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DANGERS TO ENGLAND

OF THE

ALLIANCE WITH THE MEN
OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, THE

PERSONAL CONFESSIONS OF THE DECEMBER
CONSPIRATORS,

AND SOME

Biographical Notices of the most notorious of them.

BY

VICTOR SCHOELCHER,

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE.



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DANGERS OF THE ALLIANCE OF ENGLAND WITH THE MEN OF DECEMBER.

I.

IMMORALITY OF KINGS.

WE forbid the very approach of the Pantheon of our great men to the Alexanders, Gengis-khans, Attilas, and Napoleons. Those so-called heroes are, in reality, but monsters of egotism, vanity, and infernal insensibility. Their lives are replete with crimes, for the like of which the ordinary assassin is hanged. In our opinion, they deserve still more than the Neros and Tiberii the appellation of scourges of mankind; for, owing to the fallacious glory of their arms, they add to all the harm they do, that of perverting the judgment of the vulgar, which admires instead of cursing them.

Napoleon, styled *the Great*, was one of those scourges. His remembrance is still the idol of a deceived people, whom he reduced to a shameful servitude. That people, by a strange aberration, allows him the honour of victories, whose ultimate result was to bring twice the enemies of France to the very heart of Paris.

This fatal popularity of the name which he wears, has given to M. Louis Napoléon Bonaparte a morbid ambition, which has decided his fate. This man, the fruit

of an adulterous connexion,* has calculated with the tenacity of a maniac, the chances reserved for the rank of "Nephew of the Emperor;" and, in the usurpation which originated with him in his very cradle, he found and developed in after years, without much skill, the germs of an imperial usurpation.

It was to the powerful prejudice attached to his spurious title, and maugre the ridiculousness of the freaks of Strasbourg and Boulogne, that he was indebted for his nomination to the Presidency of the French Republic. Once there, he was enabled to bribe the authorities whose fate is at the disposal of the executive power,

* The deplorable *prestige* of a name has made all the incredible fortune of M. L. N. Bonaparte. Well now, that name does not even belong to him. He is *not* the "emperor's nephew," as his acolyte, M. Persigny, always styles him. He does not possess one drop of the Bonapartes' blood in his veins. He is the son of the Dutch Admiral Verhuel. The King of Holland was aware of this, and would not father the intruder. He shrank only before the scandal of a public declaration, when his wife, the daughter of Joséphine Beauharnais, was brought to bed in Paris. A popular song of that period concluded by the following burden :

"Le roi de Hollande
Fait la contrebande,
La reine fait de *faux Louis*."

"The Bonapartes," says Citizen Pascal Duprat, in his *Tables de Proscription* (tome I. page 15),—"the Bonapartes have not forgotten that song. They recollected it especially before the 2nd of December, and did not disdain to sing it after their own fashion. 'He is not my cousin,' rather frequently used to say the son of the ex-king Jérôme, meaning the President of the Republic; 'he is a stranger to our family; he is a Dutchman.' Whenever the widow of Lucien, who lives in retirement in Italy, wrote to her son, Pierre Bonaparte, she spoke of the former prisoner of Ham only under the designation of *the false name*. This epithet had taken among the family. It was an euphemism for the use of the women. The men employed the proper word. *He who now writes* these lines has more than once *heard it with his own ears*. You must still remember it, M. Napoléon Bonaparte?"

and to buy up, for gold, those of the chiefs in the army whose bad repute was notorious; and thus it was that, with the help of their treason, he attained to the aim he had, for so long a time, had in prospect.

That which he and his accomplices have done, in order to effect his purpose, offers scarcely one example in the most gloomy pages of history. We will summarily call it to the recollection of our readers.

They have kindled civil war in their own country, provoked the fury of the soldiers against the citizens; with a view to strike the population with terror, they have shed by torrents, with premeditation and by means of ambushes, the blood of the unarmed inhabitants of Paris; they have slain the peaceful passers-by on the Boulevards, without any distinction of age or sex; they have butchered their prisoners, thrown into the water the wounded, shot a woman, beheaded five men; they have imprisoned more than ninety thousand citizens; they have sentenced to residence in strange spots (*interné*), to exile, and to deportation, without legal examination, twenty-eight thousand; they have hunted their foes, who had taken refuge in the forests and mountains, as tigers hunt their prey; they have sent to the tortures of hard labour, in Algeria, even women, nay more, children; they have condemned and flung to the galleys some charitable persons *convicted* of having given an asylum to some of the banished; they have knocked down from their seats, by striking them with the butt-ends of their guns, the magistrates, who were deliberating in the name of the laws!*

Thanks to that heap of crimes, the chief of the new barbarians has donned, in the heart of France surprised, overcome, terrified by the pretorians, an imperial mantle whose purple tint is blood. Yes, that man has reached

* See ANNEXES, No. I., *Personal Confessions of the Assassins of December.*

power through aught but innocent means. Triumphant democracy, ever honest and generous, had allowed him to return to France, and he had seemed to requite that benefit by the most solemn oaths of fidelity to the Republic. He has deceived his native country, and violated his word; he has stolen his spurious crown on a cold and dark night—as highwaymen plunder a travelling-coach; that which is termed his government is a long series of confiscations, briberies, iniquities, and acts of violence, for, according to the words of Macbeth himself, “Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.” For this reason, all the highly intellectual and the honest men, whom France possesses, wander painfully in exile or stand aloof with dignity; he is supported solely by disreputable characters; and even M. Dupin himself, who has wallowed in the dust of every *régime*, has resigned under the present one. Judge what an amount of “Bonapartism” it must be, which staggers the conscience of such a magistrate!

And yet, what do we see?—Kings and emperors stretch out their hands to the reprobate man, they adopt him as one of theirs! The King of Piedmont dispatches his own brother to pay him a visit; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg frequents his dwelling; the Emperor of Russia offers him a “sincere friendship,” and the King of the Belgians makes him “amicable advances.”

In fine, at the very moment when, after two years of power, he still delivers up to the sultry *guillotine* of Cayenne 130 citizens, whose only crime is that of having defended the constitution of the country—a statesman, Lord Palmerston, exclaims—“The *age of Augustus* is now beginning anew in Paris!”

The age of Augustus! Shades of the mothers, young girls and little children, massacred by a fanatic soldiery, you have heard it from the depths of your tombs,—hur-

rah for Augustus! Leflô, Bedeau, Lamoricière, Changarnier, you, the generals of "order," surprised in the midst of your sleep by galley-keepers armed to the teeth, snatched from your beds and dragged into the common felon's van, you have heard it from the solitudes of your exile—crave the pardon of Augustus!

Cicero says, somewhere:—"If Antony be a consul, Brutus is an enemy; but if Brutus be a saviour and preserver of the Commonwealth, Antony is an enemy: none but robbers count him a consul." We would fain say, in our turn:—"If M. Napoleon III. be made Augustus of, the four exiled generals are then enemies, since he has been afraid of them and still dreads them; but if the four generals be supporters of the cause of "honest people," M. Napoleon is, in this case, an enemy, and robbers alone can consider him an emperor.

The *Times* said:—"The Emperor, we shall see, will be Punch I.; the empire, we shall see, will be that of the hero of the streets, who, after a noisy and impudent performance of tricks, blasphemies, and blows, is carried off by devils."

It was on November 2, 1852, hardly eighteen months ago, that the *Times* said this, and to-day they call Punch I. "Augustus"!

How! with reference to the imperial parody which is now being played at the Tuileries; with reference to a government which escapes from ridicule but through horror, some one does not hesitate to speak to us of the age of Augustus,—of an age which represents generosity and grandeur, because the glory of the flatteries of Virgil and Horace, while passing through centuries, has made people forget that Augustus was still the monster named Octavius! The age of Augustus! Ah! he who uttered these words is, manifestly, ignorant of the circumstances of the case; let him but read the Annex No. I. of this

pamphlet: — “*Personal Confessions of the Assassins of December;*” therein is wrapped up the whole of the new reign. We do not balance to affirm this as a fact: whoever reads the history of the second of December, not even in our books, but in its very panegyrist, and its own journals, will say that the Elysean conspirators are indeed malefactors.

The reign of Augustus! Such a title given to the government which makes the sovereign power subserve the *noble* purposes we will here mention for the appreciation of our readers:—An actress made her *début*, and failed. The newspapers had, for some particular reason, we must suppose, orders from the government not to say a word of that failure, and they, consequently, were silent! After relating the occurrence, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* (March 22), hastened to add:—“It may be doubted that the Emperor or his ministers approve of that prohibition, so favourable to the *débutante*.” This corrective of a rank want of tact, only discloses a sincere desire of saving from all blame the Augustus of back scenes. The English newspaper, converted as it is, doubtless believes him to have become already *divus*, because, during the last carnival, he, with his friends and their female mates, exhibited themselves lightly attired, as gods and goddesses of Olympus.

The unbounded power of the new Augustus is not only employed to protect from the publicity of the press actresses who fall short of success before an audience; it is also made use of to protect likewise sharpers who succumb before justice. A certain Vieyra, at the very moment when Cæsarion was selecting him as one of his accomplices, and appointing him chief of the staff of the National Guard of Paris, was being condemned by the tribunals as guilty of *stellionate*, or as fraudulent vendor.*

* See the ANNEXES, No. II., *Bonapartist Biographies*.

He appealed from their sentence, after December, in the hope that his position among the conquerors would intimidate the judges! But all that they could do, in spite of their servility, was to deliver in his favour, on the 10th of June, 1852, a verdict couched in these terms:—

“The Court, *admitting the motives of the former judges*, but considering nevertheless that, however FALSE AND FRAUDULENT be the declaration of Vieyra and his wife, in the transaction in question, it falls without the pale of art. 2059 of the civil code; that therefore it is erroneously that the former judges have declared them guilty of *stellionate*,—opine that there is no ground for declaring Vieyra and his wife guilty of *stellionate*, and consequently relieve them from the warrant issued against them.”

Will it be believed? The French newspapers received orders not to mention that verdict; it appeared only in the *Indépendance Belge* of June 29, 1852; but the *Indépendance Belge* was not allowed, on that day, to make its way to the public of France!

Let us then glorify this reign of Augustus, where the master dotes upon a convict to such an extent as to forbid the publication of the *judicial* decisions which brand him! Honour then that reign of Augustus, under which some companion of his lewd pranks can and dares enjoin the entire press not to speak of the failure of an actress! Is not that, forsooth, what is called to “skilfully” make the influence of power subservient to the amelioration of morals?

What a shame, to state it by the way, for the French journalists who still write, not to renounce the profession at last, rather than submit to such impudent behests. Behold whereto the age of Augustus has led certain souls formed for slavery! The greatest misfortune which proceeds from the triumph of vice, is not only the mischief the latter does, but also that which it incites others to

perpetrate. Despotism, by opening the race to the worst passions, lowers the public spirit as much as liberty elevates it. Cæsar and Augustus were the first steps of the decline of Rome; the last was Heliogabalus; and when the great people died miserably under the blows of the barbarians, these were surprised at finding it destitute even of the warlike virtues which had formerly seemed to be its exclusive privilege.

But let us turn from the age of Augustus, and consider the princes of the day. We say that it is easy to judge of their morality by their actual behaviour. They do, on the very throne, that which the most insignificant citizen could not do without being decried by all his neighbours; they do that which no consideration, whether private or political, could render excusable; they frequent a criminal notoriously sullied by murders and lies. One thing only has been wanting to Cartouche and to Mandrin;* that was, to be enabled to buy up some Magnans, some Saint-Arnauds, some Canroberts, and other generals of that kind, for them to have received crowned embraces, instead of having been broken alive upon the wheel.

There can be no misconstruction put upon our precise meaning: the kings do not simply limit themselves to tolerate state relations with the government *de facto*, which our *terrorized* country still allows to exist; they profess besides their affection towards the very person of the abettor of the *Décembrisades*, to approach whom any one who possesses the least particle of self-respect would consider a disgrace.

Such are the examples which the *great* of the world give to nations. Was it not with reason that Milton said: "Kings commonly are the worst of men?" † They ought to be beacons of nobleness to the world; and they

* Celebrated French highway robbers.

† *A Defence of the People of England.* Chapter II.

are posts of nefariousness. They seem to have lost even the bluntest sense of shame. Some terrible laws condemn any one who offends them, and they are the most forward to insult themselves by their personal actions. They have pretensions to the respect of their "subjects," according to their expression, and they fail in respecting themselves. Their proud majesty discards from its presence every mortal, and yet it rushes to meet the first vagabond whom crime makes somebody.

We, the "Red Republicans," understand virtue quite differently to how potentates do; we equally hate that which is evil, either under the purple of an emperor, or under the garment of a convict. If some fatal circumstances permit to some bandits to heap up so many corpses as that they can use them as steps towards a throne, to take possession of it like burglars, such a spectacle distresses, but abates us not. We brave fatality—we make no concessions to those victors; our conscience ever reproves them, our arm is ever ready to combat them, our honest heart ever relies on justice. There are still some vigorous souls; and it is specially with regard to highway emperors that Pascal has truthfully said: "The means by which we raise ourselves are very often those by which we fall."

One thing comforts us in the midst of the bitter thoughts of exile. Were kings, statesmen, and the sellers in the temple, to prostrate themselves all together still lower before the privileged of treason and assassination, these would not any less for that remain stigmatized. Victor Hugo has branded them on the shoulder with indelible marks. His genius has engraved the "CHATIMENTS" on plates of indestructible brass, and thereby destined them to live as glaring as on the first day, till the last hour of the last of centuries. As long as there subsists on the globe a glimmer of intelligence,

the men he has chastised will be despised. Honour is provoked, virtue blushes, morality grows indignant, at the testimonies of respect lavished on the ridiculous conspirator of Boulogne, on the cowardly conspirator of Strasbourg, on the sanguinary conspirator of December. Those testimonies of respect, proceeding though they be from crowned heads, will never be able to render great the inept man who is the object of them; they will simply bear witness to the baseness of those who bestow them. After all, we do not complain of them; we like to see certain kings lower themselves: the peoples will but the sooner do away with them. Kings, as has been said by a royalist poet, in his whines, "kings are becoming extinct, kings are becoming extinct."

II.

CAN A PEOPLE EVER BE ALLIED WITH NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS ?

It follows from the foregoing, that the behaviour of the monarchs towards the runaway prisoner of Ham, undoubtedly degrades them; but, at the same time, we cannot deny the fact, that it strengthens, without elevating, the sway of the men of December.

Alas! It must be confessed, the alliance which England has contracted with them strengthens them still more. It may be said of their representative, as Richmond says of Gloucester, in Richard III. :—

"For what is he they follow ?

Truly, gentlemen, a bloody tyrant and a homicide,
 One raised in blood, and in blood established,
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughtered those that were the means to help him ;
 A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set."

Are we not justified in deploring that Great Britain should have deemed it morally possible to make use of that "base stone," were it even but to hurl it at the head of the invader of the Danubian provinces? Without wishing to forget all the reserve to which we are bound by our position, we venture to inquire whether this fact does not impair the honour of the English nation? For is not that singular *Emperor* with whom England contracts an alliance for a joint warfare, the same man who said on the 21st of December, 1848:—"IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD I SWEAR TO REMAIN FAITHFUL TO THE DEMOCRATIC, ONE, AND INDIVISIBLE REPUBLIC?" Is he not the same man who, in order to secure the triumph of his perjury, has wantonly shed blood? Is he not the same man of whom the *Times* said, on the 20th of December, 1851:—"Conspirator successful by the foulest treachery, the purchase of the soldiery, and the butchery of thousands, he must, if not cut short in his career, go all the lengths of tyranny?" And does he not run, as he is doomed to do, all the lengths of tyranny?

Is he not the same man whose *coup d'état* the *Times* of January 9, 1852, appreciated in these terms:—"Christendom had imagined that the progress of humanity had assured the victory of reason over force, of enlightenment over superstition, of morality over the baser vices, and of justice over the fouler crimes? The success of this revolution would establish just the contrary. Let those who will, assert that the monstrous attempt is right; let those who can, suppose that it will prove triumphant. We shall believe it when we see the brute assume dominion over man, and the powers of hell prevail against the God of heaven." Is he not the same man whose government also the *Times* of November 18, 1852, summarily qualified "the most abject servitude?"

Does it become a great, honest, and free people, to

strengthen by its alliance with a government which may be termed *the most abject servitude*, a revolution which gives the victory to force over reason, to the baser vices over morality, to the brute over man, and to hell over heaven?

Is he not, finally, the same man of whom the same newspaper also said, scarcely two years ago, on the 7th of May, 1852 — “The Napoleonic star is Mercury, the God of *deportation, theft and lies*.” Is not that which was true then, any longer true now? Are not the misdeeds which have justified these thundering apostrophes, still extant, as facts, irremovable, indestructible? Can a nation which has any claim to self-respect, accept as an ally a man who symbolizes the god of *deportation, theft and lies*?

The crimes of December have been proved real facts; the newspapers of Europe have written them down in their columns with horror and disgust. No one will ever be able to tear off that frightful, that shameful leaf from the history of the 19th century. Look at the forehead of England’s ally; you will see it furrowed with the blur which the whole of the English press, and the two tribunes of the English Parliament, lately imprinted on it for avenging mankind.* A crown may hide these terrible marks, it can never efface them.

* MM. Fialin, Bonaparte, and St. Arnaud inserted in the *Moniteur* a few extracts from the speeches pronounced here against them, and caused them to be distributed in the barracks of the “buccaniers” (a word uttered in the Upper House), at the time when those nephews of the Emperor were meditating the accomplishment of their views in contemplating the column of Boulogne; when M. St. Arnaud was saying, in a report on the military circumscriptions, inserted in the *Moniteur* of December 25, 1851:— “The sixth military division is that of Strasbourg, destined never to change *as long as the frontiers themselves will undergo no alteration*.” Some people affirm that Messrs. Bonaparte and Co. had

Strange and baneful effect of political looming! Of all the members of the Aberdeen Ministry, there is not one who, father of a family, would not deem his son imperilled by forming such a *liaison* as that into which they collectively have dragged their country! That which King Bomba has done in Naples; that which, in the noble revelations of Mr. Gladstone, has most deeply moved England and Europe, the Shell-President now does in France. Mr. Gladstone is one of Lord Aberdeen's colleagues: would he join King Bomba for any common work whatever?

A refugee in England, we reject far from us the thought of giving the least offence to any of the persons who compose the English cabinet, and who, by the very union among themselves, which they offer as a good example to political parties, prove that the reasons of state often prevail, in political matters, over individual inclinations. However, sacrifices of this nature ought not, in our opinion, to be carried so far as to stifle the most imperious impulses of conscience. We are, it is true, nothing but an obscure friend to justice; yet we shall never be brought to the belief that it is a wise and noble policy for a man who is at the head of affairs in his country, to associate it with individuals, all contact with whom he would, in the usual relations of private life, sedulously shun.

The English people, nevertheless, seem to approve of such an association! Why? Statesmen only consider the advantages attached to the aim, without taking the means into account. This moral insensibility constitutes,

collected in a safe place the speeches and articles that were most true, published against them, in order that they might be able to say, when the time had come to fall out with the English Cabinet: —“These are the insults you have allowed your Houses of Parliament and your newspapers to circulate against us.”

as is said, their genius. The masses, commonly, have not so much genius; but they are endowed with a more delicate sense of that which is honest. Yet there exists in England a noble quality, sometimes carried as high as the genius of the statesman; an admirable feeling, sometimes also carried to aberration: it is, patriotism—*Rule Britannia*. From the Queen to the meanest beggar, there is not one English man or woman who is not a patriot all over—*Rule Britannia*. Take here for example a barrister, a journalist, a military man, a cleanser of wells, a ragpicker, a duke, a workman, a lord, a tradesman, a clerk, a young girl, an old female, a lady, a chambermaid, a poor man, a rich one, an atheist, a believer, a chartist, a whig, a tory, there is one thing common to all, and which they are prior to anything else, and that is English to the core; one thing which they will have prior to anything else, and at any cost, and that is the influence, the *prestige* of England—*Rule Britannia*. This is why the men in power, here, never make any attempt against the public liberties; they know that such attempts would be sure to lead to conflicts which could not but weaken England. This is why the English Parliament never consented to vote for a numerous army; they know that an influence gained through bayonets, ever blind and ever servile, might tempt the ambition of some, and dissolve the national union which constitutes essentially the strength of England. This is why the English aristocracy do not oppose to the last moment useful reforms, and know how to yield when the hour is come of giving up a privilege; they are aware that, in the contrary case, they must inevitably light up civil broils which would hamper the soaring of England. This is why Nelson made, at Trafalgar, a Nelson of even the lowest of his sailors, by simply telling them all: "England expects every one of her children to do his duty."—*Rule Britannia*. The elevation of England;

for this result Englishmen make a sacrifice of everything, and to such a degree that, in their eyes, evil itself, when the violence of their ruling passion still allows them to preserve a sense of it, becomes excusable as soon as it can be turned to the advantage of England: perfidy becomes self-devotedness, as soon as it can subserve the interests of England; generosity becomes madness, as soon as it may hurt these same interests.—*Rule Britannia.* This national egotism is at once sublime and monstrous. The absorption of every inhabitant into this dominant idea, joined to the insular condition of the country and to its wooden walls, have founded the paramount greatness of England; but, it must be owned, they have not at all times acquired for her an enviable renown. It is still now this same idea which renders popular the alliance with the *Décembriseurs*; the advantage which England finds therein prevents her from pausing to consider what amount of guilt there is in it.—*Rule Britannia.*

We will do no one the injustice of believing that the infamous Napoleonic traditions, so faithfully applied now-a-days in France, reckon a single partisan among the people, or even among the Government of England;* but

* A striking occurrence has just taken place at Drury Lane Theatre, during Passion week. A concert was being given there, on the programme of which the *Marseillaise* had been announced, as a sort of homage to the Anglo-French alliance. In one of those theatrical addresses, the familiarity of which is a characteristic feature of this country, it was said, as the *Marseillaise* was mentioned: "The audience are requested to join in, whilst the French are, on their side, singing at home our national anthem." The *Marseillaise*, therefore, is still, in the views of the English people, the symbol of France, as the "God save the Queen" is the symbol of England, and it is sung in chorus as such. There is, however, a somewhat unlucky misunderstanding in this, for the music of imperialist France is "*Partant pour la Syrie*," a rather paltry and a very languid air, whereas the *Marseillaise* is, in these days, very vigorously prohibited as a signal of sedition; and whoever, con-

an alliance contracted with them will procure, it is believed, the means of driving more easily the Russians from Constantinople, of destroying a fleet and harbours which tend to constitute a new maritime power; and that is sufficient to make the English forget what their allies are.

Every one knows with what energy of indignation the press of this country has unanimously chastised the cowardice, the dishonesty, the ferociousness of the chief of the "six thousand knaves"* during December, and since then the savage brutality of that which is called his government. Yet there is not, at this very moment, a single English newspaper which would venture to utter one word likely to offend him. The *Morning Advertiser* itself has declared that, although it still adheres to its own opinion concerning the past, it will henceforth treat that man "with respect!" He is the ally of England. But what of eternal principles? There are no other principles for an Englishman than the aggrandizement of England. It is thus that the people of this country have provisionally laid aside even the deplorable antipathy which divides the two neighbouring nations, and which will disappear, finally and sincerely, from purer motives. For the last three months, especially, French persons, wearers of beards and moustaches, have ceased to be exposed to malevolent manifestations on the part of the less enlightened classes here. Lately, an English gentleman told us

sequently, sings it here, thereby insults the Empire No. III., just as much as it would be an insult to England to sing officially in Paris the song of the Irish *Ribbonmen*; but John Bull could not be made to believe that any sympathy exists between France and the somniferous "Partant pour la Syrie." John Bull protests against the Empire without being aware of it: wishing to pay his respects to France he strikes up the *Marseillaise*!

* An expression applied to the Bonapartists at the very tribune of the National Assembly of France, by M. Jules Lasteyrie.

very coolly:—"I know what M. Bonaparte is, yet his death would be, under the present circumstances, a *European disaster*." We should not have been more astounded at hearing some one announce as a public calamity the death of a mad dog! Yet—a no less characteristic thing—let the *Ruler of France* change the direction of his broadsides, and he will immediately become again "the sanguinary brigand of December;" he will be anew, "the curse of nations;" the marks of enmity, among ill-bred persons, will retake their wonted course in the more populous neighbourhoods; and nobody will be puzzled to account for such a radical change of feelings; scarcely even will any one be conscious of it; for, at bottom, it will still be nothing more than the expression of one identical and constant mode of thinking.—*Rule Britannia*.

We state in all humility, that however much this national passion may contain that is worthy of admiration, does not conceal from our appreciation what in it is deserving of blame. There exists an interest, of a superior order to that of all material interests of one's native country; it is that of her honour. To sacrifice honour to a material advantage is always a step towards decay, for states as well as for individuals. Not to oppose, at all times and inflexibly, to iniquity the horror which it must needs inspire, is to perpetuate the results of its dangerous tendencies; not to have against it—whether it be sitting upon a throne or cast into the galleys—that burning hatred spoken of by the *Alceste* of the French drama, is literally to excuse it; not to isolate it, as the leprous were formerly isolated, is literally to encourage it in its doings; to admit it into the company of virtue, is to implicitly say that no difference is made between them—is to perpetuate the reign of egotism. How many weak souls, fluctuating between duty and crime, addict themselves to crime which procures enjoyments, because they see that

we do not lose the esteem of the world by leaving the path of duty, where sacrifices must be undergone?

Let this religious country look into the depths of its treaty with the men of December, and it will acknowledge that, to have signed it is equivalent to having signed in the face of the world and of posterity the following declaration: "It requires* only to take possession of power, through any means whatever, not excepting even perjury, laying of ambushes, and murder, to become in case of need the ally of the English nation."

O religion, what art thou, then, if the most faithful can do such things without any uneasiness of conscience! O respect of holy things, what art thou, if thou inspirest not an austere aversion to infamous deeds! O ye, leaders of the people, men of little faith, what example are you then giving to this world, still a prey to the ignorance of the masses and to brutal force! You unsheath the strong sword of old England, to defend civilization, and you derive support from barbarians who have trampled, who still daily trample under their feet all the laws of civilization! You appoint a day of humiliation and prayer throughout the realm, to beseech God to pour his blessings on your arms, and you go to war hand in hand with unrepenting offenders of God, with wicked men whose sole importance on earth is owing to their having violated all the commandments of God put together; with miscreants whom you yourselves, hardly a few days since, declared doomed to vengeance: "Vengeance must one day overtake the system of government of Napoléon."—(*Times*, November 18, 1852.) If somebody came to ask your assistance in an enterprise in which you knew him to be implicated with a convict, who was not merely a notorious assassin, but also the most treacherous and the most cowardly of your foes, would you not think that such a man means only to insult

you in your very house, or that he has lost all moral sense? Is this not, however, just the sort of proposal you now accede to? We are not seeking here to cast a slur upon your intentions or your sentiments; but we say, in earnest, that, in doing so, you offend God, unconsciously, and lead at the same time your people into error.

What we now witness is strange indeed, and if the direction of affairs was left to "wise and practical" men, the world would very soon lose every sound notion of good and evil. Fortunately, we are not yet standing so low down that some things, situated as they are on elevated ground, should deceive us as to their nature. The acts of politicians have no longer in our days the power of producing optical illusions in the vulgar. The light of the 19th century darts its rays upon them and exhibits them to everybody in all their ugliness, should they assume that complexion. Thanks to the self-sacrifices of the martyrs of Truth—may their sublime courage be blessed for this!—the conscience of the least educated or intelligent man is sufficiently enlightened, in our epoch, for him to discriminate what, in the arcana of the reasons of state, may be contrary to honesty. Who, for instance, is now incapable of appreciating inconsistencies like the following?—You bombard Odessa, a merchant sea-port, only because the garrison has fired into one of your ships bearing a flag of truce,* and you act so with what auxiliaries?—with the tools of a government which has established its fortunes by shooting estafets and prisoners! † Reasons of State! What will the Cossacks think of this?

* The Russians deny that they shot at the bearer of the flag of truce, and the *Gazette Officielle de St. Pétersbourg* calls the bombardment of Odessa "an odious act of barbarism and sacrilege."

† See ANNEXES, No. I. : *Personal Confessions of the Assassins of December.*

But when one compares those high reasons of state with the dealings of ordinary life, one is enabled to judge still better of their morality. Let us therefore make use, for an operation of this kind, of an article from the *Times*, from that practical journal which professes a sovereign contempt for "dreamers."

Three Irishmen have just been executed at Dublin, for having murdered a landowner. The exhortations of the priests have led them to die as good Christians. When they were asked if they had anything to say respecting the crime for which they were to suffer death, one of them replied, "No; our SAVIOUR said nothing when he was executed." "They partook largely of an excellent breakfast before they ascended the scaffold." On this circumstance the *Times*, which never entertained any very great love for its countrymen the Irish, said with indignation (April 15th, 1854):—

"At a time when there is a good deal of controversy as to the best and surest and pleasantest way of getting to heaven, our readers will thank us for informing them, on respectable authority, of one which seems to answer these conditions. You have only to shoot some person whose notions of property or justice have given you inconvenience, and you will either satisfy an earthly feeling or secure a heavenly possession—that is, you will either escape justice or be translated to the skies. If your landlord wants his rent, or his bailiff is troublesome; if a creditor bores you, or a magistrate has turned a deaf ear to your pleas or your threats, waylay him and dash out his brains, fire at him as he is alighting from his gig, or sitting with his wife and children, at his fire-side, and your salvation is safe. The parting address of the Rev. Mr. Smith was, 'Remember the penitent thief on the Cross; *in one moment you'll be in Heaven*: you have eternal happiness within your reach.' Is it really the doctrine of our Churches, that

a murderer may obtain his passport to the skies by a private arrangement with his priest, without making the smallest amends for his crime? We may be permitted to point out the obvious fact, that this form of spiritual treatment puts the Christian religion very much on a level with the most degrading and dangerous superstitions."

Very good! but how can the *Times* treat as abominable in others that very thing which itself does every day? For has not the *Times* taught morning after morning, for the last six months, "on its own respectable authority, that the best, the surest, and pleasantest way" of becoming an emperor worthy of the alliance of powerful England, worthy "to partake largely of an excellent breakfast" with H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, is "to shoot" not one person only, but thousands of persons "whose notions of justice, of constitutional right, and of respect for the plighted faith, give you inconvenience; is to dash out their brains when they turn a deaf ear to your threats, while augmenting considerably the tang of such crimes by a dose of sedition?" Does not that journal teach that the way of hearing one's self absolved by the Rev. Smith, of the *Times*, after two years of a reign filled with acts of violence and baseness, is "to fire upon honest citizens during the night," or when they look at a *coup d'état* rushing through the streets, "or when they are sitting by their fire-sides, with their wives and children?" Does it not teach, every morning, that "it suffices that a murderer should make a private arrangement" with England, and join the troops which murders have procured him, to the troops of the Queen, for the *Times* to style his government "the noblest representative of RIGHT, of JUSTICE, and of MORAL as well as material PROGRESS;" (*Times*, April 14, 1854;) for the *Times*, at length, to "exalt to the skies" the sanguinary spoliator of other people's property, "without his having made the smallest amends?"

We say that the hero of the *Décembrisades* is a huger criminal than the three hanged Irish convicts. The *Times* rightfully treated him in 1851 and 1852, with more contempt still than it treats here the three unfortunate men given up to the executioner. We have not forgotten that in August, 1852, it stigmatized again the assassinations of December with so much truth that the *Moniteur* tried to defend itself by promptly-exposed lies; and when we now see that very same journal offer up its reputed incense to such a hero, we think we may be permitted to point out the obvious facts "that this mode of considering the necessities of state puts the political sciences very much on a level with the most dangerous doctrines." We will not allow ourself to add, "and also the most degrading;" yet we will readily conclude like the *Times*, with but slight variations:—

"When we are called on to believe that a creature of the description of the *Décembrisateurs'* chief is to be thus glorified without any real sorrow for his crimes, any actual disgust of his former life, and any proof of a resolution to change, then we cannot help feeling that it is our credulity rather than our honour that is appealed to. If the way to the throne and to the English alliance is murder, backed up with a sufficient amount of indifference, why not teach the new way of life more directly? Let us have Thuggee at once, with its worship, its priests, and its temples. A scrupulous morality is a very uncomfortable thing; paralyzing the strong, and fettering the flight of genius. Great politicians appear to manage things better. The crown of an emperor, and the glory of saving civilization in the East, is a return for a life of vicious indulgence and stolid indifference."

Let great politicians do that; let "practical" men forget that the three Irishmen have been convicted of murder, as soon as they become strong enough to rule in

the house of their victim ; we wonder at this, but we are firmly determined not to participate in that culpable forbearance. The spangles with which vice contrives to deck itself, have no power to dazzle us, and the might of criminals will never induce us to absolve their misdeeds. Had assassins 500,000 men of the imperial guard, they should none the less be, in our eyes, but assassins, and we would none the less remain on the breach, than we now do and ever will do, unceasingly repeating to them : You are but assassins, curse unto you ! and calling out to those who go hand in hand with them : You give your hands to assassins ! How ! it will be right to say during two full years to the three Irishmen : “ You have violated all Divine and human laws, your symbol is Mercury, the god of deportation, theft, and murder ; we condemn you ; we detest you ; vengeance is hanging over your heads ; ” and then, because they have been made emperors, it will be right to render them homage ; because they have succeeded in corrupting an army and in bringing it to be at their disposal, it will be equally right to invite them to join in the exercise of the police of nations !! But what will become of morality, should such doctrines obtain, and the leaders of peoples be the first to put them in practice ? There is something more dangerous still than the triumph of brute force ; and that is, the acclamations which it elicits from the weak-minded ; but such acclamations actually imperil society, when they proceed from those very individuals who govern men. There would soon be on earth no other right than that of the strongest, if there did not remain some inflexible souls, resolved constantly to protest against an evil of that magnitude, to dissipate with their breath all fetid incense, to remind that there exists a law, the supreme law of nations as of individuals—the Divine law of justice.

III.

WHAT WERE, AND WHAT STILL ARE, THE ASSASSINS
OF DECEMBER.

What! England, that nation which entertains so admirable a respect for legality, forms an alliance with the gang of December! Is this possible? Listen to what follows:—

At the first news of the insurrection fanned by the President of the Republic, the competent judges assembled at the Palais de Justice, as they were prescribed to do by the Constitution, and issued the subjoined decree:

“In virtue of the sixty-eighth article of the Constitution, the High Court of Justice declares—

“Louis Napoléon Bonaparte *accused of the crime of high-treason*;—

“Convocates the high national jury, in order to proceed without delay with the judgment,—and intrusts to M. Counsellor Renouard the functions of public prosecutor for the High Court.

“Given at Paris, the 2nd of December, 1851.

“Signed: HARDOUIN, President; DELAPALME, PATAILLE, MOREAU (de la Seine), CAUCHY, Judges.”

This decree had just been signed, when some municipal guards, sent by the insurgents, *entered ARMED into the room where the deliberations were being held*, and upset the magistrates from their curule chairs.

We had already, before these events, some experience of “honest” governments; and, forsooth, these did not represent to us the golden age. But hitherto, at least, whilst carrying on wicked and base enterprizes, they sought to palliate them through awe of public decency.

The Elyseans, on the contrary, are ashamed of nothing whatever; they boast in the broad light of day, of their most monstrous actions, as galley-slaves relate to one another, during their evenings in the dungeons, their midnight exploits. They no more made a secret of their attempt against the court of justice than of the rest; and the manner in which they speak of it is well worth mentioning, in order to our thorough knowledge of them:—

“Two commissaries, *accompanied with A FEW MUNICIPAL GUARDS*, entered *the deliberations room*, and enjoined *the counsellors* to withdraw, under penalty of being immediately *arrested*. The court *obeyed* in silence, *with that sense of individual duty*, which, amidst the perils of the commonwealth, has a louder voice even in the heart of a magistrate, than *the most evident right and the most precise law!!*” (*History of the 2nd December*, by P. Mayer, page 91.) O Mathieu Molé!

The vile wretches who are now lauded for the “services they have rendered to order, and for their cleverness,” have then, as we have just seen, trampled everything under their feet,—humanity, morality, right, and the laws, to satiate their sordid passions. They have soiled, profaned justice in her very temple. And yet, it is we who are denounced and dreaded by the official world, as being enemies to social order! Let the worshippers of success say all they like; let traitors call themselves emperors as long as they can; let men who care not for purity of means, proclaim themselves wise as long as they choose, the facts of the case will none the less be what they are; it will none the less be ascertained that the chief of that triumphant faction remains still now under the weight of a decree of the High Court of Justice of France, which declares him “*accused of the crime of high treason.*” Either justice is but a word, or that decree has a meaning. For this reason, and if we may be allowed to do so with-

out evading the exigencies of our position as a refugee, we put this question to the Lord Chancellor of the present administration:—Has a person accused of a criminal action, only to throw his judges out of the windows with the butt-end of a gun, in order to be acquitted and welcomed to friendly intercourse with the head of the judicial body in England?

The English nation allied with the men of December! Let us examine the case. Let us suppose, for instance (and the more impossible and absurd the hypothesis, the more those English parties concerned, and also the English nation, will forgive it us)—let us suppose that there had been in this country a man, the apocryphal bearer of one of those names carried through legends to posterity and striking the imagination of the masses, and whom we shall call Rob Roy;—let us suppose that Rob Roy, a man destitute of all personal worth, without intelligence, without feeling or courage, loaded with debts and wallowing in debauchery, to have become Prime Minister through the only magic of his name;—let us suppose him, conspiring when in that post, with sharpers of the lowest standing,* to have gained access to the Exchequer by bribing the right hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to have thus been enabled to purloin a million sterling from the Bank of England;—let us suppose that, once in possession of that money, he had bought off the body of the London police and the inferior generals of the army, jealous of their elder colleagues;—let us suppose that with that force, he had rushed, during the quiet of night, upon Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Lord Hardinge,

* See the ANNEXES, No. 2, *Biographical Notices on some of the Conspirators of December*. Read those biographical sketches, and say whether there exists one single honest family who would not drive from their fire-side even the least base of those base wretches.

and a few other men among the most influential and most devoted servants of the Crown ; that he had dragged them all in prisoners' vans, to Newgate, made empty of its usual inmates, that it might receive them ;—let us suppose him to have sent a gang of pretorians to strike and turn out of the temple of justice the supreme court of England, assembled, with the Lord Chancellor at their head, for the purpose of sitting in judgment upon him ;—let us suppose that, afterwards, he had swept away the Imperial Parliament, and locked up in the barracks of the Horse Guards, those peers, and those members of the House of Commons who had endeavoured to hold a meeting ;—let us suppose that, abusing the passive obedience of the troops commanded by the Minister of War, his accomplice, he had ordered a wholesale carnage to be perpetrated of every wayfarer in Regent-street, without sparing either women or children ;—let us suppose that, in order to the better stifling of the least resistance, he had cannonaded houses in London, and that the soldiery, drunk with gin, gunpowder, and blood, had fired even upon young girls looking out of their windows ;—let us suppose him to have murdered with his own hand an officer who had remained faithful to his duty ;—let us suppose him to have ordered Queen Victoria to be shot,* and to have exiled, mingled up in the galleys with forgers and poisoners, the most wealthy,† the most honest

* We find, with the honour of a salient place between what is called in the language of the press, two "rules," the following paragraph in the *Moniteur Parisien*, a Decembrist journal (No. of December 6) :—"A working-woman, who had about her twenty-five *poniards*, has been arrested to-night, and shot by the soldiers of the 36th regiment of the line."

† Citizen Souesme, who is still at Cayenne—if the moral tortures and the climate under which prisoners labour in that place, have not already killed him—is not only, as well as all the banished of December, a highly respectable man, and one full of

and respectable men in the United Kingdom;—let us suppose, at length, that, after he had thus rendered himself master of the position, in the midst of a distracted nation seeing the guns of a formidable army directed against her breast, his comrades had proclaimed him Emperor of England, by the name of Rob Roy III.

Now, we candidly ask, were we to admit the actual occurrence of this frightful fiction, is there a single true Englishman in the world, who would not shudder at the idea of hearing a foreign minister say of the razzia of Rob Roy: “The age of Augustus is being revived in London?” Is there a single true Englishman in the world, who would not be overwhelmed with grief at the idea of seeing a foreign government contract an alliance with the treacherous and sanguinary usurper of the throne of Queen Victoria? Is there a single true Englishman in the world, who would not grow indignant to the recesses of his heart, at the idea that a prince of the royal blood, belonging to the family of a Queen distinguished for her irreproachable political probity and the exquisite purity of her private life, should go and sit at the table of Rob Roy III., as well as accept, and seek after, his *fêtes*, and should officially pay a visit to his cousin, a woman, the numerous episodes of whose adulterous life are too notorious not to justify any one in saying that they scandalize the least scrupulous people?

Is there a single true Englishman in the world, who would not feel deeply afflicted at the idea that the Queen herself, of whom we have spoken, should repair to

courage, but is also one of the richest *propriétaires* of the department of Loiret; M. Fagot, condemned to death after having fortunately been able to escape from those butchers, does not possess less than half-a-million francs' worth of property in the department of Allier. The defenders of property have seized upon his, by confiscating the whole of it!!

a ball given by the agent that Rob Roy would have at her court? And yet, what an agent!—We pity with all our soul those so-called “high” personages, if any policy really compels them thus to sacrifice their noblest feelings, and their most legitimate sentiments of reluctance.

