes,

her sons, who accompanied her, entered by the left door, together with the Dukes de Nemours and Montpensier. The young Count de Paris entered first, led in by one of the members of the Chamber. He was, with difficulty, conducted as far as the semicircle, which was crowded with officers and soldiers of the National Guard. His presence produced a marked impression on the whole assembly. The duchess was conducted to an armchair, on which she seated herself, between her two sons.

In the meantime, the hall was forcibly entered by a body of armed men, composed of the lower orders, mixed with National Guards.

This violent intrusion made the princess change her place, and remove, with her children, to one of the upper benches of the centre, opposite the president's chair.

The agitation and uproar that prevailed for several minutes could not possibly be described.

When silence was partially restored,

M. Dupin rose and announced to the Assembly, that the *King had abdicated in favour of his grandson the Count de Paris, and conferred the Regency on the mother of the Count, the Duchess of Orleans.*

Here a voice from the public gallery cried out, "It is too late."

The confusion and tumult now increased to a degree which, for the moment, seemed to threaten the very worst consequences ; while a number of Depu-

ties collected round the duchess, her children, and the Dukes de Nemours and Montpensier. National Guards also flocked round the Royal Family to afford them protection.

M. Marie then ascended the tribune, but was for some time totally unable to obtain a hearing, his voice being drowned by deafening cries. So soon as the purport of his words could be collected, he was understood to say, that in the critical situation in which the capital was placed, it was indispensably necessary to adopt some measures calculated to calm and tranquillize the public mind. Since morning the evil had made most fearful progress, and he asked whether they were disposed to proclaim as Regent the Duke de Nemours or the Duchess of Orleans?

M. Cremieux, who followed, expressed himself favourable to a new Government.

M. Genoude thought that an appeal ought to be made to the people.

M. Odillon Barrot advocated the rights of the Duchess of Orleans to the regency.

M. Larochejacquelin contended for an appeal to the people.

M. Lamartine and M. Ledru Rollin urged the absolute necessity of appointing a Provisional Government.

All further proceedings were here abruptly terminated, so far as regarded the supporters of the

monarchy. M. Sauzet put on his hat, and closed the sitting. The royal party retired, followed by the members of the centre; those of the left (or the Republicans as they now proved themselves to be) remaining alone in the hall. The insurgents then called, or rather carried, M. Dupont de l'Eure to the Presidential chair.

The tribune, and all the seats around, were occupied by the people and the National Guards; the names of the following members of the Provisional Government being proclaimed amidst a scene of tumultuous excitement, which those who witnessed it will never forget to the last hour of their existence:—

GARNIER PAGES.	LEDRU ROLLIN.
ARAGO.	LAMARTINE.
MARIE.	CREMIEUX.

These names were received with reiterated shouts of "*Vive la République!*" and the Assembly then adjourned to the Hôtel de Ville, to instal the Provisional Government.

Before these most eventful proceedings took place, a furious attack being made upon the Palais-Royal, it was carried by the raging assailants in about an hour and a half, after a most sanguinary conflict in which upwards of 500 lives were lost. The interior was sacked in every part, while the throne was carried off and publicly burned under the Column of July.

Simultaneously with the attack upon the Palais-Royal an assault was made on the Tuileries, but with results infinitely less serious, though for some time most awfully alarming. After several remonstrances and expostulations, the troops within the railing in front of the palace were ordered to retire, and the *château* was finally surrendered to the National Guards. The latter, however, either were not able or willing to prevent a violent assemblage of *citizens* in blouse from entering all the State apartments at the same moment with themselves, and committing acts of the most wanton destruction, though such of them as turned out to be thieves and robbers were instantly shot by the others. Numberless costly and gorgeous articles of furniture were flung out of the windows and either torn or broken into fragments by the mob in the courtyard. The throne being carried off from this palace also, was immediately smashed to pieces. But, though the damage done was very great, yet the edifice itself, being the property of the nation, and not of the King, as in the case of the Palais-Royal, the ravages to which it was subjected bore no proportion whatever to the extent of indiscriminate devastation committed within the walls of the latter building,

As the surrender of the Tuileries to the National Guards is one of the most prominent events in the history of the Revolution of 1848, the following

minute account of it translated from a French paper (the *Reforme*) cannot fail to be highly interesting to the reader. Though no mention is made of the deeds of destruction perpetrated after the surrender, and, though the spirit of democracy pervades the whole narrative, still the facts stated are undeniable:—

“ Different versions of the taking of the Tuileries have been given. The event seems to us of such importance as to have caused us to seek to know the details. We give them as exact and as circumstantial as possible. The 5th Legion of the National Guard, having its major, its lieutenant-colonel, two chiefs of battalions, and several officers at its head, marched on the Tuileries. It had arrived at the Rue de l’Echelle, when firing was heard on the Place du Palais-Royal; it was the post of the Château d’Eu which recommenced the combat. At the same instant the legion hastened to the place where the firing took place, and with it the thousands of combatants who followed it. At this moment Marshal Gerard appeared with a branch of verdure in his hand, enjoining the combatants to cease firing. The post of the *château* refused, and the combat continued. The marshal returned to the corner of the Rue St. Honoré. At that moment an officer of the *château* appeared, bearing a paper in his hands—it was the abdication of Louis Philippe. The document was taken from the hands of the

officer by a lieutenant of the 5th legion, the citizen Auberte Roche, and remitted to be preserved to the citizen Lagrange, of Lyons. The firing continued. It was feared that the troops confined in the Tuileries would come to take the combatants by the flank. A *reconnoissance* had been made. Within the railings there were 3000 infantry, six pieces of cannon in battery, two squadrons of dragoons, without counting the armed guardians, and some Municipal Guards. This force, protected by the railing and the artillery, could, on this large place, if it had been attacked, give rise to a bloody battle—everything was to be feared. A profound silence reigned, and it was only interrupted by the *fusillade* of the Place du Palais-Royal, and some musket shots at the troops within the *château*. It was learned that the 1st, 2d, 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 10th legions surrounded the Tuileries, and that the others were on the march. The combat was imminent. It was then that Lieutenant Aubert Roche, advancing towards the railing near the Rue de Rivoli, caused the commandant of the Tuileries to be sent for. That person arrived with great fear. ‘You are lost!’ cried the lieutenant. ‘You are surrounded, and a combat will be commenced, if you do not evacuate the Tuileries, and give them up to the National Guard.’ The commandant, understanding the position, caused the troops to be ranged in line against the *château*, without causing them