Yet, is not the series of monstrous deeds which we have just unfolded as being the hypothetical work of Rob Roy III., the faithful picture, the identical representation, in all its features, of that which the murderer of Captain Col-Puygelier has done in France?

The Queen of England, nay, Queen Victoria, the most upright woman in all her kingdoms, in the house of a Walewski!—Can this be true? Could it not possibly be some strange illusion? O, reasons of state! For what day is fixed the visit of the *Princess* Mathilde to Buckingham Palace?

There is not one inhabitant of the United Kingdom who, on the 20th of December, 1851, even after the famous vote of the famous plebiscitum, at a time when blood was still reeking in Paris, would not have considered as an offence any proposition of intercourse with the butchers. How is it that this intercourse can be held now? Is there anything changed in the notorious facts? Do there exist two honesties, one for private individuals, and the other for nations? Are the calls of conscience less imperious on any one particular day than they are on another? Did the voice from the burning bush say that one of its chief commandments, “Thou shalt do no murder”—might be transgressed? Does success render excusable an act vile in itself? Does the name of “decree,” given to the deeds of bandits, legalize them? Does brutal force sanctify sacrilege? Can any circumstance whatever transform the assassin into a worthy partner? Can any lapse of time legitimate the violation of all Divine as well as human laws?

Time, after all, has not modified the nature of the Décembreurs. They still are, what they ever have been; still perjurers, they make a sport even of their sham Constitution; still assassins, they slay the citizens who fly from arbitrary arrest;* still robbers, they confiscate the property of those they have exiled and of those they yet exile; still perpetrators of sacrilegious deeds, they hypocritically kneel down on corpses and return thanks to God for the success of their crimes. Those who have been sentenced by the courts-martial, for having given asylum to some of the banished, yet remain under hard labour. † Those who have been transported without a trial, for having defended the constitution, or even for having been Republicans under the Republic, yet linger in the deadly galleys of Oued-Boutan, or of Cayenne. Here, read this letter, published by the journal *L'Homme* of Jersey, (April 26th, 1854,) and borrowed from the *Republican*, of New York:—

“Cayenne, Ilot St. Joseph, (one of the islets of Salvation,) Oct. 1853.—We are undergoing the *régime* of galley-slaves. *Same regulations, same director, compulsory labour without remuneration of any kind whatever.* In our colony we hear nothing but threats, witness nothing but punishments, stinting of food, ‡ prison, fetters, gags, *whips always ready.* Several constantly carry more than 25

* See the ANNEX No. 1, *Personal Confessions of the Assassins of December.*

† We earnestly request our readers not to omit perusing the ANNEX: *Personal Confessions of the Assassins, &c.* They will perceive therein some PROOFS in support of all that which may seem to them most incredible in what we here assert.

‡ A certain Mallet, captain of a ship, and in command of the *Duguesclin*, towards the middle of 1853, took a turn to the islet of the Mother, where the political prisoners still were, and said to them: “Ah! you are unwilling to work! You shall be compelled by hunger.” And this was done.

and 40 pounds' weight of iron, with bullets at their feet ! With such an apparatus, one is constrained to work eight hours a day, in a scorching sun, dressed in tatters, without a hat or shoes on. Every complaint is met by threats or punishments.

“ We pine away, doomed to infamous and nameless tortures ;* we are dying in a slow agony. Our pecuniary remittances are stopped for the use of others.† We have nothing that can sustain our courage !”

“ Nov. 9, 1853.—The political prisoners work every day for an hour more than the galley-slaves ; the galley-keepers set over them, under the command of a lieutenant of the navy named Larucherie,‡ exact from their victims a continuous labour, and one far above their strength, under penalty of being *deprived of food*. . . .

“ When a political prisoner presents himself at the medical man's inspection, to request a few days' rest, they first deprive him, in order to restore his strength, of his wine, and afterwards he is left at the disposal of the gaolers, who tax their ingenuity to find out new tortures for those who do not make their appearance in the yards.

* A brigadier, eager to exhibit his zealotry, in order to be promoted to the rank of quartermaster of *gendarmerie*, had received orders to remove one of the transported prisoners. As he squeezed too hard in tying the prisoner's thumbs, “ You hurt me,” exclaimed the poor man ; “ I know that very well,” replied the other, and squeezed two notches more. . . . The unfortunate man's thumb was dislocated.

† Nothing plainer and more natural than to rob men doomed to die in less than two years. (Intimate conversations of some Napoleonic *employés* of the place.)

‡ This Larucherie, or Laricherie, formerly a proprietor of slaves at Martinico, and provided, as a matter of course, with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, is the director of the galleys of Cayenne, which situation he obtained *at his own request*. He is present at the infliction of punishments ; he counts the blows, and often causes them to be repeated—just to try !

Thus, the sick, the infirm, the old, whose condition disables them for every sort of work, are compelled to get up at five o'clock in the morning, as well as those who labour. They are crowded in the chapel. They are forbidden to read, smoke, or sew, and even to take with them their blankets for lying along the forms. In short, they are forbidden to do any thing whatever. It is sought, by these vexations, to *compel all those loungers to go and get killed by the ardency of the sun* (style of Larucherie, director of the bagnio.) They divide among the survivors the remaining chattels of the dead; the rags of those among the latter who have succumbed to the treatment undergone in the bagnio, are also given to us! We wait with patience and resignation!"

We cannot transcribe this account of the tortures of our brethren without grief mingled with anger! Ah! veneration and love for the martyrs who endure them! Woe to those cruel men who order them, woe to those cruel men who practise them!

And England forms an alliance with such execrable tormentors!

No, the *Décembrisers* have not changed; they have assumed an irresponsible absolute power without either counterpoise or control. They still exile and transport, without trials. They govern solely by the help of spies; so much, so that, at every fire-side, every one fears to find an informer in a friend. They have made of the magistracy a section of the police for their own safety; they have corrupted it to such an extent that it ratifies the violation of the secrecy of private correspondence.*

* Every day, some French refugees receive letters whose seals are broken, and on which are written the words: "*Opened by judicial authority.*" What do you think of that justice which repairs to the post-office, to pry into the directions of letters confided to the good faith of a public administration, and which violates the secrets of those addressed under such or such name? . . . Some of

They have not left standing so much as the shadow of one liberty; they have brought into a fresh vigour the *Lettres de cachet*, and it is the Prefect of Police who signs them. Their legislative assembly is nothing but an insulting and permanent mimicry of the parliamentary system. The elects of universal suffrage are not even suffered to publish their speeches, and the newspapers are inhibited from inserting the reports of their deliberations! On the 5th of April, 1852, we read in the Paris correspondence of the *Indépendance Belge*, which gave an account of a sitting of the Imperial deputies:—

“The private regulations of the Assembly have been rigorously observed. M. Casimir Périér, who was present in a tribune, *having taken some words down*, had to leave the house immediately, on the injunction of an usher!” So they think of forbidding to write down a few of the words uttered in a deliberating Assembly, during a sitting of elects by universal suffrage! What a profundity of governmental conception!!

To crown this work of darkness, the barbarians have transformed the newspapers into slaves, who most unaccountably pride in showing how one can practise dancing with a chain around every limb. The press, in France, is in the very hands or under the immediate dependence of the police; it publishes or writes only that which it is allowed to publish or to write. It may be said again, as the first Bonaparte cynically said of what was occurring under his odious reign: “The press is in the most absolute bondage; the police puts aside and suppresses works, at its liking. Nothing could be more irregular, more arbitrary than this régime.” *

those communications polluted by French justice are being preserved here by the recipients. Some day or other, that sort of justice shall be called to account for its proceedings.

* *Works of M. L. N. Bonaparte*, vol. i. p. 282.

Hear what one of the conspirators has himself declared on this point: "The government of the 2nd December has enacted against the press a law *whose only object is to annihilate it*. That legislation not merely imposes upon it *the most scaring penalties*; it moreover imposes upon it *the heaviest fiscal burdens*; so that the editors of newspapers have been compelled to considerably increase the prices of subscriptions, at a moment when newspapers afford the least interest on account of that *prudent* reserve to which they are bound; it follows therefrom that, in point of editing, they are all alike. The government has not rested there; it has further desired to oppose to the newspapers a competition for low prices, by reducing the price of a subscription to the *Moniteur* to the rate of forty francs a year." *Statements of M. Véron to the Superintending Council of the "Constitutionnel;"* Aug. 19th, 1852.—(*Papers for legal evidence on behalf of the shareholders of the "Constitutionnel:"* To our judges.)

Everything, not excepting foreign newspapers, suffices to frighten that so-called strong government. The *Morning Advertiser*, maugre the "respect" it imposes on itself towards the ally of England, is still stopped two or three times a week in France, without its being able even to imagine the reason thereof.

Is this a kind of usurpation which can claim any forgiveness on account of its liberalism, and to which a great and free people ought to give a certain steadiness by forming an alliance with it?

Some persons here deem "skilful" this noble way of administering a country!

What skill is there, then, to manage freely a man whose arms and legs have been treacherously tied? To term "skill" massacres and terror, the grossest abuse of brute force, and espionage systematically organized,

is, indeed, to assign a very low rank to intellect. Alas! no, it does not require even to be skilful to oppress. Nothing is easier, thanks to the weakness and ignorance of the masses, thanks to the cowardice of material interests, thanks to the stupid passive obedience of standing armies! Almost every tyrant has been a fool possessed only of the cunning of the beast of prey. Did not James II. impose upon England, with Jeffreys, as humiliating a yoke as that which now vilifies France?

This renown for "skill," which we have perceived dawning around M. Bonaparte, since the alliance, is a melancholy symptom. Let us in two words explain our meaning on this point:—

To judge solely from successes would be the height of nonsense, even were it not the height of abjection; it is the uprightness of the means employed for each success that we must look to. For it is, unfortunately, but too true (*we particularly have had a test of this in 1848*), that *honest scruples are obstacles*, whereas, in many circumstances, and at least temporarily, crime is a force. Attaining the aim pursued, by renouncing, for the sake of virtue, the numberless resources which lying, perjury, corruption, and assassination afford,—therein skill consists. Any idiot whatever can cut the Gordian knot. Who will be bold enough to pretend that assassination, corruption, perjury, and lying are talents? This is, however, what the admirers of Elysean skills are unconsciously doing. Suppose a man endowed with real genius, but honest, in the stead of M. Bonaparte, on the 2nd of December, would he have become emperor, even had he desired it? No, because a sense of shame at the idea of breaking his word would have checked him; because he would have recoiled from the hateful necessity of perverting public functionaries, of buying off generals, and fuddling poor ignorant soldiers, in order to hurl them against the

citizens : no, because, previously, the image of Paris overflowing with blood would have affrighted him.

It is a direful error to ascribe to mediocrity of intellect the noble impotence originating from a respect for justice ; but what an error, more direful still, to term intelligence the ignominious audacity of criminal attempts and of cheat ! The republicans who failed after 1848 are now declared to be incapable of governing a country. History will glorify their fall, by reminding that, under the exclusive influence of a deep sense of right, they were unwilling to exceed the bounds of legality ; that they nobly refused to assume a dictatorship, and, always honest, never consented to make use of the unfair weapons through which they were finally conquered.

The son of Admiral Verhuel has succeeded. Well, even leaving aside that heap of corpses which has served him as a footstool, we say that his success is the most striking proof of the mediocrity of his intelligence. His *coup d'état*, as we have written in the *History of the Crimes of the 2nd December*, has been possible but because it was impossible. What man, endowed with a mind accustomed to embrace in its ken all things around its point of observation, would have dared, we candidly ask, what the Admiral's son unhesitatingly dared to do, with the help of his Mephistopheles, M. Persigny ? What man of truly superior worth would not have borne, were it but through his aptitude to perceive *all* the phases of such an enterprise, and to foresee *all* its probable consequences ? But the hero of the *Décembriades* wended his way straight before him, with brutal boldness, precisely because he was incapable of desecrating anything else than the point corresponding to his fixed idea. The overplus of his mad audacity was in the same ratio as his deficiency in sagacity ; and for this reason it

was that, crime helping, he won the game. And yet, perhaps, would he not have played it, had he not been put at bay, like all his accomplices,—had he had any other prospect than the debtors' prison on his leaving the house of Presidency. We all know that the Bourse has called the 2nd of December “the bold stroke of insolvents.”

People do not sufficiently notice one thing; it is, that to prosperously conspire is an easy task, when the conspirators have the government for them instead of having it against them. The President of the Republic, having at his disposal, in that quality, all the forces of the State and the resources of the Treasury—thus possessed of wherewith to bribe through goodly ready sums the avid race of petty generals—M. Bonaparte lorded it over the nation. Very well; but look at him conspiring as a common individual. What a wretched conception! What an improvidence! What an ineptitude in the measures he takes! What a lack of contrivance! At Boulogne, a live eagle; at Strasbourg an accoutrement of “little corporal:”* nowhere will you find such stark tomfoolery! On the 2nd of December, the conqueror was the President; at Strasbourg, at Boulogne, there was no President, there was M. L. N. Bonaparte by himself; and therefore, in spite of the enormous *prestige* of that name, what happened? Why, our “skilful” gentleman miscarried each time in a miserable and cowardly manner; he fell so flat on the ground each time, in less than half an hour, and so ludicrously, that he became the laughing-stock of Europe. We recommend this comparison to the amazed panegyrist of the Anglo-Decembrist alliance.

* The nickname of *petit-caporal* was given by the French army to the uncle, whose *redingote grise* had become as familiar as proverbial among them.

To govern requires undoubtedly some skill, when you have to give a daily account to a free press, which analyzes you—to a jealous legislature, which controls you—when the hardness of the times has given rise to hostile and powerful parties which attack you. But what is easier than governing, when the only thing you have to do, is to give a watchword to the police, to corporals, and to gendarmes, in the midst of a cast-down people? However, between weakness and strength, between armed tyranny and baseness or fear, there are still opportunities, ever so few, for the display of administrative talents. Now, what has M. Napoléon III. done, since his name, the forethoughtless and perpetual rage of the majority of the last Assembly, the crime of December, and the blindness of pretorians, procured him an unlimited power? What has he done? Nothing; or, if anything, puerile acts, as the decrees on court costumes and tail gowns! The only measures of any consequence carried out by this day-fly, are found on inspection to be but awkward plagiarisms of Socialism; *e. g.* the conversion of stocks, and the establishment of the *crédit foncier*. And it was he who came to save the world from the perils of an agrarian law! A thing which he has not borrowed from Socialism, is the confiscation of the property of the Socialists and of that of Messrs. d'Orléans. But we do not suppose that England places spoliation in the number of "skilful" deeds.

To give us as skilful the clumsy individual who be-thought himself of taking to Boulogne a live eagle in a cage, for the purpose of seducing the garrison!*

* This is a fact of the most incontrovertible authenticity, however ludicrous it may appear. In his report on the Boulogne trip, the Prefect of Pas-de-Calais, M. Gauja, says:—"We have found a live eagle on board the *Edinburgh Castle*; it belonged to Louis Bonaparte." (*Trial of Napoléon Louis Bonaparte and of his Accom-*

Verily, this is too bad! That which must astonish him more than all the rest in his astonishing fortune, is, certainly, the renown for cleverness which some people here are pleased to make him. He may say, with the *métromane* of Piron—

“ Et j'avais cinquante ans quand cela m'arriva.”*

His blunt majesty must be much amused on this account: cheats laugh at their dupes; they laugh at everything and everybody, but above all at those who admire them.

What invests the despotism of December with a more silly character than any other, is that there is not one of its means which M. Bonaparte has not himself branded beforehand by reproaching the government of Louis-Philippe with having made use of it! Let us take one example among thousands. We have just seen that he violates the secrecy of private correspondence at the post-office; his police—and this is a fact equally well ascertained—violently search every dwelling; they carry their system of *visites domiciliaires* so far as to enter women's apartments, rummaging with a lewd hand even their chamber linen, picking the locks of secretaires, and casting an impure look into the most private papers. Whoever has travelled in France fully knows, likewise, that the detestable system of passports is there more vexatious now than it ever was—more inquisitorial than anywhere else. Well, here is an extract from what M. Bonaparte himself wrote shortly before the Revolution of February:—“ In England, the attitude of those whose duty it is to enforce the law, is always moderate and always legal; for this reason no such thing is known there, as those violations of the private dwelling of the citizen,

plices before the Court of Peers; 1 vol., published by Pagnerre, Paris, 1840, p. 28.)

* And I was fifty years old when that happened to me.

to which one is so subject in France, under the name of *visites domiciliaires*: the secrets of families are respected, as letters are never opened by the constituted authorities; nothing impedes the most important of all liberties—that of going wherever you please, for no such a thing is required of anybody as those passports, an oppressive invention, which are an embarrassment and an obstacle to peaceful citizens, whilst they are no check whatever to those who wish to delude the vigilance of the authorities.” (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 265.)

In another place, M. Bonaparte, directly addressing the *Conservative party*, whom he treated in a very harsh tone, said to them indignantly, among other fustian: “Your police are busy about disquieting your families, and your violence incessantly outrages the domestic hearth.” (Vol. iii. p. 257.)

Could ever anything—we leave aside here the moral side of the question—could ever anything be more awkward, than to write such passages whilst aiming at being that government of the 2nd December, which so heinously rends asunder every law protective of the domestic hearth?

“The skilful Louis Napoleon” is after this fashion in continual discrepancy with himself. Out of the fixed idea of an empire, he turns with every wind. Hear him again:—“In 1830, the French government solicited the acknowledgment and alliance of England. The latter answered: ‘We will support your ideas in the face of Europe, but give up to us your interests; acknowledge the treaties of 1815 and the supremacy of our navy; bind yourselves to allow our influence to settle *in the East and in the Mediterranean.*’ These promises were made; our government pledged, upon its own authority, our future condition; and, for the interest of a dynasty, delivered up the great interests of the country.” (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 42.) M. Bonaparte has therefore published

beforehand, that the alliance of England is bought "at the cost of the acknowledgment of the treaties of 1815," and that to acknowledge those treaties "is to sacrifice to the interest of a dynasty the great interests of the country!"

Now, he is this very day the ally of England! What a nephew of the emperor!

Now, is that being skilful to trace out thus at every page of a hotch-potch of bombastic rigmarole the anticipated condemnation of all one intends to commit? Is that being skilful, to allow one's self to be caught in the snares one has laid, in person; to betake one's self to some inextricable position, and leave one's self no other resource than that of saying with confusion: "I WAS TELLING LIES," to the first honest man who may thunder down your own words upon your own acts? We had, it is true, already heard the name of simpleton applied to the poor fellow who lets himself be coaxed by the tales of a street-quack, accoutred as an Emperor Augustus, but we had never heard yet the quack called a skilful man.

Does it not, verily, seem, from what certain persons say, as though infamous, filthy, and base actions, and impudent lies, served only to show off "skill," as clear-obscures in a picture add to the brightness of the enlightened parts? Come, don't bestow the epithet of skilful on men who rule by dint of blows with clubs, in the dumbness of fear over a dejected people. They have not even the adroitness of their drawing-room competitors, of those *greco*s, ("hell"-heroes) who so well cheat at cards that no one can detect them. In any case, were they skilful, that would be for them no title to our esteem; they should, on the contrary, be in our eyes the more heinous, for they would then be more dangerous still than they are.

It is a fact, that, shielded by the dread which the

400,000 blindly subservient bayonets under their command inspire, the Bonapartists maintain their ground in France solely as conquerors in a hostile country, like the Austrians in Italy. For our part, we feel as much ashamed at seeing them masters of Paris as we should do were we to see the Cossacks there. This is a third invasion, which France has been undergoing ever since 1851, with all the moral and material disasters attendant upon an invasion. May the fatal Napoleonic prejudice, which has already brought on us the two former ones, as well as the present, not subject us to a fourth at some future period!

It is but too true: the "six thousand knaves" rule over France as they have conquered her—by terror, by means which offend alike morality and civilization. Alas! alas! they have made of our native country the most decayed nation in the world! And, strange to say, they have unwittingly confessed that the dignity of France is now compromised. The *Constitutionnel* of September 25, 1852, said: "Some wounded prides, some influential characters laid aside, bitterly accuse our society of *degradation*, of *heedlessness to its rights*, and almost of *servility*." To which that journal contented itself with answering: "You, who so boldly snub a whole nation, have you always protected, always respected those rights?" A clever shift, this! So, the barbarians themselves state that, under their domination, unfortunate France is rightly arraigned with DEGRADATION and SERVILITY! We therefore exaggerate in nowise. But, should any one hesitate to credit this our assertion, from a refugee's lips, let him listen to M. Montalembert. Assuredly, *he* is not a demagogue! an incorrigible bigot, a niggardly soul without a parallel, he had declared himself the *witness* of the Shell-President, and he still styles us "the party of crime." Such a

personage has, however, been at last made accessible to disgust by the acts of his friends. He has himself just summarily portrayed the "skilful" Dictatorship of December:—"It is the *revival of the Lower Empire*, a system which condemns all intellects to nothingness, all characters to degradation, all consciences to silence or prevarication."*

This is the thing to which constitutional England lends her support; this is the thing which her ministers deem

* *Letter to M. Dupin.*—M. Montalembert, an imperial deputy, has been given up to the upright M. Roulland, the Decembrist attorney, who prosecutes for this letter "published in a foreign country without the participation of the author." The imperial deputies were unwilling to leave their colleague in the lurch; they even had appointed, in the committees, a commission opposed to the authorization to prosecute; but the "master" sent word that such a refusal would dissatisfy *him*, and the whole pack obeyed! The former friends of the delinquent practise but little the forgiveness of truths; it would be curious to see them send him off to join, in Algeria, the republicans whose transportation without a trial was determined by his vote in the Constituent Assembly.* At all events, it will be pleasant news to learn that the honest M. Montalembert has been summoned before an *imperial* court, and to hear the president, a Rouher or a Troplong of some sort or other, M. Frank-Carré for instance, who thus apostrophized the defendant Bonaparte in the trial relative to Boulogne: "You have distributed money to purchase treason!"—it will be pleasant for us to hear the same Frank-Carré, now a magistrate of the same Bonaparte (what people these are!) say with the same indignation: "Montalembert, you are accused of incitation to hatred against my emperor; rise, and answer." And should M. Montalembert be unwilling to get up in presence of a magistrate who administers justice in the name of a man sentenced in 1840 "for having purchased treason," and declared in 1851, by a solemn

* In order to show better how much the "skilful" government of perjurers contains that is consistent, we will say, since the opportunity offers, that the condemned of June, 1848, are still imprisoned under "the empire of December," as "guilty of having attempted to subvert the republic!"

themselves at this moment bound to excuse ; nay, this is the thing they denominate the age of Augustus !

IV.

IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY WITH THE DÉCEMBRISEURS, AND NOT WITH FRANCE, THAT THE ALLIANCE IS MADE.

YOU must not say that politics exclude “matters of feeling ;” that they take and should take established governments such as these are ; that if France pleases “to revive the Lower Empire in her bosom,” England has no business therewith ; that France, by now accepting that which is at her head, frees you from all moral responsibility.

No, you have no such excuse. Our country, vanquished by the rebellion of the executive power, which had bribed all the authorities, does not accept the impure production of ambushes ; she undergoes Cæsarism until she is able to drive it again into the hovels whence it would never have come out without the treason of the generals who misled the army.

The English easily grow enthusiastic on such or such event of the day, but below the superficies their opinion is heavy to move ; what they once have admitted, adheres to them for a long while. John Bull now begins at last to believe that the French sometimes eat something else than frogs, but he still deems us to be a people of “versatile disposition.” Thus it is that some Englishmen are

decision, “convicted of the crime of high-treason”—if, we said, M. Montalembert should be unwilling to get up, the faithless magistrate will call out to the *gendarmes* : “Compel Montalembert to get up,” and the *gendarmes* will obey. That will be, forsooth, a highly interesting spectacle.

sincerely persuaded that France is in favour of the conspirators of December; they wonder at it, but they account for it on the assumption of "our versatile disposition." Mistake, grievous mistake! The prolongation of the imperial "pantomime of power," in the words of the *Times* (November 17, 1852,) is a wholly factitious reality, it is the result of the want of equilibrium, which exists among us, between public opinion entirely disarmed, and the influence disproportionately accumulated, through an excessive centralization, in the hands of the government. It is this want of equilibrium which begets in France so many revolutions. The nation possessing no means of enforcing her will, the executive power, thanks to the exorbitant influence it enjoys, commits abuses without anybody being able to resist it. But there often comes a day when the public feelings, exasperated, break out and violently smash that which they have been precluded from peacefully meliorating. Our revolutions do not indicate a defect in the sequence of our ideas; they prove, on the contrary, their fixity, for they always tend to the same aim, viz., Liberty and Equality. Let not the liberals of this country allow themselves to be any longer the dupes of old prejudices; aristocrats, when they call the French "an ungovernable people," judge still from the same point of view as James II. did when he termed the English "a poisoned people."

Is it seriously believed that there is a nation in the world, sufficiently an enemy to herself for giving seven millions of votes to the slaughter of December, for crowning a heap of crimes? The correspondents of the English newspapers, and particularly that of the *Times*, have related, as eye-witnesses, the acts of violence, the lies, the frauds, whence has arisen the voting of the 20th December, a voting practised during the terror of recent mas-

sacres, of a pitiless state of siege, and of menaces of transportation hanging over every head.*

* We have exposed these facts in our *History of the Crimes of the 2nd December*. (1 vol. 8vo.) With a view to give an idea of them, we shall confine ourselves here with reproducing two or three extracts, emanating from the Napoleonic administration :—

Decree of the Prefect of Haute-Garonne :

“Every distributor or hawker of voting bulletins will be prosecuted if he be not provided *with especial authorization from the mayor or the magistrate.*”

Decree of the Prefect of Bas-Rhin :

“The distribution of voting bulletins during the 20th and 21st of December, is *expressly forbidden.*”

“The *gendarmerie* have just conveyed to the gaol of Valenciennes, M. Parent, jun., *accused* of having prompted some inhabitants of Avesnes-le-sec to vote against the President of the Republic.”—(*Mémorial d'Amiens.*)

“M. Saupique, a barrister, has just been arrested at Vassy ; he is *accused* of having distributed some *negative bulletins* at the time of the ballot of the 20th and 21st December.”—(*Union de la Sarthe.*)

Who, after that, will be bold enough to say that the voting was a free one ?

Since we are about it, let us transcribe two pages written by an Englishman, who has witnessed in what way the voting on the 20th December was proceeded with. This picture, drawn by a hand free from suspicion, may open the eyes of those who, in this country, sincerely believe (since there are still such ones) that seven millions of Frenchmen have ratified the Decembrist bloodshed ! The bitter strain of the author's appreciations is a sure guarantee that he has no blind partiality towards the terrorized people he speaks of :—

“At length came out the famous proclamation, by which every person who was at that time, or ever had been, a member of a secret society, was condemned to transportation beyond the seas ! In this way at least two millions of persons were made liable to exile ; and as there was to be no judgment, it was felt that the government intended to reserve to itself the power of transporting whoever should be bold enough to offer any opposition. The terror that spread in the then condition of minds may easily be imagined ; and *no other explanation than this* is required of the immense majority that voted “Yes” a few days afterwards, and

But it requires only to consider what the insurgents themselves confess relatively to the events of the struggle, in order to be convinced that they calumniate France by saying that she approves of and forgives them.—If the criminal attempt had been the sole means of saving the country from “the plunderers and demagogues,” how did it happen that the jeopardized class was precisely the one most dreaded by the saviours, precisely the one from which they encountered the fiercest resistance?

Let us recall here to mind a few facts, forgotten, as we believe, by the English people. It matters it should be proved that, doubtless unconsciously, it is actually with

that in the very provinces most menaced; on the spots where the government papers laid the scene of a mythological *Jacquerie*, the people voted unanimously with open bulletins for the usurpation. Every one was afraid of being transported.

“It is customary to praise Louis Napoleon for the admirable manner in which he carried out the plans which he had previously laid down. The fact is, that he proceeded in a totally different manner from what he had intended, and worked with different instruments upon different elements. He believed himself to be more popular in Paris than he really was, but expected a more vigorous armed resistance. He anticipated that the majority of the country would vote against him, and therefore began by announcing the suppression of the ballot, and by ordering the people to come up and openly say “Yes” or “No” under the bayonets of his soldiers. When, however, he saw that it was possible to frighten the whole nation out of all ideas of honour and liberty, he determined to enjoy the pleasure of an apparently free voting; and, during a whole fortnight, directed his efforts solely to deepen and strengthen the feeling of terror throughout the whole length of the land. *I know* that at the voting there was much fraud and much violence. The voters were marshalled into columns by the priests and the mayors, and headed by a few of the most enthusiastic Bonapartists, who pinned their bulletins to their hats, and thus by example compelled the others to do likewise; *for whoever hesitated was instantly assailed by the accusation of socialism, and threatened with transportation.*”—(*Purple Tints*, by Bayle St. John, 2nd vol., page 326.)

the D cembreurs, and not with France, that they form an alliance.

Every one knows that there exists among us a body of civic militia (the *Garde Nationale*), essentially destined to preserve order in the interior of the country. Now, here is an occurrence related by M. P. Mayer (*History of Dec. 2*, page 47):—"On the Monday evening, the President was holding his usual *r ception* of that day. No one had yet any suspicion. About ten o'clock, Louis Napoleon beckoned to Colonel Vieyra,* *appointed the day previous* chief of the staff of the National Guard. 'Colonel,' said he to him, smiling, 'can you sufficiently control the expression of your countenance not to let any sign of a great emotion appear on it?'—"I think so, prince,' answered M. Vieyra.—'Very well, then;' and, with a more glowing smile, 'It is for to-night,' said he in a whisper. 'Can you positively promise me that to-morrow the drums shall beat the *rappel* nowhere? and that no convocation of the National Guard shall take place?'—"Very easily, provided I have ordinances enough at my disposal.'—"You must see for that the Minister of War. You had better go thither now; but not just yet; people might fancy I have given you an order.'"

This revelation is precious. Whether M. Mayer had, as he seems to admit, a finger in the pie or not, this does not alter the case as to his being well informed. By a thousand intimate details which abound in his book, it may be perceived that the *master*, according to his own expression, has told him some secrets, and he may be credited on matters of that kind.

Is it not a significant fact to see "the providential man,"—the name with which the venerable bishops of

* It will be seen in the ANNEX No. 2, *Bonapartist Biographies*, that this Vieyra is a man of the lowest description.

December christened him—dread so much the nation under arms? Observe also that the National Guard no longer reckoned at that period any but “friends of order” in its ranks. It had been “purified” long ago from the popular elements which the Revolution of February had introduced thereinto. The government, fallen in the hands of the reaction, after June, 1848, had eliminated from it all workmen—all those whom our adversaries are agreed to denominate “dangerous” men. It had disbanded *en masse* and *disarmed* the artillery, the seventh, eighth, and twelfth legions, the major part of which was more peculiarly republican.

Behold then some people who get up a *coup d'état* for the salvation of religion, family, and property, and whose first feat is to coop up in their houses, to reduce to powerlessness, a whole voluntary army, exclusively composed of religious men, of fathers of families, of proprietors, merchants, tradesmen, who had exhibited proofs of hatred and courage, in 1848, against the “Socialists,” the “brigands,” the “property-partitioners,” (*partageux*.) &c.!

The two traitors, placed at the head of the staff of the National Guard, General Lawœstine and M. Vieyra, actually took measures that the *rappel* should not be beaten anywhere. A letter from General Lawœstine to the majors of each legion (who are the only *paid* officers), ordered them to render the drums unfit for use, forbade them to allow the *rappel* to be beaten, and enjoined them to prevent any meeting of the National Guard taking place. An officer of the third legion, who repaired to his *mairie* at nine o'clock in the morning, saw that letter. There, the major had caused the pelts of the drums to be taken off, and had also burst some.

The National Guard, in consequence, could not succeed in assembling. But, if the so-called high classes were unable to take up arms in a body, they manifested,

nevertheless, the stanchest opposition to the presidential attempt. The fact has been authenticated especially by two episodes of the 3rd and 4th December, which we relate at the ANNEX, *Personal Confessions of the Assassins of December*. Captain Mauduit, an ardent panegyrist of the military conspiracy, says himself, whilst narrating those two episodes of the exploits of a certain Colonel Rochefort:—"There were in the groups *few individuals in blouses*,—the men who congregated were *well dressed*,—the *bawlers* wore *over-coats*,—the corpses were covered with *fine clothes*."* And all newspapers, all books, of Elysean hue, accord on this point. M. Granier Casagnac also mentions this with that cynicism whose prototype he is:—"The second *arrondissement* of Paris is the most wealthy, the most elegant; the one which displays most luxury. It did not show itself the most sensible. History will register that scandal, that *the aristocracy of wealth made itself an auxiliary to the plunderers*. When *the corpses of the insurgents* were picked up, what sorts of persons were found to be in a majority among them? Notorious *ruffians*, and perfect *dandies*!" (*Récit complet des événements de Décembre*, page 99.)

Nothing here, therefore, implicating the "vile multitude!" It was, then, unmistakably, what is termed in a certain sphere the sound, respectable, honest portion of society which was cut down on the Boulevards throughout the 3rd and 4th of December, because they exclaimed: "Hurrah for the Republic! Down with the traitors!" All this shows besides what is to be thought of the "red spectre," evoked by the quacks and terrorists of order, when they do not hesitate to say that "the most wealthy and the most elegant population of Paris associated with plunderers."

* *Révolution Militaire du 2 Décembre*; pages 176 to 178, and 217 to 218.

It behoves to take heed likewise of that which the annalist of the Elysean wars, Captain Mauduit, has not been able to conceal, viz.:—On the 3rd of December, “on the Boulevard du Temple, Colonel Rochefort found himself in presence of a compact and innumerable crowd, who were calling out: ‘Vive la République!’” On the 4th, on the Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens, “he was in the midst of an immense concourse of the population evincing the most decided hostility, under cover of the cry, [*sic*] ‘Vive la République!’” Thus, at every step, the avowal escapes the conspirators, that the whole population detested them. If they have succeeded, it is simply owing to the terror arising from the massacres with which the French army will for ever reproach itself.

And now, recollect that they had arrested beforehand, and did exile subsequently, MM. Baze, Bèdeau, Changarnier, Duvergier-Hauranne, Lamoricière, Lasteyrie, Leflô, Rémusat, Thiers, &c.—all, more or less reactionary individuals, from whom they would assuredly have had nothing to fear had they undertaken against the Republic anything bordering ever so little on honesty!

And, after that, tell us whether it is reasonable to suppose that the nation has ratified the burglary of December?

Had France had the least bent towards the Empire, would the conspirators have constantly ensconced themselves behind the Republic, to accomplish their stroke; would they have then placed themselves under its auspices, to paralyze the resistance of the masses in making them believe that they were endeavouring to preserve the Republic? What did M. Bonaparte say in his *appeal to the people*, on the 2nd December?—“In our days, when the men who have ruined two monarchies strive to fetter me in order to OVERTHROW THE REPUBLIC, my duty is to baffle their perfidious projects, to MAINTAIN THE

REPUBLIC, and to save the country." What said M. Morny, on Dec. 2nd, at 8 o'clock in the morning, in his telegraphic dispatch to the prefects of departments?—"The President of the Republic makes an appeal to the nation; HE MAINTAINS THE REPUBLIC." What said M. St. Arnaud, on Dec. 4, in his address to the army?—"YOU HAVE SAVED THE REPUBLIC." Do not declarations so formal as these, and made in such a circumstance, testify to the strong inclination which the traitors found to exist in the immense majority of the nation towards a democratic government?

If the criminal attempt of December had been in accordance with the wishes of France, would the conspirators, to secure their position, have found it needful to imprison one hundred thousand citizens, and to banish, deport, transport, and *interner** twenty-eight thousand? † If France accepted the Empire, would the heads of her most illustrious generals, as well as those of her humblest working-men, remain struck with proscription? If France agreed with the conquerors, would they have suppressed *de facto* the National Guard, which now exists only nominally, and is not called to any service? If the Empire only wore a respectable appearance, would all the notabilities of the country who are most in favour of "order," and most hostile to the "Red Republicans," scrupulously stand aloof from it? If the "six thousand knaves" had in their behalf seven millions of votes, would they be obliged to keep up in Paris an army of 100,000 men as a guard for themselves? Let them just do as the Provi-

* *Interner*, in French, is to compel one to reside exclusively in a determined place, arbitrarily selected, in the interior of the country.

† In our work, *Government of the Décebriseurs*, we have proved the truthfulness of these monstrous numbers, by authentic returns derived from the executioners themselves. Pages 66 and 126.

sional Government did, let them send back all the troops without retaining a single regiment, a single company, a single soldier, or even one gendarme,* and we shall see how stand the seven millions of votes; two hours will not have elapsed ere the trestles of the Empire disappear under the public hatred and disgust.

And do not say that the congratulatory addresses of the general and municipal councils† protest against what we state here. James II. received like ones relative to those acts of his government which most clashed with public opinion. We must judge of them that are delivered to the Décembriseurs in the same way as M. Bonaparte, himself, and Hallam, judge of those which were delivered to James II. "Addresses," says the former, "are the ever fallacious homages of the oppressed."—(*Works*, vol. iii. p. 34.)—"Now," says the second, "that we are acquainted with the predominating spirit of the people at that epoch, we should have to blush for the cowardice or the hypocrisy of our ancestors, if we knew that those addresses were at bottom but the work of a small number."—(*Constitutional History*, vol. iii. page 101.)

Inquire even of English travellers who return from our country; they all chime together in saying that the present government there is detested, that France still lies under the domineering influence of the fright of the Décembrisades. Thus, we read in the *Purple Tints*, two volumes published three or four months ago, and issued from the pen of an eye-witness, Mr. Bayle St. John:—"I understood, for the first time, on the 2nd of December, what was meant by a 'reign of terror.' Throwing aside

* This confidence was construed into an insult to the army, which was said to be *exiled from the capital!*

† It is but justice, nevertheless, to remind our readers, that a very great number of ancient members of these councils sent in their resignation after December.

all ideas of right, by the very manner of its appearance, the new order of things could only exist by naked violence, by appealing to the meanest sentiments of our nature—the fear of death. All the proclamations which covered the walls that day and the following ones, were calculated to produce that state of mind. The object of the dictator was to stifle at once the opposition that might arise from what virtue and enthusiasm were still left in France. The slightest attempt at discussion was to be punished instantly. ‘KILL, KILL, KILL!’—this was the panacea adopted. It had its effect; and the impression of terror produced in the minds of the vast majority of that gallant nation of France was so great, that *it has not yet disappeared*. *I know individuals who still continue to tremble physically, from the horror produced at those times.*” (Vol. ii., p. 309.)

England sees it;—it is, here, again, an Englishman who tells it her—the government she may chance to confirm by her present policy is founded on terror.

No—a thousand times, no! France has no sympathy or connexion whatever with the gang of debauchees, *chevaliers d'industrie* (“swell-mob,”) and terrorists, who press upon her! No, France does not trust the government whose panacea is “Kill, kill, kill!” No, France does not wish for “the revival of the Lower Empire.” Nobody can believe it; nobody does believe it. She is invaded by enemies; she writhes among 400,000 bayonets, always directed towards her; “more alive to her shame than to her sufferings, she is humiliated at the disgrace of that very soldiery, which has been employed in sabring her,” as has been said by the *Times* (Jan. 9, 1852); and, like all conquered nations, she waits for a propitious hour to free herself.

To have dealings with the government *de facto*, which is propped up there by the blind force of an army, submissive

to discipline as a wheel is to the steam, is therefore to deal exclusively with the *Décembriseurs*, and not with her. If the English people will have this, so be it; but let the case be well understood by them—let them not labour or hope to bring others under illusions. We conceive that no one nation should have the insolent pretension of meddling with the internal affairs of France; our patriotism energetically deprecates every sort of foreign interference, whether direct or indirect, in her interior policy; but we persist in the opinion, that the eternal laws of morality forbid every civilized government to make a compact with those rulers, the living personification of immorality, rejected by all parties, and left outside the nation until she is able, at no remote period, to fell them to the ground.

V.

BONAPARTISM, REINFORCED, ALREADY PROFFERS ITS
SERVICES TO ABSOLUTISM.

ASSUREDLY England, a free nation, proud of her respect for constitutional rights, is mistaken in not leaving those accursed beings in the loneliness of the accursed. Her alliance with them; however localized it may be, is in direct contrariety with what ought to be the essence of modern politics—that is to say, with the general interests of mankind, the defence of the liberties and of the notions of justice accrued to the world. It must not be concealed, but it must be boldly averred, that this alliance strengthens a detestable sway, won through murder, perpetuated through violence, whose internal system is an unbounded arbitrariness, and for whose existence evil is necessary.

Already, thanks to the additional energy recently im-

parted to it by the moral support of the English alliance, it threatens to spread its bayonets abroad. Already it has let its guilty projects ooze out! Did not the *Moniteur* say, on the 22nd of February last:—"The revolutionary spirit may profit by the circumstances for showing itself and suscitating disturbances; it becomes henceforth the imperious duty of the government to declare openly and candidly that it would not leave unrepressed, should the flags of Austria and France become united in the East, any attempt which might take place with a view to divide them in the West."