to leave. Before that they had been drawn up in *échellons*. Seeing that the movement of retreat was not effected, citizen Aubert Roche, accompanied by the citizen Lesueur, *chef de bataillon* of the canton of Lagny-Rincy, who joined the 5th legion, ran to the railing of the Rue de Rivoli, knocked, and announced themselves with a flag of truce. The gate was then opened, and both of them, unaccompanied, with their swords in their hands, entered into the midst of the court, which was full of soldiers. The commandant of the Tuileries advanced, saying that he had caused the troops to be withdrawn. ‘That is not enough,’ said the lieutenant; ‘the palace must be evacuated: if not, misfortune will happen.’ The commandant of the Tuileries then conducted the two officers before the Pavillon de l’Horloge, where stood several generals, and the Duke de Nemours, all with consternation impressed on their faces. ‘Monseigneur,’ said the commandant of the Tuileries, ‘here is an excellent citizen, who will give you the means of preventing the effusion of blood.’ ‘What must be done?’ said the Prince in a trembling voice to the lieutenant who was presented to him. ‘Sir, you must evacuate the palace at this very instant, and give it up to the National Guard; if you do not you are lost. The combat will be a bloody one; the Tuileries are surrounded; the 5th legion, of which I form part, is fighting at this moment at the Palais-Royal,

with its major and superior officers at its head. Take care that the combat does not cease before these troops have left ; if not, a battle will take place even here, in spite of you.' ' You think so,' replied the duke. ' I will make the troops retire.' And, at the same instant, in presence of two officers of the National Guard, he gave the order to retreat. The artillery went by the railing of the palace, and the staff and the Duke de Nemours by the Pavillon de l'Horloge, their horses descending the flight of steps. The cavalry followed them, then the infantry. It was even forgotten to relieve the posts who remained. The citizen Aubert Roche charged himself to introduce the National Guard in the palace. He went to warn the National Guards who were then near the staff. The National Guard then put the butt-end of their muskets in the air, and entered the court of the Tuileries by the railing of the Rue de Rivoli, accompanied by the curious, all quite astonished to find themselves masters of the palace. A quarter of an hour after the combat ceased on the Place du Palais-Royal, the combatants hastened to attack the Tuileries, but they found the gates opened. Thus was taken, or rather surrendered, the redoubtable fortress. A National Guard made a summons in the name of the armed people, and royalty evacuated the place."

All the circumstances connected with the Ex-

King's precipitate departure from the Tuileries and the capital, after his abdication was generally known, must be considered as most important historical records. M. C. Maurice, the editor of a periodical publication called "Le Courier des Spectacles," happening to be present at the critical juncture, had an opportunity of seeing every thing that occurred upon the occasion. He immediately published a detailed statement of what he beheld, and as that statement is acknowledged to be strictly correct, the English version of it which is here subjoined, will in all respects be worthy of earnest attention, as an illustration of fallen greatness, and the instability of earthly power.

"About one o'clock in the afternoon, whilst in conversation with the colonel of the 21st regiment of the line, who appeared well disposed, and of which he gave a proof in ordering his men to sheath their bayonets, a young man in plain clothes, who turned out to be the son of Admiral Baudin, on horseback, trotted past us at a quick pace, crying out that Louis Philippe had abdicated, and requesting that the news might be circulated. A few minutes after, at the Pont Tournant, we saw approach from the Tuileries a troop of National Guards on horseback, at a walking pace, forming the head of a procession, and by gestures and cries inviting the citizens to abstain from every unfavourable demonstration. At this moment the expression 'a great

misfortune' (*'une grande infortune'*) was heard; and the King Louis Philippe, his right arm passed under the left arm of the Queen, on whom he appeared to lean for support, was seen to approach from the gate of the Tuileries, in the midst of horsemen, and followed by about thirty persons in different uniforms. The Queen walked with a firm step, and cast around looks of assurance and anger intermingled. The King wore a black coat, with a common round hat, and wore no orders. The Queen was in full mourning. A report was circulated that they were going to the Chamber of Deputies to deposit the act of abdication. Cries of '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la France!*' and even by two or three persons, '*Vive le Roi!*' were heard. The procession had scarcely passed the Pont Tournant, and arrived at the pavement surrounding the Obelisk, when the King, the Queen, and the whole party made a sudden halt, apparently without any necessity. In a moment they were surrounded by a crowd on foot and horseback, and so crowded that they had no longer their freedom of motion. Louis Philippe appeared alarmed at this sudden approach. In fact, the spot fatally chosen by an effect of chance produced a strange feeling. A few paces off a Bourbon King, an innocent and resigned victim, would have been happy to have experienced no other treatment. Louis Philippe turned quickly round, let go the

Queen's arm, took off his hat, raised it in the air, and cried out something which the noise prevented my hearing; in fact, the cries and *pêle-mêle* were general. The Queen became alarmed at no longer feeling the King's arm, and turned round with extreme haste, saying something which I could not catch. At this moment I said, '*Madame, ne craignez rien, continuez, les rangs vont s'ouvrir devant vous.*' Whether her anxiety gave a false interpretation to my intention or not I am ignorant; but, pushing back my hand, she exclaimed, '*Laissez-moi,*' with a most irritated accent; she seized hold of the King's arm, and they both turned their steps towards two small black carriages with one horse each. In the first were two young children. The King took the left and the Queen the right, and the children with their faces close to the glass of the vehicle, looking at the crowd with the utmost curiosity; the coachman whipped his horse violently; in fact with so much rapidity did it take place, that the coach appeared rather carried than driven away; it passed before me, surrounded by the cavalry and National Guards present, and cuirassiers and dragoons. The second carriage, in which were two females, followed the other at the same pace, and the escort, which amounted to about two hundred men, set off at a full gallop, taking the water side towards St. Cloud. The horse in the coach in which the King was

could not have gone the whole way, so furiously did he gallop under the repeated lashes of the coachman, whilst the surrounding crowds vociferated that they were taking flight. At this moment I was accosted by M. Cremieux, who said with truth that we had put the royal party in their carriage, and we proceeded together to the Chamber of Deputies, which he entered with M. Larochejacquelin, who was standing in front of the building on the square. After the King and the other members of the royal family had arrived at St. Cloud, they got into an omnibus and went on to Versailles."