These advances to the ruthless despotism of Austria have already begun to operate. Citizen Manin, the Venetian patriot, wrote at the end of March a public letter, wherein he confined himself to say:—"The aim which the Italians have in prospect is to be freed from Austria; it is to remain masters in their own country." Verily, an Italian could not say less. However, the newspaper which inserted this letter, and all those who reproduced it, received one of those warnings, three of which suffice to annihilate a journal, and which was grounded on the assumption that "this publication, in a direct opposition to the government, has for its object to create distrust between two allied powers!"

He who now displays that ardent love for foreign domination in Italy, figured in 1831 among the Italians who rose in insurrection at Bologna, marched in arms against the Pope, and were dispersed by an Austrian army.* The former volunteer of the Roman independence is a true Christian, he entertains no rancour against his conquerors. The very same man who wrote in 1836:—"The glorious remains of our great armies are in Italy the chiefs

* It was in that expedition that the brother of M. L. N. Bonaparte, attacked with a fever of that country, was compelled to stop at Forli, where he died.

of that unfortunate youth who aspire to liberty,"* is ready to hurl the army of December upon the Italian youth and the glorious remains of our great armies! "What a clever fellow!" will exclaim here again some great politicians; "how boldly he does deny all his past words and deeds! what a haughty disdain for the vulgar notions of constancy! he is, indeed, the wonder of the age!" Had we not to admire such a genius, we should descant upon all the unworthiness of such a defection; but *cui bono*?—the hero is known. That which ought to be mentioned is, that the ally of England already hesitates no longer to tender his services to the savage Austrian despotism. "The Empire is Peace" . . . with Austria, not with oppressed nationalities rising against their tyrants! The *Morning Advertiser*, ever the vigilant champion of the interests of European liberty, has protested against the declarations of the Bonapartist *Moniteur*. "We do not hesitate," said that journal, "to declare that, one of the chief reasons for which the impending war is generally so popular in this country, is that almost every one is convinced that in the midst of the future imbroglio, the oppressed nationalities will be able to shake off the yoke. Who does not at least hope, that, in the confusion, Italy, Poland, and Hungary will succeed in the attempts they will not fail to make for regaining their independence? How many of us, who have for war the greatest horror, are reconciled to the coming conflict, because they believe that one of its first results will be the deliverance of peoples! We loudly proclaim, for our part, that we share in these hopes with all our soul."

To a certainty, these are the sentiments of the immense majority of the English nation. But how will her government be able to respond to them? Will it follow the

* *Œuvres* de L. N. Bonaparte, tome I., page 180.

French Radetzki and Haynau into Lombardy and Hungary, to afford assistance to floggers of women and to hangers of generals prisoners of war? Will it deem itself at least obliged to let the Napoleonic absolutism nail again in her tomb Italy, about to revive, as the Russian absolutism was allowed to prey upon resuscitated Hungary? We do not think so; but may not Great Britain already ascertain whether her goodwill towards the Déce-mbriseurs does not give them an audacity which they would not otherwise have?

Ah! we wish that "the Empire is Peace" may not bring more harm on France and England than the latter thinks! Meanwhile, to view things with sincerity, one is compelled to acknowledge that, if the swords are now drawn, it is owing to the silly and jesuitical velleity of the protection of the Holy Places. The *coup d'état* burglar was desirous of carrying on a religious *coup d'état* in the Holy Land; he threatened the Porte with cannon, in case she should not comply with his caprice; things went so far that Nicholas offered an army to the Sultan to defend him.* It is true that, on the remonstrances of the Cabinet of St. James's, the Déce-mbriseurs, who are aware that France is ready to get rid of them on the first favourable opportunity, yielded from the fear of having on their back England and Russia together; they gave up their pretensions, they even sacrificed their unlucky ambassador, M. Lavalette, under the plea that he had exceeded his instructions. We have here, by the way, an instance of the pride wherewith our "nephews of the emperor" observe his traditions respecting dignity. But it is not the less a fact, that their Latin exigencies in the East aroused the concupiscence of the Czar, and incited

* Revelations of the secret correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour.

him to set forth the Greek requisitions, whence the war has proceeded. We advise those who might be doubtful of this, to peruse over again the following declaration of Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons :—

“As long as the question was only relative, between France and Russia, to the affair of the Holy Places, our government had no interest to decide who was wrong and who was right. But from the day when the threat of a *recourse to force* was heard, the matter became of interest to Great Britain.

“The preparations which were made in Russia *were justified* by invoking the pretext that the Ambassador of France *had threatened to use violence* for constraining the Sultan to accede to demands which Russia declared to be incompatible with agreements entered into by her. I myself was informed by Lord Redcliffe, that *M. Lavalette had declared that if these exigencies were not met, he would call the French fleet to enforce their satisfaction.* From the moment when such threats were made, there was reason to examine whether the English government was to require explanations from the French government. I must say that the French government received our request in the most open and fairest manner. It *gave up its pretensions*, because they might *give rise to counter-pretensions* on the part of Russia. The French government understood that its ambassador had exceeded the limits of its wishes; that he had gone *beyond his instructions*, (who can believe that?) and conducted the negotiation in a way *oppressive and alarming* to the Sultan. In consequence, it recalled its ambassador, and abstained from insisting on its pretensions. From that moment, we obtained the great advantage of acting with a common understanding in the interest of . . . Turkey. It was impossible for us to help France in vindicating her pretensions regarding the Holy Places.”

VI.

GREAT BRITAIN WILL BE BETRAYED BY THE
DÉCEMBRISEURS.

WILL the pretension which the former insurgent of Bologna and Forli puts forth at this moment, to interfere against a general rising in Italy and Hungary, occasion a fresh struggle, wherein England will have to join her arms? We know not. Whatever this may be, she is enabled henceforth to judge as to whether she has been right to select that retrograde ally. With other means than those of diplomacy fit to openly conduct public affairs, the autocrats of France and Russia have already written to each other confidential letters, in which they mutually encourage themselves "to defend order." They will stick to this; the natural accomplices of each other, war between them is an anomaly.

Let them this day publish their autographic correspondence; let them give to themselves reciprocally the lie that blemishes; let Nicholas outrageously say to his like, "If you intended to make yourself the auxiliary of my enemies, it would have been more HONOURABLE (*loyal*) to frankly declare it beforehand." That is of no consequence. Their present quarrel is one of those which arise in caves, and which are no obstacle on the morrow to a fresh union for rushing upon the passers-by. They will be reconciled some way or other, and some day or other; for those people have no faith, and consequently no resentment of offences.

The fate of the coming battles may quickly determine that step. Nicholas acknowledges that he has nothing to hope from England, whose people hissed him formerly, whose ministers at present overwhelm him scornfully with the most pungent truths, whose newspapers set him

under even a Louis Napoleon.* It has been seen by his intimate correspondence, that after all he has no absolute antipathy for the *parvenu* of the *Décembrisades*. After the first reverse, he will propose him again to agree together for "*maintaining order.*" The other, seduced by the golden bridge which Nicholas will not fail to erect for him, WILL ACCEPT. He will sacrifice his present ally as the uncle sacrificed Poland, which had shed for him her purest blood;—like uncle, like nephew. It is but too notorious that the Elysean generals are all venal characters. A few handsome endowments will gain them over to the Cossack projects.—Dishonesty has taken refuge into the camps. Cossacks and pretorians are twins.—In virtue of the absurd doctrine of passive obedience, the French army will perform, as they did in December, whatever they are bid; and the two Czars, with their pretorians and Cossacks, will turn back against England, dragging along with them the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and the other absolutist Powers of Europe. They will form together the *Holy Alliance of Order*.

And it will so happen, because it will be in harmony with the dictates of their common interest, because the chief fountain-head of disorder (December and its organs have made no secret of this) is, according to their views, *parliamentarism*, whose stronghold England is. It will so happen, because, excepting Queen Victoria, there is not now one socialist emperor, one king by right divine, one constitutional prince, one reigning grand duke, more or less petty,

* The *Times*, in its capacity of the organ of good company, now treats Nicholas of *Pickpocket* (No. of April 11, 1854). Two years ago, it contented itself with calling—more appropriately—Napoleon III., *Cartouche*. These are not the only instances on record of this coarse insulter of republicans and refugees furnishing them with such compensations.

who does not pant after absolutism, and does not possess bayonets sharpened on the grindstone of passive obedience. It will so happen, because England is the only European obstacle to their wishes, the only country on this hemisphere that enjoys a free press always prepared to blight despotism, a free tribune, whence truth can be elicited, and a hearth, generously opened, where the victims, escaped from every tyranny, find a safe shelter. It will so happen, at length, because it is in the logic of men and events.

See already, now that the hour of earnest hostilities is come, behold Austria and Prussia, which were relied upon, declaring their neutrality! Moreover, the secret intercourse of autographs has begun between the young hanger of Austria and the slaughterer of France. What kind of mischief can that be which is concocted therein?

We fully know that the *good friend* of Nicholas does not spare himself in the opinion of Great Britain. He has even carried audacity,—matters being once in a disruption with the Autocrat,—so far as to declare that he also, as well as Sir Hamilton Seymour, had received from the Russian government some dishonest proposals, more or less direct communications, and which are not without analogy with those made to England." We do not believe a word of this. He is not ignorant—he, a notorious liar—that no one gives credence to his sayings; therefore, if any such overtures had been made to him, he would have adduced some proof thereof. His declaration is only an engine in the English alliance—a way of seeming to engage himself without reservation; but his parole, most solemnly pledged, weighs less than the sere leaf. All his protestations will not prevail over the advantage which he may find in forgetting them. The past tells as to the future. Was it not during the completion of all his preparations for treason that he

lavished the warmest assurances of his devotedness to the Republic? Was he not in the act of bribing the generals of "Little" Africa when he said at Tours:—"It has been, and is still pretended, that the government meditates some enterprise, similar to that of the 18th Brumaire. But are we in like circumstances? *Have confidence in the future, WITHOUT THINKING OF COUPS-D'ÉTAT AND INSURRECTIONS. Coups d'état lack now even a pretext!*"

Could the man whom such asseverations had no power to refrain, be refrained by the treaty which he has just signed with England? We do not suppose the Cabinet of St. James's naive enough to believe it; and we even ask within ourselves what reason can have induced them to consign to writing the stipulated conventions? Of what use is that? Has not the gallant "Prince Louis" declared beforehand his own Napoleonic ideas on the subject?—"In a small state, the phantom of neutrality is but a chimera which in nowise protects independence. One relies upon a *treaty* signed by all powers, but *the various states are never refrained* by the COLD OBSERVANCE of *treaties*; it is the irresistible force of *the circumstance* which unites or divides them."—(*Œuvres* of L. N. Bonaparte, *tome* I. p. 37.)

The remembrance of the force which the English impart to their ally of December, will no more bind him than oaths or treaties. The Republic had opened to him the doors of France in 1848; he stabbed her in the back, in 1851! After the adventure of Strasbourg, Louis-Philippe contented himself with sending him to America; a letter was then published, from the future ally of Queen Victoria, wherein he declared himself, with the humility peculiar to people of that stamp, "impressed with the *generosity* and *clemency* of the king." This letter was dated 1836, and in 1840 he attacked anew the government of the "generous and clement king!" Gratitude is, to

those degraded beings, what colour is to the born blind, a meaningless word ; it is in their nature to be ungrateful, just as it is in their nature to breathe. It cannot even be said that they are wicked-hearted, for they have no heart.

After all, the English Ministers are fully conscious of the dangers they run. They have not forgotten the soft-repeated declarations of the *Décembriseurs'* chief ; they have not forgotten that he said at his trial for the Boulogne affray, before the Court of Peers :—" I represent a defeat—that of Waterloo—and I WILL AVENGE IT ;" they have not forgotten that he exclaimed a short while ago :—" There are only two parties in France, *the vanquished and the victors of Waterloo*" (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 349.) ; they have not forgotten that he wrote in 1843 : " If the ministry had not sixty thousand men in Paris, *the defenders of the treaties of 1815* could not remain a single day in power" (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 88) ; they have not forgotten that he set forth again, at the same epoch, these odd words of the uncle :—" France descends from her part whenever she complies with the obligations of any alliance whatever" (vol. iii. p. 40) ; they have not forgotten that he cares for being thought to be " the emperor's nephew," that his partisans are enthusiastic on the score of " the great man," according to their expression, and that it forms part and parcel of their views, as well as of his own, to avenge " the prisoner of St. Helena." The English Ministers have no illusion hereon ; they know that if the interest of his shaking fabric shamefully ranks at present the imperial quack among " *the victors of Waterloo*" and the " *defenders of the treaties of 1815,*" some other interest may likewise, at some future period, make him relapse into his " emperor's nephew " chronic disease. We never know what we are to believe of a liar's twaddle ; and no foundation is durable

which stands on the barren ground of the desert of lies. The first punishment of bad connexions is the want of confidence which arises out of them. The Cabinet of St. James's, like those old men who have formed a dangerous *liaison*, is all anxiety, and this is to us an additional proof of the justness of our appreciations. It has no faith in the bonds wherein it has engaged itself. If it maintained the contrary, we would answer: Why, then, has this government, so jealous of its dignity, so haughty in its external relations, evinced so much condescension towards the Czar violating treaties and setting his foot in Turkey? Why has it used so much obsequiousness in seeking the support of Austria and Prussia, whom it does not like? What had it to fear if it firmly counted on France? Why those protracted vacillations of a Cabinet habitually so prompt and so resolute in such occurrences? Why, at length is it unable to hide its uneasiness? Why does it incessantly exalt, ever and anon, the honesty of its ally in the East, with an exaggeration which would not a little offend a gentleman? Lord Palmerston, despite his eccentric *penchant* for the 2nd December, carried so far as to the dinner at the Reform Club the hyperbolic eulogy on "the *uprightness*, the *good faith*, the *openness* free from every after-thought, manifested by the Tuileries." Lord Aberdeen also found, on the 25th of March, in the annual Lord Mayor's dinner, an occasion for saying, that "he could attest the perfect *cordiality*, *sincerity*, and *honesty* of M. Napoleon III." Then the English to applaud, about in the same way as those folks who sing when fear overtakes them. The *Gazette de Gotha*, the official organ of the Ducal Government, publishes, on another hand, a paragraph destined to secure the Belgian crown of Leopold-Coburg from the rapacious Elysean perfidiousness, during the approaching contest:—"In the visit which the Emperor of the French paid on the 3rd

of March to the Duke of Coburg, his Majesty, [the Majesty of Boulogne!—*risum teneatis?*] in a conversation, which lasted more than an hour and a half, on the political questions of the day, expressed, among other things, his lively satisfaction at being able to assert, loudly and unreservedly, before the person of a German sovereign, the *honesty*, the *soundness*, and the *sincerity* of his views!"

People do not usually insist with so much redundancy on certifying the uprightness of those in whom they really place any confidence. These are measures of safety, taken in the expectation of some dreaded *coup de jarnac*; it is sought to compromise the traitor as much as possible, in order to give him to fear the shame attaching to the forgetfulness of such perfect engagements. Vain precautions! The former pardoned prisoner of Louis-Philippe, and ex-President of the French Republic, has no scruples of this nature. The encomium passed on his honesty, besides, far from checking him, will, on the contrary, serve to satisfy him with but too much ground that dishonest dealings can be carried on with impunity. Nor ought people to be unmindful of the fact, that the son of Admiral Verhuel is a fatalist; he wears amulets, he believes in his star, the rogue fancies himself charged with a *mission*,* and it is even this fixed idea which, maugre his mediocrity of intellect, has led him where he is through madness and blood. How passionate must be, at this time, after such a miraculous success, his faith in the fatidical realization of his programme! Now, what is wanting to its realization? A revenge of

* "I take God as a witness, that it is not to gratify any personal ambition, but because I believe *I have a mission to fulfil*, that I risk what is to me dearer than life—the esteem of my fellow-citizens." (Words of M. Bonaparte to one of his accomplices, on the eve of the adventure of Strasburg; *Works*, vol. iii. p. 185.)

the "prisoner of St. Helena!" The hero of December will take it anyhow: he is not in the habit of troubling himself about the nature of means; the more he will creep, even in order to obtain it, the more he will deem himself faithful to his mission. It behoves the English to weigh this.

They have besides another thing to consider. However destitute of a sense of shame the patron of the "six thousand knaves" be, it is impossible to admit that he should very cordially accept the alliance of a nation, whose two parliamentary tribunes, and whose most credited newspapers, gave him so many marks of contempt throughout the year 1852. Indeed, after his first velleities of "the emperor's nephew," which have superinduced here the organization of a militia, the necessity of leaving his state of isolation must have appeared to him very imperious that he should have made a compact with "the defenders of the treaties of 1815," who denounced him to the curse of nations; yet it must have been painful to him, and it is consequently reasonable to suppose that he will seize the earliest opportunity of being revenged, both for the contempt repeatedly expressed towards him, and the abjection wherewith he has brooked it.

Whither, besides, is not likely to lead him the *mission* he has received of realizing the Napoleonic ideas? Napoleon said, at St. Helena:—"Within fifty years hence, Europe will be either Republican or Cossack." Napoleon is a Messiah, and M. L. Bonaparte is his prophet. Evidently, the prophet of December is far from longing to see Europe become republican; he must therefore endeavour to make it turn Cossack, with a view to realize the word of the Messiah of the 18th Brumaire. Take care lest you should laugh at this too much: lunatics have their own logic, and, when they are made emperors it grows dangerous.

A thousand other powerful motives urge him to prefer Russia to England. England is a constitutional country; everything is carried on there in the broad light of day: Russia, far from that, is the governmental type to which the transporters without a trial aspire; everything there is transacted noiselessly and in the midst of Siberian prospects. England and the 2nd of December have been able to form but a special alliance—they repel one another like adverse elements. England, besides, will never consent to accord to the *Décembriseurs* that which they most passionately desire, viz. the expulsion of the French refugees. With Russia, on the contrary, they will have more rope. Napoleonism and Czarism have natural affinities with each other; they are brothers, they have nothing to refuse one another. It is therefore a matter of course that M. Napoleon III. should prefer Nicholas, for Nicholas, in case of need, would lend him Cossacks to stay him on his tottering throne, as he has lent some to Austria; and what M. Napoleon wishes for, above everything, is to keep his throne, because a good cheer and a gay life are to be enjoyed there, and because all the wicked appetites, all the pruriencies of a vulgar and sensual soul, are to be there extensively gratified.

Let, therefore, Great Britain beware: let her be watchful, for her sake and for that of other nations! The liberty of Europe is threatened!

VII.

IT IS WITH THE OPPRESSED PEOPLES THAT A FREE PEOPLE
OUGHT TO FORM AN ALLIANCE.

BUT it will be said, perhaps,—You who blame an altogether special alliance, what would you have England do? The peril was imminent; the “Colossus of the

North" had already one foot upon the Ottoman territory; however admirable the patriotic energy and warlike courage have been, which were displayed by the Turks, they would unquestionably have been inadequate to prevent Nicholas, with his innumerable military resources, from occupying Constantinople. Where would England, remote as she is from the theatre of war, have found the strength needful for averting this danger, if she had not sought auxiliaries among the established governments? To this we answer: That necessary strength, she would have found it, sound, prompt, efficient, in an alliance with the peoples, viz. Democracy; for Democracy is yet all-powerful.

Let us demonstrate that this opinion is not the hallucination of a vanquished combatant, still dreaming of victory:—

Democracy, everywhere triumphant after 1848, with a magnanimity without a parallel in history, is now everywhere crushed, spoliated, decimated. The Emperor of Austria, driven out of Vienna, has re-entered it with the executioner, and retracted all his engagements; the King of Prussia has violated the solemn oaths he had taken while saluting the funerals of the martyrs of Liberty; after the example of these honest potentates, all the principicules of Germany have rent to pieces the constitutions which had been forced out of them; the Pope, restored by our sacrilegious arms, has regained more than he had lost; King Bomba has become again master of Naples and Messina, riddled with grape-shot; glorious Italy is anew, in her entireness, and alive, lying in a tomb; heroic Hungary, felled to the ground by the Czar and by treason, has lost the fruit of her victories; the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, which we had seen rising with admirable patriotic mettle, have been riveted a second time to the Danish monarchy, thanks

to the Austro-Prussian soldiers; France bends under such an ignoble yoke that Nicholas has thought the moment come of glutting upon the accomplishment of the old Russian projects as to Constantinople; Belgium, submissive to the *Décembriseurs* with base servility, is no longer a land of refuge; Piedmont imprisons its journalists, disperses or cowardly insults the exiles who ask it an asylum; Switzerland disgraces herself so far as to interdict on her territory the sale of books wherein the Bonapartist crimes are made public; Spain is busy with making a 2nd of December, as though it were written that every throne shall be occupied by a perjurer: in short, England and Holland are the only countries still now enjoying freedom, and having hitherto preserved their self-respect!

Thus never did an idea appear more hopeless than seems to be the democratic idea, with all its chiefs wandering, proscribed, scattered throughout the world. However, see: governmental Europe, threatened in her equilibrium, outraged by the Russian ambition, has brooked everything, lest the slightest movement should break the chains of the revolutionary lion; it has required the most grievous insults to induce her to defend herself; and, peruse the monarchical, absolutist, constitutional journals, they all said, and say again, that they were willing to avoid war chiefly because it offers chances to the *partageux*, the anarchists, the demagogues, the enemies of family and of property, &c., &c. We know what polite appellations are bestowed on the republicans by the refined taste, full of rage, of the "*modérés*."

The attitude which this fear has led the great powers to assume in the Eastern question, is truly pitiful. Nicholas, after daring to do under the empire what he would never have attempted under the republic, after stretching out his bear's paw towards Turkey, stopped

dastardized because he saw that his design met with opposition ; but for the fanaticism of the old Russian party which actuated him, he would have recoiled, it is said, and even now that the war is declared, he takes Heaven to witness that he is attacked. The French government and Great Britain, united together, have feared for eight or ten months to tell him :—Withdraw your troops from the Principalities where their presence violates the famous treaties of the Holy Alliance ! (The emperor's nephew is now a great friend to the treaties of the Holy Alliance—he has implicitly acquiesced in them by allying himself with England.) The French government and England, united together, have first incited the Porte to resistance, and then prompted her to concessions : they have begun by advising the invaded nation herself not to treat as a *casus belli* the occupation of her territory, and they now make war against the invader because he will not leave it ! Austria and Prussia acted, in the first instance, in unison with England and France, then to retrench themselves at last in an indefinite and inexplicable neutrality. Austria, which sees the Muscovite domination extending towards the Danube—the artery, *par excellence*, of Vienna—still tries to come to arrangements with her imperious protector, for want of self-confidence to repel him ; and Prussia, wavering between both alternatives, has never been able to make up her mind to say “yes,” or “no.” This hesitation would be of the most honourable kind were it the result of a great repugnance to have any connexion whatever with the butchers of December ; but such are not the sentiments of the King of Prussia ; he well knows which one he prefers, though he does not seem to know yet to which he shall give himself. Nor do France and England take it ill that any one should treat them so disdainfully. These four governments, drawn for a moment near each other by a

common interest, affected not to perceive that honour also was implicated, and they for a long while heaped up projects of agreement over the corpses and ashes remaining from the vanguard skirmishes. One day the combined fleets, provoked by an act of infamous piracy, enter with a threatening attitude into the Black Sea—but, as they hasten to state, it is with peaceable intentions! Then the Czar, whom they forbid to let his ships of war navigate, inquires of the invaders, whether they mean this as a beginning of hostilities! You strike me in the face, sir; do you mean it as an insult?

And ever since has it not been the same? Do they know what they want whilst they prepare their spears? From the commencement to the end how many hesitations, tergiversations, shameful revelations, retreatings, how many reams of waste paper, how much time lost, what a lack of dignity! Behold, then, those famous statesmen who call the Republicans *bunglers!* Behold then those great politicians who clumsily declare democrats incapable of governing a country! Verily, it is inexcusable to be so far beneath mediocrity of talent! Does it not look as though a superior power had deprived them even of common sense, to exhibit them in all their wretchedness to humanity, upon which they have practised?

The spectacle which they have presented for the last twelve months is the most paltry which the world ever witnessed. It seems, when casting an eye on Europe, as if one saw it from the larger end of a spy-glass; everything therein is lessened in size—it is become the kingdom of Lilliput; and that, through fear of the revolutionists, who are denounced as a handful of brigands, with savage instincts, and without either wits or valour!

If we are few, why do emperors, kings, and aristocracies, with all their armies, fear to that pitch lest they

should see our triumph arise out of their struggles? If our principles are disorder, pillage, and anarchy, how is it that these principles have succeeded in gaining so many proselytes that their victory is deemed almost insured the moment the soldiers who compress peoples will repair to battle-fields for the feud of princes? Is the mass of the various nations no longer composed of anything but wretches impatient of putting in practice monstrous doctrines and of running to chaos?

Ah! the present terrors of all despots and all despotisms suffice of themselves to convince those who may still doubt that justice is on our side, and that cast-down Democracy yet exerts her sway over her conquerors.

We are therefore justified to assert this: the support England wanted against the Russians, she would have been sure to find among the various peoples; and it is there she ought to have looked for it. It was of Ledru-Rollin, Kossuth, and Mazzini, that she was to ask for it, rather than of William of Prussia, the cheat, of Francis Joseph, the hanger, and of M. Bonaparte, the Shell-President. She would have more easily, more infallibly, and at the cost of less blood, repelled the Russians from the Danube, had she said to Poland, "Up to arms, retake your liberty!" and had she sent to that country her own soldiers instead of dispatching them to Constantinople.*

We do not regret to see them at Constantinople, but we had rather see them assisting the Poles at Warsaw,

* It must be well understood that neither from afar nor within easy hearing, do we solicit this assistance for our country. France is like the solitary God of Mahomet: she can provide for herself. If we wish for a foreign help given to Poland, it is because Poland, conquered by foreign powers, has nothing to suffer, nationally speaking, from a success of this nature. France, on another hand, conquered by her own soldiers, must free herself by her own efforts, or dwindle into nought through the enervating turpitudes of Bonapartism, as it befell on imperial Rome for the example of peoples who allow themselves to be enthralled.

where, besides, they would the more efficiently defend the Turks.

What we have just stated seems to us to implicitly answer those who say:—The chief point was to prevent the Russians from settling in Constantinople, for, once there, despotism, whose veritable representative Nicholas is, would soon be sealed upon the world. For our part, we think that the chief point was to prevent the chancre of Bonapartism from sticking to France. We do not hesitate to declare, that we had much rather see the Russians in Constantinople than the *Décembriseurs* in Paris. The *Décembriseurs* in Paris compress the democratic development of all Europe; there lies the evil. Give again full scope to the French Republic, and you will at once witness the formation of a Republic of the United States of Europe, without the Russians being able to help it, even were they at Constantinople. Nay, more, Nicholas will in this case fleetly return to Petersburg, where he will experience great difficulties in maintaining his position against the revolutionists of his country. Our opinion is, that in the Eastern war, despotism is to be found on both sides, and the kind of despotism which is most to be dreaded for Europe is not that which presses upon a still barbarous people, but is that which fetters and tends to degrade the nation wherefrom proceeds the initiative of every progress, both political and moral.

The Napoleonic Cossackism is more hateful still than that of Nicholas; it wounds more deeply those who suffer by it, because they have had a taste of independence; it is more dangerous to civilization, for it strikes root in the very core of progress, in order to stifle it. The reconstitution of the kingdom of Poland and the deliverance of Hungary—this is enough not to fear Nicholas, were he occupying the Golden Horn; whereas the absolutism

now raging in Paris secures every sort of despotism, and cannot but facilitate, soon or late, the definitive establishment of the Czar on the shores of the Bosphorus.

To request that England should lend her forces to those peoples ready to emancipate themselves will appear, we are aware of this, in the judgment of the friends to order, a very extravagant idea, (though not more so than their own ideas seem to us to be devoid of sense and feeling); but that does not prevent us from opining that England would thus have better served her dignity, her liberal doctrines, her reputation, and her material interests. She would then have been consistent with her long-manifested appreciation of the criminal attempt of December, and the last will of Peter I. would have found its way back into Nicholas's pocket, without being of use, perhaps, even for lighting a pipe. How, on another hand, could we doubt but that it would have been more glorious for her to read in history,—Great Britain scorned the alliance of a government of assassins, she emancipated Poland, Italy, Hungary, and with those people she drove back from Constantinople another invasion of the barbarians? Instead of this, it will be said, —Great Britain, having it in her power to enfranchise three nationalities, has chosen to form an alliance with their oppressors, and with the gang of “six thousand knaves,” whose yoke is more cruel, more destructive still, than that of the barbarians. People may use all the sounding words they choose, trammel the question with all the sophisms of political schoolmen, they will find it impossible to annihilate an established fact,—viz. that to go and fight any country whatever, with despotic governments such as Austria, Prussia, and France, is to foster despotism. Is that really what the English nation means to do?

“But,” some one may perhaps tell us, “how can you

ask a government, which is in the hands of an aristocracy—however enlightened that aristocracy may be—to negotiate with democrats, to revolutionize Europe?" This, we grant, would be an act which would subvert all its notions; but it is one inherent in the force of circumstances, one which forms part of the exigencies of honour; and, exorbitant though such an extreme step may appear to emherited conservatives, it is assuredly preferable to that of associating with cut-throats and scoundrels. It is at least singular that England should fear to stir up Poland, while the Autocrat of all the Russias does not fear to stir up Greece.* Assuredly, it will be a strange and a sad fact in the annals of the native country of Milton, that she did, at the end of the last century, combat *à outrance* the old Gaul freed from absolute power, and that in 1854 she did strengthen for a few days an abject military despotism in the hands of a man destitute of intellect as well as of probity.

Is it, then, indifferent to the government of a free people to join pretorians who have just chained a free people? Is it, then, indifferent to an honest people to

* In a circular of March 2, addressed to the diplomatic agents of Russia, M. Nesselrode thus expresses himself:—" . . . at a time when others than ourselves begin to give rise in the East to complications and calamities, which press with their whole weight upon our co-religionists and incite them to an unequal struggle, we cannot assuredly refuse them *our sympathy and assistance*. . . . If the insurrection which is pointed out to us should acquire, besides, a greater extension; if it should become a war to the knife and of long duration, like that of the Greeks in 1821,—no Christian power, we think, could concur in replacing these populations under the Ottoman yoke, without hurting its conscience. The *Emperor could not, in any case, join in these efforts*. During our war, as at the period when peace shall have become possible, their fate shall be the object of the *Emperor's solicitude*. Such is, sir, the point of view in which we have thought it right to consider the disturbances in Epirus."

be allied with a dishonest despotism? Does not an alliance of this nature injure the very liberty of him who contracts it? Does England believe the populations of the continent—those generous populations of 1848—to be dead for ever? Does she think that their democratic aspirations are a vanished breath? Let her see how distracted are the princes of absolutism! Will not the English people regret, at the waking hour, to have imparted strength to the enemies of the French people—to those pirates who hold a bayonet on its throat? Does it not fear lest history should impute to it as a crime to have solidified the gory mud in which slipped the *Décembrisers*? Could it then be true, alas! that England loves liberty but for her own self? We are unwilling to believe it. Could it be true that her leaders find a jealous and fatal joy in our depression? They might have, perhaps, good grounds sorely to repent it one day. For indeed there is a consideration which seems, to our great astonishment, to have hitherto escaped the notice of influential men in this country. Allied with a despotic government, Great Britain abandons to a certain extent her destiny to the caprice of one man; she stakes her fate, and that of other nations, in the dark: allied with a democracy, wherein everything is transacted in the broad light of the sun, she would know what she does and whither she goes. Between the former kind of alliance and the latter, we trace the difference which exists between a policy of adventurers and a policy of genuine statesmen. Through the medium of the British Parliament, thanks to its debates, to the publication of its recorded reports, and to the unbounded freedom of the English press, Messrs. Persigny and Bonaparte are made perfectly cognizant of all that takes place in the councils of this country; but that which is going on in the heads of those break-necks, England does not and

cannot know. Is this an equal match? Let people therein interested consider this. It is chiefly in adversity that ministers feel the want of their countrymen's esteem. What a reproach would not the English *nation* address to her Secretaries of State, should the immoral alliance bring some disaster! What terrible accounts would not those, who might have jeopardized her fortunes whilst compromising her dignity, have to give unto her!

VIII.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS ARE PURELY AGENTS OF PROGRESS.

UNFORTUNATELY England, and especially her aristocracy, which governs her, dread the revolutionists. They are wrong.

To the monarchical factions, which had unmercifully gagged our mouths, the revolution granted, on the morrow of their defeat in February, the unlimited liberty of the press. They took advantage of it to calumniate the Republic, disfigure all its acts, and present us under the most odious light. As for us, we do not regret that liberty was granted to them; we are only grieved that they should have so basely used it, to the detriment both of their honour and of the country's safety. The Royalists have been the first victims of their own perfidy; December has ousted them from every situation; the brave men among them have been banished; and the honourable ones now weep with us over France, given up to a power more violent, more bloodthirsty, more anarchical than that which they calumniously announced as being the inevitable result of the accession of Socialism.

England would not have less reason for regret were she

to allow herself to be any longer falsely alarmed by the scarecrow of Socialism. She already repines but too much at having believed in it. If, in spite of the most commendable reluctance, she has formed a special alliance with the Tuileries; if, in spite of the horror of such an intercourse, she has placed her hand in the hand of vile cut-throats; if, dreading to be betrayed at the decisive moment by those faithless, lawless men, she has not rebuffed from the outset, in a manner more conformable to her greatness, the wily insolence of the autocrat,—is it not solely because she has feared the rising of the revolutionists amid a general war? The secret correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour leaves no doubt on this point. “The danger to me,” says Sir Hamilton to Nicholas, “is not now Turkey, but it is that revolutionary spirit which broke out four years ago, and which, in several countries, still roars underground. There the danger lies, and doubtless a war in Turkey would be the signal of fresh explosions in Italy, Hungary, and *elsewhere*. We see what is going on at Milan.” The English minister adds, a little farther on:—“The government of the Queen is desirous of supporting the Turkish empire, because of its conviction that not one great question can be agitated in the East, without becoming a source of disorders in the West; and that *all the great Powers in the West will assume a revolutionary character*, and encompass a revision of the whole social system, for which the continental governments are evidently unprepared. The Emperor Nicholas perfectly knows the matters in constant fermentation under the surface of society, and their dispositions to break out even in time of peace.”

These are untoward preoccupations, and which are alike fatal, and contrary to the true interests of England and of civilization. England had, we repeat it, two means of opposing the Muscovite ambition,—to make an alliance

either with Poland, Hungary, and Italy, or with the 2nd of December, side by side with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. It is a fact, that the would-be Emperor of the French, like the Emperor of Austria, governs through means, for which mankind will for ever blush. It is also a fact, that the King of Prussia has forfeited his honour, by violating all his oaths, in order to remain an absolute king. It is likewise a fact, that all the revolutionary governments—Italian, Polish, French, Hungarian, German—have each and all exhibited in their dealings a generosity, which will stand as an object of admiration in history.

The English minister has, however, chosen to unite with the former, rather than with the latter; with the oppressors, sooner than with the oppressed!—an unconceivable preference on the part of statesmen, who glory in being the support of constitutional and parliamentary principles—on the part of honourable men who hate improbity!

Verily it must be acknowledged, the conservative world judge of men and things after a strange fashion! They are pleased, to their great shame, to accuse us republicans with ravingly thinking but of the *guillotine*, although we abolished it when we had the upper hand. Our thirst for blood is with them a favourite and an infamous theme. They incessantly have on their lips against us the assassination of General Bréa, for which the Bonapartists alone are to be held responsible,* and that of M. Rossi, still now unaccounted for,—two crimes which are foreign to us, and which, in any case, remain absolutely isolated, entirely individual. That is enough for them to ejaculate the most terrible objurgations against the Democrats of 1848. But they willingly forget the assassination of

* See the ANNEXES No. 3, *The assassination of General Bréa was committed by the Bonapartists.*

Robert Blum, a deputy on a mission of truce!!* of Bathyani, and a host of others. At length, they feel not the least repugnance to play into the hands of the government of the *Décembriseurs* and of that of Austria, which have slaughtered more democrats than M. Rossi and General Bréa had hairs on their heads! . . .

Weigh also the following simple simile:—The defenders of order sway through the most frenetic acts of violence, and through scaffolds. The defenders of property have enriched themselves, as Magnan, with a stipend for bloodshed; as Morny, by a series of notorious embezzlements; as L. Napoléon, by means of the confiscation of the demesnes of Messrs. d'Orléans and those of banished democrats; as Francis-Joseph, through the confiscation likewise of two hundred millions of francs' worth of property belonging to the *partageux* of Lombardy. The defenders of family spend a shameless life with concubines, as M. Ducos, for instance, the December Minister of the Navy, who is known to be possessed of two Madame Ducos. And it is we, whom "wise" people style the enemies to order, property, and family; it is we, of whom they are afraid!! Is not that somewhat odd? What is it then they want, those "wise" men?

The mischief which is being accomplished is not unconsciously done. The conservatives of this country know that the world is fraught with elements of emancipation ready to overflow; the passage we have just quoted from the Hamilton-Seymour Correspondence is an avowal of

* Robert Blum is venerated in Germany as a martyr. It was with his head uncovered that a man showed us at Vienna the spot whereon he was shot, about the ditches of the city. At Frankfort the desk before the seat he occupied, in the principal room of the Assembly of the States, has already disappeared *two or three times* under the cuts of patriotic visitors, each of whom will take away with him a small piece of it.

this. The principal organ of English Bonapartism said it in a manner not less explicit. Incensed at the hesitation of Prussia and of Austria to enter into the coalition against Russia, it has exhibited before them the image of the peoples quivering with impatience; it has menaced Francis Joseph with Italy and Hungary, whilst reminding the King of Prussia "that he ought to beware, because his subjects have not forgotten how much he deceived them." — (*Times*, Feb. 3, 1854.) England, the only erect champion which the liberties of Europe still have, fully knows, therefore, that she need only utter one word to raise them up. Would it be too bold of us, to say that, while endeavouring, on the contrary, to unite with the three great despotic factions of the Continent, she imperils those liberties, to be now the depositary of which it has fallen to her glorious lot?

But she does not thereby injure solely the moral interests of mankind; she likewise injures her own interests. At bottom, the Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and French governments, and all petty tyrants in their train, hate her because she alone holds up the constitutional banner, and because their tendency, their ruling idea, is absolutism. We think we have sufficiently demonstrated it above,—as long as there stands a tribune somewhere, they cannot be at peace. Let them become strong; let them succeed in stifling the revolutionary element through proscription, imprisonment, transportation, hanging; let them have no longer to fear at home the enemies of evil,—and they will soon league themselves against Great Britain. When she alone remains free in Europe, however powerful she may be, it will be no easy matter for her to withstand the coalition of the enemies of good. She has in reality but one natural ally, viz. the great revolutionary party, the great party of progress, the great party of the abolition of

slavery and capital punishment. The democrats of all nations will always draw near to her and ever defend her; they can have no conceivable interest in siding against her, either at present or in future, since she protects liberty, since she loves progress, since she is a Reformist, in spite of her aristocratic constitution. They cannot but be grateful to her in their triumph, from the remembrance of the courageous hospitality which they always have found with her in their distress. Who but herself would receive them all? Whither can they go, but to her? To the United States? The democratic colossus of the New-World, lofty, fiery, full of faith in its great destinies, will one day save the Old-World from imperial and royal tyrannies, if the English should relinquish this noble task; but it will previously require to be cured of the leprosy of slavery. Until then, the conquered champions of Liberty, to whom North America opens her powerful arms, are, in that land, not only far from their fondest hopes; they must also, alas, inevitably witness the dire servitude of three millions of their fellow-creatures!

The repulsion which the official world, in this country, feel with regard to Republicanism, has no real foundation; it is an obsolete prejudice. We say so with certitude, if they will look at the phantom of Socialism in the face, they will be surprised at the vainness of the coarse images which they dread.

That there may have been produced in France in 1848, and amid the bubbling up peculiar to every period of renovation, some but little sound ideas, some venturous discourses, some strange or even blamable theories, is credible; we admit this without having the pretension of judging of them, but what does it matter, so long as they remained individual? There exist everywhere exaggerations of that kind: the doctrine of the right

divine, and religion too, swarm with such. Was it not M. de Maistre, the great theorist of Royalism, who wrote: — “The executioner is the axis of society?” Was it not M. Romieu, an Orleanist, turned since a high Decembrist functionary, who slavered forth the following slaughter-house sentence, in his *Spectre Rouge*: — “In our days, logic lies in grape-shot; cannonading alone can settle the questions agitated in this age, and it will settle them, were it to come from Russia?” The constitutional system itself, maugre its pretensions to a just medium, does not lack somewhat eccentric doctors, that say, for instance:—“Legality is killing us.”* Did not some honest Prussian conservatives lately ask, whilst the reactionary party were, as they still are, about it, for the re-establishment of the punishment of flogging, not only for men, but also *for women!* Did they not proclaim the right to flogging, over the ruins of the terrible party which carried demagogy so far as to proclaim the right to labour?†

Such appeals to the lash strike us with horror, but our wish is that every one should be at liberty to publish them. This is a necessary consequence of the independence of the human mind. Every one gives out his

* M. Troplong, a jurisconsult of the Bonapartist sort, has taken to himself this idea, and said, in his address of installation as first president of the Court of Cassation:—“On the 2nd of December society felt itself dying of a legality made against it.” Behold what are our saviours of the principle of authority; the chief himself of their magistracy declares in the very temple of the laws that one dies of legality! See, Englishmen, see in what company you were trusting yourselves!