The National (the official organ of the Provisional Government), speaking on the same subject, says—

"The flight of Louis Philippe was marked by an incident which does so much honour to the feelings of our population, that we hasten to mention it. At the moment the Ex-King was escaping by the little low door-way nearly opposite the bridge, and going into the little *voiture* that waited for him, he found himself surrounded by the people. Two cuirassiers stationed in the Place de la Concorde rushed to his protection, and this brave regiment, without, however, using their arms, opened a passage. An officer, seeing the danger, cried out, 'Messieurs, spare the King.' To which a stentorian voice replied, 'We are not assassins—let him go.' 'Yes, yes, let him go, let him depart,' be-

came the general cry. The people have been too brave during the combat not to be generous after their victory."

After the flight of Louis Philippe from Paris, the triumphant democrats who deposed him, proceeded to organize the Provisional Government upon a regular system, and the following were the official

APPOINTMENTS.

Provisional Government.—MM. Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Garnier Pagès, Arago, Marie, Ledru Rollin, Cremieux.

Secretaries.—MM. Louis Blanc, A. Marrast, Flocon, Albert.

MODIFICATION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

MM. DUPONT DE L'EURE,

LAMARTINE,	ARMAND MARRAST,
MARIE,	LOUIS BLANC,
GARNIER PAGES,	FLOCON,
LEDRU ROLLIN,	ALBERT,
A. CREMIEUX,	BOUVIER.

Secretaries.—MM. A. DUJON and MAURIN.

MINISTERIAL DEPARTMENTS.

M. DUPONT DE L'EURE, President of the Council.

M. DE LAMARTINE, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. CREMIEUX, Minister of Justice.

M. LEDRU ROLLIN, Minister of the Interior.

M. GODECHAUX, Minister of Finance (now M. GARNIER PAGES).

M. F. ARAGO, Minister of Marine.

GENERAL SUBERVIC, Minister of War.

M. CARNOT, Minister of Public Instruction.

M. BETHMONT, Minister of Commerce.

M. MARIE, Minister of Public Works.

COLONEL DE COURTAIS, Superior Commandant of the National Guard.

M. GUINARD, Chef-d'Etat-Major-General.

GENERAL BEDEAU, Commandant of the 1st Military Division.

GENERAL DU VIVIER, Commandant of the Moveable National Guard.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC, Governor-General of Algeria.

VICE-ADMIRAL BAUDIN, Commander of the Toulon Squadron.

Immediately upon these appointments being made, so many and so multifarious were the decrees and proclamations issued by the Provisional Government, that neither the plan nor purpose of this work will allow of any other than a very limited selection from them. Those which will be universally considered of the most general importance, are the following:—

THE PEERS SUPPRESSED, AND THE CHAMBER OF
DEPUTIES DISSOLVED.

“THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE declare—That the Government having betrayed its trust, is *de facto* and

de jure dissolved ! Consequently, the people resume the full exercise of their sovereignty, and decree as follows :—The Chamber of Peers, which only represents the interests of the aristocracy, is suppressed. The Chamber of Deputies, which is the mere representative of privilege, monopoly, and corruption, and the majority of whose members have been participators in the unpardonable crime of the Government, which has subjected the citizens to a murderous fire, is hereby, and remains, dissolved.

“ The Nation, from the present moment, is constituted a Republic. All citizens should remain in arms and defend their barricades, until they have acquired the enjoyment of all their rights as citizens and as operatives. Every citizen who has attained his majority is a National Guard. Every citizen is an elector. Absolute freedom of thought and liberty of the press, right of political and industrial association, to be secured to all. As the Government of the future can only respect the wishes and interests of all classes, all Frenchmen should assemble together in the respective *communes*, in deliberative assemblies, in order to elect new and real representatives of the country. Until the nation has formally declared its will on this head, every attempt to restore obsolete powers must be deemed an usurpation, and it is the duty of every citizen to resist any such attempt by force ! Brethren ! Let

us be calm and dignified, in the name of liberty, equality, and human fraternity !”

ROYALTY ABOLISHED.

Paris, Feb. 26, 1848.

“ THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

“ *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*

“ PROCLAMATION OF THE PROVISIONAL
GOVERNMENT.

In the Name of the French People.—

“ CITIZENS :—Royalty, under whatever form it assumes, is abolished. No more legitimacy—no more Bonapartism—no regency. The Provisional Government has taken all the necessary measures to render impossible the return of the ancient dynasty or the advent of a new one. The Republic is proclaimed. The people are united. All the forts in the vicinity of the capital are ours. The brave garrison of Vincennes is a garrison of brothers. Let us preserve with respect this old republican flag, whose three colours have gone the round of the world with our fathers. Let us shew that this symbol of equality, liberty, and fraternity, is, at the same time, the emblem of order—of order the most real and durable, since justice is its basis, and the people its instrument. The people have already comprehended that the supply of Paris calls for a freer traffic in the streets, and the hands which erected the

barricades have, in several places, made openings large enough to admit the free passage of carriages laden with provisions. Let this example be followed everywhere. Let Paris resume its usual aspect, commerce its activity and confidence. Let the people watch, at the same time, over the maintenance of their rights, and continue to ensure, as they have always done, the tranquillity and security of the public.

“DUPONT (DE L'EURE).

“LAMARTINE.

“A. CREMIEUX.

“GARNIER PAGES.

“LOUIS BLANC.

“ARAGO.

“ARMAND MARRAST.

“MARIE.

“FLOCON.

“LEDRU ROLLIN.

“ALBERT (Operative.)”

DECREE AGAINST PLUNDERERS.

“The Provisional Government of the Republic having been informed that plunderers traverse the country adjoining the capital, burning or laying waste private property, destroying railroads on different points, in order to intercept communications, or attempting to burn the stations, has adopted the most energetic measures to prevent the recurrence of such disorders. During the first moments which followed our sanguinary and glorious victory, the irritated population attacked the *châteaux*, or country seats formerly inhabited by fallen royalty,—a vengeance to be deplored, but

which can unfortunately be conceived under existing circumstances. To-day, however, the people have vented their anger, and nobody would presume to justify such attempts, against private property. Our Republican population is innocent of those crimes. Their authors are agents of disorder, sent forth by parties reduced to despair by the calmness and grandeur accompanying the resurrection of the Republic. The Provisional Government will perform its duty. Mobilized battalions are about to march against those hostile bands. The peaceable citizens shall be protected."

ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS FOR POLITICAL CRIMES.