† M. Gerlack, a deputy to the second legislative chamber in Prussia, said, in the sitting of March 7th, 1854:—“There is no honesty without the correction, and the outcry against the lash is shallow liberalism: *punishment is a right of the criminal, which cannot be refused him.*”

thought, whether wise or foolish, in clubs, newspapers, books, and at the tribune; the emancipation of man requires that it should be so; and it must not be otherwise. If you pretend to interdict bad doctrines, you will thereby take away inevitably from the good ones the liberty of springing forth. The danger of repression is a thousand times greater than the evil itself. Just show us a law whatsoever, restrictive of the liberty of the press and of speech, which could not reach the Gospel itself, and condemn to the pillory the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*. A political school ought not to be judged of by the more or less heterogeneous propositions which So and So may advance, but by the credit which is granted to them. Now, we challenge anybody to prove that any idea aiming at the fundamental bases of society, or at the eternal laws of morality, ever had among us a sufficient number of sectators for the justification of a blame attaching therefore to the republicans; we challenge anybody to mention any system, the general acceptance of which amidst democrats, is of a nature to distract sound minds. It is by their acts that it becomes us to appreciate parties; now, we challenge again anybody to adduce grounds for reproaching ours, when it had everything in its power, with any act likely to inspire the world with reasonable fears. Our antagonists will never dare to offer us a similar challenge.

IX.

THE ANARCHISTS AND THE PROPERTY-PARTITIONERS ("PARTAGEUX").

It is high time, indeed, that people should have done away with all those silly accusations set forth by hatred, propagated by dishonesty, and admitted by foolish credulity. They would vanish into thin air if submitted to any—

the least examination. We feel in nowise disposed to ask for mercy; we especially do not apply to the perverse men, who attack us because they hate us, as thieves hate daylight; those we despise, but we should be glad if our honest adversaries took the trouble of reflecting that the tale of the Ogre is purely a tale, and that it is scarcely excusable to believe in it beyond the first period of infancy. Will then the "friends to order" always labour under that culpable purblindness, putting Jesus on the Cross, and allowing themselves to be cozened by the Pharisees and the doctors of the law?

Finally, to speak here but of France, the Democratic Republic there has rallied to itself the great intellects named François Arago, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Lamennais, Michelet, Eugène Sue, within the political world; can the monarchical principle, on the other hand, boast of acquisitions of a like worth? Let monarchists answer, and show names of republicans gained over to their cause, even in the midst of its prosperous times. Political passion may estimate by its own standard the other not less eminent and more ancient heads of democracy; we will not abuse by defending them; but we will put this plain question to every upright and sensible conservative, to whatever country he may belong:—Can you really believe that the above-mentioned men would have brought their minds and hearts from more or less remote views to the Republic, have served it as they did, and have crowned it with their universal glory, if our party were "the party of crime," in the words of some rogues whenever they harangue on this topic the flock of boobies? Would they still now claim loudly the title of Republicans, if the republicans were a stolid heap of anarchists, property-partitioners, and terrorists?

ANARCHISTS!—M. Bonaparte himself has dealt de-

servedly with that trite expression, turned by retrogrades of all countries against republicans of all shades:—"Others urged on the Prince of Orange to seize the crown, by representing to him *the dangers of anarchy*, THAT CONVENIENT PHANTOM WHICH ALWAYS SERVES AS AN EXCUSE FOR TYRANNY. William remained inflexible." — (*Œuvres*, tome ii. page 29.) The anarchical spirit of the democrats is nothing else than that phantom of which, we hope, sensible persons will not suffer themselves to be any longer the dupes.—Those persons who excite the anger of peoples and provoke civil discords, by rending asunder the constitutions which they have granted or sworn to, in the face of Heaven and of the earth; those who banish pure conservatives like M. Baze, the fiery champion of religion, family, and property, like Generals Bedeau, Leflô, Changarnier, Lamoricière, like Father Ventura, and so many others, known as desiring only what is termed a reasonable liberty; those who drive from their seats, with the help of a pack of pretorians, magistrates in the fulfilment of their duties; those who light up war in Europe, from the ambition of annexing Turkey to their states; those are the real, the sole anarchists,—there are positively no others.

PROPERTY-PARTITIONERS!—Those who quartered generous Poland, and retain its shreds; those who send forward their Cossacks into the Danubian Principalities in utter disregard of the treaties guaranteeing the general peace; those who take possession, after deliberating with their state councils, of the important legacy of the last Condé to the soldiers of the army of Condé; those who confiscate the property of MM. d'Orléans and the posts of ministerial officers faithful to their duty; those who confiscate in Lombardy property to the amount of 200 millions of francs (*Times*, May 22, 1854,) belonging to

the revolutionists, these great enemies of property; those are the real, the sole property-partitioners—there are positively no others.

TERRORISTS!—Those who accomplished the massacre of December, and those who render themselves solidary thereof; those who transport without trials; those who chain at Cayenne and Naples the best of citizens together with convicts; those who have raised up again in France the *guillotine*, pulled down by the “Red Republicans” of February; in Germany the scaffold, overturned by the democratic Assembly of Frankfort; at Rome the gallows, smashed by the Roman revolutionists; those, at last, whose sanguinary fury still strews with gibbets, day after day, Italy, Poland, Hungary, and Austria; those are the real, the sole terrorists—there are positively no others.

As to the revolutionists; we shall state it again in concluding, they are neither anarchists, nor property-partitioners, nor terrorists. They have sufficiently proved it in February; it is not they who ought to be made responsible for social struggles, but it is those who provoke such struggles by constantly clinging behind the car. If the retrogressists did not strive to perpetuate darkness; if they did not stand in the way of general education, democracy, which is the highest modern expression of progress, would peaceably establish itself without any commotion; for it has in its favour, not only the most generous natures, the most ingenuous hearts, the most upright souls, but also the immense majority of enlightened minds.

When one sees England, the leading nation, politically speaking, in Europe, harbour so many unreasonable prejudices against the revolutionists, and obstinately persist in fearing them, maugre the moderation and wisdom they manifested everywhere in 1848; when one sees peoples so full of ignorance that universal suf-

frage has produced in our country a reactionary legislative majority; when one sees wealth, and of consequence, knowledge, concentrated into the hands of privileged beings; when one sees the enormous mass of material interests opposed to any change, however beneficial; when one considers that despotism possesses three millions of bayonets, stupidly docile to its least orders; at length, when one reflects on the immense power of current antiquated notions,—one does not wonder that the democratic revolution should have been thrice defeated in France, but one wonders that it should have been there thrice victorious. In these three victories, we find the demonstration of the inexhaustible vigour of progress, and we derive therefrom the certitude that between life and death, between good and evil, the definitive triumph will accrue to good and to life—in a word, to the Revolution. The revolutionists are simply the agents of progress under compression, which explodes in virtue of a law of the moral world, as steam under compression explodes in virtue of a law of the physical world.

“It was commonly said,” relates St. John Chrysostom, “in the time when St. Paul preached, that the doctrine of the apostles was seditious; that these endeavoured to shake the settled laws and government of the universe; that such was what they aimed at in all they said and did.”* The gluttoned ones, whom any motion disturbs in their exclusive comfort; the privileged ones, who disguise their selfishness under the name of prudence; the happy ones, who pamper themselves, and glide alongside abuses, taking great care not to notice them, and not to believe in them, so as to be dispensed from the obligation of blaming and combating them,—have thus at all times attributed anarchical ideas to the reformers, that is to say, to the revolutionists. You call

* Cited by Milton, in *A Defence of the People of England*.

the revolutionists *Demagogues*; we answer, on our side, that there never would be revolutionists if there were no *Absolutists*; and when we see the Bonapartists in France, and the Austrians in Italy, we say with M. Guizot, speaking of “the despotism of Athalie, and of the cupidity of her villanous courtiers:” “that is indeed what calls for *the revolts* of peoples, and incites to *conspiracies* the lowermost defenders of their liberties.”— (*Shakspeare and his Times.*)

Let men of earnest purpose cease at last to calumniate and dread the revolutionists; in the words of M. Guizot, speaking as an historian, and forgetting then his political antipathies, to justify the revolutionist Joad, “it is *only* the despotism and cupidity of courtiers which incite revolutionists *to revolts*;” they have in view solely the liberty of their respective countries and of the world.

As for us, personally, we feel within ourself no other ambition than that one; but it is unrelenting, insuperable, and to satisfy it we will shed, if needed, to the very last drop of our blood; we will sacrifice to the very last atom of our being; we will give to the very last obole of our purse; we will join every honourable man ready to inscribe on his banner:—*No sanguinary vengeance, no confiscations, no dictatorship*; JUSTICE AND RIGHT, in other words, THE REPUBLIC AND THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE-SOVEREIGN!

X.

PERSONAL EXPLANATIONS OF THE AUTHOR, A REFUGEE IN ENGLAND.

ONE word more before concluding.

Compelled to quit our country—driven out of Belgium

—rejected from Spain—we take the liberty of censuring an alliance which England has thought proper to contract. Is this abusing the hospitality which the latter country gives us? We trow not. The larger, the more liberal, and unconditional this hospitality is, the more reserve it imposes on the refugee—we are aware of that; but the less also does it shackle his conscience. Is it not, besides, respecting our host, and acknowledging his nobleness, to speak the truth to him under his roof? Such is the thought which has actuated our pen. We entreat every English reader of ours, should there happen to be one to whom our boldness might at first sight seem offensive, to view it in the light we take it, namely as an homage to the liberty we enjoy. You are here among a generous and sturdy people, we were told; in reaching this land you acquire all the rights of every loyal subject of the Queen, without excepting the most essential one of speaking and writing; you may do all that the law does not forbid. This is why we have not hesitated to send this work to print.

With reference to the attacks directed against the allies of England,—besides that the unmistakable privileges which the English nation deigns to confer on us authorized us to make them,—we must add that they were dictated especially by our intimate conviction that this country is being deceived. These men, after all, are still they who, though bound by the sanctity of the oath, to the Republic, drowned it in a stream of blood. Facts are facts: there they stand; nothing could expunge them. By recalling them to mind, as the sentinel utters his “Beware!” we yield, so to speak, to a power superior to ourself, albeit we have no “*mission*.” Let vice, perjury, and murder raffle a grotesque crown, instead of deservedly getting the green cap of the Toulon galleys, this is no reason for us to commit ourself with them; far

from that, their monstrous elevation renders them the more hateful to us; no consideration could prevent us from repeating to them:—Your names have not changed with your tinsel; you are still vice, still perjury, still murder. To remind everybody of this has been an irresistible want of our soul; to protest against that which strengthens despotism in Europe has appeared to us a duty, incumbent on every one, even among the most humble, towards the human family. That duty we have fulfilled. If to do so be a fault, in any situation of life whatever, let him who perchance will deem us guilty condemn us.

Do thy duty, come what may!

V. SCHOELCHER.

ANNEXES.

NO. I.—PERSONAL CONFESSIONS OF THE ASSASSINS OF DECEMBER.

WE are enabled to prove, if need be, all that we have asserted, by the personal avowals of the criminals. We will give here a few examples thereof, in order not to leave the shadow of a doubt in the minds of our readers.

The *Moniteur* of January 22, 1852,—the official newspaper!—gave a minute account of one of those men-hunting parties spoken of at page 2. The expedition was composed of the gendarmerie brigade of Crest, and 20 soldiers of infantry, in search of patriots who had taken refuge in the mountain of St. Bancas, in the commune of Gisors, (department of the Drôme): “A detachment of that troop having perceived, after an ambuscade of five hours, two *insurgents*, pursued them for an hour, and fired EIGHT *shots* without being able to hit a single one,” says with regret the Bonapartist chronicler. The *Moniteur* subsequently relates that NINETEEN *shots* were fired by a second detachment upon three other *insurgents*, but “without result!” At length, again on the avowal of the official journal, EIGHTEEN *shots* were fired upon a last *insurgent*, who was wounded. The *Moniteur* afterwards mentioned the gendarmes who had *distinguished* themselves!

It is the French army, the French army! which they employ in those sanguinary lurkings, and which disgraces itself so far as to obey such orders!

But the six unarmed men who fly from rock to rock, upon whom FORTY-FIVE *shots* are fired, of what are *they* guilty? The *Moniteur* itself applies to them no other epithet than

that of *insurgents*. And yet, what *insurgents* are they? The ministerial organ, from a scruple rather extraordinary on its part, does not dare to state it. The *Courrier de la Drôme* of January 18, from which it borrowed its recital, had no such bashfulness; it concluded its article by simply saying this:—“They have succeeded in apprehending M. Jean Goutier, *assistant to the mayor* of the commune of Suze, and M. Claude Caban, *the son of the mayor* of Suze, the former an *insurgent chief*, the second accused of *insurrection*.” Behold then municipal officers, elects of universal suffrage, ACCUSED of *insurrection* for having opposed a *coup d'état*, and fired at, as the bird which flies away is fired at by the poacher!

When, in those frightful *battues*, prisoners were made, those of the greatest note among them were brought back with ropes round their necks, through mere refinement of cruelty! “A general evolution of troops was ordered for searching the department of the Nièvre; the infantry and the cavalry explored *all the villages* which had taken part in the *insurrection*, and effected numerous arrests; *several mayors*, among others those of Billy and Pousseaux, were brought back with ropes round their necks at the head of the *insurgents* of their villages.” (P. Mayer, *Hist. of Dec. 2*, page 231.)

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

The brigands have followed that ruthless system of terror so far as to kill, even in the heart of towns, citizens who attempted to run away when they came to arrest them arbitrarily. Under this government of savages, whoever does not deliver himself up at discretion is a dead man. See rather:—“The movable corps which has its centre at Pézénas repaired last night to Serveau, with a view to put into execution several warrants. *The dwellings of the accused were surrounded*. One of them tried to escape. The warnings of the sentinel were ineffectual to persuade him to stop, and he fell *deadly wounded by a shot*.” (*Journal de Lot-et-Garonne*, Dec. 29, 1851.)

In our book, *The Government of the 2nd December*,* we have cited sixteen assassinations of this kind, committed within an interval of seventy days! All are undeniable, being all borrowed, like the present one, from the journals of the invasion themselves.

* At Mr. Jeffs's, bookseller, Burlington Arcade.

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

It is not less undeniable that the punishment of the galleys has been pronounced for the crime of hospitality! On the 29th of December, the battalion chief, Bourrely, thus Bonapartized the department of Lot-et-Garonne:—

“General Quarter of Agen,

“We, &c., after concerting matters with the Prefect of the Department:

“Decree:

“1st. Shall continue to be actively looked after, in every commune of the department, individuals who have formed part, either of the *insurgent bands*, or of the riotous meetings which have attacked or menaced the authorities, or of the *secret societies* from which the perturbators have sprung.

“2nd. Whosoever gives a refuge to the delinquents under prosecution,* or favours their escape, will be considered as an accomplice, and as such summoned before the court-martial.

“Signed,

BOURRELY.”

Six days after the publication of this ordinance, the journal which was the accomplice of M. Bourrely said, with a triumphant air:—

“A first sanction has just been given to the decree of Commandant Bourrely relative to the *receivers* of runaways. In the evening of the 12th of this month, the gendarmes of Lavardac arrested a man named Bertrand Fournier, carpenter and innkeeper, who was *receiving* in his house another man named Jean Dufaure, an *insurgent*.—Signed, L. NOUBEL.”

(*Journal de Lot-et-Garonne* of Jan. 5, 1852.)

To receive a man, like stolen property! This is an expression of the black code of 1685. By a rather natural coincidence, they have found anew, without being conscious of it, after the lapse of two centuries, the very language of slavery!

The Napoleonists had already been, for a month, masters of the country, when they practised these minute acts of vengeance!

Another colonel, named Fririon, published, in the Basses-Alpes, on the 5th. of January, 1852, a decree wherein he declared:—

* The battalion chief, Bourrely, decides beforehand that all those *under prosecution* are guilty. He is very lucky that he is not prosecuted.

“Article 4. Every individual found *guilty* of having furnished *succours either in victuals or in money* to an *insurgent*, or of having *given him an asylum* in his own house, will be considered as an *accomplice in the insurrection*, and as such will be prosecuted, arrested, and punished with ALL THE RIGOUR of the laws which regulate the state of siege.”

“EVEN IN VICTUALS OR IN MONEY!” Exile, transportation, death, the punishment of the accomplice,—for a glass of water, for a shilling given, not to so much as a condemned, but to a simple fugitive, whose innocence would perhaps be proved, were he not afraid of the courts-martial! It is the excommunication of the middle-ages revived in the midst of the 19th century; it is the interdiction of bread, fire, and shelter, which the Popes pronounced, seven or eight centuries ago, against those who disobeyed the Holy Church!

But, our readers will say, such abominable proscriptions have been made only to frighten; they never were executed; it is impossible! Let them read:—“In its sitting of December 30, the second council of war of Lyon, under the presidency of Colonel Ambert, sentenced a man named Brun, a *landowner* at Grasse (Drôme), to *ten years' detention* for having, as an accomplice, *received some persons* whom he knew to have committed crimes involving corporal and infamous punishments (*peines afflictives et infamantes*); Astier, a field-keeper at Loriol (Drôme), to *twenty years' hard labour* for having *given an asylum* to those who *had attacked the gendarmes*, knowing of the *crime* committed by them.” (*Courrier de Lyon.*)

Putting aside the scandal of these prosecutions for opposition to a flagrant violation of the law, what could be more savage than these penalties pronounced for *receiving guilty persons*? That which has hitherto constituted a virtue in all countries and in all ages, even at the times of the least cultivation, and among the most inhuman peoples,—holy hospitality towards the unfortunate,—is now, under the empire of the former fugitive of Ham, chastised as a misdeed. They no longer prosecute, in France, only for political acts and opinions, but actually for friendship, pity, humanity, charity. The asylum given to vanquished people is punished with TWENTY YEARS' HARD LABOUR! And that, too, when the strife is over, when blood no longer boils in the veins, when one cannot even plead the exasperation of the struggle! We

must go back to the Inquisition, nay to Tiberius, to meet with anything as ferocious as this.

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

We have said that the assassins of December had thrown the wounded into the water. The proof of this is found in the *Révolution Militaire du 2 Décembre*, by Captain Mauduit (page 238):—"An individual, who carried arms *under his blouse*, having been arrested at the moment he attempted to infringe the orders not to pass on, *was SHOT AT* near one end of the Pont-Neuf, *and immediately FLUNG INTO THE SEINE*. But having only had his thigh broken, that unfortunate man possessed still strength and presence of mind sufficient to cling to one of the cables of the *Samaritaine* floating bath-house, when one of the attendants of the establishment ran to his assistance, and rescued him. His name was Berger, and he was a gardener at Passy. He recovered from his wound, and *dared to declare himself innocent*, saying that his carbine was unfit for use, whereas it was loaded."

It will be seen here that, in the eyes of that gallant captain, the fact of carrying a loaded carbine is enough to justify bandits in firing upon you and throwing you into the water when you are still breathing!!

Poor Berger is not the only person who was thus Bonapartized; M. Mauduit has also undertaken to prove this, in the following terms: "No event of any consequence took place in the city [the most ancient part of Paris]; the only things which occurred there were—that a *rioter* got killed, and that three individuals arrested for carrying arms, ammunitions, proclamations, and false news, were *PUT TO THE SWORD AND THROWN INTO THE SEINE*." (Mauduit, page 240.)

No event of any consequence! They only slew one, and slew and flung into the water three of their fellow-creatures, because these carried false news!!! Oh, the "moderate," the "moderate!"

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

Alas! the dead are perhaps the least to be pitied. Several of those who were caught are gone to expiate their courage in bagnios! Example: On the 30th of January, 1852, a council of war was trying in Paris (*they* call that "trying") citizen Edouard Mallet, a joiner, and formerly a military man,

accused of "having had a hand, during the affrays of December, in an attempt at provoking civil war by prompting the citizens to take up arms against one another; of having placed himself at the head of armed bands which had invaded the commune of Bonny, in the Loiret; of having, besides, murdered with premeditation and by means of ambushes the gendarme Denizeau." Citizen Mallet was, of course, declared guilty, and a sentence of death was passed upon him.

"Accused of having had a hand, during the affrays of December, in an attempt," &c.! How! It was not the executive power, it was Mallet, who, on the 2nd of December, made "an attempt at provoking civil war"? How! It was not General Magnan, it was Mallet, who "placed himself at the head of armed bands to back the attempt"? Indeed, never did any one deny more audaciously the light of the sun. As to the "murder," perpetrated "with premeditation and by means of ambushes," that also is the legal formula! * Mallet killed a gendarme in a fight between good citizens and the men of the Presidential insurrection, this is the fact; and therefore, Mallet was condemned to capital punishment by the very soldiers of the insurrection, who had become his judges!!! . . .

Now, let us read the *Journal de Lot-et-Garonne*, (No. of Aug. 19, 1852):

"A train of convicts has left the prison of La Roquette, in Paris, to be marched towards the galleys at Brest. In that train is Edouard Mallet, of Bonny, sentenced on the 30th of January last to the punishment of death. The President having commuted the punishment pronounced against Mallet into that of *hard labour for life* (Oh, Napoleonic mansuetude!) this convict has been clothed in the habiliments of the galleys, and after the usual *ironing*, has taken his seat, the first in the prisoners' van. Mallet will shortly be on his way to Cayenne."

We therefore witness here a highly honourable citizen, wearing the garments of a galley-slave, chained like a galley-slave, and sent to the bagnio with galley-slaves, thence to be transported to Cayenne in the midst of galley-slaves, because

* The English legal expression which answers best, though not exactly, to that formula of the French penal code, (*meurtre, avec préméditation et guet-à-pens*), is *wilful and deliberate murder*.

he slew, in a fight, a gendarme who was in open and armed rebellion against the laws of his country!!

In vain do the insurgents repeat that *this convict* is a murderer. He no more deserves that name than the soldier on the battle-field, for he was the soldier of right and the Constitution. M. L. N. Bonaparte, on another hand, once fired close upon Captain Col-Puygelier, who was repulsing him. *He* is then, in deed and in truth, a murderer. Well, what would he have said, what should every one have said, had he been sent to work in a bagnio with galley-slaves? Such is, however, the torture to which this perverse man subjects now some individuals whom the rebelled army has vanquished, and who, if they are murderers, are so in the same manner as, though less than, he himself is!

Others, besides Mallet, have had to undergo the same fate. The Bonapartists, several of whom are political convicts, make no difference between political convicts and those blurred by the ordinary courts of justice. They have also *sentenced* some republicans to reclusion, an ignominious punishment like hard labour, and they have enforced those detestable verdicts. Our friends, thrust into the central prisons, wear there the costume and partake of the fare of thieves! The *Constitution de l'Yonne*, an Orleanist newspaper, said still on the 9th of September, 1853: "For several days past, some trains of *political prisoners* have been going through Auxerre, escorted so far as to that town by the gendarmerie of Nevers, each train being composed of from six to ten prisoners, who are marched from Auxerre towards Troyes, and thence towards Clairvaux. It is *in the prison of that town* that these *convicts* are to suffer their punishment. Among them have been noticed several of the ringleaders of the *insurrection* in the Nièvre, and particularly the *famous* Guerbet, Cuisinier, jun., and Millelot. The number of prisoners who are to pass through Auxerre is estimated at about *forty*."

The *famous* Guerbet (!) is a respectable ironmonger of Clamecy (Nièvre).

There is, perhaps, in these base acts of vengeance, something still more cowardly, more ferocious, than in the carnage of the struggle. Where is there a truly honest man, who, however great his hatred to the Socialists may be, will not brand with all his indignation these contacts, the only idea of which makes one giddy? The barbarity of former ages tied living

men to corpses; the Napoleonic barbarity has improved there-upon, it ties respectable people together with parricides. . . .

These are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

That they have not spared the property any more than the life, of their adversaries, is what will be proved to the most indisputable evidence by, among other testimonies, two proclamations of their executioners.

“Considering that *Doctor* Giraud de Nolhac, Terrier, a *solicitor*, &c., have taken the most active part in the *insurrection* which has broken out in the department of Allier, on the 3rd and 4th of December, 1851; that the *judicial inquiry* now begun LEAVES NO DOUBT IN THIS REGARD;

“It is decreed:

“Article I.—THE PROPERTY of *all the culprits* designated above, are placed under confiscation.

“General EYNARD,

“Commander of the state of siege in the department of Allier.

“Moulins, December 18, 1851.”

—Whereas the JUDICIAL INQUIRY NOW BEGUN leaves no doubt, &c.—The inquiry is only just begun, and—behold a defender of property who, upon his own authority, confiscates the chattels of the *culprits*!! Was ever the profligacy of arbitrariness and of violence carried any farther than it was then by that man called Eynard?

Colonel Fririon complicated his confiscations by the adjunction of the system of the tax-gatherer's bailiff, at the expense of the fugitives!—

“Whereas, in consequence of the *insurrection* which has broken out in the department of Basses-Alpes, those criminals more particularly involved in the pillage of the public treasury and of the possessions of the State,* *as well as the leaders of the armed insurrection*, have escaped by flight from the just vengeance of the laws;

It is decreed:

“Article I.—Within the interval of three days from the publication of the present ordinance, *some bailiffs shall be*

* We have demonstrated in a peremptory manner, in our volume entitled *History of the Crimes of the 2nd of December*, that this pretended pillage is an infamous calumny.

placed in the houses of all individuals who have taken flight in consequence of the insurrection, and who have not satisfied to the writs issued against them. These bailiffs will be maintained at their expense, until they have obeyed the law.

“ Article II.—Within the lapse of ten days, the property of those culprits who have fled, shall be confiscated and administered by the director of the public demesnes of the department of Basses-Alpes, conformably to the civil and the military laws, &c.

“ Colonel FRIRION,

“ Commander of the state of siege in the department
“ of Basses-Alpes.

“ Digne, January 5, 1851.”

If this be not theft *vi et armis*, we should like to know what it is.

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

These things would be horrible, even were criminals concerned; but what can be said of them, when the so-called insurgents, pursued with the firing of carbines, like wild boars, and destroyed on the threshold of their abode when they seek to save at least their liberty, thrown into the water when wounded, chained with galley-slaves when spared at all, excommunicated, stripped of their property when their persons cannot be reached,—were all good citizens who had fulfilled (often, as has been seen, under the very guidance of their magistrates,) a sacred duty, that of defending from assaults the constitution of their country!!

Our intention is not to detail the events of the for ever nefarious day of the 4th December in Paris. Those who may be willing to get acquainted with all its horrors, have only to read our *History of the Crimes of the 2nd of December*. We merely wish to replace here a few facts under the eyes of the English people, as these seem to have very quickly forgotten that the *Décembriseurs* are of those wilful and determined murderers who are commonly hanged at the Old Bailey.

The *Times* (quantum mutatus ab illo!) published on December 6th, 1851, a letter from one of its regular writers, who related in these terms the invading of a large house, situate in the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Richelieu:—

“It was in the balcony which appertains to the *magasin* of M. Brandus, that I was stationed in company with seven or eight others, watching the evolutions of the troops, the magnitude and variety of which surprised every body in a quarter of the Boulevards from which usually little danger is anticipated in revolutionary times. It was not till two tremendous volleys of musketry made the boulevard ring again that we became aware of the peril to which we stood exposed, and scrambled through the windows of the *premier étage*. To our astonishment and no small discomfort, our escape from the balcony had only interposed the walls and windows between our persons and the threatened danger. The fire was now immediately directed against the house in which we were; and the smashing of windows speedily incited to a move upstairs, where it was imagined we should be out of immediate peril. No such thing, however. Musket-shots penetrated even the bed-room of M. Brandus. The consternation was as general as the cause of the aggression was incomprehensible.

“In a short time, while everybody was doing his best to get out of reach of the shot, the screams of the female servants in the lower department of the house, announced a fresh event, and the shouts of a hundred voices outside, crying “*Ouvrez! ouvrez!*” declared the intentions of the military to enter the building. No one daring to descend to obey the mandate, after a short period *the door was broken open*; then a number of soldiers rushed up-stairs, and demolishing every obstacle, searched each room in succession, until they approached the “*quatrième étage*,” where M. Brandus and his friends had repaired for safety. There information was given that a shot had been fired from the house upon the troops, and that the business of the invaders was to visit every apartment and examine the persons of all present. The scrutiny proved unavailing, but the soldiers insisting upon the fact of the shot having proceeded from the house, *the whole party was forthwith arrested* and taken before the general on the Boulevards. One of them, happened, luckily, to be M. Sax, the well-known inventor and manufacturer of the instruments that bear his name. Being recognized by the general, the protest of M. Sax was accepted, and the party allowed to escape into the ‘*Passage de l’Opéra*,’ but *not to re-enter the house*.

“It afterwards appeared that the *suspected* shot was attributed to the house next door to that of M. Brandus, and subse-

quently to the 'Café Anglais,' which was, in its turn, almost demolished.

"Whether, on such a shallow pretext, the house of a peaceable citizen ought to be destroyed, the lives of its occupants endangered, and a heavy loss entailed upon its proprietor for repairs, I leave for those whom it concerns to answer. The search for arms could surely have been effected without shattering the windows of the house with *fusillades*. How *contemptible* must the explorers have felt when they discovered nothing better in the whole building than a rusty *fusil*, unfit for use, which had served M. Brandus in 1848, when he officiated as one of the most zealous and active officers of the 'Garde Nationale,' and helped to maintain peace and tranquillity in the capital!"

Another correspondent of the *Times* wrote (No. of the 13th of December): "To give any true idea of the number of persons killed and wounded is impossible, since there is no available means of making facts public. Among the deaths which have caused the most regret is that of M. Jollivard, the landscape painter, who, quietly occupied in his artistic labours (at his lodgings near the Boulevard Bonne-nouvelle) was struck by a bullet, which killed him on the spot. In the house at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu, the attack upon which was minutely described by one of your correspondents, Louis, an old servant of M. Brandus, *was shot dead*, at the very moment when that gentleman and his friends had rushed upstairs into an adjoining room for shelter. The windows of the room in which the deceased was killed, were all broken, and the balls entered the room in all directions, which may be plainly perceived by the marks on the walls.

"The Hotel de Castille was also entered by the soldiery. Whether the troops were really fired upon from any house whatever, on the Boulevard des Italiens, appears to be a matter of *much doubt*, although many state that it was positively the case from the 'Cercle Grammont.' That the reprisals of the troops were indiscriminate, however, is beyond a question, and for this reason they were indefensible.

"The general before whom M. Brandus and his party were taken was L. Reybell, who is said to have observed to one of the party: '*Et moi aussi je fais un peu de musique en ce moment*,' a very apt pleasantry at such a time."

This correspondent of the *Times* ought to have added that

the jocular General Reybell was completely drunk, according to his wont.

Is that enough of savage firing for *a single* SUPPOSED shot?

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

It is impossible not to believe those narrators, for besides their personal disinterestedness as foreigners, it is difficult to be less impassioned than they seem to be. But the following letter also must be read from Mr. William Jesse, captain in the service of the Queen, inserted in the *Times* of December 13, 1851. Captain Jesse resided on the Boulevard Montmartre, and at the corner of the Rue Montmartre, in an hotel, whence the eye reached from the Rue Richelieu to the farthest end of the Boulevard Bonne-nouvelle. He saw a great deal:—

“At half-past 2 on the 4th of December, the guns were distinctly heard in the direction of the Faubourg Saint Denis at three o'clock. I went to the balcony, at which my wife was standing, and remained there watching the troops. The whole boulevard, as far as the eye could reach, was crowded with them, artillery, infantry, in subdivisions, at quarter distance, with here and there a batch of 12-pounders and howitzers, some of which occupied the rising ground of the Boulevard Poissonnière. The officers were smoking their cigars. The windows were crowded with people, principally women, tradesmen, servants, and children, or, like ourselves, the occupants of apartments. Suddenly, as I was intently looking with my glass at the troops in the distance eastward, a few musket-shots were fired at the head of the column, which consisted of about 3000 men. In a few moments it spread, and, after hanging a little, came down the boulevard in a waving sheet of flame. So regular, however, was the fire, that at first I thought it was a *feu de joie* for some barricade taken in advance, or to signal their position to some other division; and it was not till it came within fifty yards of me that I recognized the sharp, ringing report of ball-cartridge; but even then I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears, for, as to my eyes, *I could not discover any enemy to fire at*; and I continued looking at the men until the company below me were actually raising their firelocks, and one vagabond, sharper than the rest,—a mere lad, without either whisker or moustache,—had covered me. In an instant I dashed my wife, who had just stepped back,

against the pier between the windows, when a shot struck the ceiling immediately over our heads, and covered us with dust and broken plaster. In a second after, I placed her upon the floor, and in another *a volley came against the whole front of the house*, the balcony, and windows; one shot broke the mirror over the chimney-piece, another the shade of the clock; every pane of glass but one was smashed, the curtains and window-frames cut; the room, in short, was riddled. The iron balcony, though rather low, was a great protection; still, *five balls* entered the room, and in the pause for reloading I drew my wife to the door, and took refuge in the back-rooms of the house. The rattle of musketry was incessant for more than a quarter of an hour after this! and in a very few minutes *the guns were unlimbered and pointed at the 'magasin' of M. Salandrouze*, five houses on our right.

“What the object or meaning of all this might be, was a perfect enigma to every individual in the house, French or foreigner. Some thought the troops had turned round and joined the *Reds*,* others suggested that they must have been fired upon somewhere, *though they certainly had not from our house, or any other on the Boulevard Montmartre, or we must have seen it from the balcony*. Besides which, in the temper in which the soldiers proved to be, had that been the case, they would never have waited for any signal from the head of the column 800 yards off. This wanton fusillade must have been the result of a panic, lest the windows should have been lined with concealed enemies, and they wanted to secure their skins by the first fire, or it was a *sanguinary impulse*; either motive being equally discreditably to them as soldiers in the one case, or citizens in the other. As a military man, it is with the deepest regret that I feel compelled to entertain *the latter* opinion.

“The men, as I have already stated, fired volley upon volley for more than a quarter of an hour *without any return*; they shot down many of the unhappy individuals who remained on the boulevard, and could not obtain an entrance into any house; some persons were *killed close to our door*, and their

* This supposition is very offensive to the “*Reds*,” and consequently is an absurd one; but we willingly forgive it to Captain Jesse, since he has been candid enough to make public the assassinations perpetrated by the “*Non-Reds*.”

blood lay in the hollows round the trees the next morning when we passed at 12 o'clock. The Boulevards and the adjacent streets were at some points a perfect shamble. That picture has been engraved by the bayonet in the minds of the people inhabiting this quarter of Paris, who cannot but dread for the future the protection of their own soldiers.

"The soldiers entered houses *whence no shots ever came*; and though '*La Patrie*,' the newspaper of the Elysée, pretended to specify them by name, it was, in a subsequent number, obliged to deny its own scandalous imputations. But let us admit that a few shots were fired from two or three houses on the other boulevard—that a few French soldiers were killed: was that a reason for this murderous onslaught on the houses and persons of their fellow-citizens to the extent of nearly a mile of one of their most populous thoroughfares?

"The loss of innocent lives must have been *great, very great*, more than ever will be known.

"Signed,

WILLIAM JESSE,
Ingatstone, Essex."

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

If Captain Jesse should join the English expedition to the East, he may perhaps be commanded by the very individual who ordered him as well as *his wife* to be shot at! For, indeed, it was the cowardly General Canrobert who occupied the Boulevard Poissonnière, and commanded M. Sallandrouze's warehouse to be cannonaded.

The *Patrie* alleges that there had been some *provocation*, that the troops had been fired upon; but it does not deny the abominable Bonapartizades committed by the soldiers, even so far as inside some houses. Let civilized Europe listen to the account of the Elysean paper: "A fire of *tirailleurs*, SUPPORTED BY A HOWITZER, *was instantaneously directed against the houses whence the firing had proceeded. The windows and fronts were partly destroyed. Then, some detachments entered the houses, and put to the sword every person who was found concealed in them.* Six individuals in blouses, who were discovered behind carpets which they had heaped up so as to avoid the bullets of the troops, and to fire upon these without danger, WERE SHOT ON THE STAIRCASE of the Lannes house, which is now a *depôt* of carpets from the Sallandrouze manufactory. Several scenes of a similar nature occurred in the

neighbourhood of the theatre of the Variétés, and *the troops SETTLED IT ALL RIGHT with their assassins.*"

"The troops settled it all right with their assassins!" Could it be declared with a more odious cruelty, that the troops had indiscriminately butchered all that had fallen within their reach?

Admitting even that the troops were fired upon: in what civilized country does a government, and specially a government risen in insurrection, demolish with cannon houses whence a few shots may have proceeded? But the terrorists have not even the paltry excuse with which they seek to shield themselves. The three correspondents of the *Times* who have just been heard, each of them assuredly quite disinterested in the question, since they are foreigners, and, moreover, "hostile to the Red Republicans," concur in saying that not one shot was fired from the windows. The *Patrie*, as Captain Jesse relates, was compelled to recant its own statements on this point; and at length, it is inadmissible that a gentleman should have been so crazy as to fire from his own drawing-room, alone as he was, upon the masses of soldiers who thronged the carriage-way, and particularly so on the part of M. Sallandrouze, a manufacturer notorious as a "friend to order," allied to the Elysée. Could two or three shots, besides, fired on the Boulevards Poissonnière and des Italiens, account for that "waving sheet of flame" which Captain Jesse saw coming down from the Boulevard Bonne-nouvelle to the corner of the Rue Montmartre, where he resided?

No; that huge massacre, for which an army entering a town taken by storm would blush, has been perpetrated without provocation of any sort whatever. It was an atrocious means coolly employed in order to stupify the various classes of the population, which exhibited dispositions to resistance. This is what is also asserted by another English gentleman, Mr. Bayle St. John, in his work entitled '*Purple Tints*' (vol. ii. page 319).

"The 3rd of December, towards evening, Paris somewhat recovered the elasticity of its mind. I went, with a small party, in the direction of the Boulevards. The entrance to the Carrousel was stopped up by lines of soldiers. Artillery occupied the place. We walked round by St. Germain l'Auxerrois to the Palais Royal. The court was filled with soldiers, bi-

vouacking in the open air. Everything showed that Paris was in the hands of a pretorian insurrection. When we reached the Boulevards, they were absolutely crammed from side to side. I was surprised to find here no trace of the fear of the morning. The people seemed to have awakened as from a dream. They could scarcely believe the possibility of what had happened. The words 'perjurer,' 'usurper,' 'tyrant,' were bandied about as freely as if there were nothing to dread. The uppermost feeling, however, seemed not to be anger, but contempt. There were more jokes than menaces. The general impression was, that it was impossible so violent an act could be tolerated for more than twenty-four hours; and that as soon as France had time to collect its ideas it would shake off so stupid a usurpation with the utmost ease. Two or three, perhaps a dozen, individuals, in the crowd through which we passed from the Rue Vivienne to the Porte St. Martin, ventured to raise their voices in favour of the *coup d'état*. They were instantly silenced. Just as we reached the Porte St. Denis, a column of infantry was marching down amidst a perfect hurricane of exclamations on either hand: '*A bas le tyran ! à bas le parjure !*'

"It was the experience of that evening that convinced the new government that, although threatening words might strike terror for a time into all, yet, in order to demoralize the nation completely, it was necessary that blood should be shed in a sufficiently public and unscrupulous manner to produce the impression that they were determined to shrink from nothing. Then was formed the scheme of that bloody massacre by which, on the next day but one, Paris was frightened into a submission from which it has not yet escaped. I make this proviso, because I meet some people who still affect to disbelieve in the fact of a massacre, and who pretend that the whole affair was an ordinary *émeute*. To convince these sceptics is, perhaps, impossible. However, the official returns of the killed on the army side are eloquent. They state that only twenty-four soldiers and one officer lost their lives, whilst the lowest estimate of the loss on the side of the supposed insurgents is a thousand. In all other cases, when the people have fought behind barricades, their loss has been less than that of the troops."

From these various testimonies, which cannot be of dubious veracity in the appreciation of an English reader, since

they come from countrymen of his, it is plain that the *Décembrisers* are not only rebels who have vanquished through open violence, with arms in their hands, but assassins who have perpetrated deliberately, at a pre-fixed hour, a wholesale carnage of peaceful citizens, with a view to succeed in their attempt against the public liberties.