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*

"The Provisional Government, convinced that greatness of mind is the supreme policy, and that each revolution effected by the French people owes to the world the consecration of an additional philosophical truth—"Whereas there is not a more sublime principle than the inviolability of human life—

"Whereas, in those memorable days, the Provisional Government has ascertained, with pride, that not a cry of vengeance or death escaped the mouth of the people—

"Declares that, in its opinion, the penalty of

death is abolished for political offences, and that it will submit that wish to the definitive ratification of the National Assembly.

“The Provisional Government is so firmly convinced of the truth which it proclaims in the name of the French people, that if the guilty men who have shed the blood of France were in the hands of the people, their degradation would, in its eyes, be a more exemplary chastisement than their execution.”

“THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

“*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*”

“The MINISTER OF JUSTICE, Member of the Provisional Government of the Republic, to M. FAUSTIN HELIE, Director of Criminal Affairs.

Paris, Feb. 26, 1848.

“Despatch immediately to the Attorney-Generals the order to suspend all capital executions which were to have taken place in virtue of Sovereign decrees and the definitive order which authorized those executions. You will present to me the documents relative thereto, and annex a new report to the reports already made by your predecessor. If, after examining them, I can commute the penalty, I will propose the modification to the Provisional Government. As respects the convicts in whose case no change appears possible, I will suspend all decision until the day when the

National Assembly shall have pronounced on the question relative to the penalty of death.

“CREMIEUX.”

PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY.

“**GENERALS, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS:—**The Government of the Ex-King, by its attempts against liberty, the people of Paris by its victory, have caused the fall of the Government to which you swore obedience. A fatal collision has drenched the capital with blood. The blood of civil war is that which is most repugnant to France. The people forget all in pressing the hands of its brethren who bear the sword of France. A Provisional Government has been created; it has arisen from the imperious necessity of preserving the capital, of re-establishing order, and of preparing for France popular institutions, similar to those under which the French Republic rendered France and its armies so great. You will salute, we doubt not, the flag of the country, in the hands of the same power which first raised it. You will feel that these new and strong popular institutions, which are about to be formed by the National Assembly, open to the army a career of devotedness and services which the nation, become free, will appreciate as much and even better than kings. Union between the army and the people, interrupted for a moment, must be re-established. Swear love

to the people, among whom are your fathers and your brethren! Swear fidelity to its new institutions, and all will be forgotten except your courage and your discipline! Liberty will not demand from you any other services than those of which you will have to rejoice before it, and to glory yourselves before its enemies.

“GARNIER-PAGES,

“LAMARTINE,

“Members of the Provisional Government.”

DIVINE WORSHIP.

On Sunday, the Minister of Foreign Affairs addressed a notification of the proclamation of the Republic to the representatives of foreign powers. The Pope's nuncio returned the following answer:—

“Paris, Feb. 27.

“MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE :—I have the honour to acknowledge the reception of the communication which you have just made to me, under date the 27th of February, and I will hasten to transmit it to our Most Holy Father Pope Pius IX. I cannot refrain from profiting by this opportunity of expressing the lively and profound satisfaction with which I am inspired by the respect which the people of Paris have shewn to religion in the midst of the great events which have just been accomplished. I am convinced that the paternal heart of Pius IX. will be profoundly touched by

it, and that the common father of the faithful will call down, in all his prayers, the blessings of God on France.”

On Sunday, all the churches were open in Paris, and masses were said for the dead. In the cathedral of Notre Dame, the Abbé Lacordaire commenced his series of sermons, the first of which had been long since fixed for that day. An immense crowd was present. The reverend gentleman first read the archbishop's letter. On the demand of the Government, the archbishop gave orders to have the “*Domine salvum fac populum*” henceforward sung in all churches. The abbé, addressing the archbishop, said, “Monseigneur, the country, by my voice, thanks you for the courageous and catholic example which you have given; it thanks you for having known how to conciliate the immutability of the Church and the sanctity of oaths with the changes which God effects in the world by the hands of men.” The preacher, as if to give proofs of this immutability, wished to continue the development of the doctrine which he had set forth so eloquently for several years. He appeared to desire to entrench himself behind divine tradition, and to preserve it from the invasion of history; but the fire burst out, and the Dominican of the people, arriving at the proofs of the existence of God, cried out, “Prove to you God! Were I to attempt to do

so, you would have a right to call me parricide and sacrilegious. If I dared to undertake to demonstrate to you God, the gates of this cathedral would open of themselves, and shew you this people, superb in its anger, carrying God to his altar, in the midst of respect and adoration." The whole auditory were so much moved, that they testified loud applause, which the sanctity of the place could not restrain. The "Debats," alluding to this scene, says: "It is well; let the Church take its place like us all. Let it shew itself, the people will recognise it. Let it not have any dread of the Revolution, in order that the Revolution may not be afraid of it. God has delivered the world to discussion: *Tradidit mundum disputationi*. Let the Church use its arms, the Word and charity, instruction and action. Let it aid itself, God will aid it."

The Archbishop of Paris visited the Hôtel Dieu, also the hospitals of the Charité and Beaujon. The first pastor of the capital wore his archiepiscopal dress and cross; he went through the wards, giving his benediction to the wounded.

The archbishop addressed the following to the clergy of Paris:—

"MONSIEUR LE CURE: In presence of the great event of which the capital has just been the theatre, our first movement has been to weep for the fate of the victims whose death was struck

in such an unforeseen manner ; we weep for them all, because they are our brethren : we lament them, because we have learnt, once more, what disinterestedness, respect for property, and generous sentiments fill the hearts of the people of Paris. We must not confine ourselves to shedding tears ; we must pray for all those who have fallen in the struggle, and beseech God to open to them the place of light and peace. You will, consequently, perform, as soon as possible, a solemn service, to which you will give all the pomp which your resources permit. The mass shall be that ‘ *In die obitûs,*’ with ‘ *Pro pluribus defunctis.*’ This service must take place as soon as you can have given notice of it to your parishioners, were it even on a Sunday. During the mass, a collection shall be made for the poor families of those who are killed or wounded. The produce of this collection shall be paid into the hands of the mayor of the *arrondissement*. The present letter to be affixed as may be necessary. Receive, &c.,

“ DENIS, Archbishop of Paris.

“ P.S. In case it may be necessary or useful to establish temporary hospitals in your churches, you will not hesitate to offer them, even should it be necessary to suppress the service of Sunday. Should the service take place, you will sing, after the mass, ‘ *Domine salvum fac Francorum gentem,*’ and ‘ *Deus a quo sancta desideria,*’ &c.”

CHAPTER XXX.