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

In order that England may still better be edified as to what those gory days were, we will place under her eyes two episodes related by Captain Mauduit, an historian worthy of the subject, being one as little French in point of style as in point of feeling:—

“On the 3rd of December, towards half-past ten in the evening, Colonel Rochefort, of the 1st Lancers, received an order to go with two squadrons only, to maintain the communication on the Boulevards, from the Rue de la Paix to the Boulevard du Temple. The colonel, *foreseeing what would happen*, had forewarned his detachment not to be surprised at the crowd they would have to pass through, or at the cries uttered. He issued orders to his Lancers to remain calm and passive till the moment when he should command a charge; and, when once the fight was begun, *to spare no one whatever*. He had scarcely reached the boulevard, at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, when he found himself in presence of an *immense concourse of the population, evincing the most decided hostility, under cover of the cry, ‘Vive la République!’* These predetermined shouts were accompanied with threatening gestures.

“*With his eye and his ear on the alert*, and thereby prepared to order a charge at the first *seditions* cry, the colonel continued to advance slowly, pursued by frightful howling, to the Boulevard du Temple. The colonel having received an order to charge all groups which he might meet on the carriage way, EMPLOYED A ‘RUSE DE GUERRE,’ the result of which was, to punish a certain number of those bawlers in paletôts.

“In order to put them on a wrong scent, and make them believe he was engaged somewhere near the Bastille, he concealed his squadrons, for a few moments, near the Château d’Eau; and then making a sudden half-turn without being perceived, and ordering the trumpeters and vanguard to fall again in line, he recommenced a slow march, till he reached

the thickest part of that *compact and innumerable* crowd, with the intention of CUTTING THROUGH all who might oppose his passage. The most audacious, emboldened, perhaps, by the *pacific* appearance of those two squadrons, placed themselves in front of the colonel, and uttered the *insulting* cries of 'Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!!! A bas les traîtres!' Viewing those cries as a *provocation*, Colonel Rochefort rushed, like an infuriated lion, to the group whence it had come, striking with point, blade, and lance. SEVERAL CORPSES remained on the ground.

"In those groups there were but *few individuals in blouses*."

"The Lancers endured this hard moral ordeal with *admirable calmness*."—(*Révolution Militaire du 2 Décembre*, pp. 176—178.)

Thus they were already making a prelude, on the third of December, to the massacres which were to take place on the *fourth*.

What would seem almost incredible, did we not know how those people are struck by the dizziness of blood,—the slaughterers themselves, with big epaulets, and their panegyrists, are profuse in recounting the feelings of grief and astonishment experienced by the unfortunate soldiers who were employed in such an atrocious work. "The Lancers *endured this hard moral ordeal with admirable calmness*, their *confidence* was not shaken for a single instant." M. Mauduit consequently sees that there is something extraordinary in these barbarous deeds, and in the *calmness* with which the executioners *endured the moral ordeal* of committing them. He declares that the soldiers, although moved, *did not lose their confidence* in the chief who caused them to shed innocent blood! Whither will such confidence and *calmness* lead the French army?

Will not a day come when mankind will have passed through its state of childhood? Will not a day come when the Lancers will refuse to apply the energy of their mind, to killing unwillingly their unarmed fellow citizens, merely because a colonel may order them to do so!

But what can we think of that enlightened, well-educated man, occupying one of the highest ranks in the army, who at the head of two powerful squadrons seeks for blood to shed, like a famished tiger; who employs a "*ruse de guerre*," in order to bring on a dreadful slaughter; who hides his horses and lances, in order to lay a snare for inoffensive citizens; and who, suddenly, after having prescribed to his satellites, NOT TO SPARE

ANY ONE, rushes on unarmed and defenceless citizens, and leaves on the ground the dead bodies of those who had been misguided by his sanguinary stratagem?

This Rochefort is a real Bonapartist Trestaillon.* Here is the other exploit of his, narrated likewise by his friend Captain Mauduit:—

“On the 4th of December, at the corner of the Rue Taitbout, Colonel Rochefort noticed a considerable crowd both at the entrance of the street and on the footway near Tortoni’s. These men were all well dressed; several were armed.† On his making his appearance, the war-cries were heard which had been adopted for the last two days, of ‘Vive la République! Vive la Constitution! A bas le Dictateur!’ At this *last cry*, with the rapidity of lightning, at a single bound, Colonel Rochefort jumped over the chairs and the footway, and rushed to the midst of the group, where he soon cleared the space around him. His Lancers galloped after him, one of his adjutants struck down two individuals with his sabre: in a twinkling of an eye the crowd was dispersed. All who could fly decamped in all directions, *leaving a good number on the ground.*—The colonel went on driving before him all he met. He encountered no opposition till he reached the Faubourg Poissonnière. There, he began to experience a fire from the windows.‡ The infantry returned the fire. He made a charge, himself at the head of a small detachment, and about *thirty corpses* remained on the ground, *almost all dressed in fine clothes.*”—(*Révolution Militaire du 2 Décembre*, pp. 217 and 218.)

Read the Latin historians; you will not find so hateful a page in the sack of Rome by the Barbarians.

* Trestaillon, who persecuted and murdered the Bonapartists in the south of France after the restoration of the Bourbons.

† M. Mauduit, in saying that these *well-dressed* men were armed, evidently endeavours to palliate the baseness of the act which he cries up. It is clear that no one would have been mad enough to come with arms on the Boulevards in public, and in presence of 50,000 troops.

‡ Once more; even had a few shots been fired, this would by no means constitute an excuse for the massacre of *thirty* persons; but we have proved above that this attack is a mere contrivance.

And take heed of this, Englishmen, the facts we here adduce are related not by us, but by a courtier of the army of December, whose book has been published in Paris! You cannot therefore surmise their minute accuracy. You shudder at them; well, know this, namely, that the same Rochefort, as a requital for such services, has been raised to the rank of general by your ally! . . . A noble ally, forsooth; it was he who wrote, adverting to the uncle's reign—"The imperial eagle never was SOILED with French blood, shed by French soldiers," (*Works of L. N. Bonaparte*, vol. i., p. 287,) and who now rewards murderous colonels and counts to the French troops the massacres of December as a year's service!

That women themselves were not spared in those cold-blooded butcheries, is also a fact which the Bonapartist writer undertakes with abominable delight to authenticate: "The usual population of the Boulevards (that is, the *bourgeoisie*) will not so soon forget the charges of the 1st Lancers, and will know that, if there be any courage in fighting on a barricade, firing from the farthest end of a snug drawing-room,* or even from behind the breast of a pretty woman, against troops armed solely with spears and pistols, is not an act which can always be perpetrated with impunity. Many a bravo of this kind has paid dearly for his insults and firings *à la Jarnac*; MANY AN AMAZON of the Boulevards HAS LIKEWISE PAID DEARLY for her imprudent collusion with that new sort of barricade. *May they profit thereby, as a lesson for the future!*" (Mauduit, page 278.)

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

Neither the invasion of 1814, nor that of 1815, exhibited, by far, the character of savage cruelty for which the invasion of 1851 is notorious. The Prussian and the Cossack generals had not declared, in the proclamations to their armies, "that every citizen found with arms in his hands, or helping in a work of defence, would be *shot* immediately." This is what M. St. Arnaud, the Minister-at-War of December, did; and it is but too true that he found French officers to obey him. The general-in-chief of the new barbarians said, without the least

* M. Mauduit still takes here for granted that somebody fired from the windows; is it necessary for us to repeat over again that this allegation is as devoid of truth as it is of likelihood?

shame, speaking of their operations in the Quartier Beaubourg : " All obstacles were removed by merely running through them, and those who defended them WERE PASSED TO THE SWORD." (*Report of General Magnan on the Affrays of December, Moniteur of Dec. 9, 1851.*)

The *Patrie* of December 6, also says, speaking of the barricade of the Porte St. Martin, taken after two assaults : " *Our troops HAVE NOT SPARED ONE INSURGENT.*"

But not only did they Bonapartize every good citizen vanquished and made prisoner on the field of battle; the combat once at an end, they no more spared those they managed to catch! It is here again one of theirs who avows it : " On the 4th of December, about nine o'clock in the evening, a column of the 51st took, not without losses, all the barricades which had just been raised in the rues Montorgueil and du Petit-Carreau. Searches were immediately ordered to be effected in the public houses : *a hundred prisoners were made in them*, the most part of whom had their hands still black with gunpowder, an evident proof of their participation in the contest. *How then was it possible not to execute, with regard to A GOOD MANY OF THEM, the terrible prescriptions of the state of siege?* (Mauduit, *Révolution Militaire, &c.*, page 248.)

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance! Like cannibals, they kill their prisoners; like cannibals, they know of no other warfare than extermination.

But consider whether they be not more ferocious still than cannibals. Listen to the narrative of one of their organs, the *Moniteur Parisien* (of Dec. 6):—" A man, formerly belonging to the Parisian police, was passing to-day, at about two o'clock p.m., on the Pont St. Michel, when he *threatened* the guards who were standing sentry on that spot. On his being arrested, and taken to the Prefecture of Police ammunitions of war and two poniards were found in his possession.* As he offered a *vigorous resistance to the guards*

* To hear the journals of the invasion, those unfortunate men who are murdered by authority, have always poniards about them. This individual had two; the woman shot by the 36th of the line had no less than twenty-five. We have but one word to say to that: it is, that a poniard is an arm almost entirely unknown in our country; without cabinets of curiosities, there are perhaps not so many as twenty-seven poniards in all France.

who led him away, persisting in his bullying and menacing even the life of the guardians of the law, the *officer of the station* * ORDERED HIM TO BE SHOT by two of his soldiers, at the corner of the *rue de Jérusalem*. He had a wound in his right arm, and his hands were still all begrimed with the gunpowder of the barricades."

It is useless for any one to say that that unfortunate man's hands were still all begrimed with the gunpowder of the barricades, when for twenty-four hours there had no longer been any barricades; it is useless to say that, alone as he was, and with two poniards about him, he insulted a whole body of soldiers; we inquire what difference there is between this infernal murder and that of General Bréa, so much and so perfidiously taken advantage of by the reactionary party against the Republic, albeit it was committed by Bonapartists? †

O you, Englishmen, who rightfully carry the respect of personal liberty so far as to release a thief caught *flagrante delicto*, if nobody will accept the responsibility of his arrestation by incriminating him, are you not struck with horror at this puny *chef de poste* who, on his own authority, shoots a citizen at the corner of a street, because the unfortunate man may have offered some resistance, or employed some abusive language at the time he was being arrested?

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

How could the soldiers consent to fill these executioner's offices, when they had not the incentive of promotion and pecuniary remuneration which their chiefs found therein? One would almost be at a loss to imagine it, were it not known how sovereign and besotting are the effects of passive obedience. Besides, in order that their consciences should not shrink from the most frightful services which were required of them, their chiefs, who did not shrink from the most hellish con-

* *Chef de poste*; it is the commander of those sorts of military police stations, termed in France *postes* or *corps de garde*, which are, in every *arrondissement* of large towns, respectively under the immediate authority of a *commissaire de police*, and have to take delinquents into custody at the requisition of the injured parties.

† We have proved this fact in our *History of the Crimes of the 2nd December*.—See also ANNEX No. III.

ceptions, drowned them in potations. It is a fact, and one but too true, that the army of Paris, in December, were seized with a kind of frantic mania: the drunkenness produced by alcohol and gunpowder had deprived them of all human sense. A scene of carnage, related by the official newspaper, the *Moniteur* (Dec. 9), will show that they had no longer any control over themselves:—

“A bookseller, M. Lefilleul, established for several years past on the Boulevard Poissonnière, was occupied in closing his shop, a little before the commencement of the *drama of the 4th December*, when a pistol-shot fired by a clerk belonging to the neighbourhood, on a trumpeter of the line, dispersed the crowd around the house and left an opening for the *insurgent* to enter the shop. He was closely followed by the trumpeter, who succeeded in *stretching him dead on the ground* behind a counter, *but fell himself on the corpse*. Other soldiers came to his rescue, and *wounded* the unfortunate bookseller, who had seen nothing, but whom they took for an adversary. A dreadful struggle then took place between M. Lefilleul and a captain. The former was again *twice wounded* in the thigh and in the arm, but the *latter fell dead under the thrusts of the soldiers who endeavoured to defend him*. M. Lefilleul, who, notwithstanding *his wounds*, still retained his strength and his presence of mind, profited by this terrible moment to free himself, and get out of the shop, leaving behind him **THREE DEAD BODIES**. It is to be hoped that the life of M. Lefilleul, an honest tradesman, and a complete stranger to political passions, may be saved.”

The assassins, in their rage, killed one another!

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

How many human lives has the butchery on the Boulevards sacrificed? It will perhaps never be ascertained. In a statistical return of the dead in consequence of the coup d'état, given as authentic by the Prefecture of Police, and published by M. P. Mayer, we find *fifty* names with this note: “Killed on the Boulevard des Italiens, Montmartre, or Poissonnière.” If the conspirators themselves own fifty victims, we may safely affirm that the real number is at least twice or thrice that: we have just seen that, according to Capt. Mauduit's own statement, his worthy friend Colonel Rochefort butchered *thirty* persons in a solitary

circumstance. But let us admit, as it stands, the estimate of the factious. How will they ever be able to clear themselves from the shedding of such a quantity of blood in the midst of that part of Paris, the most wealthy and the most peaceful, and one besides, where, as is agreed on all hands, not one single barricade was raised, nor the slightest resistance attempted? And do you know what they say? They say that if fifty inoffensive persons were struck down dead, it was their own fault! Hear on this point the confident of the Shell-President, the most intimate historiographer of the faction of slaughterers:—"The proclamation of M. Maupas was intended, as it ought to have been, to tell every one except the deaf and blind, 'There will be to-day a great fight, let those who do not wish to be killed abstain from going to the field of the conflict.' This document answers, and has answered, all the reproaches of inhumanity, all the DECLAMATION about the shedding of innocent blood, which adverse political parties, since the fatal *fight* of the Boulevard Poissonnière, have tried to raise against the government." "The Prefect of Police had said clearly to everybody: 'Do not go on the Boulevards, for any gathering together of the people will be dispersed by force of arms, and without previous summons, &c.' That says everything, and justifies everything!" (P. Mayer, *Histoire du 2 Décembre*, pages 151 and 171.)

The saviours of society have no other funeral oration than this to pronounce over "*fifty or sixty unfortunate victims*" (P. Mayer) immolated without distinction of age or sex!

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

And do not think that Paris alone has been the spectator and the victim of those barbarities appertaining to another epoch. The government, rebelled against the people, had breathed everywhere the spirit of hatred and homicide into its military agents. These did not observe, in the departments, with a less savage punctuality the watch-word 'SHOOT AND TERRORIZE'—KILL! KILL! KILL! as said the English eye-witness, Mr. St. John. There also, it was with cannon that they overcame the resistance of the populations which had risen for the vindication of their rights and the Constitution. Let us quote:—

"The *insurgents*—[in the provinces, as well as in Paris, the rebels of the 2nd of December affect to give this name, which

they alone deserve, to the citizens armed for the defence of the laws]—the *insurgents*, at a mile and a quarter from Crest (Drôme), were seen deploying in long files to the right and left of the reconnoitring party; their numbers were not less than eighteen hundred or two thousand, and their cries and threats could be distinctly heard. *Two howitzer shots*, well aimed, stopped them at first. But the firing soon began, and two of the artillery horses were wounded. These *madmen*, advancing with great courage to turn the position, the commander ordered a retreat, and fortified himself strongly in a *barricade* forming a 'tête de pont' on a bridge over the Drôme, where the eight-pounder stood ready to fire.

"The *howitzer* was placed on the interior quay of the town, so as to command the road. The defenders of the *other works* around the town, also occupied their assigned points, and all stood ready to do their duty.

"Twenty minutes afterwards, a column of *insurgents* presented itself in good order, and advanced in a compact mass to debouche on the little square where was situated the *first barricade*, on the bridge. *The howitzer fired, and the grape shot, at less than two hundred yards, did great execution.* A great number of the enemy fell, and from that moment the road was abandoned, and no *band* dared to show itself on it. But other crowds of *insurgents* had reached the banks of the Drôme, and were resolutely advancing over the dyke. The howitzer was then pointed on that side, &c."—(*Report of General Lapène*, December 13.)

"The *insurgents* of Clamecy sent some of theirs to *parley* who were not listened to, and then a *reconnoitring party*, who were seized and SHOT. They then decided on attacking the troops," &c.—(*Patrie*, 15th December.)

"They write from Aups, 12th of December: The *rebels* fled across the fields, and the 100 horsemen who were joined with the infantry, pursued them, AND MADE A GREAT SLAUGHTER OF THEM. On the roads to Lorgues, Salerne, Tourtour, and Aups, the bodies of many *insurgents* were found. The column SHOT ALMOST ALL THE REBELS IT MET WITH. The troops were at a short distance from Aups, when they perceived a man on horseback, who, on seeing them, started off at full gallop. The horsemen rushed after him, overtook him, and discovered him to be an estafet, who was going to announce their arrival to the *insurgents*. To take him and SHOOT HIM, occupied but an instant." (*Moniteur*, 17th December.)

“Marseilles, 12th of December :—All the news received from the reconnoitring columns, in the Basses-Alpes and in the Var, are *most favourable* : wherever they meet *bands of insurgents* they attack them and PUT TO THE SWORD *all those who are taken with arms in their hands.*” (*Constitutionnel*, 16th December.)

“Informed at midnight, by a gendarme who had been shot at, that there was, at two-thirds of a mile from Avignon, an assemblage who were waiting for the *bands* from Apt, I sent a troop of infantry and cavalry to disperse them. THE CHIEF RECEIVED AN ORDER TO SHOOT EVERY INDIVIDUAL TAKEN WITH ARMS IN HIS HANDS. Having heard at Lisle (near Avignon) that there were some bands in the neighbourhood of Cavaillon, Commander De France went to look for them; he met one near Cavaillon, killed a few men, took back the standards taken from the *mairie* of Lisle, and ORDERED TWO OR THREE INDIVIDUALS TO BE SHOT *who fell into his hands.*” (*Report of General d'Antist*, 7th of December; *Patrie*, 19th of December.)

“At St. Etienne, the column of Commander Vinoy has also made *valuable captures*; EIGHT individuals, caught, arms in hand, have been SHOT on the spot.” (*Patrie*, 22nd of December.)

“Nevers, 8th December: Some disturbances have taken place at Neury; a small parish in the arrondissement of Cosne. They have been repressed vigorously. THREE *insurgents seized with arms in their hands have been SHOT.*” (*Journal de Lot-et-Garonne*, 11th of December.)

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

By what has just been read, any one may judge of the amount of cowardice and ferocity which has signalized the invasion of the Bonapartists in France. Now, tell us, was there ever one savage tribe on earth, one horde of barbarians, that committed more hideous acts? In contempt of every honest feeling, they have treacherously turned against the Republic the armed forces which it had entrusted to them that they might protect her. In contempt of all the laws of war, *they*, the very insurgents, who declared that “they were not within the precincts of legality,” have unmercifully massacred the defenders of the Constitution, who had fallen into their hands! And they confess it, they subscribe their names to it!! . . . Ah! whatever may chance to happen to us, nothing in the world will be able to hinder us from saying:

The people which forms an alliance with those butchers, all dripping with the blood of estafets, of reconnoitring parties, and of prisoners, deeply stains its national honour. . . .

It will perhaps be marvelled at, that the D cembreurs have so frequently published their homicidal deeds. In order to be in a position to account for this cynicism of murder, one ought to recollect that their object was to strike France with unheard-of terror. There was no other means of securing their domination in that country. It was therefore required, for such a design, not only to slaughter anybody whatever who should oppose them, but also to show openly, and in the face of all, that they were slaughterers. Their ambition was to behold every one trembling at their approach as at the approach of the executioner.

We are far from having stated all on the subject, but we could not, without exceeding the usual limits of a pamphlet, multiply these gory citations. Those we have brought forward, besides, are, but too unfortunately, sufficient for our purpose.

We here claim anew the attention of the English people, for we are anxious to convince them : They should not be forgetful of the fact, that we have made it binding upon ourselves, throughout this account, to record *exclusively* the PERSONAL CONFESSIONS of the criminals. Not one, positively not one, of those dreadful barbarities can therefore be denied or doubted as having no other guarantee than the word of an enemy. We have let the slaughterers themselves speak, in the intoxication of their fury. It is now for England to say whether she chooses to strengthen, by her alliance, for any aim whatever, a government of assassins whose avowed acts cannot escape universal execration.

No. II.—BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES ON SOME OF THE
DECEMBER CONSPIRATORS.

MARSHAL LEROY, *alias* DE ST. ARNAUD.

A private correspondent of the *Ind pendance Belge* (March 30) says : "It is rumoured that they are likely to have some squabbling in the East about the supreme command of the

forces. Lord Raglan and Omer Pacha are unwilling to be under the orders of Marshal de St. Arnaud."

What reason is there to apprehend this "squabbling"? Is not respect due to the Marshal of December, on the part of the two head commanders of the English and Turkish forces? Let them only read the history of his life:

" Là, dans un long tissu de belles actions,
Ils verront comme il faut dompter les nations,
Attaquer une place, ordonner une armée,
Et sur de grands exploits fonder sa renommée."*

And in the first place, the worthy Marshal has no more right to call himself "Achille de St. Arnaud" than the mistress of the nearest "hell" has to call herself "Madame de St. Phar." His real name is Jacques Arnaud Leroy, born on the 20th August, 1801.† His titles of nobility come from himself, which constitutes at once a meanness and a forgery. That scoundrel has stolen even his very Christian names; Jacques has been changed into Achille, maugre his godfather's former wish.

Through his father-in-law, M. Forcade, Juge de Paix, at Paris,‡ he entered the Gardes du Corps of Louis XVIII. at an early age. Certain protections, and a hot zealotry for royalism, were then sufficient to cause anyone to be admitted into that military body, without any military title. "He was entered on the matriculation register under the name of Leroy alone. The register, which is still in the offices of the war-ministry, proves this."§

Leroy, *alias* de St. Arnaud, began to wander from the

* There, through a series of noble deeds, they shall learn how to subdue nations, storm a stronghold, command an army, and found one's fame upon great exploits.

† *Biographies Bonapartistes*, by Berjeau, London and Jersey. The perfect honesty of the author of that little work, his grave character, the minute precision of his information, and the authenticity of the documents which he furnishes, forbid us to entertain the slightest doubt but that his revelations originate with some person very closely acquainted with M. Leroy, *alias* De St. Arnaud.

‡ *Biographies Bonapartistes*.

§ *Les Trois Maréchaux*, a pamphlet published at Brussels, and attributed to a writer well versed in all military affairs.

straight path almost at the very entrance on his career. He was expelled from the Gardes du Corps on account of serious misbehaviour. What was the precise act he committed matters but little; one thing is certain, and that is, that he was expelled under disgraceful circumstances. "The register says, 'Discharged without pay (*Réformé sans traitement.*)' That was the legal branding expression of the period."*

Notwithstanding this affair, his family succeeded in making him enter as under-lieutenant the legion of Corsica, or of the Bouches-du-Rhône; but there again he was soon "suspended without pay (*mis en non-activité sans solde*)," an expression which was then applied to *turned out* officers. Whence we may conclude that he had not proved himself there, any more than at the Gardes du Corps, submissive to the exigencies of delicacy.

He then fell into a very irregular career of embarrassments and expedients, during which occurred a visit to London, in disreputable company. As, however, we cannot speak positively concerning this episode, we will abstain from specifying the rumours that have reached us; but the following document, at all events, throws not a dubious light upon the extremities to which this irregular mode of existence had naturally reduced the illustrious sword of the new empire:—

"ENGAGEMENT.—Madame Decrénice, commissionaire at the Mont de Piété, No. 17, rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. Article 347 of the 7th January, 1824. Sum advanced, eighteen francs.

"I acknowledge that the following objects have been entrusted to me, to convey and deposit the same in the Mont de Piété, in pledge for the sum which may be lent thereon, namely: one square woollen *shawl*, and *two women's shifts*, one linen and one calico; and I bind myself to deliver the ticket of the Mont de Piété, and the sum that may have been lent, to the person named in the register, and who will return the present within ten days.—Signed: Decrénice." (*Biographies Bonapartistes.*)

On the back of this pawn-ticket, is written, in the finest hand of Leroy, already become St. Arnaud: "To be redeemed.—St. Arnaud," without the *de*. He was evidently destined to be one day Marshal of the *coup d'état* of insolvents.

* *Les Trois Maréchaux.*

We have seen and handled the document in question ; it is in the possession of our political friend, Citizen Berjeau.

We leave it to be inferred what must have been the sort of life led by a young man who pawned two *women's* shifts, *one linen and the other calico!* The ticket does not mention whether the two shifts were marked with the same name or initials.

Far be it from us to reproach St. Arnaud with having been poor. We have witnessed close enough the misery of very honest men to sympathize with and respect it always. It is not, therefore, for having had recourse to the Mont de Piété, at any period whatever of his life, that we taunt the garde du corps *discharged without pay* ; it is for having pawned *women's* shifts.

At any rate, his lady-friends stripped themselves in vain for his sake, even of their chemises ; they could not save our hero from being imprisoned for debt. It was from such a place that, in 1827, he wrote the following letter, and which is also in the hands of Citizen Berjeau.

“ Sir,—What gratitude do I not owe to you, since you are about to rescue me from the infamous abode wherein I have languished for the last seventeen months. Add to the service which you render me, Sir, that not less great of freeing me without delay. You know how a poor prisoner sighs for his liberty, and curses his bars. A day, an hour, is a great deal to him. Use then, I beseech you, all your endeavours that to-morrow, Monday, I may breathe the air of freedom. The hour matters nothing, even were it ten o'clock at night ! At least in the following morning I shall not be saddened, on awaking, by the dire sound of bolts, &c. Signed, *de* St. Arnaud.”

How many guiltless persons has not the writer of this letter put under lock and key since his treasons and those of the army have made him a “saviour of his country !” Cruel and pitiless, he has thrust from his memory what experience had taught him of the sufferings of the prisoners.

Rescued from the prison of Ste. Pélagie, and at his wits' ends, Jacques Arnaud revisited his family, who, to get rid of him and by dint of requests, obtained his redintegration as under-lieutenant, in the 49th regiment of the line. But scarcely had he rejoined the corps, when the battalion of which he formed a part received orders to embark for

Guadaloupe. Whether the new under-lieutenant did not feel sufficient courage to brave the yellow-fever, or whether from any other cause, he was found missing at the moment of embarking, after having gone so far as Rochefort, and he was accordingly struck off the rolls, "as a deserter."* His position was becoming in consequence very critical, when the Revolution of July broke out.

Leroy, *alias* de St. Arnaud, no doubt passed off his mischances as an officer, for political disfavours; for, in February, 1831, he obtained his re-entry into the service with the rank of sub-lieutenant, his then constant military *ne plus ultra*. He was placed in the 34th regiment of the line. He was thirty years of age, and although he had spent two or three years within the walls of a prison, he accepted the post of aide-de-camp to General Bugeaud, when the latter was not ashamed to become the keeper of Madame de Berry. In point of truth, the ex-garde du corps of Louis XVIII. was little better, at Blaye, than a spy upon the daughter-in-law of Charles X.! The Orleanist writers of the *Bulletin Français* (M. d'Haussonville and M. Thomas) were unwilling to utter the word *spy*, out of deference to M. Bugeaud, the illustrious sword of the Orleanists; but they say that their general-gaoler "considered M. St. Arnaud proper to fulfil at Blaye some *subaltern offices which everybody would not have undertaken*." It is not flattering, but it is very clear. Citizen Louis Blanc has had occasion to relate an instance of the ignoble functions with which the future Marshal sullied his epaulets. After describing the manner in which General Bugeaud granted M. Choulot permission to see the mother of M. Chambord, the author of the *Histoire de Dix Ans* continues:—

"After a short appearance in the chamber of his prisoner, the general returned to M. Choulot; and, by an inconceivable want of tact, he questioned him as to the pregnancy of the Duchess de Berry. M. Choulot replied, as might naturally be expected, that he had not come to the citadel to hold inquests of that nature, and that he had noticed nothing. At these words the general's face flamed up. What he wanted was only the evidence of witnesses whose sincerity the Legitimists themselves could not be justified to suspect. He

* *Les Trois Maréchaux*, page 6.—*Biographies Bonapartistes*, page 49.

had reckoned too sanguinely on M. Choulot; and, on finding his expectations frustrated, he could scarcely contain his rage, and sent his aide-de-camp, M. St. Arnaud, to the princess, *to request her to exhibit her person, while standing up and walking, to M. Choulot.* However offensive such a proposal might be, the Duchess de Berry did not dare to reject it.*

Had the aide-de-camp been anybody at the time these lines were being written, no doubt Citizen Louis Blanc would have added: However dishonourable the duty entrusted to M. de St. Arnaud, he performed it.

What can be more detestable than the sight of these warriors torturing an unhappy woman—nay doing more, compelling her to inflict torture upon herself within the walls of her dungeon!

When the disgraceful drama of Blaye had been brought to a conclusion, M. St. Arnaud returned to his regiment with the rank of lieutenant. But his brother-officers, indignant at the part he had been playing, put him in *quarantine*, that is to say, not one would exchange a word with him except on matters of duty.

To escape from this contemptuous treatment he entered the Foreign Legion, a regiment composed of men from all parts of the world. This corps had been formed solely and entirely for Algeria, for which it departed very shortly after. On arriving in Africa, St. Arnaud had to experience an affront very hurtful to his haughty pretensions to the attributes of a high-born gentleman. The pay-officer took it into his head to refuse receiving on his pay-lists the name of De St. Arnaud. That ill-bred man alleged that a borrowed name could not serve as a sufficient security for his responsibility as an accountant. The other was in consequence obliged to submit, which provoked the laughter of the corps, where the aristocratic airs which Jacques Leroy had assumed had met with anything but a favourable reception. The dismasked lordling then addressed to the government a request, which may be seen at the *Bulletin des Lois* (1839) where it was inserted in accordance with the law; a request by which "le sieur Jacques Arnaud Leroy expresses the desire to be allowed to bear the name of Achille de St. Arnaud, *by which he has called himself since his infancy.*" The authorization was granted, for the simple reason that such a thing is never refused.

* *Histoire de Dix Ans*, vol. iv. p. 54.

St. Arnaud found himself placed, at the Foreign Legion, under the orders of General Bedeau, then lieutenant-colonel. The latter, an austere, good, and pious warrior, conceived a charitable affection for the sinner; he hoped to lead him back into the path of honesty, and, to use a common phrase, he brought him forward. In 1837 he procured him the cross of the Legion of Honour. He saved his life when they returned from the siege of Constantine. St. Arnaud, attacked with cholera, was to be left in the camp of Nechmaya, where, almost to a certainty, he would have died in consequence of the conjunctures and conditions wherein the camp happened to be placed. M. Bedeau, acting much more still as a friend than as a chief, would not abandon him; he himself undertook to have him conveyed in the train of the army, and the sick man recovered. M. Bedeau did more than save his life. St. Arnaud had become captain by virtue of length of service, but he had not lost his dishonest habits. The colonel of the corps, informed that he had contracted debts of a most disreputable kind, made to the inspector-general Rullière a report in which he proposed that the captain "*should be suspended altogether*," (which is a punishment for misdemeanour). After due consideration, General Rullière deemed it indispensable to accede to the formal request of the colonel. "The report to the Minister was ready," says the pamphlet on *Les Trois Maréchaux*, "and M. de St. Arnaud was for ever a ruined man, had not Lieutenant-colonel Bedeau, moved by the despair of his inferior, interceded in his behalf, and, by dint of supplications, disarmed the just rigour of the inspector-general."

When, after December, St. Arnaud became master of the army, the first thing he did was to dismiss on half-pay General Rullière. The latter, indignant, wrote the following letter, which has been published by the *Bulletin Français*; "In 1837, General Rullière refused to break the sword of Captain Leroy de St. Arnaud, unwilling as the general was to *disgrace* him; in 1851, the Minister-at-War, M. Leroy de St. Arnaud, unable to disgrace General Rullière, has broken the latter's sword."

This letter was not sent to St. Arnaud. The general yielded to the entreaties of his friends, who feared for him some revenge on the part of the transporters without trials; but he was not chary of showing it about, and it was thus that the *Bulletin Français* was enabled to take cognizance

of it. The letter does not exist, *de facto*, since it was not forwarded to its address; but that it was written cannot be doubted, for in spite of its gravity it never was contradicted. The motives whereupon it is founded now belong, therefore, to the history of the marshal of the Lower Empire! We have placed entire reliance respecting this on the well-informed author of *Les Trois Maréchaux*.

If since that affair an accusation of embezzlement, brought upon Colonel St. Arnaud, and of which we shall speak by-and-by, was hushed up, perhaps for this again was St. Arnaud indebted to the generous weakness of his former protector in the foreign legion.

Every one knows the return that General Bedeau met with for so many acts of kindness. It was by the direct order of his incorrigible *protégé* that the stanch soldier of Africa was imprisoned at Mazas in a felon's cell, from there transferred to the fortress of Ham in the common police-van, and lastly led forth between two galley-keepers, and thrust across the frontier into exile!

The brave and open-hearted General Leflô, whom chance frequently brought into contact with M. de St. Arnaud in Algeria, where they lived together as comrades on the greatest terms of military intimacy, was not less shamefully treated than General Bedeau. The double sacrifice of a benefactor and of a friend, would have been more than sufficient to prevent a nature less vicious than that of the under-turnkey of Blaye from entering into a conspiracy of which MM. Bedeau and Leflô were designated as the first victims. But there is nothing human left in this vile wretch; even gratitude and friendship have no voice for him. In any state of affairs, his conduct would still have been infamous; but the personal and undeniable circumstances which we have mentioned, render it peculiarly detestable.

However, through the kindness of General Bedeau, and specially through the protection of his former accomplice of Blaye, Marshal Bugeaud, since become governor-general of Algeria, Leroy, *alias* de St. Arnaud, obtained a rapid advancement. In 1837, he was captain; in 1840, chef de bataillon; in 1844, colonel and commandant of the subdivision of Orléansville; and in 1847, general of brigade.

While thus making his way upwards in rank, he was equally successful in business matters. Without any private fortune,

and although one fifth of his pay * was regularly stopped for debts, he found means to spend 40,000 or 50,000 francs a year. At Orléansville his luxury and dissipation increased still further. Nothing was heard of but fêtes, balls, and banquets. He even caused a theatre to be erected there, where the male parts were generally performed by sub-officers, but where the female parts were played by actresses brought from Algiers at a great expense. In summer, he went, *as has been related to us by an eye-witness*, to establish himself at Tenez, a seaport in the subdivision, to enjoy sea-bathing, where he caused his troop of actresses to follow him. There was in this a flagrant example of shameful immorality, and the camp life must indeed allow many licences, as the chiefs never inquired into the deeds of that mock-Sardanapalus, who now adds to all his vices that of setting himself up as a paragon of devotion! Besides these prodigalities, "it was suddenly heard," says the author of *Les Trois Maréchaux*, "that the colonel had satisfied his creditors and lent 75,000 francs to the colonists of Orléansville, and that he was about to contract a second marriage, having made magnificent presents to the object of his choice. Wonderful man! with an expenditure of 40,000 or 50,000 francs a year, he had paid off 60,000 or 80,000 francs of debts, and saved as much more—all that with a pay of only 10,000 francs!"

How these marvels were effected may be easily imagined; but to arrive at the certainty, we do not hesitate to put the following questions. We take upon ourselves all the responsibility of so doing:

Is it true, yes or no, that in 1845 a sub-lieutenant of the 63rd of the line, attached to the Arab office of Orléansville, accused in writing to the governor-general of Algeria, M. St. Arnaud, his colonel, of having appropriated to his own use considerable sums arising from the Arab contributions of the subdivision?

Is it true, yes or no, that this accusation was transmitted by the governor-general to General Levasseur, commandant of the division of Algiers, with orders to examine into it?

Is it true, yes or no, that the accusing sub-lieutenant, having been summoned to Algiers, was placed in Fort l'Empereur, and liberated after a journey to Algiers by Colonel St. Arnaud,

* The part liable to be seized in virtue of the French military legislation.

although the military law imperatively required that the sub-lieutenant should have been brought before a council of war for insulting his superior officer ?

Is it true, yes or no, that everybody was scandalized at seeing the inquiry suspended, and that the unanimous feeling of the whole army of Africa was that the young under-lieutenant had spoken the truth ?

These questions are supported by a passage in the pamphlet *Les Trois Maréchaux*, too clear and too detailed not to bring conviction to every mind :

. . . “ M. de St. Arnaud was still hesitating, when an unforeseen event compelled him to surrender himself, body and soul, to the conspirators.

“ For some time past a councillor of the Court of Appeal of Algiers had been engaged at Orléansville in making an inquiry into certain disorders which had been discovered in the administration of a commandant of that fortress. The transactions called in question went back to the period when M. St. Arnaud was at the head of a subdivision, at which time the commandant referred to performed the functions of civil commissary and magistrate. Hence it so happened that, in the course of his investigations, the councillor fell upon the name of the general compromised in a very serious manner. The affair immediately oozed out and spread abroad. The *Atlas*, an Algiers republican journal, and the *National*, both mentioned it. It was impossible to stifle it, even if justice had been willing to participate in doing so. The governor wrote to the minister upon the subject without delay, and all that could be done then was to put a stop to the inquiry under some pretext or other that I do not remember. The matter, however, was not destined to rest there ; it was speedily and unavoidably to be revived.

“ M. de St. Arnaud, on being apprised of the blow with which he was menaced, immediately accepted the office of Minister of War, resolved to do everything to escape the hands of justice, which were already stretched out to seize him.”

If the author of *Les Trois Maréchaux* published a new edition of his pamphlet, he might add the following well-authenticated particular.—The commandant of the fortress in question, is M. Martin, chef d'escadron of the staff of fortresses. He was condemned in June, 1852, to be imprisoned for one year, by the first council of war of the division of Algiers, after they had removed from the papers designed for legal evidence all

that concerned too directly St. Arnaud. The accusation from which it was impossible to save Martin, so much publicity had the facts acquired, was always followed, in the origin, by the punishment of the galleys to the convict. They patched up things in such a way as to reduce it to small proportions, in order to obtain at least from Martin an absolute silence on his financial transactions with the Elysean minister of war. The law-proceedings of commandant Martin, entrusted at first to the 2nd council of war of the division of Oran, were withdrawn from the latter in all haste, because it was perceived that the commissary of the government, acting with that council, was a man of great moral worth, of high probity, inaccessible to bribery,—Captain Montagut he was, the same who was *struck off the army list*, shortly after December, for having refused to take the oath. It is, indeed, CERTAIN that, in spite of the clearing of the legal papers effected at Algiers, St. Arnaud could not fail to be compromised if the commissary of the government had been willing to conscientiously search for the truth. When the affair was stealthily taken away from the hands of Captain Montagut, Martin, who had been transferred from the prison of Algiers to that of Oran, was brought back from Oran to Algiers, where his examination before the law terminated as we have just mentioned.

It is easy to see, by the nature of these details, that we hold them from good sources. After all, we know that St. Arnaud has it in his power to bring an action against us for libel; let him do so, if he dare!

The second of December came, and with its bloody sponge wiped out the record of these pecculations; but it may be plainly perceived that the commander-in-chief of the French forces sent to Constantinople had at the time many urgent personal motives to enter into the Elysean conspiracy, in which one of the main objects was to lay hands upon the public purse.

It will be at once felt that such a man could not possess the least sincerity of speech. To paint his character completely, we must quote a striking example of his peculiar truthlessness. When the discussion took place relative to the proposal of the questors to invest the *President of the Assembly* with the right of calling for the troops, St. Arnaud read to the Assembly a discourse which concluded with the following words: "Thus inopportunistly and *unconstitutionally* the proposition evinces

an unjust mistrust of the executive power. In the name of the *public safety*, we call upon you not to take it into consideration." In this we see that, on the 19th of November, at the very moment he was putting the last touches to the plot, he complained in the tribune—he, the minister of war—of being suspected!

But he had been even more explicit before the committee charged to examine the proposition. The members of that committee have not forgotten his reiterated assurances of respect for the Assembly and for the Constitution, nor the indignation he displayed at the idea that people could surmise his good faith! "I, gentlemen," said he actually, among other things, "I, attack the Constitution! But instead of that I should court the honour of being first in arms to defend it." These words, taken down by a member of the committee who cited them to us since, were uttered with his hand close to his heart, and with a certain dramatic tone of voice peculiar to the fellow, and which he never fails to assume in great emergencies.

He even exhibits this ignoble impudence of lying in the midst of carnage. We shall shortly behold him felicitating his prætorians on having "*saved the Republic!*" This, however, is a trait peculiar to the conspirators of December. Read all they said or wrote then, all they have said or written since then, and you will see that, in order the better to deceive the people and the army together, they invariably invoke the Republic, even in those very measures which were intended to destroy it.

The part played by St. Arnaud in December is marked by the stamp of savage ferocity. It reeks blood. On the night of the 1st of December the compositors of the National Printing Office were locked in to set up the placards for the insurrection, every outlet being guarded by gendarmes mobiles. "Captain de la Roche Doisy," coolly says the historiographer of the Elysée himself, "ordered them to load their muskets quietly, and gave the instructions *sent by the Minister of War*. They were plain: '*To SHOOT all who should attempt to get out, or approach a window.*' Nothing could be plainer, but at the same time nothing could be more necessary."—(P. Mayer, *Histoire du 2 Décembre*, page 50.)

On the 3rd, St. Arnaud issued the following proclamation:

"The Minister of War,

"Considering the law on the state of siege,

“Orders:

“Every person taken constructing barricades, or defending a barricade, or with arms in his hands, will be SHOT. Paris, 3rd Dec. 1851.

“Signed,

“DE SAINT ARNAUD.”

On the 7th he wrote to the generals commanding the military divisions: “All armed insurrection has ceased in Paris, through a *vigorous* repression. The same energy will produce the same result everywhere. All who resist must be SHOT, *in the name of society*, in legitimate defence.

“Signed,

“DE SAINT ARNAUD.”

It is the warfare of cannibals. No prisoners!

If anything could surpass the hideousness of these *blancs-seings*, ready for murder, given to the first drunken corporal, against every good citizen defending the laws, it would be the proclamation to the army, after this butchery of the 4th December, which still horrifies the world:

“THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, Paris, Dec. 4, 1851.

“Soldiers,—You have accomplished to-day a *great act* of your military life. You have preserved the country from *anarchy and pillage*, and SAVED THE REPUBLIC. FRANCE ADMIRES YOU AND THANKS YOU. In every garrison your comrades are proud of you, and, in case of need, *would follow your example!!*

“Signed,

“DE ST. ARNAUD.”

But to continue. Leroy, *alias* de St. Arnaud, the legitimist ex-garde du corps, owed some share of his military success to MM. d'Orléans, with whom he was very assiduous in Algeria. He had been one of the most demonstrative courtiers of their father, which however did not prevent him from being one of the first to “offer *his sword*,” to the Revolution of February. And yet when his comrade of the Elysée confiscated the property of MM. d'Orléans, he thought it incumbent on him to offer an example of stoicism. He made a show of tendering his resignation as Minister, which, however, as may be understood, was not accepted. We read, regarding this affair, in the *Bulletin Français*, a publication well-informed upon everything relative to the residents at Claremont:

“M. St. Arnaud was so much a valuable man, fit for every kind of work, and ready for every chance, that, on board the very ship which brought him back to Toulon, overburdened

with the laurels of 'Little' Kabylia, and with his eyes fixed on those which were awaiting him in a less honourable warfare, he wrote—as is now known—to one of the exiled princes with whom he had served in African campaigns. He renewed to the prince, in this letter, the assurances of his attachment, and besought him *ever to count upon services* on his part which no one thought of asking from him. Now, is not this really being armed for every event? Admire to what perfection the profession of *condottiere* may be carried even in these days! Read the *Moniteur*! M. St. Arnaud demanded that it should be therein acknowledged, that in order not to associate himself in the spoliation of the House of Orléans, he had begged for the acceptance of his resignation. Meanwhile it is a strange sight presented by this power, so sovereignly virtuous and reparatory, to behold it unblushingly parading the sad conditions of its precarious existence in the very face of the country. The prince retains ministers who compel him to allow them to publish their resignations in the *Moniteur* as an evidence of the displeasure which his wishes cause them; and at the very moment they offer to give up office these ministers reconsider the matter, and resign themselves to keep their places to carry out precisely the very measures, which, a little before, seemed so much to disgust them!"

St. Arnaud, it must be acknowledged, finds some very pretty pickings in this line of business. At this moment he receives 130,000 francs as Minister of War; 100,000 francs as Grand Equerry; 40,000 francs as Marshal of France; and 30,000 francs as senator; altogether 300,000 francs a year. What a conqueror of *partageux*!

Such are, however, the men whom honest people congratulate on their having saved France from "pillage!" It is true that the plunderers, when they were in power, ceded their emoluments to the exchequer.* O, honest people, you are very guilty!

One would fancy that a *chevalier d'industrie*, who in his early days had pawned a woollen shawl and two women's chemises for eighteen francs, might content himself with 300,000 francs a year, especially so when his companion, the

* We care not to adduce proper names here; but this fact is of the utmost authenticity. It has been recorded in the report of M. Ducos to the Constituent Assembly on the expenses of the Provisional Government.

so-called Emperor, has just presented his daughter with a dowry of 300,000 francs, for whom he had been able to find a husband in the army. Nothing of the sort. No position can raise such fellows above their character. They have a sort of morbid craving for certain matters of a venturesome nature. St. Arnaud, marshal and minister, still gambles at the Bourse. A loss of 800,000 francs, which he had sustained in consequence of one of those stock-jobbing speculations, and which he did not show any very great eagerness to discharge, raised a good deal of scandal in the course of last year. M. Bonaparte, to stifle the ugly rumours which spread abroad, in spite of the servility of the press, paid it for him, it is said, and the following appeared in the *Moniteur* of Jan. 13, 1853 :

“Public opinion has recently been directed to the situation of the Bourse, and to *certain operations* in which the name of a *very high functionary* has been implicated. The *Emperor*, who desires to found the influence of his administration on the *respect inspired by the probity and dignity* of the functionaries of every degree, has been concerned at the reports which have reached him. He has been anxious to learn the truth as to their nature and origin, and has ordered investigations, which have furnished the most incontestable proof that these reports have no kind of foundation, and are the result of an odious calumny.”

Is not this good bail? A Bonaparte guaranteeing the integrity of a St. Arnaud! Are we at the Italian playhouse? Of course we affirm nothing this time; but we may simply state that the affair found in Paris very few unbelievers, and that the note of the *Moniteur* confirmed it for those who still had any doubts. We do not apologize for relating that edifying circumstance, since the *Moniteur* has made it public. At best, what a government must that be under which the official journal is employed to defend the personal honesty of the Minister of War!!

As a soldier, the worthy minister is more than incompetent. To prove this assertion, we shall content ourselves with quoting the following extract from *Les Trois Maréchaux*, the author of which is well fitted to speak on such a subject. Mentioning the campaign in Kabylia, which the Elysée entrusted to St. Arnaud, for the purpose of giving a sort of illustriousness to its general at the time when he had to carry out their scheme, the author says :

“Professional men think very little of the talent displayed

in these operations. They consider the plan to have been badly conceived, and badly executed. They perceive that, whether from ignorance of this species of warfare, or from a desire to exaggerate the difficulties overcome, M. de St. Arnaud almost invariably had recourse to direct attack where he ought to have turned the enemy's positions by manœuvring. In no other way can it be explained how the number of killed and wounded always amounted to one-tenth of the effective force of the column, a proportion previously unknown in the war in Africa, even in Kabylia, when the operations were conducted by skilled generals."

As commander of an army, St. Arnaud possesses less than insufficient qualifications. "He never studied anything, and he knows nothing," says on this point again the author of *Les Trois Maréchaux*.[†] The disorderly state wherein he has left the Ministry of War on setting out for Turkey, does not tell less as to his administrative incapacity than as to his ignorance of every detail connected with organization.

The pamphlet of *Les Trois Maréchaux* says that St. Arnaud is personally brave. We doubt it; we hold the belief that men devoid of honour are cowards. But be this as it may, the following episode of his military life proves plainly that he is without moral courage.—The Revolution of February found him on leave of absence at Paris, gaily enjoying the honeymoon of a second marriage. At the beginning of the struggle, he hastened to offer his services to the Ministry of War. As one of the most devoted servants of the younger branch, he received on the 22nd of February the command of a brigade of the army of Paris, with the duty of defending the Prefecture of Police. On the 24th, his position ceased to be tenable, and he was ordered to fall back on the Place du Carrousel. To force a passage through the now partly-armed masses of the people was not an easy task. He parleyed with them, promising not to take part in any hostilities against them if they would allow him a free passage. These propositions were accepted, but on one express condition, to which he had the cowardice and the infamy to submit: it was to give up a detachment of foot and mounted municipal guards which formed part of his brigade. The brutal rage of the municipal guards in the repression of *émeutes* under Louis-Philippe, their provoking attitude, their annoying, and frequently even cruel, conduct in the discharge of their police duties, the resistance

which they had everywhere offered during the previous two days to the reform manifestations, and which had rendered them justly odious to the Parisian population,—all united to draw down terrible reprisals upon these wretched men whom General St. Arnaud was then delivering up. He, however, gave no thought to this; but, fortunately, some amongst the crowd raised their voices in their behalf. The people, always sensible to an appeal to their generosity, spared them, satisfied with having imposed a dishonourable capitulation on the officer who commanded them. Unfortunately, however, some had fallen victims during the first few minutes.*

Such is the man under whose orders Lord Raglan and Omer Pacha seem indisposed to place themselves! We can imagine their scruples. And who could persist in giving them credit for the elevation of their character, if such scruples found no seat, or were stifled in their breasts? After reading this statement of facts, every Englishman worthy of the name will blush for the soldiers of Great Britain to be commanded by a fellow of that kind, and will fear to see them given up in some embarrassing circumstance, as he abandoned the municipal guards. Let us speak plainly: Jacques Leroy, *alias* Achille de St. Arnaud, is an arrant scoundrel; his elevation to the rank of marshal is one of the deepest stains imprinted by the Bonapartists on our army; and if the government of the 2nd December had the least shame, it would have spared Queen Victoria the insult of putting him at the head of the French force in the joint expedition to the war in Turkey. Unhappy are the times, when a rascal of so low a description acts one of the principal parts! England, constrained to put up with him, receives henceforth the first chastisement for an alliance so unworthy of her.

Since the above was written, we have read in the newspapers that the generals of the combined forces in the East, had not only consented to fight in company with Master St. Arnaud, but had besides tendered him the head command. We simply put the following three questions.—1. Did St. Arnaud forswear his most sacred duties on the 2nd December? Yes, or no? Nobody will think of denying it. 2. Were not the prisoners of the civil war on the 4th December

* *Les Trois Maréchaux. Biographies Bonapartistes.*

shot by St. Arnaud's orders? Yes, or no? His own father, himself, would answer, Yes. 3. Did St. Arnaud commit audacious embezzlements in Africa? Yes, or no? His own mother, herself, would not answer, No. It is regrettable that Lord Raglan and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge should be unacquainted with such facts; else they would certainly not have so willingly placed themselves under the command of an officer who has violated honour, and slaughtered prisoners; and who, moreover, is a desperate thief!

It is a thing well agreed upon—we, republicans, are plunderers; we think only of partitioning the possessions of the rich, without even leaving them any share thereof; we spend our lives in pot-houses; we have not the least notion of what is a gentlemanly bearing; at length, we are very ill-bred people, for we sometimes happen to give an offence in return for an offence, and to say to those who call us demagogues, You are cowardly liars. That is a well-understood thing. But it must also be owned that there are to be seen under the wainscots of high society, connexions which at first sight, at least, do not seem quite honourable; and that there occur among “well-bred and honest people,” facts, whose appearance at least is not honest. Well, after all, we'll have the public-house, since they preserve there the tradition of those vulgar things called self-respect, the worthiness of one's name, and contempt for traitors.

M. LOUIS NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

WE have mentioned, in this pamphlet, the chief titles of M. Bonaparte to the esteem of the world. The people of this country are aware how irregular was the life he led in England, during his sojourn here. We will therefore confine ourselves to a statement of facts less known than those which have brought the conspirator of Boulogne to be “*the good friend*” of Nicholas, and the ally of England. The first is furnished by the *Pennsylvanian Freeman* of Philadelphia (No. of Dec. 9, 1852):—

“The editor of the *Brooklyn Advertiser* says he knew Louis Napoléon, the would-be emperor of France, when the latter was residing some years ago in New York—‘very poor, and very dissipated.’” The *Brooklyn Advertiser* adds:—“Louis Napoléon was frequently expelled from *certain places* in which

he intruded himself, and more than *a dozen times* was the occupant of a cell at the Old Jail in the Park, long since torn down. Not long prior to his leaving the United States, he was *arrested* for a *misdemeanor* committed by him at the house of a woman *whose establishment* he often visited; and the writer of this article was employed professionally by him to save him from the threatened consequences of his recklessness and indiscretion. We little supposed, at that time, that the thoughtless young man who was then our client, (and who is *still indebted to us* for counsel fees and *disbursements*,) would become Emperor of France." *

These habits of debauchery of all sorts are inherent in M. Bonaparte; we shall see with what gravity, and in what company and disposition of mind, he came to take possession of his empire, in 1840. Mr. James Crow, the captain of the *Edinburgh Castle*, (the steam-ship which brought to Boulogne M. Bonaparte and *his live eagle*,†) was called as a witness at the time of the law-proceedings consequent upon that ludicrous prank. Here is an extract from his examination:—

“ Q. Did you perceive that these *gentlemen* drank during the last hours they remained on board your ship ?

“ A. *They drank considerably; I never saw any one drink more than they did*, (it is an Englishman who speaks!)—and of all sorts of wines.

“ Q. Are you aware that the travellers who were on board your ship carried with them large sums of money ?

“ A. It appeared to me they had much money; and I noticed that, as soon as they embarked, *they handed 100 francs* to each *soldier*.” (*Moniteur*, August 9, 1840.)

* These recollections of America are entirely in keeping with the opinion which the Emperor's nephew has given of himself, in France. The people of Paris, always so marvellously right in the application of their nicknames, call him *Badinguet*; this is the name applied, in workshops, to the debauchees and drunkards among workmen, and who, involved in debt, regularly waste Mondays, (besides Sundays,) without the barriers, in places of amusement.

† We have seen above (page 39) that the ridiculous act of carrying a live eagle with him, with a view to take possession of France, was positively done by the fellow whom deep English politicians gravely call “the clever ruler of France!”

The prefect of Pas-de-Calais, M. Gauja, says in his general report to the Minister :

“The captain of the steamer told us that the rebels had drunk sixteen dozen bottles of wine during their passage from London to Wimereux, without counting brandy and liqueurs. The soldiers of the 42nd, who were present at the contest, and whom we have interrogated, have assured us that the rebels were almost all TIPSY.” (*Procès de N. L. Bonaparte, &c.*, 1 vol. published by Pagnerre, 1840, p. 28.) At length, the prefect of Boulogne, M. Launay-Leprevot, says in addition, in his private report:—“L. Bonaparte and suite seem to have landed this morning at about three or four o'clock, at a distance of two miles and a half from the city of Boulogne. During their march towards the town, they stopped to *drink*.” (*Procès, &c.*, p. 7.) It must be owned that those are not very temperate emperor's nephews. Wine and gold—such constitute all the genius of the modern Augustus. We have not forgotten the libations in the plain of Satory, where the troops were for the first time made to call out: Vive l'Empereur!

One might be inclined to believe that that conqueror was still under the influence of liquor when he confiscated the property of the house of Orleans. How could he, under any other supposition, have exposed himself to the sad revelations which such an act could not but draw down on his head? The motives alleged by the decree of spoliation were insulting to the memory of Louis-Philippe. His four sons stigmatized them in a letter, wherein one reads, among other things: . . . “It has appeared to us that, to such imputations, the silence of *scorn* was the fittest answer. We will not, therefore, *lower* ourselves to dwell on the more peculiar *heinous* character of those *calumnies*, when set forth again, as they now are, by him who has *twice* been placed in a position to appreciate the magnanimity of King Louis-Philippe, and whose family has received from the latter nothing but *benefits*. We are happy to be justified in stating that those *shameful* decrees, and their alleged motives, *more shameful still*, have dared to come to light only under the ‘régime’ of the state of siege, and after the suppression of all guarantees of protection to the liberties of the nation, &c. . . .

“Signed,

LOUIS D'ORLÉANS,

(Heretofore Duc de Nemours.)

FRANÇOIS D'ORLÉANS,

(Heretofore Prince de Joinville.)”

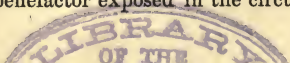
Messrs. Henri and Antoine d'Orléans (heretofore Duc d'Aumale and Duc de Montpensier) wrote, for their own part, the former from Naples, the other from Madrid, that "they shared in the sentiments of their brothers and repelled those *calumnies* with painful *indignation*."

There are, in these letters, some expressions intentionally and directly insulting. M. Bonaparte has kept the whole—the insults as well as the money.

The word *benefits*, which Messrs. d'Orléans are contented with only dropping with a contemptuous discretion, has been naturally explained by their friends in the 11th No. of the *Nouveau Bulletin Français* (p. 201). It cannot but be inferred therefrom, that the conduct of the pardoned prisoner of Louis-Philippe is still worse than an act of political ingratitude:—

"Some newspapers," say they, "have adverted to a precious necklace worn by H. R. H. the Duchess of Montpensier, at an evening party of H. M. Queen Victoria. They have mentioned that that necklace had been sold to the Queen Marie-Amélie by the Countess of St. Leu, the mother of Prince Louis Bonaparte. They said nothing respecting the conditions of the bargain. The Countess of St. Leu having sent word to the Tuileries, that she was reduced to the *deepest misery*, and had no other resource left but that necklace, which she entreated the royal family to purchase of her, she was asked, in answer, at what price she would dispose of it. This was leaving her at liberty to fix herself whatever sum she might want. *She largely used that discretion*, and demanded 400,000 francs (16,000*l.*); they sent to her 700,000 francs (28,000*l.*) Prince Bonaparte is a good son; he avenges his mother as he avenges himself: he no more forgives the House of Orléans for the magnificent *alms* given to his mother than he forgives the clemency with which he himself has been remitted."

This fact has not been gainsayed; it is undoubtedly authentic, for the *Bulletin Français* is known to be in the intimacy of the residents at Claremont. Let prætorian generals acclaim a Cæsarion, let the Church proclaim him "the elect of God;" for our part, a man capable of thus forgetting an act of charity done towards his mother, will always seem to us less deserving of a crown than of the aversion reserved for the ungrateful. "Seneca," says Citizen Pascal Duprat, "tells us of a lion which, seeing its benefactor exposed in the circus,



ran to his assistance. That lion must be considered a very stupid animal, by the hero of the 2nd of December." (*Les Tables de Proscription de L. Bonaparte et de ses Complices*; 2 vols. Liège, 1852.)

There is another reason why M. Bonaparte should find that lion stupid: it is, that the lion is a courageous animal. For indeed that man unites to all his vices that of cowardice. He, whom some people in England call clever, is not even intelligent enough to make a display of bravery. And this is one more motive of astonishment that the French army should have chosen him to raise him to power.

We have just seen what provocations from Messrs. d'Orléans he has endured without a single word of answer thereto.—At Boulogne he trembled to such a degree that he missed Captain Col-Puygelier, with the muzzle of his pistol close to the latter.*—At Strasbourg he quaked again. The

* This is how the accused L. N. Bonaparte sought, at the time of the law proceedings relative to the Boulogne affair, to clear himself from the charge of attempt at assassination. He himself confesses, as we shall presently see, that fright had deprived him of his senses. Before the magistrate, when the private examination took place, he said: "Perceiving that my undertaking had failed, *I fell into a kind of despair*, and,—as I will never conceal any act of mine,—I took a pistol, SEEMINGLY WITH THE INTENTION OF GETTING RID OF THE CAPTAIN; and, before I was willing to fire, the pistol went off and the shot hit a grenadier, as I was subsequently informed." At the audience the accused repeated almost the same thing: "I have said before that there are moments *when one is unable to account to one's self for one's intentions*; when I saw the tumult beginning at the barracks, I took my pistol, and it went off *without any intention*, on my part, of directing it against anybody whatever." These wretched explanations suffice to establish that M. Bonaparte had really fired upon the captain. This cannot be doubtful, for Captain Col-Puygelier has declared it in his report in the most express manner:—"Whilst I was setting my troops in order," says he, "these individuals tried to get in; I intimated to them to withdraw or I was going to use material compulsion. As I was particularly addressing Prince Louis, HE FIRED A PISTOL AT ME, whose shot hit a grenadier in the mouth." Assuredly, between the affirmation of Captain Col-Puygelier and the denial of a

general of artillery, Radoult-Lafosse, has related half-a-score of times to our honourable companion in exile, Citizen Dubruel, (we are authorized to repeat it,) that M. Napoleon III. had behaved there as the meanest of men. The affair having failed, a few compromised officers assembled in the yard of the barracks. Expecting to be soon forced, they at once prepared to make a defence, resolved to fight for their lives to the last. M. Bonaparte, instead of joining them, and placing himself at their head, hid himself in a corner of the yard, behind a few horses that happened to be there. It is known how he was caught with his mates.—On the 2nd of December, he was to be seen in no spot where there was any danger to run; he disdained too much his barricade enemies to consent to approach them. Since the prætorians were so anxious about making an emperor of that indefatigable runaway, they should have proclaimed him under his true name, Claudius II.

If, after cowardice, lying be the most contemptible of all vices, the present ally of Great Britain is the most contemptible of all men, for his life is nought but a long and continuous lie. He lies in all places, he lies above all things, he lies as to all things, he lies in the face of all men, he lies at all times.—Condemned on the 6th of October, 1840, to imprisonment for life, he exclaimed in a stoical strain: “At least, I shall not be deprived of the happiness of dying in France.” (*Works of L. N. Bonaparte*, vol. i. p. 28.) He afterwards descants at random on this theme. In August, 1842, in connexion with the sugar question, he finds an opportunity for saying: “I thank Heaven every day for allowing me to remain on the French soil, the object of all my love, and which *I will not leave on any account, not even for the sake of my liberty.*” (vol. ii. p. 119.) In April, 1843, he writes to the *Progrès du Pas de Calais*: “If I should be offered to exchange my present condition for that of exile, *I would refuse*, for it would be, in my eyes, an aggravation of punishment. *I had rather be a*

L. N. Bonaparte, nobody will hesitate to credit the captain. Withal, his report is found to be confirmed by the following deposition. Sergeant Rinck: “In that moment the captain called out to me, “*Grenadiers, up and at them!*” All of a sudden, Prince Louis FIRED A PISTOL UPON THE CAPTAIN; *he missed him*, and the shot hit a grenadier standing in his rank.”

captive on the soil of France than a free man in a foreign country." (vol. i. p. 30.) In the month of October, 1844, his *Revue de l'Empire* thus expresses itself under his dictation: "An amnesty would replace the *Prince* under proscription. It would give him up anew to all the pangs, to all the bitterness, to all the sufferings of exile.* The fortress of Ham is preferable; it is a prison, the *Prince* said so, but it is a prison in France, and that is better than liberty in exile. An amnesty would therefore be to him a real aggravation." (*Works*, &c., vol. iii. p. 298.)

Pure lying, all this! When the government is sufficiently wheedled by this so persevering patriotic quackery, the noble *Prince* scampers in 1846, to hastily seek in London, in a mason's attire, the aggravation of exile!!—We find it quite natural that a prisoner should make his escape; but we deem it unworthy of a man of honour to pretend in that case that he has no intention of doing so.

Under what heap of lies, again, has not M. Bonaparte disguised his imperial designs! In order to become an emperor, that man had the mean courage of proclaiming himself a republican for twenty consecutive years!! He began in 1832: "From the opinions I set forth," said he, in a publication of that time, "it can be seen that my principles are *entirely republican*." (*Works* of L. N. Bonaparte, vol. i. p. 76.) He afterwards adds: "The great bulk of the French nation, who never allow themselves to be corrupted by the men in power, are the patriots, and the patriots of our days are for the most part *republican*." (*Works*, vol. i. p. 80.)

In everything he has written, he loudly professes the same sentiments: "I do not stickle for the *principle* of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, nor the *brutal* manner in which it was effected; (vol. iii. p. 141) as a *citizen*, as a man devoted to the *liberties* of my country, I make a wide distinction between the Consulate and the Empire; the Empire has clashed with *several* of our modern notions, and disregarded a few truths; but the Consulate has remained, in the appreciation of *all true patriots*, the purest emblem of the *Revolution*,

* How many citizens those very men who wrote these lines exiled, only with a view to place their *Prince* on the throne!! And what have they not done since, in the way of evil, for like purposes?

one of the finest pages in our history. If now-a-days there still exists a sincere and national opinion, *which has undertaken the mission of bringing back the republican forms*, it is because there still are a great many elevated minds which regret that government composed of two elective assemblies, of a Council of the State, and of a responsible chief with two millions of francs for his *liste civile*." (Vol. iii. pp. 146 and 152.) The first thing which the writer of these lines did, when once in power, was to adjudge to himself a civil list of 45 millions fres.

On every occasion, ever and anon, the future emperor made his appeal, for coaxing public opinion, to the remembrance of the Republic: "The soil we tread on, from Moscow to the Pyramids, has been the battle-field wherein the children of the *Republic* and of the Empire gave a fresh lustre to the title of Frenchman. And, which is perhaps still more glorious, is that if there be, among all foreign peoples, ameliorations in their codes, or useful works, durable labours, benevolent institutions, it was the young battalions *of the Republic* which prepared the way for these changes." (Vol. i. p. 179.) "No foundation is secure which is not laid on stones; and to build on stones in our days is to lay the foundations of government upon a *democratic organization*." (Vol. iii. p. 128.)

In 1837, the Council of the Canton of Turgovia having conferred upon him the rights of a denizen, M. Bonaparte wrote to the President of the Council of the canton: "Be assured that *in all the circumstances of my life*, as a Frenchman and as a Bonaparte, I shall be proud *of being the denizen of a free State*." (Vol. i. p. 11.) At a subsequent period, he said to Switzerland: "I congratulate a people *which knows how to govern itself*, which daily tends to render itself more worthy of freedom and *of the great name of republic*." (Vol. i. p. 180.)

Every circumstance seemed fit, to that wretched man, for putting on a republican and even a socialist garb; it was thus that he asked one day for the release from prison of Citizen Barbès, in connexion with an amnesty which had been accorded to several of his own Strasbourg accomplices: "The names of Barbès and several other incriminated persons, on whose behalf the *democratic press* has *rightly* lifted up its voice, and whom disease undermines, ought to have figured the first on the amnesty list." . . (Vol. iii. p. 239.) At that period, "Prince Louis" called Abd-el-Kader "a chief of brigands," (vol. iii.

p. 109,) and said of General Cubières: "General Cubières, commander of the French troops at Ancona, brought no delay in making himself the *spy* of the papal government, and delivered up to it the Italians who confided in the man representing the French government." (Vol. iii. p. 107.) It is known that General Cubières, at first "a spy at Ancona," subsequently incurred in Paris a condemnation for embezzlement. No sooner all-powerful, the Augustus of our age, who has a decided taste for robbers, hastened to set at liberty Abd-el-Kader and Cubières, whatever he might have said of them; but he still keeps in prison Citizen Barbès, whatever may so "*justly*" have said "the *democratic* press."—We are aware that our inflexible friend Barbès, a true worthy of the good times of chivalry, would consider as a grievous outrage any manner of discharge proceeding from M. L. N. Bonaparte; it is in nowise, therefore, to call for his deliverance, that we readduce the fact; we only wish to expose all the amount of duplicity there is in the whilom democratic nephew.

H. M. Napoleon III. was particular about being of a republican origin. To hear him, all the chance kings who are in the family whose name he bears, were democrats, princes against their wills, remaining on the throne as little as possible, and cherishing at the bottom of their hearts the hallowed love of revolutionary principles. "That which, in our eyes," says he, "appears to be one of the worthiest acts of Joseph Bonaparte, is that he continued to his last hour a true *patriot* of 1789. The crowns of Naples and Spain, which he had successively worn, were to him but accessory events; *the Empire itself* was, according to his view, but an episode, in the *great revolutionary drama*, which had moved his whole being, and for which he had faithfully kept *all his sympathies*." (Vol. ii. p. 343.)

The King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, was a still stancher patriot than Joseph, King of Spain; at least, his putative son said so while publicly thanking some old soldiers who had assisted at the removal of the remains of Louis Bonaparte, sen., to St. Leu: "It is not the man, whom *hap* and victory had made a king of, *for several days*, that you have intended here to honour with your regrets, but it is the old soldier of the *republican* armies, the man who remained *but little on the throne*." (Vol. iii. p. 321.)

More curious still! Napoleon had become an emperor only

to effect a radical propaganda throughout Europe. "Frenchmen!" exclaims the nephew, "*let us return thanks to Napoleon*; it was he who implanted in France the principles of the *Republic*: the enfranchisement of all peoples—such was the goal to which he was leading us." (Vol. i. p. 72.) "Some persons have termed 'brigands' those men who regretted the *democratic* power of the *plebeian* hero, who insured the independence of peoples, and who was the true representative of *our Revolution*." (Vol. iii. p. 321.)—The more singular it is thus to judge of a despot who exclaimed, in giving up his ugly soul: "Kings will bewail me," the more one is justified to infer therefrom how very anxious the author was to pass himself off for a Republican.

Meanwhile, our republican publicist aimed, in the inmost recesses of his heart, at the Empire; for this reason it was, that in a project of constitution which he indites, he gives an Emperor to France, though calling still the Empire "*the French Republic, one and indivisible*." (Vol. i. p. 85.) But that Emperor is "the elect of universal suffrage" (p. 88), he is only the executive power, with two national legislative assemblies, both likewise elected by universal suffrage; at last, he wears the title of "*Emperor of the French Republic*, (p. 82).—This paltry logomachy proves only one thing; it is, that the author, sillily longing for a crown, knew that he had to deal with a thoroughly republican people.

So true is it, that, up to the last day, he constantly kept secret his projects as to the Empire. When, at Strasbourg, he addressed the artillerymen, he said to them, in showing them an old imperial eagle: "Behold here the symbol of French glory, destined to become also the emblem of *Liberty*;" and concluded by shouting "Vive la France! Vive la *Liberté*!" (Vol. iii. p. 189.) Therefore, no Empire. When, on the eve of the skirmish, he conversed with the officers gained over by Colonel Vaudrey, he enticed them in a still more explicit manner: "As the eldest of Napoleon's nephews, I can consider myself the representative of the popular wishes—I will not say of the *Empire*, because for the last twenty years the ideas and wants of France must have undergone a change." (Vol. iii. p. 201.)

The Revolution of February seemed to arouse all the republican feelings of the ridiculous pretender of Strasbourg; therefore, as soon as it broke out, he hastened to write to the Pro-

visional Government: "The people of Paris, having destroyed, through its heroism, the last vestiges of the foreign invasion, I come from exile, to place myself *under the banner of the Republic* which has just been proclaimed. *Without any other ambition than that of serving my country*, I come to announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and to assure them of *my devotedness to the cause which they represent*, as well as of *my sympathy for their persons*. Signed L. N. Bonaparte." (Vol. ii. p. 317.)

The Provisional Government, but little sensible to the devotedness of that humble *Prince Louis* sent him back to London, until the Constituent Assembly should have come to a decision respecting the fate of the banished families.

In the Constituent Assembly, it was proposed, on account of his two attempts as a disguised pretender, to enforce on his score alone the law of exile which presses upon the Bonaparte family; it was then that he wrote from London, on the 23rd of May:—

"Citizens, Representatives of the People, why should I deserve such a punishment? Could it be for . . . Could it be for having refused, from disinterestedness, to avail myself of votes to the Assembly, which were proposed to me, resolved as I have ever been to return to France only when the new Constitution shall be established and *the Republic rendered secure*? The same reasons which induced me to take up arms against the Government of Louis-Philippe would urge me, should my services be required, *to sacrifice myself FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE ASSEMBLY, ISSUED FROM UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE*. In presence of a king elected solely by two hundred deputies, I might be permitted to recollect that I was the heir to an empire; *in presence of the national Sovereignty, I CANNOT AND WILL NOT claim aught but my rights as a French citizen*," &c. (Vol. i. p. 46.)

Meanwhile, he was elected a Representative, but his name was sufficiently mixed up with the popular agitations of that time for still justifying surmises as to his designs; he then left Paris, and wrote to the Assembly:—

"London, June 11, 1848.

"I hear that my election is made use of as a pretext for grievous misunderstandings. I have not solicited the honour of being a Representative of the People, because I was aware of the *offensive* suspicions of which I was the object, &c. . . .

But I deprecate all those who attribute to me some ambitious intentions which I have not." (Vol. i., p. 47.)

To that letter was subjoined a duplicate of his thanks to the electors, in which we read: "I will unite my efforts with those of my colleagues *towards the consolidation of democratic institutions.* The people has been free ever since the 21th of February; it can *obtain everything without resorting to brute force.* Let us therefore rally round the altar of our native country, *under the banner of the Republic.*" (Vol. i. p. 49.)

Fully conscious that his intrigues had placed him in a perilous position, he took the resolution to remain in London, and sent in his resignation on the 15th of June, 1848, "on account," said he, "of the *offensive* suspicions to which his election was giving rise." He added that "he desired the preservation of a *Republic*, great, and free from excesses." (Vol. i. p. 50.)

Informed a few days afterwards, that he had been elected in Corsica, he resigned anew, in a letter dated July 8, 1848, and addressed to the President of the Assembly, wherein he said: "I think it incumbent on me to wait, before re-entering into my native country, until my presence in France can in nowise serve as a *pretext to the enemies of the Republic.* I am desirous that those who accuse me of ambition may be convinced of their error. Be pleased to assure the National Assembly of *my ardent wishes for the prosperity of the Republic.*" (Vol. i. p. 52.)

When came the new elections of September, 1848, he wrote publicly to General Piat: "I long to return to France, and to sit in the midst of the representatives of the people *who are willing to organize the Republic* upon broad and sound bases." (Vol. i. p. 53.)

Once elected, he took his seat in the Assembly, *on the left*, or opposition benches (vol. i. p. 54), and on the 26th of September, he uttered the following words at the tribune: "Citizens, Representatives,—After thirty-three years of proscription and exile, I at last recover both a place in my native country, and all my rights as a denizen. To the Republic I am indebted for this happy circumstance; *let the Republic accept my oath of gratitude, my oath of allegiance;* and let those generous countrymen of mine who have voted me to this Assembly rest assured that I will endeavour to deserve their suffrage, *by actively contributing to the development of the demo-*

eratic institutions which the people has a right to demand. My conduct, ever inspired *by duty*, ever animated *by respect for the law*, will prove, against the passions which have sought *to blacken me*, with a view to still proscribe me, that no one here is, *more than I*, resolved *to devote himself to the strengthening of the Republic.*" (Vol. i. p. 55.)

A month after this, on the 26th of October, M. L. N. Bonaparte begged leave to speak in the Assembly, to repel attacks directed against him: "Of what am I accused [said he]? Of accepting a candidature which I have not courted. Well, yes, I accept this candidature to the Presidency, because three successive elections and the decree of the National Assembly against the proscription of my family, justify me in the belief that France considers the name I bear *as susceptible of contributing TO THE STRENGTHENING and to the prosperity OF THE REPUBLIC.* How little do those who *accuse me of ambition* know the sentiments which actuate me!" (Vol. i. p. 57.)

In his address (*profession de foi*) as a candidate for the Presidency, he said: "To recall me from exile, you have elected me a Representative of the People.* There should exist no equivocation between you and me. I am not an ambitious man, *aiming now at the Empire* and at war, now at the application of subversive theories. Brought up, in free countries, at the school of adversity, I will ALWAYS remain *faithful to the duties which are imposed on me by your suffrage and by the WISHES OF THE ASSEMBLY.* Were I elected President, I would *devote myself entirely, without any after-thought, to the strengthening of a REPUBLIC*, wise by its laws, honest by its intentions, great and strong by its acts. I WOULD CONSIDER IT AN HONOUR *for me to leave, after the lapse of four years, to my successor, power strengthened, LIBERTY UNTAINTED, and a real progress accomplished.*" (Vol. i. p. 60.)

Elected President, he took the oath required by the Constitution, in the following terms: "*In the presence of GOD and before the French people*, represented by the National Assembly, *I swear to remain faithful to the DEMOCRATIC, one, and indivisible REPUBLIC; to fulfil all the duties imposed upon me by the Constitution.*" And scarcely had he uttered this oath,

* M. Bonaparte,—we think it may not be amiss to record it,—thereby acknowledges that the people have a right to elect a proscribed individual as one of their representatives, with a view to recall him from exile.

when he spontaneously added: "The suffrage of the nation, *and the oath which I have just taken, command my future conduct.* My duty is traced out, *I will fulfil it* AS AN HONEST MAN. I SHALL CONSIDER AS ENEMIES TO MY COUNTRY ALL THOSE WHO SHOULD ATTEMPT TO CHANGE, THROUGH ILLEGAL MEANS, THAT WHICH THE WHOLE OF FRANCE HAS ESTABLISHED."

Is it not beyond all conception, the effrontery of the man who, after taking the above oath, and speaking in the above fashion, with full consciousness of his doings; after saying in his electioneering address, written *subsequently to the voting of the Constitution*; "I will always remain faithful to the duties which *the wishes of the Assembly* might impose upon me;" is it not beyond all conception, the bare-faced audacity of the man who, after all that, dared to print, on the 2nd of December, in his appeal to the people: "The Constitution, you know, had been made with a view to weaken beforehand the power which you were going to entrust to me?"

When once President, M. Bonaparte no longer pronounces the word *Republic*: he discovers numerous defects in the Constitution for which he has *himself* voted as Representative, and which he has very freely sworn to as President; but he lavishes asseverations of faithfully keeping his word pledged to that Constitution.

On December 31, 1849, he concluded his first message in these terms: "I wish to be worthy of the nation's confidence, *by maintaining the Constitution to which I have sworn!*"

The message of November 12, 1850, says the same thing: "I have often declared, whenever the opportunity offered of freely expressing my sentiment, *that I should consider* AS HIGHLY GUILTY *those who, through personal ambition,* SHOULD JEOPARDIZE THE LITTLE AMOUNT OF STABILITY WHICH THE CONSTITUTION INSURES TO US. Every one, *except myself,* is allowed to try to hasten the revision of our fundamental law. If the Constitution contains flaws and broods dangers, you all are at liberty to point them out in the interest of the country. *I, alone,* BOUND BY MY OATH, shall confine myself within the strict limits which it has marked out. Whatever may be the solutions which time will bring on, let us mutually understand ourselves, *in order that it may never fall to the lot of passions, surprise, and violence, to decide the fate of a great nation: let us inspire the people with a religious respect for legality, by never ourselves swerving therefrom.* That which is especially

the object of my cares, *believe me*, is not the question as to who shall govern France in 1852; it is, to employ the time which is left to me, so as that the transition, whatever it may be, shall take place without any agitation, and without difficulty. *The noblest aim, as also the most worthy of an elevated soul, is not to seek, when one is in power, by what expedients one may be able to continue therein*; but it is, to unceasingly keep an eye on the means of consolidating, in the interests of all the citizens, the principles of authority and morals, which bid defiance to the passions of men and to the instability of the laws. I have fairly opened my heart to you; you will respond *to my frankness* by your confidence, *to my good intentions* by your assistance, and God will do the rest.

“Elysée National, Nov. 12, 1850.”

A few months previously, (July 30, 1849,) at Tours, in one of those speeches which were turned by his friends into great events, the President also said: “I have not come among you with any after-thought, but to show myself such as I am, and not *such as calumny represents me to be*. It has been, and still is pretended, that the government meditates some enterprise, similar to that of the 18th Brumaire. But are we in like circumstances? . . . *Have confidence in the future, without thinking of coups d'état and insurrections. Coups d'état lack now even a pretext. Have confidence in the National Assembly, and in your chief magistrates, who are the elects of the nation.*”

He had already expressed the same sentiment, on July 22, 1849, while playing the friend of order, on his visit to Ham: “When one has seen how many evils *the justest* revolutions drag along in their train, *one cannot easily understand* the audacity of having consented to assume *the terrible responsibility of a change*. I therefore do not complain to have atoned, by six years' imprisonment, *my temerity in having risen against the laws of my native country*; and it is with a sentiment of happiness that, in this very place where I have suffered, I propose to you a toast in honour of every man who is resolved, *despite his convictions, to respect the institutions of his country,*” &c.

Indeed, every peruser of the foregoing, will own it—no one in the world has, more than M. Bonaparte, vouched the Republic. Maugre this long series of professions of gratitude towards her; maugre these so absolute promises of devotedness

to her service; maugre these so precise engagements that he would use his endeavours to strengthen her, he overthrew her, and—as if to crown the heap of his treasons,—at the very moment he stabbed in the back that Republic which had reopened to him the doors of his native country, and whose chief magistrate he was, he formally proclaimed that his *coup d'état* had no other object than to save her! “Now,” we read in his appeal to the people, on Dec. 2, “now that the men who have ruined two monarchies strive to tie my hands, *in order to overthrow the Republic*, my duty is to baffle their perfidious aims, AND TO MAINTAIN THE REPUBLIC.”

Verily, that saviour of order is felony perambulating, lie incarnated, a phenomenon of duplicity! In him, the honesty of a public man is as completely wanting as the probity of a private man! He is an unprincipled man in the full acceptance of the term. Who ever was more explicit regarding his duties, at the very instant he prepared to trample on them?—To declare himself a republican all his life long, until the last moment, so as to purloin a crown! “What a clever pate!” some people will perhaps here again exclaim. Such is not our opinion: we deem all that, on the contrary, most cowardly and most silly.

M. Bonaparte has not only told lies to the Republic victorious, he has told lies to France conquered; he has shamefully forsworn all the engagements he had entered into respecting her. Hear him: “*I represent a defeat—that of Waterloo,—and I will avenge it.*” (Boulogne trial.) “There are but two parties in France: the *victors* and the *vanquished* of Waterloo.” (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 349.) “If the ministry had not 60,000 soldiers in Paris, *the defenders of the treaties of 1815* would not remain a single day in power.” (Vol. iii. p. 86.) “What could be more humiliating to us, Frenchmen, than to think that the Holy Alliance *hinders us from rebuilding our walls of Huningue?*” (Vol. i. p. 177.) “The emperor, my uncle, preferred abdicating the empire to accepting in treaties the restricted boundaries which could not but expose France to be an object of contempt for other nations. I have not forgotten such lessons for a single day.” (Vol. i. p. 26.)