Increase of the National Guards.—Grand manifesto of M. Lamartine.—Personal Notices of the leading Members of the Provisional Government.—Generals Bedeau and Cavaignac.—Dangerous Democrats.—National Organization of Labour and Industry.—Its demoralizing tendencies.—Singular Perversities of Lord Brougham.—His Application to the French Minister of Justice for Letters of Naturalization under the New Republic.—The Minister's sarcastic Reply.—Sketch of the state of the Royal Family, when the Ex-King and Queen left Paris.—Progress of Louis Philippe and his Consort from Paris to the coast of Sussex.—Miscellaneous Scenes and Incidents.—Landing of the Royal Exiles at Newhaven.—Their Reception in England.—Their Progress to Claremont, and Arrival there with most of the Members of the Royal Family.—Conclusion of Supplementary Particulars.

BESIDES these public documents, involving such vast and complicated interests, there was a decree for the formation of twenty-four battalions of National Guards for Paris, which were to be so organized as to give an immense preponderating influence to the ultra-democratic party.

Then there speedily appeared a grand manifesto to the whole world, from the pen of that accomplished and eloquent enthusiast, M. Lamartine, in

his capacity of Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Provisional Government. It promised all things to all men, provided only they deported themselves properly. It professed the greatest moderation, and the most scrupulous respect for the independence of other nations, no matter how they might be governed, so long as they remained pacific; but, at the same time, they were plainly told that any hostile spirit on their part would be met by the most energetic determination, promptly and effectually to repel aggression and punish insult. It also stated, that under certain circumstances French aid would not be refused where States were oppressed, and invoked it while struggling for liberty.* The other topics comprised in the manifesto were for the most part fanciful anticipations of the universal happiness which was certain to result from the measures to be adopted by the new Republic. Pictures of prosperity, amity, concord, and repose were drawn in the most vivid colours, as the blissful consequences

* It speaks very favourably for the judgment and discretion of M. Lamartine, that he has not considered Ireland to come within this category, to the extent represented by the special deputation that lately waited upon him from Dublin. The *citizens* composing it, while meditating nothing short of a general insurrection against the British Government, and openly avowing their intention, expected, forsooth, that he would *fraternally* commit France and England in open war on their account! How egregiously they have been deceived, and (after his reply) how foolish they have looked on their return!

of liberty, equality, and fraternity, in a land where no titled or privileged orders were any longer recognized or endured, where there was a complete social and political regeneration.

*Magnus ab integro seculorum nascitur ordo.**

But the imaginative genius of this most sanguine of all statesmen did not allow him to reflect for a single moment, that his *beau-idéal* of a perfect commonwealth might perhaps be, within a very short time, the fruitful source of misery, strife, distraction, and bloodshed.

Here it may be observed that this seems an appropriate occasion for giving respectively some very brief personal notices of the men who thus took the reins of Government into their own hands, after the king was deposed and ousted. Nor must it be forgotten that that king had originally no other title to his throne than the will of the "sovereign people," who had now deprived him of it.

DUPONT (DE L'EURE), President of the Council, after having taken an active part in the Revolution of 1789, has attained an advanced age, being now in his eighty-first year. In the eighth year of that Revolution, he was a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and in 1811 he was President of the Court at Rouen under the Empire. In 1813 he presided over the *Corps Legislatif*; and in

* Virg.

1815 he proposed, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, the famous declaration in which a special reservation was made in favour of popular immunities. He has always been decidedly opposed in politics to Marshal Bugeaud, and upon the last occasion he entered his personal protest against him.

LAMARTINE (Minister of Foreign Affairs,) is eminently distinguished in Europe as a poet, orator, author, and public writer; but though in one most important instance he has acted in a manner to command universal respect, and to inspire with confidence all the friends of peace and order; still, from the naturally romantic turn of his mind, no hope can possibly be entertained of the sage, firm, and consistent character of his future statesmanship. He represented Mâcon in the Chamber which has lately been dissolved and abolished, was for some time a diplomatist under Charles X., and is now in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He is a gentleman by birth, and possesses an ample fortune.

ARAGO (Minister of Marine,) has reached the sixty-second year of his age, and is confessedly the most scientific man in France. He is an uncompromising Republican, but never known offensively to obtrude his opinions upon others. His demeanour is affable and conciliating.

CREMIEUX (Minister of Justice), is forty-seven

years of age, professes the Jewish religion, and before the Revolution of 1830 was the most eminent advocate at the bar of Nismes. He is a man of wealth, Deputy for Chinon, and on leaving Nismes purchased the place of *Conseiller à la Cour de Cassation* from Odillon Barrot. He is a strong Republican, but in other respects has always shewn great good sense and moderation.

MARIE (Minister of Public Works), one of the Deputies for Paris. He is also an advocate, sixty years of age, and a man whose character is much esteemed for probity and worth.

LEDRU ROLLIN (Minister of the Interior,) is another advocate, and now in the forty-seventh year of his age. He is decidedly one of the most dangerous democrats that can be found among the educated classes in France at the present day. So vehement are his manifestations of *Citizenship*, and so furiously exciting his appeals to the populace, that none but the very worst and most destructive consequences can be expected to result from them.

BETHMONT (Minister of Commerce), an advocate, forty-five years of age, was formerly one of the Members for Paris, and is now Member for Rochelle. He has practised with some success at the *Palais de Justice*.

HIPPOLYTE CARNOT (Minister of Public Instruction,) is one of the Members for Paris, and forty-seven years of age. He has been educated for the

bar, but abandoned the Law for St. Simonianism in the first instance, and for Literature in the next.

GARNIER PAGES (late Mayor of Paris, now Minister of Finance,) is a quiet plodding man, of a respectable character, an advocate by profession, but comparatively of very little talent.

As prominent characters in the new military organization, the two most remarkable men are the Minister of War, GENERAL BEDEAU, and the Governor of Algiers, GENERAL CAVAIGNAC. The former is only forty-four years of age; he was educated at the military school of St. Cyr, made the campaigns of Belgium in 1831-32, and so rapid has been his promotion since, that, for the last twelve or fourteen years, he has been among the most active and distinguished of the young African generals. Next to Lamoriciere and one or two others, he is considered to be the very best and most popular officer in France.

CAVAIGNAC, the new Governor of Algiers, is nephew of the General Viscount Cavaignac, son of the old conventional deputy. He has the reputation of being a man of no common talent.

The above list includes those men who, at the first regular formation of the Ministry, and before one or two changes took place which have since been made, occupied the more conspicuous positions under the new Republic. But there are

others, whose influence upon the conduct of affairs is coextensive with the limits of the country, and sensibly felt far beyond them.