It must be fully made known,—those men who followed the would-be emperor's nephew in his first exploits, were chiefly allured by the persuasion wherein he kept them, that his in-

tentions were to restore to warlike France her lustre, tarnished by the events of 1814 and 1815. We find again, in an incident of the pleading relative to the Boulogne trial, an echo of those lofty promises, with particular stress laid thereon:—M. Jules Favre was speaking on behalf of the accused Aladenize: “Aladenize (said he) has not adhered to the *Prince's* party, but to that of the *citizen*, whom he believed destined to revive *the liberties* and THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE COUNTRY. (Groans on some benches in the court.) I am only endeavouring to interpret the then sentiments of Aladenize; and, in saying that the Prince who stood before him, led him to hope that he would have one day the power of restoring to France her former boundaries, I have explained what were the illusions of Aladenize.” Aladenize, rising:—“I approve of these words of my counsel.” (*Trial, &c.*, p. 248.)

The *citizen*, to whose party M. Aladenize had adhered, is now an emperor and an all-powerful man; has he raised again the walls of Huningue? Has he torn asunder the treaties of 1815? Has he remembered those “lessons” which he had not forgotten “for a single day?” No: he has chosen to acknowledge the restricted boundaries rather than not to become an emperor. When, after the *coup de Jarnac* of December, he called out so loud: “The Empire is Peace,” he only sought thereby to please “the defenders of the treaties of 1815.” The Cabinet of Berlin, while answering the notifications respecting the re-establishment of the empire, particularly expatiated on the engagement taken by the new Bonaparte, of observing the decrees of the Holy Alliance: . . . “These notifications, confirmed *by the solemn and public declarations* of the Chief of the State, have been received by the King, our august master, with lively satisfaction. H. M., whilst appreciating, as they deserve, *the services rendered to the cause of order*, will consider the above-mentioned declarations of the new government as a pledge of its intention of persevering in the peaceful policy which it has hitherto pursued. For, whilst it shows itself penetrated with a sincere esteem for the rights of all peoples, *it binds itself to observe the existing treaties*, and to maintain the territorial circumscription whereupon rests the political system placed under the protection of all the European powers. These declarations are found to be in perfect accordance with the intentions of the King, our august master. H. M. accepting them as a guarantee of the general peace,

acknowledges the accession of the President of the French Republic to the imperial dignity.

“Berlin, January 3, 1853.

“(Signed) MANTEUFFEL.”

That M. Bonaparte has ACKNOWLEDGED THE EXISTING TREATIES; that he has most positively sided with “the party of the victors at Waterloo;” that the question is no longer with him “to avenge the defeat which he represents;”—all this is once more evidenced by his alliance with England, without any stipulation or reservation. For these are the conditions on which he himself says that one can become the ally of England:—“In 1830, the French government solicited the alliance of England, and England answered:—‘We will uphold your views, in the face of Europe; but give up to us your interests: *acknowledge the treaties of 1815* and the supremacy of our navy; bind yourselves to allow *our influence to settle in the East* and in the Mediterranean.’ These promises were made: our government did, upon their own authority, pledge our future condition, and, *for the interest of a dynasty*, they delivered up the great interests of our country.” (Vol. iii. p. 42.)

Whatever opinion people may entertain regarding these matters, to whatever nation they may belong, how could they not feel the repulsion of contempt for him who, after holding so many times that language, is actuated by no other care than that of keeping a power threatened by the public hatred, and lowers his throne to the feet of the Holy Alliance, with a view to maintain himself upon it? No one, more than sincere Bonapartists (granting that there were some such) ought to detest the nephew who so deeply humiliates the uncle’s admirers.

Every government has its peculiar character; now, what reason can there any longer be for a revival of the empire, the moment such a revival leaves France in the fetters of the treaties of 1815? After all, the hero of the imperial restoration is but a political juggler; he presented himself dressed up as a “little corporal,” holding two small flags, whereon he had written, “I will avenge Waterloo, I will rend asunder the treaties of 1815:” and scarcely was he on the tight-rope of his engagements, when he fell flat on the ground, giving his small flags to England, Austria, and Prussia, in order to induce them to help him in raising himself up. That those who

profit by such lowerings should deem them quite right, is very natural; but to say that France also deems them quite right, is to exhibit more hatred for her than love for truth.

Whoever might be desirous of making a comparative list of the engagements of the imperial pretender in disguise, and of the acts of what is termed the Emperor, would see that few men have more disgraced themselves by lying than that one. Time is wanting to us for these comparisons; we will some day fully enter into them. It is a sad, but curious specimen of how much the human heart can contain that is false.—One cannot help bestowing attention on M. Bonaparte, since the policy of “honest people” has made him an ally of the Queen of England!

Here is, at all events, a sample of what is to be found after an investigation of this kind:—

On the 28th of February, M. Bonaparte writes to the Provisional Government: “The people of Paris, having DESTROYED, through its heroism, the last vestiges of the invasion, I come,” &c. On the 23rd of May following, he writes again: “The Constituent Assembly is *the production of universal suffrage.*” On the 10th of December, he adds to his presidential oath: “I shall consider as enemies of our native country all those who should attempt to overthrow that which THE WHOLE OF FRANCE has established.” Previously to these declarations, he had signed the subjoined sentence: “Where there has been a revolution, where the people has upset an odious power in order to restore liberty,—there to *revive* afresh that which the people had DESTROYED in its wrath, is what surpasses conception.” (Vol. i. p. 68.)—In spite of all this, M. Bonaparte, in collusion with the pretorians, has *revived* the monarchical principle which the people had DESTROYED!

In the middle of his electioneering address as a candidate for the presidency, may be read what follows: “I, who have known exile and captivity, most anxiously wish for the coming of that day when my native country can without danger put an end to *all proscriptions.*” That dates from 1848, and in 1851 he lends his name to a military revolution which can be supported only by *proscribing* or *deporting* 15,000 *citizens!*—In London, he had addressed the following words to egotists: “O you, who never suffered the torments of exile, do you believe that it is a slight punishment to deprive men of their native country? But, know this, exile is a continual martyrdom; it is death, death

from consumption, a slow and hideous death, which undermines you stealthily, and leads you to a deserted tomb. In exile, the air which surrounds you stifles you, and you live only through the weakened breath which reaches you from the remote shores of your native land." (Vol. iii. p. 250.)

M. Bonaparte, therefore, does not ignore to what tortures an exile is destined! The Republicans have rescued him from those tortures, their courage and their vote have reopened to him the doors of France, and the first use which he made of power, was to banish 5000 republicans!* to doom to "the slow death of exile" those very men who had saved him from it!! He also said: "Exile, if you meet with some one of your companions in misfortune, check the impulse which drifts you towards him, do not stretch out your hand to him; if it were known that he has spoken to you, they would deprive him of the bread which supports his children! *It is a crime in the eyes of the great in our days to be connected with a banished man.*" (Vol. iii. p. 252.) Could it be believed?—he who indited these lines, now treats as a crime the sympathy evinced towards exiles! Some subscriptions were taking place in France, in aid of those who, among us, are poor, and can find no work: he prohibited them, under penalty of transportation! Is not to glorify such an ungrateful wretch, offending human nature? That odious name we find again, therefore, under our pen, while mentioning the pardoned prisoner of Louis Philippe. Our readers may judge whether it be not rightly so.

Man is imperfect; he almost always has the defects of his qualities, and sometimes also the qualities of his defects; but the ungrateful never possesses any kind of quality: Nature, by stamping him with this distinctive badge, seems to have wished to indicate to all, that he is beside mankind.

The vicious character, the tarnished reputation, the blurred honour of all the companions of M. Bonaparte, would be sufficient to prove, were his acts wanting to us, that he has no delicacy of soul, no pride of heart. His unscrupulous ambition is a coarse love of power for the sake of the material enjoy-

* In our book—*Le Gouvernement du 2 Décembre*—we have established by authenticated statistical returns, that out of the 26 or 28,000 condemned, of December, there are certainly 5000 exiles. (See pages 127 and 673 of the above-named work.)

ments it procures. He has not shrunk even from using the services of men stamped by the tribunals, as was Vieyra when he had the indecency to place him at the head of the National Guard of Paris; at length, one of his accomplices in the Boulogne affray was implicated at that very time in an in-crimination for uttering false coin.

Let us explain this. In the month of October, 1841, it was found out at London, that a great number of forged exchequer bills were circulated at the Royal Exchange. An inquest was at once begun, and ended in the arrestation of a Beaumont Smith, who was then holding one of the principal offices in the Exchequer. That man confessed that, ever since 1839, he had issued forged bills to an enormous amount, and circulated them through a certain Rapallo. The latter being arrested as an accomplice, got out of scrape by offering to inform against his fellow-prisoner, and, after remaining in prison until the end of the session, he was admitted as "Queen's evidence." (*Observer*, Dec. 5, 1841.)

The law proceedings terminated, on the 4th of December, 1841, in the condemnation of Beaumont Smith to transportation for life.

Although Rapallo enjoyed the advantage accorded to disclosers, by the English law, his culpability was none the less a positive fact in every one's opinion; so much so, that, when the question of indemnifying the innocent bearers of the forged exchequer bills was discussed in parliament, Lord Montea-gle called to the bar of the house of peers, Rapallo, "the accomplice of Smith."—(Sitting of March 4, 1842.)* Sir Thomas Wilde, who had pleaded on behalf of the condemned, said, on another hand, in the House of Commons: "I have some reasons to believe that Rapallo still possesses bills of the same nature to an amount of £100,000; in this case, I think the House ought not to state what course it intends to pursue, for fear that Rapallo, apprized of that course, should induce some persons to accept those bills. The House ought therefore to be very careful, while placing itself in a position to do justice to certain bearers of bills, whose names are very familiar in these respects, that other persons should not come forward and found other claims upon the bills still now in the possession of Rapallo." (Sitting of April 4, 1842.)†

* Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. 41, p. 19.

† Ditto

do.

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We shall now see Rapallo, the utterer of false coin, in direct intercourse with the Emperor's false nephew. The *Edinburgh Castle*, which carried the suspicious fortune of "Augustus" to Boulogne, belonged to the *Commercial Steam Navigation Company*; as soon as the rash undertaking was known, that Company wrote to the mayor of the city of Boulogne: "The Directors are anxious to formally and publicly declare, that not one member of their Company could even surmise the criminal and insensate object, the vile and treacherous attempt, for which the boat was freighted. The application for the use of the boat was made by Mr. Rapallo, a member of the Royal Exchange, for the alleged purpose of taking several friends on an excursion along the coasts of England. The Company think it a duty towards themselves to manifest their abhorrence for an enterprise which might have given up to *plunder and slaughter* a peaceful and flourishing city." (*Trial, &c.*, p. 43.)*

Beaumont Smith was not ignorant of the fact, that Rapallo and Bonaparte were friends; from his first examination he declared "that Rapallo was involved in the expedition of Bonaparte against France." (*Observer*, Nov. 7, 1841.)

Has the money derived from the forged exchequer bills been partly invested in the Boulogne attempt? It is the less to be doubted, after what has just been said, as the dates of the two honest enterprises accord with each other. Was Bonaparte unacquainted with the source of that money? It is difficult to admit it, when one knows that Rapallo was a simple unlicensed broker whose sudden fortune, in 1839, could not be lawfully accounted for. Where, besides, could Bona-

* "Plunder and slaughter;" from this language, which the Bonapartists have in so cowardly a manner appropriated to their own use after their victory, they had not escaped, as may be seen, after their defeat! Oh, for the admirable honesty of the "friends to order" in every country! M. Bonaparte miserably fails at Boulogne: the Commercial Steam Navigation Company point out the "criminal and insensate object of his vile and treacherous attempt;" they accuse him of having intended to give up that city "to plunder and slaughter." He succeeds at Paris: Messrs. Masterman organize a manifestation of the London trade, who all run to congratulate him on his having saved France from "plunder and slaughter;" and the moralists of the *Times* exalt "the services he has rendered to order"!!

parte have procured the enormous sums which that brilliant expedition swallowed?

Many Englishmen have thought that the present ally of Great Britain had some share, either directly or indirectly, in the affair of the forged exchequer bills. This opinion, which sufficiently justifies us to mention the affair, has been publicly manifested through the following paragraph, in the *Observer*: "Since M. Bonaparte is rich now, he ought to try to do something for Beaumont Smith, who is at Botany Bay for the money wherewith Rapallo paid for the Boulogne expedition."*

This paragraph, so grave in itself, bears an additional impress of gravity, as coming from the *Observer*; for that journal is believed to be the semi-official organ of the court. Without material proofs, we cannot positively affirm that Bonaparte actually had a hand in the crime of Smith and Rapallo, although we believe him fully capable of such a thing; but our intention here has been to prove, in a very precise manner, the connexion of the enemy of the Republic and of France with the issuer of false coin, because the most grievous inferences may be drawn therefrom against him.

M. Bonaparte is a man odious in every particular. Nothing can serve as an excuse for his criminal attempt of December; he cannot plead any extenuating circumstance; for he knew that the Parisian population despised him, and that it would be impossible for him to accomplish his object without its being at the cost of awful murders. The massacre had figured in the calculations of his projects! Has he, at least, caused any one to forget that his throne is framed upon piles, in a lake of blood? No. He has not had yet, even since the victory, one hour of clemency, one minute of pity. He is inhuman, after as he was before! His character, as an emperor, is more repulsive still than his character as a conspirator. Preluding, at Boulogne, to the assassinations of December, he fired a pistol close upon a captain on duty.

* We do not pledge ourself as to the *wording* of this quotation being in perfect accordance with the original text, but we pledge ourself as to the *sense* of that text being here accurately given. The paragraph in question was inserted some time in the middle of 1852. We cannot verify it, because the collection of the *Observer* for the year 1852 is wanting in the library of the British Museum.

If that was not rank murder, we had better tear to pieces the penal code, and all the dictionaries in every language. He did, however,—he, the pardoned political assassin—sign orders for the executioner to behead five of the combatants in the civil war which he kindled with his own hand!

The 1st of January, 1852, in answer to his fellow-labourer, Baroche, who brought him the result of the ignoble comedy of the plebiscitum, M. Bonaparte said, word for word (that also is in the *Moniteur*): “I have *exceeded legality* to step again within the limits of right; seven millions of votes have just **ABSOLVED** me thereof.” The Shell-President confesses, therefore, that he violated the law on the 2nd of December; he acknowledges besides that it was duly a crime, since he himself pretends also that he has been *absolved* of it. And, after thus publicly accusing himself of having “*exceeded legality*,” he terms *insurgents* those who rushed to the defence of legality; he orders the heads of some to be cut off, whilst he keeps the others in the galleys, or in the central prisons, mingled with forgers and poisoners! Was ever the indecency of impudence carried further?

Brought, in 1840, before the Court of Peers, for an attack by open violence on the government of July, he spoke in these terms: “The representative of a political cause, I cannot accept, as a judge of my intentions and deeds, a political jurisdiction. Your forms deceive no one. In the contest which now begins, there is but one victor and one vanquished. If you be the men of the victor, I have no justice to expect from you.” (*Moniteur* of Sept. 30, 1840.)

M. Bonaparte said then, in 1840, to the Peers of France: “You are a political jurisdiction, in spite of *your forms*; I, the representative of a political cause, cannot accept you as judges; I except against your tribunal.”

Some unheard-of events place him in 1851, at the rank of the Peers of France of 1840. He can then bring about the triumph of the great principles of equity which he invoked to his advantage, practise towards others the justice which he claimed for himself, refer at least *his prisoners* to the judgment of the jury, of the people, “the only sovereign he acknowledges.” What does he do? He sends the “vanquished” before “the men of the victor,” before courts-martial, before the very soldiers against whom the *accused* fought on the previous day! After that, he himself, who holds the string of the fatal

steel, lets it fall on the heads of "representatives of a political cause," struck "by a political jurisdiction." Dictator in 1851, he does that which, when a culprit in 1840, he declared to be an iniquity!!

Is there, in those comparisons, a single feature which be not in harmony with the rest? Among honest people, among even the most degraded of men, is there a single one who will not exclaim: Infamous! to so unnatural a being?

The crown which that infamous wretch ridiculously wears, has not altered him: he has remained himself; as Lacenaire, had he ascended the throne instead of having mounted on the scaffold, would ever have been Lacenaire.

Since the remembrance of that celebrated assassin has come to our mind, let us say that the simile between him and M. Bonaparte is perfect, save the accident relative to the name and to the upshot. M. Lacenaire applied to Avril, who was a vagabond, possessing nothing, and offered him 100 francs (4*l.*) to make him enter into his projects against a cashier's servant; M. Bonaparte applied to Magnan, who was a general having bayonets at his disposal, and he offered the latter 100,000 francs (4000*l.*)* with a view to make him enter into his projects against the Republic. M. Lacenaire missed his aim and was beheaded; M. Bonaparte has succeeded and been crowned. With that difference,—and philosophically considered it is a slight one,—the two men are equal in point of worth; with the same instincts, the same cowardice, they have pursued the same aim by the same means: the entire satisfaction of their brutal passions through corruption and murder.

M. MORNÿ.

M. MORNÿ, or, again, just as you like, Count De Mornÿ, who filled the office of Minister of the Interior for the insurgents of December, wrote on the 16th of December to M. Maupas, his Prefect of Police:—

“Paris, 16th Dec., 1851.

“You have made yourself acquainted with the decree given out on the 8th of December, against the *retaken escaped convicts* and against *men found guilty of affiliation to secret societies*.

* See below, Magnan's Biography.

That decree must not be a dead letter. *It must be enforced with persevering energy.* Be pleased to adopt in this respect, as promptly as possible, all proper measures. We must by all means CLEANSE the capital from every *impure or dangerous* element, which result, it is hoped, will be obtained by the resoluteness of the government. We must remove from Paris, and if need be, from France, those ringleaders who misguide weak people, and brood revolutions!!

“(Signed) DE MORNY.”

Several of our friends have entered secret societies. Morny, by confounding them with convicts has given us the right, in our indignation, not to spare him. We will in consequence begin by stating, that M. Maupas, to obey the letter of his minister, ought to have first of all CLEANSED the capital from Morny himself. These are our grounds for so saying: of all those “ringleaders who misguide weak people,” there are none more infamous than those who drown in blood, as he did, the constitution of their country, by “misguiding” the army; of all the “impure elements” of civilization there are none more impure; among “bandits,” there are none more “dangerous,” than those individuals descended to that pitch of degradation whereto he has fallen. That great defender of family has lived for a long course of years in an adulterous connexion, to which he has given all manner of scandalous notoriety.

On sait que ce pied plat, digne qu'on le confonde,
Par de sales emplois s'est poussé dans le monde.*

Morny, the signer, with his brother Bonaparte, of all the proclamations of the insurrection, has likewise appended his name to the following telegraphic despatch:—

“Paris, Dec. 2, 8 o'clock, A.M.

“The Minister of the Interior to the Prefects.

“The *peace of France was menaced by the Assembly*: the latter has been dissolved. The President of the Republic makes an appeal to the nation. HE MAINTAINS THE REPUBLIC, and fairly leaves to the country the care of deciding upon its own fate.

* Every one knows that that cringing fellow, deserving the gibbet of public exposure, has forced his way up through the world by means of dirty jobs.

“The population of Paris has greeted *with enthusiasm* that event, which had become indispensable.”*

What man could that be, who declared that the *coup de Jarnac* of the 2nd December was calculated *to maintain the Republic*?

Morny, an obscure deputy under Louis-Philippe, had gained for himself a certain renown for corruption, as having been forward in proposing, on the 25th of June, 1847, the famous “order of the day of the *satisfaits*.” But he never was a political man. Like all his companions, he is a *chevalier d’industrie*; his *speciality* was that of railways, manufactures supported by means of shares, mines worked by means of active and sleeping partners, anonymous commercial companies, and all similar financial operations of dubious soundness, wherein those concerned fish in troubled waters.—Those people have a taste for underhand dealings; they cannot do without them, whatever their social position may become. In spite of the large sums he had swept out of the *coup de main* of insolvents, Morny could not make up his mind to abandon his former business. He was one of the most powerful men of the august empire of December, when he still got up in London an enterprise where we find all the turpitudes, all the audacious frauds of the far-famed mines of St. Bérain. The *Times* published, on the 13th of June, 1852, a gorgeous prospectus announcing “the formation of an anonymous company for the working of the coal mines of Aubin (Aveyron).” Unfortunately M. Cabrol, an ancient deputy and an administrator of the forges of Decazeville, deemed it expedient to divulge the snare laid for the English capitalists, in a letter addressed with witty maliciousness to Morny himself. In that letter, inserted in the *Siècle* of July 22, 1852, the following passages may be observed:—“There are throughout the world some very hazardous announcements; but never in my life did I see, *in point of audacity and cynicism*, anything to be compared with that to which I have just called your attention. Your name is prefixed to that production, and I hasten to declare to you that I am convinced it has been made use of without your knowledge; or, should the contrary perchance be the case, —should you have consented to publicly patronize *such an attempt against the purse* of our neighbours, the cause of this

* *Journal de Lot-et-Garonne*, of Dec. 3.

must be that you have been grossly deceived as to both the means and the aim. I say *grossly*, because the *errors* contained therein (I will not say the *lies*) are as *gross* as mountains are big. When you are apprized of the truth, *you will be indignant* at the part you have been made to play."

This was followed by the irrefutable demonstration that the whole affair was an immense cheat, elaborately concocted, so as to make as many dupes as subscribers might be found. M. Cabrol thus concluded his letter: "While fulfilling an imperious duty in the name of the metallurgic industry of my country, I think, sir and ancient colleague, that I am rendering you a signal service by denouncing *to your moral sense* a manœuvre in which your name has been implicated, one which has already been, or may be, successful *in making dupes*, but on which a sad and *inevitable reality* will not be slow to shed a glaring light, to the *shame* of those who have planned it in full consciousness of their doings."

Morny, stunned as he then was, maugre his usual effrontery, hesitated for a few days, and at length he,—the man accounted to be keen-sighted—was purblind enough to take proceedings for libel against M. Cabrol. The tribunal of the Seine, in two verdicts dated January 21 and June 30, 1853, found Morny not justified in his claim,* thus leaving the blur to subsist which had been cast upon the commercial operations of that Sully of the Lower-Empire.

Morny, when passing through Brussels, on his return from that happy visit to England, was invited to the table of H. M. Leopold, the Nestor of kings, which did not prevent him from experiencing, quite lately, a second rebuff at the hands of justice. In a law-suit instituted by the shareholders of the *Constitutionnel* against MM. Véron, Mirès and himself, it was evidenced that Morny, the "clandestine" co-manager of M. Véron, had received 500,000 francs out of the sale of the *Constitutionnel* to M. Mirès. He, however, knew very well that he had no right thereto, and that that sum was the produce of a manifest *civil deceit*, of *fraudulent manœuvres*, according to the expression used before the tribunal by the shareholders' counsel; he perfectly knew that the management of a journal which is being sold, cannot be sold, since it ceases to exist from the very fact of the

* *Biographies Bonapartistes*, by Citizen Berjeau.

concluded bargain; he was no less ignorant that a manager who detains, without the knowledge of his associates, the least portion of the sum obtained from the sale for the social fund, commits a theft. One more proof, at length, that he was aware of the impropriety of that profit to himself, is that he, the co-manager, having an equal share in all proceeds, consented to receive 500,000 francs, whilst, to his knowledge, 680,000 francs were on the other hand accruing to his partner, Véron.

It was proven, besides, in those proceedings at law, that Morny had received, in 1847, half of a sum of 100,000 francs, deriving from an infamous bargain by which Véron had given up the political opinions and the publicity of the *Constitutionnel* to a society of forge proprietors, to uphold the protectionist system! The noble imperial Count has descended lower still. In 1851, having had a quarrel with his acolyte, he impudently claimed from the latter before arbiters, 25,000 francs, as half of 50,000 francs received by Véron from the representatives of a *certain political opinion*. (*Reply of M. Hébert, the counsel for the shareholders [plaintiffs] of the Constitutionnel, page 23.*) What a noble guest for H.M. Leopold I., King of the Belgians!

Attempt to find in either of the two hemispheres an honest man who will not class among "the most impure and dangerous elements of society" this *high individual* disputing with an accomplice for the fruit of venality and of a barefaced civil fraud.

M. VÉRON.

VÉRON, a sort of financier-journalist, had not even sold himself, he had given himself, body and soul, to the conspiracy of December. He is considered one of the most strong-headed men of the imperial *régime*, he is thought to be a "skilful" man. Nevertheless, his operation relative to the sale of the *Constitutionnel*—a downright *coup d'état* in miniature—was so gross, that the Bonapartist judges could not acquit him, except on pain of dishonouring even themselves in the broad light of day. It will be sufficient for us to analyze that "coup de main," to the exclusion of every other episode in the life of the celebrated speculator on the *pâte-Regnault*, with a view to show what he is.

M. Hébert, the lawyer who pleaded on behalf of seven shareholders of the *Constitutionnel*, against MM. Véron,

manager, Morny, and Mirès, exposed the facts in an address delivered on the 29th of December, 1853, before the tribunal of First-Instance* of the Seine. His address and the reply were printed; we now have them under our eyes.

“The origin of these proceedings,” said M. Hébert, “is the *embezzlement* of a social property to the prejudice of the associates.”

Véron, in an article of February 19, 1852, had said, touching the Cæsarian legislation on the French Press: “The existence of all the newspapers which are now published, is respected; in spite of the rumours that have been spread through malevolence, political writers will be allowed to live and think under the new law on the Press.” On the 19th of August following, Véron, having personally fallen out with the Elysée, came to the superintending committee of his journal, to make the under-mentioned declaration: “*The government of the 2nd of December has enacted against the Press a law WHOSE ONLY AIM IS TO RUIN IT,*” &c. (See *supra*, page 34.) A man who is brazenfaced enough to hold without flinching such a double-sided language is considered, in the Bonapartist world, as possessing considerable strength of mind.

“The results of the measures of our government against the Press,” continued the manager of the *Décembriseur* newspaper, with the calm of a seemingly good conscience, “the results of such measures have been speedily produced, and the ‘*Constitutionnel*’ has lost more than 10,000 subscribers within six months. From February next, the condition of the ‘*Constitutionnel*’ will be a desperate one, as is now that of the ‘*Pays*.’”

With a view to support his paper, and remove all chance from its competitors, M. Véron, using his power as manager, reduced the price of a yearly subscription to 32 francs. On the 13th of November, 1852, he came back to the committee, and declared that the fall in the price was leading the *Constitutionnel*, already under the blows of two warnings, to an inevitable ruin; that he had in consequence proposed to MM. Mirès & Co., proprietors of the *Pays*, to effect a fusion with the *Constitutionnel*, and that these gentlemen had refused to do so. “The explanations of the proprietors of the *Pays* were clear to me,” added Véron; “they did not even try to

* An inferior court, in France, for civil causes.

conceal from me that, *in a high sphere it was desired that my individuality should not reassume the least importance: that the Constitutionnel itself, now so devoted, should not see, in any case, its two warnings expunged by the hand of the government; and that, moreover, though they were forbidden to effect a fusion of the Pays with the Constitutionnel, they were authorized to effect one of the Constitutionnel with the Pays.*"* *Authorized by whom?*

Then Véron made known the proposals submitted to him by Messrs. Mirès, the proprietors of the *Pays*, in their turn; "*precise proposals which,*" said he, "*we have been almost enjoined to communicate to you.*†—The shares of the *Constitutionnel* are of 3000 francs each; 180 shares at that price make 540,000 francs; I am directed to offer you 720,000 francs for your property, that is 4000 francs per share." And at last, in order to remove all hesitations, and overcome all causes of resistance, M. Véron concluded in these terms: "*It is very evident that A SUPERIOR AND MIGHTY WILL IS BEING EXERTED WITH A VIEW TO KEEP UP AT A GREAT COST, against the 'Constitutionnel' A COMPETITION FOR LOW PRICES, WHICH MAY LESSEN THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS JOURNAL, AND FINALLY BRING ON ITS RUIN. It was incumbent on me to furnish you with this information. In such conjunctures, it is positive that every endeavour must fail which will have for its object the prosperity and the future security of YOUR PROPERTY, the 'Constitutionnel.'*"

The members of the committee, frightened at seeing the government of the Protectors of property so eager after the destruction of their own fortunes, accepted everything; and, possessed of their signatures, Véron availed himself of the

* The reader must be well aware that all which is put between turned commas, in this account of Master Véron's *coup d'état*, is textually borrowed from the two addresses of M. Hébert, in court.

† Enjoined! By whom? Has then the government a hand in this intrigue? Is then M. Mirès the ostensible agent of Augustus! Such must indeed be inferred therefrom. The company of December, being in possession of the ground, have perhaps been willing, through a remainder of collusion, to erect a golden bridge for M. Véron, to expel him from the *Constitutionnel*, with which he had tried to take some liberties.

opportunity for requesting, *in their own houses*, the consent of the simple shareholders, astounded at such a procedure.

The trick was played; 96 hours after, the *Constitutionnel* was sold to MM. Mirès and Co., not at 720,000 francs, as Véron had announced, but at 1,900,000 francs, which these gentlemen thus distributed:—720,000 francs for the shareholders; 680,000 francs for Véron under pretext of management, besides 96,000 francs as the owner of 24 shares; and at last 500,000 francs to Morny in his capacity of co-manager, although not one shareholder knew anything of him.

The most curious fact in this affair was, that those honest people, who were thus making a traffic of the property of others, stipulated that the latter should be deprived of the power of opposing the transaction! Véron promised to M. Mirès to bring him the adhesion of every proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* to the proposition of receiving 4000 francs per share. Then they said: “If M. Véron, for some reason or other, could not contrive to procure for M. Mirès the recovery of the possession of all the shares, and a number of about fifteen of them should chance to be found wanting, M. Mirès *ought not the less for that to be put in possession of the journal*, while left at liberty to defend himself, at his peril, against the judicial proceedings which might be taken by the bearers of those fifteen shares, and to suffer alone the pecuniary consequences of such claims. If the number of said shares, instead of being fifteen, was more considerable, M. Véron would partly be held responsible, relatively and proportionately to the number of actions reaching beyond fifteen. *It is well agreed that the deficit in the adhesions, WHATEVER IT MAY BE, shall never stand as an obstacle to the execution and the definitive character of the present convention, which shall ever be the law to go by between the contracting parties.*”*

Were there ever more arrant rogues? What are we to think of their audacity? They make your property their own, they barter it with one another, without your having the least suspicion of those dealings, and declare, with the assistance of a worthy attorney, M. Schayé, that if the seller does not succeed in bringing your consent to the buyer, the

* Treaty Mirès, Nov. 17th, 1852. Justificative papers of the *memoir* of the shareholders of the *Constitutionnel*: “To our Judges.”

bargain will not the less hold good among them!! How strongly they must rely on the *superior and mighty will*, that they should sign such transactions! The "skilful" ones of the bagnio have not, indeed, carried much further the art of protecting the essential foundation-principles of Society!

Meanwhile, the shareholders of the *Constitutionnel* heard, through advertisements, that in a new commercial company formed for a speculation on the *Pays and Constitutionnel* united, the latter journal was brought as representing a capital of two millions of francs. They naturally found it strange, in spite of their experience in point of *jobbers on new undertakings*, that M. Mirès should count as worth two millions to his new associates an object for which he had paid to them only 720,000 francs. They asked for explanations; Véron declined to give any. Dr. Giraudeau, a shareholder, "who, perhaps," says M. Hébert, "because he knew M. Véron better, had the first suspected *the fraud*," Dr. Giraudeau threatened to have recourse to the tribunals. Véron "purchased his silence for 35,000 francs." MM. Adomali and Foucault brought an action, peremptorily reproaching in their summons Véron with "having obtained the adhesion of the shareholders by means of *false allegations*, of *fraudulent dissimulations*, and of a tissue of manœuvres which constitute a civil *fraud*, if even *they do not render him liable to be committed to another kind of jurisdiction*."

Mirès and Véron hastened to stifle the prosecution of MM. Adomali and Foucault, as they had done with regard to the threats of Dr. Giraudeau. "They gave them 8000 francs per share, instead of 4000 francs."—(*Reply of M. Hébert.*)

It was then that other shareholders, less easily to be bribed, caused the proceedings to be taken which exposed all those turpitudes.

"There are to be found combined in the deeds of which we now complain," continues M. Hébert, "*shrewdness, dishonesty, and the most fraudulent of machinations*: if we have consented to receive 4000 francs for our shares, it was because we did believe in the statement made by M. Véron, and which rendered in our eyes our expropriation inevitable, it was because he told us—which we had some reasons to believe—that *he had received no more than that sum for our property*; therefore, the payment of 4000 francs proves only one thing, viz. *the fraud and the cheat* of M. Véron, with the

acquiescence of M. Mirès. Who does not perceive all the obsessions, *deceits*, and *frauds*, implied in these separate adhesions, procured most frequently by disreputable means. As to the treaty of Nov. 17, 1852, concluded between MM. Mirès and Véron, M. Vatimesnil has inflicted on it the qualification of *monstrous*; it reveals, of itself, a tissue of manœuvres common to MM. Mirès and Véron. In point of law, the most guilty of *fraudulent manœuvres* is *dissimulation, deceit, practised by some parties with a mutual understanding* in their deeds, to cozen other parties, and prevent them from vindicating their rights. Well, M. Mirès has taken upon himself, in the deed of Nov. 17, all the *dissimulations*, all the *false* assertions of M. Véron, all the *concealments of the truth*, which the latter employed to *defraud* his partners and appropriate to himself the funds of the society."

Never were the stigmatizing words *fraud* and *fraudulent* more frequently applied, and in a more overwhelming manner, than to our two emerited defenders of property. In the *statement* addressed by the plaintiffs to the judges, the former say: "*We have been deceived through fraudulent manœuvres.* That which is called the Mirès transaction is a positive *coup de main*: therefore it is that we are now struggling less against perpetrated *spoliation* than against an attempt at once violent and *fraudulent*. M. Mirès has bought our property, of a man whom he very well knew to have no right to sell it; he has been apprized that the said seller *was appropriating to himself*, to the prejudice of the proprietors, the major part of the proceeds, and *he has facilitated for him the means to do so*. MM. Mirès and Véron are now convicted, *flagrante delicto*, of *swindling*. If their compact was not radically void in itself, an annulment on account of *fraud* would be incurred respecting it on the part both of M. Mirès and M. Véron."

The foregoing expressions uttered in a court of justice, apply to the two most lofty heads of the Bonapartist journalism. We leave our readers to judge of what must be the less prominent of that lot. Véron, it is true, was discharged; Mirès signified to him that the firm "The Emperor's Nephew and Co." would no longer accept his services: but this was not on account of his improbity, it was because, too confiding in the services he had previously rendered, he had twice formally given, in his journal, the lie to M. Napoleon III., and styled him an *ungrateful* man. Mirès, albeit he shares all the brands

impressed on his friend, continues the servant of the Tuileries, and keeps for the inmates of that place the shop of the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays* united into one speculation. O noble enemies of the communistic dividers of property! MM. Aguado have not less inflicted than the other shareholders on M. Véron this dismal word *fraud*, which, out of the Palais de Justice, is translated into that of *theft*. In their specific conclusions (*conclusions motivées*) we read: "Whereas this distinction of the price into three parts, inscribed in the deed of sale of the 17th November, had no real meaning (*n'avait rien de sérieux*); whereas it was only a *fictitious and fraudulent* means of *deceiving* the other parties, and especially those possessing claims to the property or to its price, by *frustrating* them to the advantage of M. Mirès, of the property itself, and to the advantage of M. Véron and his co-interested, from *nearly two-thirds* of the price obtained," &c.

But the upright M. Véron, who, according to the expressions of the pleader, M. Hébert, formerly a minister of Louis-Philippe, "had opened the columns of the *Constitutionnel* to the defence of the important interests jeopardized by the revolution of 1848," and has frustrated his co-partners not only of two-thirds of what he had received for the sale of their property, but also of profits, shameful, it is true, but which belonged to the firm, however shameful they might be. Let us hear again M. Hébert: "It must be acknowledged, the office of manager, which M. Véron pretends he has sold for 680,000 francs, had procured him some profits of another nature, and which he shared with M. Morny. My clients have been informed, in the course of these proceedings, of three circumstances which have both surprised and sincerely afflicted them. The first, &c.; the third is, that in 1846 and 1847, M. Véron received, as manager of the *Constitutionnel*, 100,000 francs, partly *for his support of certain political opinions*, partly *for his defence of certain industrial interests*. Besides that, M. Véron has derived from trafficking in advertisements, as *drink-money*, some profits for which the shareholders reserve to themselves to call him to account. All this was not enough; he has added to it 25,000 francs, purloined from the shareholders by the sale of all debts due to the company; and, at length, he has taken for himself, during four years at least, the interest at 3 per cent. of the subscription fund, become unemployed, amounting to upwards of 200,000 francs a-year, and deposited

by him, under his own name, at the *caisse des dépôts et consignations*, which interests belonged to the company, and of which he has *defrauded* them."

There is scarcely anything dishonest for having proved him guilty of which M. Véron has not good reasons to twit the terrible M. Hébert. With his lawyer's curiosity, M. Hébert would peruse the report of an appraiser entrusted, in 1849, with verifying the accounts of the manager of the *Constitutionnel*, contested by the shareholders; he saw "in that document, that considerable *errors*, of 64,000 francs, for instance on one single item, with often *one same sum repeatedly charged for the same item under different names*, were pointed out by the appraiser in the accounts of M. Véron, *who could not help acknowledging it to be the fact.*" (*Reply* of M. Hébert.) To make an error of 64,000 francs, this is a good deal!

Assuredly, we recognize here again, the man who, from 1846 to 1853, did not cease to addict himself to these honest practices, and was born to be a "defender of the important interests jeopardized by the revolution of 1848." We, however, entreat M. Hébert to free us from the following doubt: Are there, in the central gaols, many convicts who ever did more than this "defender of the important interests jeopardized in 1848?"

Here we naturally meet with a question of the most delicate nature. How is it that Véron, who *cheats* his co-partners, did not at the same time *cheat* his co-manager? How is it that he did not keep the round sum of 1,400,000 francs, instead of giving 500,000 francs to Morny? To this query also M. Hébert has undertaken to give an answer: "What was the ultimate object of that intervention, so dearly purchased, of M. de Morny? Gentlemen, the boldest individuals may shrink before *certain enterprises*: MM. Véron and Mirès may indeed have feared not to be sufficiently proof against the results of that which you are now acquainted with. Did they think that that enterprise was to be secured by the reinforcement of their number; that three of them would be more powerful than only two? You shall judge of this. That such alliances should be in general remunerated out of the contributions of those who conceived and profit by them, is a feature of the case which I shall not examine *here*; but that any one should be compelled to cement them with his own money, is a point in every way inadmissible." This reasoning of M.

Hébert is harsh, but perfectly right. The matter seems to us clear enough. Véron having brought himself into disfavour, and feeling his operation to be vicious, sought to shield himself under the influence of an intimate friend of Augustus; he thought that the shareholders would not dare to take proceedings against so redoubtable an adversary.

He was mistaken there; MM. Aguado have felt themselves wealthy enough to challenge him; by taking the leading part they encouraged others to join in, the law proceedings were boldly undertaken, and the tribunal were morally constrained, by an incontestable evidence, to condemn Véron to *restore* the 1,400,000 francs stolen from his co-partners, with the power left him, however, to take legal steps as to the 500,000 francs graciously presented by him to Morny.—This judgment is at present under consideration in the Court of Appeal.

We do not desire to be considered as belonging to that class of dangerous levellers whose aim is to upset, for a little amusement, all the most essential bases of society. But we must own that we should not be sorry to witness a change in that essential basis, in virtue of which the poor wretch convicted of fraudulently stealing a paltry silver coin, is condemned to the galleys, while the honest man guilty of fraudulently stealing a sum of 1,400,000 francs is simply condemned to a *restitution*.

It is a case of flagrant immorality, that it should suffice to steal a large sum, to escape from the punishment reserved by the law to him who appropriates to himself the property of others.

M. VIEYRA.

WE have already said, (page 48 of this pamphlet,) how and why M. Vieyra was appointed, a few days before the 2nd December, chief of the staff of the National Guard. That man bore so bad a character, that General Perrot tendered his resignation as superior commander of the National Guard, the very moment he saw him placed by his side.* General *Mar-*

* General Perrot said, in his farewell proclamation:—“*Some considerations, which the National Guard will understand, have compelled me to tender my resignation as superior commander,*”
&c.

quis of Lawcæstine was too stanch a friend of order to have such delicate feelings. He took the place of the resigning officer, and he and M. Vieyra agreed very well together.

It has also been mentioned, (page 6 of this work,) that M. Vieyra had been condemned when he entered into the intimacy of Bonaparte, as a fraudulent vendor (*stellionataire*), for having sold or mortgaged twice the same property! Since then, he was stamped by a decision of the Court of Appeal, which we have textually reproduced, (page 7.)