The latter are the mere agents and instruments of Ledru-Rollin in his wicked attempts, as Minister of the Interior, to crush and ruin all those of his colleagues who do not agree with him in his manifest intention of carrying out daring designs and desperate acts which would be totally subversive of law and order, and spread anarchy and carnage over the whole surface of the land.

Ultra-democrats of this description are, in modern phraseology, called "Communists," and their principal leaders under Ledru Rollin are Louis Blanc, and two representatives of the working classes, Albert and Flocon. The notable project which Blanc has conceived and devised for the national organization of productive labour and industry, must, of necessity, if executed to the proposed extent, destroy the very frame and substance of existing society in France. Still not only do the fiery democrats loudly applaud it, but the more moderate republicans are prepared to give it their full and entire sanction. The first measure it proposes, is to establish all over the nation an infinite series of work-shops, manufactories, and marts, in which articles of all imaginable descriptions are to be made and sold, under the inspection of Government officers. The State alone is to

have the sole appropriation of the produce of the sales; the prices are to be fixed, and the proportion of the money allotted to the workmen, is to be equally and indiscriminately divided between them; so that talent and activity are not to have the slightest reward to distinguish them from stupidity and indolence! Under this new social system, sloth is not to be deemed a reproach, nor has energy any merit!

In a country so difficult to be governed and so impatient of thrones as France has shewn herself for many years past, there will always be thousands of presumptuous individuals, who, exercising a pernicious influence over the minds of the masses, will attempt to justify, by what they preposterously call philosophy, the most rash and ruinous innovations, and to defend opinions which can be adopted only at the risk of demoralising and debasing the community at large. The new Republic of France appears to be precisely in that state at the present moment, with all its fine plausibilities about social regeneration.

And yet we have lately seen positively stated and affirmed in the public papers (*mirabile dictu*.) a most extraordinary fact—It is one that might astound even the most credulous admirers of the erratic personage of whom it is now eternally recorded. We have read that a British peer, a nobleman of marvellous fame and universal attain-

ments, an orator, statesman, and philosopher, a political, ethical, and polemical writer, a classical translator, essayist, biographer, and reviewer, lastly, but mainly, and above all, the highest dignitary of the law, retired long since from the woollack, and amply pensioned under a constitutional monarchy, —we have seen it openly proclaimed of a man thus preeminently gifted and exalted, that he has applied to a French minister for letters of naturalisation! His object has been not so much to secure his property in France, as to qualify him to sit in the new Assembly as one of the nine hundred Republican legislators, who are to assert the indefeasible rights of the “sovereign people,” and the “immutable principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!!!”

*Ad hanc te amentiam natura peperit, voluntas exercuit, fortuna servavit.**

But what could have been more mortifying to his overweening conceit than the prompt exposure of his ignorance, so evidently proved in the reply he received to his application? The Hebrew-Gallic minister, a jurist of great celebrity, in stating to him the conditions upon which alone his request could be complied with, gave him clearly to understand how much surprised he was that the noble applicant had not known them before. M. Cremieux was indeed amazed that a person of the

* Cicero, Orat.

learning, experience, rank, and station of Lord Brougham, had not been previously aware that he must resign for ever all his rights, emoluments, privileges, titles, and honours in England, before he could possibly become plain "Citizen Brougham" in France! It was only after he had most glaringly exhibited his indiscretion that prudence suggested to him to remain content with his rank and acquisitions in his native land.

Though the matters here stated and commented upon would seem in some respects to be a digression from the main subject, yet they are directly connected with it, so far as regards the influence produced on the condition of France by the flight and exile of the dethroned king, immediately after he had ceased to reign.

Without venturing upon any conjectures as to the future, dark and direfully ominous as that future appears, we shall now revert to all that yet remains to be narrated of the personal history of Louis Philippe. The details refer almost exclusively to the scenes and incidents which occurred during the progress of the royal fugitive and the Ex-Queen, from the time they left Paris until they reached the shores of England, and arrived at Claremont, which latter event forms the conclusion of these Supplementary Particulars.

After the several members of the royal family finally quitted the Palace of the Tuileries, upon

the departure of the King and Queen on the 24th of February, they were shortly forced by the violence of the mob to make their escape from France with the greatest rapidity, and the better to ensure their safety as they went along, to proceed separately by different routes. The Duke of Nemours having previously heard that the Duchess of Orleans and the two young princes had gone to the Chamber of Deputies, hurried off to accompany them, believing his presence to be imperatively required on so solemn an occasion. Meanwhile before he set out he did not neglect a much more stringent duty. He left his consort and children under the special charge of a faithful military guard, at a place where he thought they would be perfectly secure until his return. But in the interval the fury of the populace knew no bounds, and when he came back nothing could exceed his alarm on discovering that the objects of his nearest and dearest affections were nowhere to be found, nor was his anxiety removed or abated until after his arrival in England.

In their flight from Paris, Louis Philippe and the Ex-Queen were attended by the following persons, who composed their very limited suite:— General Dumas, General Rumigny, M. Thuret (valet to the deposed sovereign), and a German lady in waiting upon the illustrious consort of the royal exile.

In a communication from Newhaven, Sussex, dated March 3rd, 1848, and written upon the *highest authority*, all the particulars of their progress from the French capital to the shores of England, and also some subsequent proceedings, are given with great minuteness and fidelity.

“On leaving Paris,” observes the writer, “they proceeded to Versailles, where they hired a common vehicle to take them to Dreux. Here they put up at the house of a person on whose fidelity they could rely, where they passed the night. This friend, whom we understand to be a farmer, procured disguises for the royal fugitives and suite, the King habiting himself in an old cloak and an old cap, having first shaved off his whiskers, and discarded his wig, and altogether so disguised himself as to defy any recognition even of his most intimate friends. The other disguises were also complete.

“Although we have stated above that they passed the night at Dreux, they started long before daylight on their way to La Fête Vidame, where Mr. Packham (of whom more anon) has been building a mill on some private property of Louis Philippe. On their route they were accompanied by the farmer, who swore to see them safe to the coast, through a country with which he was well acquainted. They took the road of Avreux, twelve to fifteen leagues from Honfleur.

They travelled chiefly by night, and reached Honfleur at five o'clock on Saturday morning. They remained at Honfleur, in the house of a gentleman whom they knew, for a short time, and then crossed to Tourville, a short distance from the town.

“It was their intention to embark at Tourville, but owing to the boisterous state of the weather they were compelled to remain at the latter place two days, when, finding they could not embark, they returned to Honfleur, with the intention of embarking from that place; but the weather still continuing very rough, and the King fearing that the Queen, in her exhausted condition, would be unable to bear the fatigues of a rough passage, deferred his departure till the weather changed on Thursday. In the meantime information was secretly conveyed to the ‘Express,’ Southampton steam-packet, that they would be required to take a party from Havre to England.

“On Thursday afternoon the gentlemen who sheltered the dethroned monarch and his consort at Honfleur, engaged a French fishing-boat to convey the fugitives from Honfleur to Havre, and fearing that, in this small vessel, the features of the king might be recognised, the gentleman engaged an interpreter to the King, who, to render his disguise more complete, passed as an Englishman. Nothing of moment transpired on the pas-

sage to Havre, where the 'Express' was waiting, with her steam up; and at nine o'clock on Thursday evening the royal fugitives and suite set sail for the hospitable coast of Britain. The vessel reached the offing of Newhaven harbour at seven o'clock this morning, but, owing to the state of the tide, they could not enter the harbour till nearly twelve o'clock. Meanwhile General Dumas and General Rumigny landed in boats. General Dumas proceeded to London with the intelligence of Louis Philippe's arrival, whilst General Rumigny repaired to the Bridge Inn, which is kept by Mrs. Smith, a widow, and gave her directions to prepare her best apartments for some guests about to land on the pier. This of course was done, but having ascertained that these parties were no less than the Ex-King and Queen of the French, she laid carpets from the entrance-door to the sitting-room, and every arrangement was made to render the apartments as comfortable as their size would admit.

"Shortly before twelve o'clock the royal fugitives landed on the quay, and the moment the King set his foot on the shore, he emphatically exclaimed, 'Thank God, I am on British ground!' Mr. Sims, the landing waiter who handed them on shore, conducted them to the Bridge Inn. On the way thither the King was met by several of the inhabitants, who offered their congratulations

on his safe arrival, and with whom he shook hands most cordially. His majesty looked fatigued and care-worn, and did not appear to have been shaved for several days.

“ Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Catt, of the Bishopstone Mills, a short distance from Newhaven, who was introduced to the King two years ago at the Tuileries by Mr. Packham, had an interview with him, and offered the hospitalities of his house. Louis Philippe thanked Mr. Catt, but declined his invitation. He then inquired for Mr. Packham, and learning that he was at Brighton, expressed a desire to see him immediately. Most of our readers are aware that Mr. Packham has for years been a *protégé* of the Ex-King, and a tenant of his majesty for some extensive mills, his private property, near the Château d’Eu. Mr. Packham was with his majesty on the memorable Tuesday appointed for the Reform Banquet, up to within an hour of the outbreak of the Revolution. He now resides in Brighton, having returned from the management of the establishment, which is now carried on by his nephew and other persons.

“ Mr. Packham, on the message reaching him at Brighton, immediately posted to Newhaven, with a gentleman named White, who had been in the household of Louis Philippe many years.

“ The news of the Ex-King’s arrival at Newhaven

reached Brighton soon after one o'clock; and a special train was despatched from the terminus to Newhaven, with the Hon. Captain Hotham (one of the Directors of the London and Brighton Railway, and Chairman of the Brighton and Continental Steam Navigation Company), Mr. Pountain (Superintendent of the Railway Traffic at Brighton), Captain Moore (of the Newhaven Harbour), &c. Captain Hotham and Mr. Pountain had an interview with the King, whose wishes they asked with regard to railway accommodation."

On being introduced to Louis Philippe by Mr. Packham, the writer proceeds to say:—

"The King, who was reading an English newspaper, immediately rose, and said, 'I thank you, gentlemen, and all whom I have met in England, for these kind congratulations and the hospitality which has been shewn me.' His majesty had changed his attire, and was dressed in a plain suit of black. He looked remarkably well, and the marks of anxiety which had shewn themselves on his face at his landing had quite disappeared. He was quite cheerful. The Queen was in the room writing a letter, and apparently buried in thought. She scarcely noticed the presence of strangers. Several persons were introduced to the King during the day. He seemed gratified at the calls, and spoke freely and pleasantly to all the visitants.

“ Mr. Packham offered to take the King and Queen to Brighton ; in answer to which, the King said, ‘ Mr. Packham, I feel much obliged to you, but these good people of the house have treated me so kindly, and I feel rather fatigued, that I beg to decline your kind offer. I wish to wait an answer from the express to London.’ ”

“ Before Mr. Packham left him, the King gave him the whole of his money for the purpose of getting it exchanged for English coin, and purchasing wearing apparel, ‘ of which (said the King, smiling as he spoke) I am very short.’ ”

“ Mr. Packham, Mr. White, and Louis Philippe’s valet then proceeded to Brighton in a post-chaise.”

By this time all the immediate members of the royal family had arrived in England, with the exception of the Duchess of Orleans, who had proceeded with her two sons to Dusseldorf on the Rhine, and thence to Berlin. The Duchess de Nemours, with her children, accompanied by the Duke de Montpensier, had safely landed at Southampton, and her royal husband, who had preceded her by another route, was speedily relieved from all his painful anxieties. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier also rejoined each other in the British capital, the latter on setting out for England having been placed under the care of a confidential friend. Duke Augustus of Saxe

Cobourg and his Duchess the Princess Clementine had come over from Boulogne, on the evening of Sunday, the 27th, accompanied by the Duke de Nemours, whom they fell in with on the road from Paris.

Consoled and gratified by these family arrivals, the exiled monarch and the devoted partner of his fallen fortunes, must have experienced sensations of the most cheering character, in being certain of again finding amidst domestic endearments, more real happiness than they had ever known in the height of royal pomp and state, for seventeen long years.

It has been seen that on the 3rd of March, the Ex-King and his consort arrived at Newhaven, on the coast of Sussex; their progress thence on the following day, and the incidents connected with it until they reached Claremont, are thus described by an eyewitness well qualified to do justice to his narrative:—

“Information of the Ex-King’s intention to leave Newhaven at an early hour yesterday morning, on his way to Claremont, or East Sheen, having been forwarded to the members of the ex-royal family, already arrived in London, with an intimation that the party would leave the railway, at the Croydon station, their Royal Highnesses the Duke de Nemours and the Duke and Duchess Augustus, of Saxe Cobourg, left town at an early hour for that

place, to be in readiness to receive their illustrious relatives.