In spite of the grasp put on the press, that decision came to the cognizance of the public, the scandal increased in proportion to the share the guilty man possessed in the government, and the modern Augustus had to deprive his respectable accomplice of the post of chief of the staff of the National Guard of Paris. He gave him, in return, the *entrepôt* of tobaccos and snuffs of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, a profitable sinecure which pays for treason. They accordingly remain friends, although they may be called bashful friends, as the terms "bashful poor" are applied to those who keep their misery secret. In case of need, they both are ready to assist each other.

Before being placed at the head of the civic militia, M. Vieyra was not altogether unknown. It was he who led, on the 13th of June, 1849, (M. Léon Faucher being then Minister of the Interior,) the bands of the defenders of property which SACKED the offices of the journal *Le Peuple*, and those of the *Vraie République*, at the same time as the printing establishments of MM. Boulé and Roux, wherein these two journals were printed. The damages amounted to 120,000 francs (4800*l.*) It must be stated to the credit of the Bonapartist magistracy, that it gave no heed to the clamours of the *anarchical* and *anti-propertyist* press, which published the names of the devastators; the incorruptible judges declared that the perpetrators of that pillage being unknown, there was no occasion to sue for damages! These acts anarchical to the utmost, are so authentic in all their circumstances, that we have even exposed them at the tribune of the National Assembly, without the majority daring to answer us. Here is therefore another unquestionable fact, and one that nobody whatever will venture to doubt.

We have assuredly stated more than our English readers require to conceive anything but a high esteem towards their ally's friend, and however we have as yet pointed out

but the least titles of M. Vieyra to their contempt. Our repugnance is extreme to stir up the past of all these Bonapartists; we are ashamed of certain details, but the reader, understanding what our part is, will forgive them to us; it is the fault of Augustus. We are now writing history; we are therefore compelled to go and seek our heroes in the ill-famed places they inhabit, as the surgeon dissects a foul tumour for the sake of enriching the art of healing.

Well, then, in 1827, M. Vieyra, whose name was at that time Vieyra-Molina, was suing in the Correctional Police a certain M. Jaffa, who had long been his partner. "M. Jaffa," says Citizen Berjeau,* "in behalf of his defence, published various memoirs,† copies of which are in our possession, and brought forth before the tribunal of First-Instance of the Seine, among other papers evincing that M. Vieyra *was keeping a house of prostitution*, rue Rameau, the following note, *wholly in the latter's own handwriting*: '2200 francs due to M. Henri 3000 francs for furniture. *The six women yield a minimum of 1500 francs every quarter* If M. Henri pays the 3000 francs of Gérard, or takes with that upholsterer the arrangements he may deem fit, *we guarantee to him the profits of the six women*, 1500 francs every three months, and we will effect the removal of the furniture of those six rooms to M. Henri. . . . Let us suppose that as to the women there be 1500 francs in arrear, which even could not be recovered, there will still remain 7500 francs which will be returned within a year. . . . If M. Henri wished to have a more substantial security for the sums he would advance, until the furniture be sold, I, Henri Vieyra, would transfer to him the mortgage of 10,000 francs.'

"At the bottom of that curious paper is written: 'Registered on June 9, 1827; stamped on June 9, 1827. Original deposited at a solicitor's on June 11.'

"Jaffa was acquitted from the charge brought against him, by a special judgment passed at Paris on March 13, 1827, visa'd by M. de Belleyne, then the king's attorney, and registered on the 6th of April, 1827."

It is therefore proven in the most irrefragable manner, and

* *Biographies Bonapartistes.*

† Printed in Paris, by A. Belin, No. 14, Rue des Mathurins St. Jacques.

signed by his own hand, that the friend of the Emperor of the French kept a house of ill-fame!!

And those wretches have the audacity to style themselves the protectors of family! And some English conservative newspapers are to be found to congratulate them on the services they have rendered to order!!!

M. SERCEY.

THIS individual is one of the smartest colonels of Bonapartism. We will cite two of his exploits. They will corroborate what we have said on the feats of December, and serve to give to the public a full knowledge of all the monstrous details of that victory of barbarism over civilization. It will be learnt anew, thereby, by what means the firm of the "Emperor's Nephews" have reached a position wherein England thinks it may take them as allies.

An innkeeper of Riez (Basses-Alpes), M. Gasquet, sen., having claimed from Colonel Sercey, commander of the expeditionary corps, the payment of a bill for expenses made at his house by the troops, the colonel, as a kind of answer, levelled a pistol at his chest, threatening to kill him as a chastisement for his insolence! This fact is affirmed by Citizen Gasquet, jun., now a refugee in Nice. M. Gasquet, sen., who is a man advanced in years, was taken ill in consequence of that Bonapartist affair, and remained so for almost a fortnight afterwards.

It has already been seen, by the foregoing biographies, how those gentlemen, Morny, Bonaparte, and Vieyra, respect property and family. We shall presently see how all these conquerors over demagoguery proceeded with the re-establishment of the principle of authority. We borrow our narration from the *Journal de Lot-et-Garonne* (Dec. 30, 1851).

"Here is," says that paper, religiously a defender of order, "here is a *somewhat lively* episode of the expedition of Colonel de Sercey, commander of the corps in the Basses-Alpes. *We relate it as we have it from an eye-witness.* The corps having arrived in the common of Château-Arnoux, the commander inquired after the mayor. He was answered that *the mayor was gone with almost every able-bodied man of the village to join the*

INSURGENTS. He inquired after the mayor's assistants, and the municipal councillors; but *they were all gone*.^{*} The chief of the expedition, however, wanted at least some part of the administration of the place, to distribute lodging billets, and order provisions for the troops. M. de Sercey accosted then, on the principal square, a native of the place, whose general appearance was rather respectable: 'Come,' said he to him, 'I appoint you mayor.'—'Colonel, you do me a great honour; but, in such times as those we live in, I cannot accept so perilous a post.' A second, and then a third resident in Château-Arnoux, likewise refused, availing themselves of the same plea. M. de Sercey lost all patience; he ordered forward four men and a corporal.—'Go to *the mayoralty*, break the door open, install this gentleman,' said he, in pointing to the third refractory individual, '*upon the mayor's seat; and should he offer the least resistance, LET HIM BE SHOT IMMEDIATELY.*' The poor reluctant mayor was obliged to comply. A decree of nomination was at once extemporized, and the common of Château-Arnoux endowed with a new municipality."

And let it not be thought that the foregoing anecdote was invented by an enemy; we repeat it, the *Journal de Lot-et-Garonne* is essentially Bonapartist, essentially a defender of the laws and of the principle of authority. It approves of the occurrence, which seems to it *lively*, it relates it graciously, elaborates its diction, seeks to be witty, and makes itself light. 'The act of this colonel, handling roughly "the natives in Château-Arnoux," it considers to be the height of good taste, it thrills with gladness at the command of *breaking open the doors of the mayoralty*, and to SHOOT the above-mentioned wayfarer, should he not allow himself to be imposed as a mayor! . . . We shall not cease to say this: the men of December are degraded beings, who have lost all sense of good and evil.

Such services insured to Viscount Henri de Sercey a hand-

* We must observe here, that it is once more authenticated in this instance, by the barbarians' historiographers themselves, that the entire population of a village, with *all* its municipal authorities, marched against the coup d'état! And after that, some people boldly tell us, that seven millions of votes have covenanted with the revolt of the executive power!

some military fortune; he was going to become general, as his rivals, Colonels Espinasse, Ferey, Lourmel, Rochefort, &c. became, for their part; unfortunately, he let himself be caught with his hand in the bag in so clumsy a manner, that his comrades were obliged to give him up to a court-martial, where it was found advisable to condemn him to five years' imprisonment for swindling! The trial took place on the 5th of April, 1833.

What an end worthy of a colonel of December! If justice were to examine into the conduct of all these gentlemen, scarcely one of them would fail to experience the same fate; the 2nd of December has been the revolution of swindlers.

M. MAGNAN.

GENERAL MAGNAN was in 1814 captain of the Imperial Guard. He left the army, not wishing to serve under the kings brought back by the Cossacks. When Bonaparte, violating the oaths which ought to have kept him in the isle of Elba, returned to France, Captain Magnan re-entered the army, but at the second restoration had no longer any repugnance to remain in active service, as the Napoleonic cause was lost for ever. The captain even gave, shortly after, such proofs of devotedness to the Bourbons, that in 1827 he was made colonel. He was present, in this capacity, at the taking of Algiers, and was comprised in the lists of promotion sent by General Commander-in-Chief Bourmont. The Government of July showed but little eagerness to raise to the rank of general a colonel who had signalized himself as a Legitimist. However, the *protégé* of Bourmont did not care about being a Legitimist under Louis-Philippe; therefore, when he went back to France, he seized the occasion of a *fête* given by the National Guard of Valence to his regiment, the 49th of the line, for saying: "My regiment bears the same motto as the Citizen Guard: Public order, liberty, and *unbounded devotedness to the King of the French.*" (*Moniteur* of Feb. 9, 1831.)*

In the month of November of that year, the formidable insurrection of Lyons broke out, during which,—we, as a republican, are proud of recalling it to mind—the people, victorious, having at its disposal the Prefect and General Ordonneau, who

* *Biographies Bonapartistes*, by Berjeau.

had fallen into its hands; the people, absolute master of the second city of France during eight days, behaved towards its enemies with a moderation, a generosity, which they never imitated towards it. Colonel Magnan happened to be, with the 49th of the line at Montbrison, where, notwithstanding *his unbounded devotedness to the King of the French*, he had a hand in some Legitimist intrigues. His dealings with the victorious workmen wore an aspect suspicious enough for bringing upon him, from General Roguet, commander of the military division at Lyons, the thunder of the following proclamation:—

“At the head-quarters of Reilleux, Nov. 27, 1831. The lieutenant-general, in superior command of the 7th and 19th military divisions, informed that the colonel in command of the 49th regiment has taken upon himself to come to Lyons for parleying and negotiating as to the entrance of his regiment into that city, and for quartering his troops there; that in this circumstance, he has issued proclamations, which are of a nature to injure the interests of the army, and the service of the king:—orders General Bauduisson, in command of the department of the Loire, to cause that colonel to be arrested and confined in the prisons of Montbrison. The present measure has been placed under the cognizance of the Minister of War, so that he may apprise us of his decision in reference to that superior officer.

“(Signed) Count ROGUET.”

The same Count Roguet, so anxious then to serve King Louis-Philippe, is now something like an aide-de-camp of the “Majesty” of Boulogne and Strasbourg.

Magnan, deeming himself compromised by the revelations of some unknown accomplice, did not think proper to wait for the gendarmes, and he scampered to Brussels. A fortnight after, he was replaced in his command of the 49th, and reduced to leave-pay. He then solicited employment in Belgium, whose independence had just been constituted through a revolution, and he entered the Belgian army in the capacity of general of a brigade. He gained therein hardly more than the nickname of “general five-hundred-francs,” because, loaded with debts, he asked every comer to lend him 500 francs.

At the end of 1835, the monarchy of July, appeased, raised him to the rank of non-commissioned field-marshal, and a short while after, recalled him into active service, by giving him the

command of the department of the Nord. His existence in nowise became more honourable since then; he lived but by borrowing, and always had that part of his pay which could be seized, stopped by innumerable creditors. "Among other things which are common characteristics of M. Magnan and M. St. Arnaud," says the author of the pamphlet on *Les Trois Maréchaux*, "there is this, that it required the 2nd of December for them to know what it was to receive the entirety of their salary." Let not moral people suppose this accusation preferred inconsiderately; the bills of Magnan and St. Arnaud are in the office of the Ministry at War, where they can be verified.

General Magnan became a stanch Orleanist. At the time of his deposition at the prosecution for the Boulogne affray, he said: "Since the last eight years I have left my post but to go and thank the king for his marks of kindness; happy, loaded with favours, never will I break my sworn fidelity to the king." Despite of that, the very morrow of February, he set himself up as a "republican of the eve," and that with so much noise, that the *Courrier Français* thought it incumbent on itself to recall him to decency, as he had been "one of the messmates of Louis-Philippe." Magnan ran to the offices of the *Courrier Français*, where he denied more than three times before the cock's crow the prince who had "loaded him with favours;" made so strong protestations of republicanism, that Citizen Durrieu, the chief-editor of the journal, granted him "a rectification more humiliating to the general than the imputation itself."* This is an act of ingratitude which is attested by the file of the *Courrier*; the *réchauffé* Napoleonist, who is the subject of this biography, cannot deny it. Successively a stanch Bonapartist, Legitimist, and Orleanist, Magnan became then, after 1848, a stanch Republican, and obtained from the Provisional Government the command of Corsica. Now he is again a stanch Bonapartist; to-morrow he will be anew a stanch Republican, if triumphant democracy is willing to give him anything. Apostates by birth always side with the strongest.

MM. Persigny and Bonaparte are too corrupt to ignore how tottering is always the conscience of men that have run into debt through continual disorders; they sent to the needy

* *Le Coup-d'état*, by Xavier Durrieu.

“general 500 francs” Commandant Mésonan—that Mésonan is, on this very day, a member of the Legislative body!!—who acted then the vile part of *procurer*, which a certain Fleury undertook in 1850 with the petty generals of Africa. Magnan did not accept the proposals which were then made to him; but, summoned as a witness in the trial relative to the Boulogne conspiracy, he himself confessed all. His evidence is remarkable in more than one respect. After relating various attempts on the part of procurer Mésonan, to bribe him, he thus expresses himself (*Moniteur* of Oct. 1, 1840):—“The morrow of the 17th June, commandant Mésonan, whom I believed to be gone, came into my apartment, ushered in as usual by my aide-de-camp. I said to him: ‘Commandant, I thought you were gone.’ ‘No, general, I am not gone, I have a letter to give you.’ ‘A letter for me, and from whom?’ ‘Read, general.’—I opened the letter, and read:—‘Dear commandant, it is of a most urgent necessity that you should see *immediately* the general in question; you know he is a man *whom I have booked as one of those I destine to be some day marshals of France. You will offer him 100,000 francs, on my account, and ask him at which banker’s or solicitor’s he wishes me to order 300,000 francs to be counted down to him, in the case that he should happen to lose his command.*—Signed: L. N. Bonaparte.’ I remained stupified, I was as lifeless, *I could not find in that moment one word to utter!* Nevertheless, the indignation which I felt, assuaged; I took the letter in trembling, and said: ‘Commandant, to me, to me such a letter! I thought I had inspired you with more esteem towards me. Never did I violate my oaths, *never will I violate them.* You must be mad, commandant; my respect for the remembrance of the emperor will never lead me into the betrayal of my oaths to the king.’ I returned the letter to the commandant, telling him that this was a *ridiculous and hopeless* party. The commandant was stunned, pale, uneasy. In spite of my anger, *I had pity on him. I own that I did not do then what it was my duty to have done,* which was to send to the Minister of War that letter, of which too much of an undue advantage is now taken against me.”

Why did the general reject the proposals of Mésonan? It was solely because he saw no interest in doing so, but not through a sense of honour; for, indeed, he joined the conspiracy of December! Where could one find contempt enough

towards a military chief who, after being the object of such an outrageous step, lends his sword to the very author of the outrage? Which is the viler here, the corrupter or the corrupted? Where does human nature appear more vilified than in their hearts? See: Openly, in the assizes of the Peers, the 30th of October, 1840, the general said to the wretched pretender, sitting for his trial: "You have endeavoured to *corrupt me*, your party is a *ridiculous and hopeless* one;" and on the 2nd of December, 1851, they unite for a bold stroke! They do not even reckon that the gallery should have seen them and should come to tell them: Scarcely eleven years ago, you, Bonaparte, heard this general scornfully deprecate you, and hurl to your face the grievous taunt of *ridiculous!* You, Magnan, charged then this *ridiculous* pretender with an attempt at *corruption for money's sake*, perpetrated on your honour!

Those are the men with whom England enters into an alliance!

Magnan received, it is said, 800,000 francs, in two instalments, on the 2nd and on the 4th of December.* We have no precise knowledge of the amount; but that he betrayed, and committed assassinations, for ready money, is a positive fact. This is how: he was one of the most involved in debt among the band; for many years he had disgraced his military rank by living on shifts, his name was known to all the *huissiers* (bailiffs) of Liège, Ghent, Lille, and Paris. Until the very date of the 2nd December, that name had resounded each day at the "Justice de Paix" of the 2nd arrondissement of Paris, where tradesmen used to come and claim from him payment for the most puffy of invoices; on the next day he paid off his debts, and the insurrectional journals published that he was providing his daughters with husbands, and giving them dowries of 100,000 francs!

Magnan, like all the other accomplices of December, has not fallen all at once to that degree of infamy. His past life exhibits less fatal though not less shameful adventures. He was in command of the military division of the Nord, and occupying the post of president of the council of revision in that department, when there happened to be found, among the papers of two agents of military substitution, turned bankrupts, bills of exchange to the amount of 8000 francs, signed Magnan,

* *Les Trois Maréchaux.*

and dishonoured.—The French law of military enlistment, which has been like every other law, made by wealthy individuals, allows him whose number is drawn out of the lots to procure a substitute for the service. Some speculators establish agencies for facilitating the intercourse and transactions between substitutes and those that seek them; they also insure, on payment of a sum once effected, against the chances of cast lots young men who will have to draw. It may easily be understood that those dealers in men, as the people call them, should be very much interested in the president of the council of revision showing himself well disposed to exempt those of their subscribers whose numbers are drawn, and but little strict in the acceptance of those subjects whom they present as substitutes.

A protested bill of the general-president of the council of revision, in the hands of brokers of this sort, was the tacit but unmistakable revelation of criminal practices. The papers for the legal evidence were at the recorder's office at the Tribunal of Commerce, and were of course to figure in the inventory. The president of the tribunal, M. Delasalle-Dermet, an acquaintance of M. Magnan, warned him that, if he did not indemnify the creditors of the bankruptcy within forty-eight hours, he was a ruined man, as the ministry of war and the public at the same time could not remain long without being informed of the case. Magnan, in despair, wanting both in resources and credit, knocked at every door, and obtained at last the requisite sum from the well-known kindness of M. Tancé, a picture-seller. The bills once paid, the affair went no further, but there soon arose out of it the proof of a fresh act of improbity on the part of the borrower. As a security for the 8000 francs he had received, he had signed the abandonment to M. Tancé of the whole furniture of his house. Shortly afterwards, he was called to Paris; and what did M. Tancé then learn when he preferred his claims to the furniture? He learnt that it did not belong to the general; that it was hired of an upholsterer, the sole owner thereof! M. Tancé had generosity enough not to sue him; he even suffered "general five-hundred francs" to carry away the few objects he really possessed; but as soon as the latter reached Paris, the whole was sold! . . . In 1850, M. Tancé, jun., a journalist anything but Bonapartistic, seeing his father's debtor a confidant of the Shell-President, threatened him with

a prosecution if he did not acquit himself towards him, and by so doing M. Tancé obtained payment.

Of this episode, wherein are accumulated so many dirty things, we cannot adduce a material proof, as concerning the rest; but our information is so authentic that we do not hesitate to assume upon ourselves the responsibility of publishing it, and we are ready to stand the consequences. We have mentioned some proper names; we challenge the accused to gainsay us.

Is this not, forsooth, a man well worthy of being nominated marshal of France! But such a nomination is not only a public scandal, it is moreover a flagrant violation of the French military laws. These laws specify that no one can become a marshal, if he have not served as commander-in-chief of an army. Where did Magnan ever serve in that capacity? His bâton of marshal he has not won on the battle-field; he has picked it up in the blood-stained mud of December. His elevation

“Fait gronder le mérite et rougir la vertu.”

[Makes merit grumble and virtue blush.]

M. ROMIEU.

WE have seen the Bonapartists acting, let us see them writing.

M. Romieu, although a member of the society of the 10th of December, is not a fool; he has some wit, but he has always made a bad use of it. His youth was spent in the midst of jolly fellows, gay feasts, and extravagances. He had rendered himself particularly celebrated by the war of mystification which he had declared to the class of door-keepers (*portiers*) in Paris!

Subsequently he became very gloomy, and published in 1849 his famous book *Le Spectre Rouge*. We read therein such things as these:—

“Charlemagne, placed between dying antiquity and the rising new world, had founded the only sound system,—that of *material force* supported by *religious faith*. From his work, and as a natural consequence, proceeded *feudalism*, which, of all the systems tried by Europe, you will find withal to be *the best*.” (Page 32.) “It was not enough that the middle classes should be *gangrened* with this new evil, *instruction without education*;

the evil was to extend even to villages, and it was to a sage of our epoch, M. Guizot, that *Providence* pointed with her finger, that he might carry on *disorder to its height.*" (Page 60.) "*Super flumina Babylonis. . . .* There they be, the *prolétaires*, who chant that canticle of hatred on the banks of the Parisian river, on the brims of every common sewer in France; they pant after the day when they will hold your little children and *crush them on stones.*" (Page 9.) "I shall never regret that I lived in these sad times, if I can see once *well chastised and whipped the multitude, that cruel and stupid beast* which has ever been abhorrent to me." (Page 91.) "Whatever may be the ruler, his part is a plain one: to take in one hand *the most absolute dictatorship*, and to substitute one's self for all the *texts* which have governed us for the last sixty years." (Page 93.) "Society, such as *the middle classes* (bourgeoisie) have made it, *must die.*" (Page 65.) "The puerile game of a National Guard, at which the 'bourgeoisie' now play, and which served them as a threat ever since the reign of Louis XVI., towards every government, is of no use except *to disturb the general peace.*" (Page 72.) "I tell you, 'bourgeois,' that *your turn is gone.* From 1789 to 1848, it has lasted but too long." (Page 63.) "Social order has for its sole and real support, not your *ridiculous heap of codes*, but the strong rampart bristled up *with bayonets and artillery*, which is called the army." (Page 69.) "O 'bourgeois'! It is not you who represent *order, it is material force alone* which is the symbol of it." (Page 68.) "The *sabre is become the civilizing element.* In our days *logic lies in grape-shot.* (Page 70.) "We shall see, I hope, an end put to those *Saturnalia*, in the midst of which we were born. It is *in streams of blood* that that *renovation* of the march of humanity will be accomplished." (Page 94.) "This society of attorneys and shopkeepers is in her last throes, and should she be able to raise herself up happy again, it will be only because a *soldier* will have undertaken *her salvation.* *Cannonading alone can settle the questions* agitated in our age, and it will settle them, *were it to come from Russia.*" (Page 20.)

These appeals to the Russian cannons are familiar to all those enjoying the intimacy of the new Napoleonic government. M. Véron, who was one of the advisers of the Shell-President, also placed the celebrated plebiscitum under the protection of foreign potentates. He menaced France with the Russian cannons if she did not vote for the *emperor's nephew.* "Let us

vote for Bonaparte," said he, "if we care about saving France from barbarism and from *the invasion of the kings of civilized Europe.*" (*Constitutionnel* of Dec. 16, 1851.)

The fellest friends of order declared that the jackal shrieks of the *Spectre Rouge*, its impious invocations to material force, to the army, to ignorance, to the sabre, its savage incitations and dismal doctrines, were the hallucinations of a maniac. We cited a few lines of it one day at the tribune of the National Assembly; we were answered from the ministerial side of the house, that "M. Romieu was alone in his opinions," that "he was a lunatic!" The most *reasonable* journals deemed it incumbent on them to disclaim any connexion with him; the *Constitutionnel* itself, we remember this very well, taunted him with having gone rather too far. What did, however, M. Bonaparte do, as soon as he became the master? He bestowed on the author of that foul book, on the former persecutor of *portiers*, one of the most important situations in his government, he appointed him director of the *Beaux Arts!* And M. Romieu is this very day the intimate counsellor of M. Fialin, filling the post of Minister of the Interior. It was he who managed the elections of the *multitude, that cruel and stupid beast*, to the so-called legislative body, and he is in such good favour at the imperial court, that the idea was entertained, a year ago, of making a minister of him. Why not? Since Morny himself has been one, and Fialin is still one too.

We will not prosecute any farther this investigation into the Bonapartist high *personnel*. If it is one repulsive to nausea, our readers will not twit us for this: ours is not a work of art where tints ought to be combined in a certain manner, it is an historical one, and we cannot change aught to the authentic, official, and judicial facts or writings wherewith the former life of those *gentlemen* has furnished us. As to the worth of the party which possesses such notabilities, we leave it to the appreciation of every candid reader. Let us resume:—Véron, CONDEMNED to disgorge 1,400,000 francs, *fraudulently* obtained from his shareholders; Vieyra, CONDEMNED as a *fraudulent vendor* ("stellionataire"), and freed in an appeal from the effects of this verdict, because his *fraudulent* declaration falls without the pale of the text of the law; Sercey, CONDEMNED to five years' imprisonment for *swindling*; St. Arnaud, ACCUSED of *embezzlement* by an officer under his command, whom he did

not prosecute; Morny, ACCUSED of an *audacious and cynical attempt against the purse* of the English people; Bonaparte, CONVICTED of a cowardly attempt at *assassination* on Captain Col-Puygelier; Magnan, going, more than any one else, along the precipice of the penal code, on account of the sale of pieces of furniture which did not belong to him, and because of pecuniary dealings with men-mongers! These are FACTS; nothing can extenuate them. Did ever a gang brought before the assizes exhibit worse antecedents than does this dangerous association of debauchees, of *condottieri*, of swindlers, of blighted, of apostates, and of nephews of the Emperor? What a company!! Scarcely, if ever, can one find in the chaste French language synonymous words for mentioning their deeds without offending modesty. M. Bonaparte causes Colonel Vaudrey to be seduced by a woman; M. Morny lives on discreditable terms with a woman; M. St. Arnaud pawns chemises of women; M. Vieyra pledges as a security for a loan the profits of a house of abandoned women!! The *Times* said, with but too much reason, on the 7th of May, 1852, "The Napoleonic star is Mercury, the god of deportation, thefts, and lies." That journal forgot then that Mercury was also the god of "procurers!" To whatever party you may be attached, men of honour who peruse our pages, say whether there be not good reasons for a Frenchman to writhe in despair at seeing France tyrannized and insulted by that heap of men more vile than convicts, by immorality brokers! Say whether it be not thrice sad to behold a great nation like England contract an alliance with a government thus composed!

NO. III.—THE ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL BRÉA WAS
COMMITTED BY THE BONAPARTISTS.

"THE death of General Bréa," said our companion in exile, Citizen Louis Blanc, in his periodical publication *Le Nouveau Monde*, "has served as an inexhaustible text for the declamations of the reactionary press. What part have politics acted in that assassination? One of the chief culprits, and also one of the most severely condemned in the affair, was a "conduc-teur" in the administration of the roads and bridges, named Luc. Now, this is what a witness, Pierre Menand, a corporal

in the Garde Mobile, related while giving his evidence:—
'I went to the dwelling of Luc; I found there a gun and a bayonet; I did not find himself there, but I discovered a letter addressed by him to Napoleon, who was then at Auteuil.'

"A long time before the events of June, one of those who were executed, Lahr, loudly proclaimed his devotedness to the cause of Louis Napoleon. He related to his neighbours that, when he was a soldier in a regiment of artillery, and garrisoned in the fortress of Ham, M. Louis Napoleon had once handed him a twenty-franc piece to purchase for him pipes and tobacco, and that when he returned from his errand, the emperor's nephew had generously refused to take back the change. On another hand, Daix, a pauper of Bicêtre, complained, during the proceedings in court, that he had made to himself many enemies in a club, by backing too zealously the candidature of M. Pelletan, one of the writers in the *Presse* newspaper. During their stay in the fortresses, several persons incriminated in the Bréa affair rendered themselves conspicuous by the immoderate nature of their Bonapartist opinions. Assuredly, if it was found advantageous to connect that assassination with politics—and, for our part, we should be ashamed to do so—the Socialists ought not to be made responsible for the blood of General Bréa."

Read now the following letter, which was written to us by our honourable colleague, Citizen Nadaud, after a conversation wherein we had had occasion to speak of the assassination of General Bréa. It can be inferred from that letter, that the crime of the Barrière Fontainebleau, which has so much been turned into an arm for calumniating us, has actually been part and parcel of the long conspiracy which ended in the events of the 2nd December. The murderers of June were the precursors of the December generals, of the St. Arnaud, Magnan, Sauboul, Chapuis, Canrobert, and other assassins, who shot prisoners and a woman! Before we let Citizen Nadaud himself speak out of his own mouth, we will premise that he is incapable of lying, and that his veracity never was questioned by anybody, not even by his bitterest political enemies.

"I knew Lahr," says Citizen Nadaud, "who was sentenced to death in the affair called of General Bréa, in 1848. He was an excellent workman, who, by dint of labour, economy, and sobriety, had succeeded in saving a sum of 4000 francs, which he had employed, in 1847, in purchasing a lodging-house and

wine stores, situate at the Barrière des Deux-Moulins. Until the revolution of February, he had taken no part whatever in politics. We all know that, at that time, every kind of labour was suspended in a great number of workshops. Many of Lahr's lodgers, deprived of employment, were unable to refund him the sums which the keepers of such houses generally are obliged to advance. It was from that same period, that is about the end of April, that he formed a connexion with the most active *agents* of M. Bonaparte. His brothers, who worked with me, said to me every day that one or several *gentlemen* repaired to his wine stores, (a main place of rendezvous for German people,) and that all their conversations turned on Louis Napoleon. He at length became so enthusiastic on the score of the *emperor's nephew*, as they all styled that man, that he came one day to entice away his three brothers, who were working with me at the *mairie* of the 12th *arrondissement* of Paris: I went to look for them at the public-house which is situate at the corner of the rues St. Jacques and Soufflot. As soon as they perceived me, they offered me a glass of wine, and while knocking their glasses together, as a token of health-drinking, at a sign from Lahr they called out three times: '*Vive Louis Napoleon! Vive little Louis! We wish for him and will have him!*' I have known from some friends of mine, who were present at the struggle of the Barrière de Fontainebleau, that Lahr distributed wine to the combatants, so as to be the more useful to his prince; for, you can vouch that *he had received money*. I have this fact from his own brother, and from his best friends.

"Should this information, dear Citizen Schoelcher, prove susceptible of serving to vindicate the Republicans, who have hitherto been unjustly accused, by the old parties, of having murdered General Bréa, make use of it to ascertain that the general was struck by the most zealous agents of M. Bonaparte.

"NADAUD,

"London, March 1st, 1852. "Representative of the People."

ANOTHER CALUMNY
OF THE *TIMES*, AGAINST THE REPUBLICAN REFUGEES.

AT the moment we were correcting the last sheets of this pamphlet, we found, in the *Times* (June 5, 1854) a fresh

calumny, which we think it behoves us to notice. A French exile, Citizen Boichot, has just been arrested in Paris. The *Times* states its belief in the existence, at London, Jersey, and Brussels, of three revolutionary committees, of which we have, for our part, not the least knowledge: it asserts that Citizen Boichot was the delegate of one of these hypothetical committees, and that the question was "to make a peaceful demonstration *on behalf of Russia*; but," pleasantly says that journal, "the time of peaceful demonstrations is gone by." The *Times* therefore rejoices that there no longer exists, in France, a liberty from which England has always derived immense political advantages—This is very noble! That honest Napoleonic paper adds: "All-disposed as the chief plotters may be to get up a *favourable diversion for Russia*, by exciting insurrection at home and rendering the employment of a sufficiently large force in the East a matter of impossibility, they are spending their time, pains, and *money* for nothing. The masses of the Parisian population *are not Russian*."

We have adduced, in this pamphlet, several testimonies against the *Décembriseurs*, as culled from the *Times*. We might have taken them from any journal whatever in this country: the English press swarms with similar ones. We have preferred to borrow them from the *Times*, because it is become madly fond of Bonapartism. "But," says that journal, as if to disculpate itself, "France has ratified the 2nd of December, for she permits it to sit majestically in the Tuileries." One might as well say that Italy sanctions the hanging of its best citizens and the flogging practised on its women, because the Austrians are still at Milan, Venice, Verona, and the *Décembriseurs'* army is still at Rome.

Besides, if the *Times* wished to obtain credence in regard to its allegation, that journal ought not to have already written, on December 22, 1851, during the voting of the famous plebiscitum:—"Even the voting tickets are said to be controlled by the police to such a degree, that it is an offence to print the word 'Non' on a card, and it is evident from these extraordinary precautions, that L. Napoleon is speculating mainly on the effect of force and fear." And then, on December 24, after the voting:—"The majority is smaller than had been expected, especially in those parts of the country where the independence of the people is not wholly crushed, or all means of correct information withheld." If the *Times*, such as it is at present,

wished to be believed, it ought not to have also inserted, on January 3, 1852, the following report from one of its correspondents, concerning the acts of fraud and violence of the 20th December:—"I have had, on this subject, a conversation with one of the most important tradesmen of the Palais-Royal. I will not mention his name, lest I should thereby expose him to some persecutions. He said to me: 'I am going to give you an example of the frauds which have been practised. I have, in my section, forty friends; we have all voted *Non*; I am quite certain of this, for I spoke about it to each of them in particular, and however on the next day the authorities declared that there had been found in the whole section only two negative bulletins.'

No! the French people never did sanction the empire of assassins. We had dealt deservedly with that mean quirk, but we are not sorry to see the *Times* itself gad in the maze of its own lies. That paper now predicates that the attempts at a deliverance made in Paris must result in preventing the 6000 knaves from sending a "sufficiently large force to the banks of the Danube." It therefore owns that the new barbarians maintain their ground in France only through the force of bayonets, as the Austrians do in Italy; whilst, on another hand, it seeks to disculpate itself for contracting an alliance with them, by obstinately affirming that France acknowledges them! . . . What a sincerity! What an honesty! The Russians are to us enemies less to be feared than the writers, unworthy the name of Englishmen, who act such a part. They cherish against France a very implacable hatred, those who make such desperate efforts to keep it in degradation.

This being said, let us return to the calumnies of the *Times*. "It is whispered," says that paper, "that Russian gold has had something to do with the business. This, it may be presumed, is a calumny, but it is certain that" &c., &c. Farther on, it speaks of "*confessions made by the Representative Boichot, OR disclosures made by some other person;*" and, at length, it adds, after a few heavy jokes: "It is rumoured that the sergeant had with him, when arrested, his commission, duly sealed and signed, as generalissimo of a future revolutionary army. His seductions were to be especially directed to the stray *tourlouroux* who might be picked up among the *cabarets* of the *barrières*. Such, it is said, was his mission."

The present hero of the *Times* was indeed right to say,

when proscribed: "Exile, an actual pariah of modern societies, watch every one of thy steps, and weigh every one of thy words, for there are people hired to misrepresent thy actions and disfigure thy sayings. Justice does not exist for the banished." (*Works of L. N. Bonaparte*, vol. iii. p. 253.)

Now, "*Russian*," "*Confessions*," "*a Commission of Generalissimo*," "*Cabarets*"; how many nonsensical and malicious allegations, contrived and palmed off together by the knights of the *Times*! and that, too, intended for a vanquished fallen in the hands of the enemy;—that, intended for a representative of the people, for a man who braves, through faithfulness to his political creed, the martyrdom of transportation to the galleys in the midst of convicts!—that, intended for a party whose members possessed of any private fortune, abandoned their emoluments to the public treasury when they were in power! Indeed, never was a warfare carried on more unfair than that which the *Times* is incessantly carrying on against the democrats! What could be more odious than to deceitfully represent, in a country engaged in a contest with Russia, the refugees to whom it affords an asylum, as busy intriguing in the interest of Nicholas! We hope there is no man, possessing any feeling, who will reproach us with exceeding the bounds of propriety, when we apply the epithet *cowardly*, to such an act. Let our readers reflect on what the English people would have thought, if, when they were expelling James II., any one had charged them with being the hirelings of some enemy of England!

But one is still better enabled to perceive the ugliness of the English Bonapartist journal's sentiments, when one hears it say: "As Sergeant Boichot has already been condemned *par contumace*, for participation in the manifestation of the *Arts et Métiers* (June 13), it is probable that the sentence will be now executed, and that he will be transported." The *Times* sets forth, as a very simple matter, that a sentence *par contumace* can be executed without a fresh trial! It seems to that paper quite natural that its new *protégés*, after having overthrown the Republic, should execute a warrant issued for a so-called attempt against the Republic! It finds perfectly right that the 2nd of December should strike down the 13th of June!! Oh, logic of friends to order!

The *Times* is less lucky when it so funnily invents the commission as generalissimo of Sergeant Boichot; it but too much

reminds one that its strange eulogies of the Napoleonic government have caused the giving to the English, as generalissimo in the East, Master St. Arnaud, who is at once one of the most hideous assassins of December, and a robber of the worst description.* When one has such criminal faults to reproach one's self with, one should not venture upon such ridiculous jests about the word generalissimo.

And since we are now speaking of that honest St. Arnaud, we may state, that the English people have already had a foretaste of the deleterious influence of such a man in the midst of their soldiers. The *Illustrated London News*, of June 3rd, says:—“We regret to learn that Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud have come to the resolution of preventing, as far as they can, the transmission of news from the seat of war. The correspondents of the London daily journals have received intimation that they cannot be allowed to proceed with the army on active service unless they renounce their connexion with the press. The dislike of Marshal St. Arnaud to the press is intelligible; but Lord Raglan ought to know sufficient of the temper and habits of his countrymen to be aware that any censorship or silence of the newspaper press, which may be tolerated in France, will not be so in England.”—We humbly believe that Great Britain would tolerate a censure, just as much as France does, were it imposed on her by 400,000 British bayonets; but this is not the question at issue; what we wish to be remarked is, that the high staff of the British army are waxing Bonapartized. No sooner is an intercourse begun between them and the bandits of December, than they practise censuring. The nation may judge whether that which we have said in this pamphlet regarding the moral and political dangers of the alliance be ungrounded. As to the *Times*, that journal had better defend the liberty of the English press against the noiseless but quite direct attacks of his commander, St. Arnaud, instead of imagining, with as little wit as fairness, a commission of generalissimo for Citizen Boichot.

We have no connexion whatever with Citizen Boichot, but the nature of the attacks directed against him shocks us to the utmost. If you believe, we will say to the correspondents and to the literary staff of the *Times*—that “Russian gold” is a calumny,

* See, for proofs of this, the ANNEX No. III.: *Biography of Leroy, alias de St. Arnaud.*

why do you echo it? Nobody is the dupe of your mental reservation; you belong to the school of Bazile; you know that there always remains some ill after a calumny. None but persons paid by "Bonapartist gold," could be found willing to hint what you do hint, and it is only from the common sewers that one "picks up" people base enough to say that the Republicans recruit in *cabarets*. What object had you in view, when publishing those gross impostures? To vindicate the *Décembriseurs*! This is indeed too quickly forgetting that you wrote on the 22nd of December, 1851, when speaking of their deeds: "The retribution which must one day fasten on SUCH CRIMES exclusively concerns the French nation." Have you not yourselves implicitly declared herein, that we alone are at liberty to choose the hour "of retributing those crimes?" What sort of men are you then? What are your notions of good and evil? We should like you to take the trouble of saying what you think of a journal capable of making itself the upholder of a *régime* based on "crimes" which that same journal has been the first to record. On December 24, 1851, you wrote the following:—"The result of the vote of the plebiscitum is a conventional arrangement, which may be broken *at any time, by either party*, with impunity. It is a government *without right*, a state *without laws*, a nation *without duties*." What opinion do you form of the honesty of people who lavish reviles against us, because we endeavour to overthrow a government which they themselves have declared "without right," in the face of "a nation without duties?"

"Cette difficulté vaut bien qu'on la propose."

[This perplexing question is worth our putting it.]

If you were not undeserving the name of Englishmen, you whose patriotism does not recoil from covenanting *with assassins*, you would understand that the French patriots reck in nowise about Nicholas, when preparing the enfranchisement of their country; for, after all, matters will be easily settled with that "gentleman," were he even at Constantinople, as soon as his rivals, the *Décembriseurs*, are no longer in Paris. There is an enemy to civilization, more dangerous, more perfidious, more sanguinary still, if possible, than Cossackism: it is the Elysean Bonapartism. You calumniate us when you pretend that we are in favour of Russia; but, in any case, it is a singular mode

of combating her, to associate with powers still more savage than she is, with the slaughterers of December and the Austrian floggers of women. That you should rejoice, as Englishmen, at having found in the filth of the reactionary party, a Napoleon, who acquiesces in the treaties of the Holy Alliance, seems to us natural; but that, as honourable men, you should no longer despise him, seems to us unaccountable. It may be pleasant to you to prop up a despotism, of which one of its chief original abettors has just said,—“It is the revival of the Lower Empire.” (*Letter from M. Montalembert to M. Dupin.*)—It may be pleasant to you that France should continue subjected to a *régime*, styled by yourselves, “the most abject servitude,” (*Times*, Nov. 18, 1852); but everybody will understand that such should not be our taste, and that we should be determined to do anything, at any time, with a view to free ourselves. As to Russia, the past already attests your affection for her; the future will show the English people which, whether you or we, are disposed to serve her. Therefore, we say it openly to you, who are incessantly abusing the Republican party; to you, who still insult it so far as to pretend that it acts under the influence of “Russian gold:”—You are very powerful, but you are no gentlemen!



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