“The Duke de Nemours came from East Sheen, attended by his aide-de-camp and another French officer, and the Duke and Duchess Augustus, of Saxe Cobourg, arrived at the station in one of the Queen’s carriages, from Buckingham Palace. Their royal highnesses met at the platform, and, having exchanged salutations, were shewn into a carriage by Mr. Pulford, the superintendent of the station, who was the only official belonging to the company present.

“The royal party left by the nine *a.m.* train, and arrived at Croydon in about half an hour. By express desire no intimation of their expected arrival was made, and on alighting at the Croydon station they gave up their tickets in the ordinary way, requesting at the same time permission to occupy a small waiting-room. This was at once granted, and the exiled prince and princess, with the august husband of the latter, entered it, and sat for some time before the fire. The whole party appeared greatly depressed, but the Princess Clementine, who is a very interesting woman, looked better than we should have expected to see her. After having waited some time, the royal party, ascertaining that no train was expected from Newhaven until nearly eleven o’clock, left the station, and took a short walk into the village.

As they were very plainly dressed their appearance excited no observation, and after walking about for some little time, they returned to the station to await the arrival of the train, then nearly due. The train drew up alongside the platform at five minutes after eleven o'clock. All the royal party were on the platform, and as the carriages glided by the princes looked anxiously for their royal relatives. The Ex-King and Queen, however, did not come by this train, but a special messenger arrived who brought intelligence of the fact, that the ex-monarch would leave Newhaven at half-past ten o'clock by a special train, and that he might be expected to reach Croydon about twelve.

“In consequence of some inquiries made by a servant who accompanied the royal party, their rank soon became known, and a number of persons congregated about the station anxious to obtain a glimpse of the individuals whose names had recently been so prominently before the public. The royal exiles, however, appeared most anxious to avoid observation, and confined themselves to the waiting-room. The Duke de Nemours, while at the station, purchased a copy of a morning newspaper, and read therefrom to his illustrious relatives the latest intelligence from France with great apparent interest.

“About eleven o'clock, Mr. Charles Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., and several other directors of the

Railway Company, came down from town, having received intelligence of the expected arrival of the royal exiles from Mr. Buckton, the secretary of the Brighton company, who arrived by the express train from Newhaven about half-past ten o'clock.

“The first step taken by the directors was to exclude every stranger from the station, and keep the platform perfectly clear for the convenience of the royal party. The Duke de Nemours acknowledged to the chairman, in very polite terms, their acts of courtesy.

“Shortly before twelve o'clock, three hack broughams, each drawn by a pair of horses, which had been hired in the town, drove into the station-yard. These were the carriages destined to carry the Ex-King of the French and his family from Croydon to Claremont.

“At fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock a signal was given that the special train was in sight. The royal party had been on the platform for some time previously, anxiously watching its arrival, and the emotions of each were painfully depicted on their countenances. In a few minutes after the signal had been given, the train drew up within the station, and then ensued a scene which we shall not attempt to describe.

“At the moment the train was brought to a stand-still, the Duke de Nemours rushed towards

the window of the carriage in which his exiled parents were seated, and grasping his father's hand, covered it with kisses. The Queen, who was sitting on the right of her royal husband, and was consequently farther from the platform, on discovering the duke, gave utterance to a faint scream, and then fell back in her seat. The door of the carriage having been opened, the King alighted and immediately embraced his son with great fervency. The next moment he clasped in his arms the Princess Clementine, who was standing close to her brother. The Queen, recovering herself in a few moments, stepped out of the carriage after the King, and successively embraced with intense fervour her royal children. The whole party were for some moments lost in grief, and apparently altogether unconscious of the presence of strangers. The first burst of emotion over, the royal party were conducted into the waiting-room, where they remained for some time in seclusion.

“After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour the King sent for Mr. Charles P. Grenfell, with whom he shook hands, expressing at the same time his grateful acknowledgment for the courtesy and attention which had been shewn to his convenience. The King then requested to be introduced to those of the directors who were present, and Mr. Grenfell having communicated his Ma-

jesty's desire, the following gentlemen, members of the board, were duly presented :—Mr. Parsons, Mr. Schuster, Mr. Nix, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Edward Crowley, Mr. Charles Crowley, and Mr. Wigan. The King shook hands with each, and repeated the acknowledgements he had previously expressed to Mr. Grenfell.

“ At half-past twelve the King entered one of the hired carriages above alluded to ; the Queen, with the Duke de Nemours and the Princess Clementine, taking seats in the same vehicle. As the King entered the carriage he was cheered by the persons assembled around the station. Several pressed forward and begged permission to shake hands with the exiled monarch, a favour he very readily allowed to all who sought it. One gentleman apologised for the liberty he had taken in grasping his majesty's hand ; on which the exiled King remarked, ‘ Oh, do not apologise, sir. I receive your hand as a token of your friendship—of the friendship, I ought to say, of the British people.’ The King then addressed similar observations to several other persons, and appeared greatly moved at the kindness of feeling exhibited towards him.

“ The remaining members of the party having entered the other two carriages, they drove off in the direction of Claremont, distant from Croydon about fourteen miles. As the ex-monarch drove

out of the station-yard he was again cheered by the spectators."

The Ex-King and Queen and the royal party arrived at Claremont about three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, March 5, 1848.

Thus in his old age, fallen for ever from the very pinnacle of splendid greatness and formidable power, Louis Philippe has again confidently sought a refuge and a home in a country where he readily found both, when in his youth, after having fought for a republic, he was banished and proscribed by ferocious democrats as a traitor to his native land.

It is the peculiar glory of England, beyond any other country in Europe, that here the misfortunes not only of foreign princes but of foreigners of all ranks and degrees, however humble, are always respected. The individuals themselves are certain to experience both kindness and sympathy so long as they do not transgress laws or conspire against institutions which all true and faithful British subjects are determined, in case of necessity, most firmly and boldly to defend and maintain.

In the meantime, at a period when perverse notions and pernicious doctrines have excited among numerous communities on the continent so great a desire to depose monarchs and establish republics, it is right that natives as well as aliens should be convinced that within these realms no

conspiracies, no factious *fraternizations* against the throne and dignity of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland can, by any possibility succeed. The good and loyal of all parties, creeds, and castes are far too powerful for the disaffected; too steadily devoted to constitutional freedom to tolerate a democracy, too deeply sensible of the many blessings they enjoy under Her Majesty's reign, — a reign which hitherto has been the mildest, most beneficent, and benign, of any that England has seen since the days of Alfred.

THE END.

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