

way from the palace-gate at Peking to the chief wharf at Thoong Chow—eighteen miles; and it has been made “for the nonce,” that the young Emperor may accompany to the boat the records of his father’s reign, which have been transcribed into Manchoorian, and are to be sent in state to Tartary.

Well, that seems to cap the climax! Such a road *can* be made for such a purpose; but the highways of the nation, the *people’s* roads and canals, cannot be kept in moderate repair! Let us escape! “Hire, dear friend, true Caledonian master of the dialects, hire for us the first boat you can secure, and let us float away down this stream, muddy in itself, but charming in our eyes because it carries us away from a place where we have been more permanently provoked, and less instructed and entertained, than at any other spot on earth, Aden, perhaps, excepted.”

Easier said than done. A vociferous negotiation with two boat-owners; a persistent struggle of two hours’ continuance, to get clear of the crust and crowd of a hundred junks or more jammed up in the narrow stream; a final success and a joyful liberation, so that we could seat ourselves quietly under our pent-house cabins, and feel that we were quietly and constantly nearing the outlet to our discomforts. And so we went on, float, float, floating down the stream, with two men lazily sculling, or two others slowly tracking our boat round the countless bends of this uninteresting water-course. It takes four days to ascend the stream, but two days and nights brought us to Tientsin, and on board an American steamer again. Never enjoyed any thing more, in all my life-time, than to embark on this symbol of a new order of things.

By M. C. Putnam

THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER IN PARIS.

FAMILIAR LETTER FROM A YOUNG AMERICAN.

PARIS, Sept. 4th, 1870.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I write the date to my letter with precision, for it is a great day.

I have heard the Republic proclaimed in Paris!

Proclaimed in the face of the news of the overwhelming defeat of the French, the destruction of MacMahon’s army, the capture of the Emperor, the threatened march of the Prussians upon Paris.

France, humiliated by invasion, outraged by Prussian barbarities, beaten, driven back, betrayed, almost ruined, France, or at least Paris, gives itself up, not to panic, but to a perfect outburst of joy, to the jubilation of a fête-day. It crowns the statue of Strasbourg with flowers, it promenades on the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de Rivoli, before the Hôtel de Ville, as if to salute the return of a triumphant army. It forgets Prussia, it forgets even the Emperor, it is wild with delight, crying, “Vive la République, à toi citoyen.

Nous l’avons la République.” Like a man who awakes from a long nightmare, and, relieved from the weight that pressed him down and stifled him, gives himself up to the joy of living, of breathing, though but a moment. “Enfin, j’ai bien un jour pleinement.” I have heard men say, “je suis prêt à mourir demain s’il le faut.”

“Ich habe genossen das irdliche Glück,  
Ich habe geliebt et gelebt!”

But I will relate in detail what has passed. The French authorities, carrying out their system of treating the people like a set of babies, have shrouded all military operations in mystery; for at least two weeks there has been no official news from the front, and all newspaper or private intelligence strictly forbidden. They do not even publish lists of the killed and wounded! So for some time we have only known that the army of Bazaine was shut up in Metz, completely surrounded by a great

ellipse of the Prussian armies, while MacMahon, with 100,000 men, was directed to the Ardennes, intending to sweep round by the Belgian frontier, and effect a junction with Bazaine. Strasbourg resists one bombardment, Toul another. Alsatia and Lorraine are pillaged without resistance by the Prussian soldiers and the Badois peasants, Chalons evacuated, the Garde Mobile withdrawn towards Paris, the National Guards armed, but everywhere hindered by the jealousy of the Government, who forbids guns, organization, every thing, any thing. Better a thousand times lose France to the Prussians, than save it to the Republicans; on the other hand the people replied with the soldiers, "Chassons les Prussians d'abord, mais nous réglons nos comptes après."

Great confidence was felt in MacMahon's army. Last Sunday, the 29th, it was understood that fighting had begun in the Ardennes, it was impossible to know with what result. Towards the middle of the week we began to receive the Prussian telegrams, announcing a victory—in the absence of the slightest information on their own side. (When the Corps Législatif called on Palikao, the Minister of War, to explain how matters stood, he replied curtly that he did not mean to be bothered any more with answering questions.)

The Paris journals interpreted these telegrams as they best could. On Thursday the *Gaulois* published an elaborate article to prove that the Prussians had only defeated a small detachment of MacMahon's army, left on purpose to amuse them, and cover the retreat of the main body across the Meuse.

On Friday, MacMahon was wounded, half his army put *hors de combat*, the other half, forty thousand men, surrendered with the town of Sedan, and the valiant Emperor, hastening to salute his destiny, had given himself up prisoner to the King of Prussia. Having plunged the country into the war, betrayed its cause and its resources, defeated, it is said, by his obstinate incapacity this very campaign of MacMahon, the savior of France, true to the traditions of the

Bonapartes, had no thought paramount to the desire of saving himself, and surrendered to the Prussians, from whom he expected more consideration than from the enraged Frenchmen. So perishes a harlequin, and all his paraphernalia of Empire collapses as suddenly as a wind-bag pricked by a pin. One thinks of Carlyle's description of the death of Louis XV, and all Du Barrydom packing its trunks in the antechamber, ready to whisk off to the infinite nothing whence it had emerged, leaving a strong smell of sulphur behind it.

The news was only transmitted to Paris Saturday afternoon. At the session of the Corps Législatif, Palikao announced reverses, but not the whole truth: perhaps he did not know it. An extraordinary session was convoked for the night, and the House assembled at twelve o'clock. There Palikao declared the situation, and it was noticeable that the captivity of the Emperor was passed over as an unimportant incident in the general disaster. He concluded his report, significantly enough, by admitting that the council of ministers had no suggestion to offer in the extreme gravity of the situation. Upon that Jules Favre, quite simply, as if taking up the reins of power that the agonizing empire had let fall, pronounced the famous resolution for the *déchéance* of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty. "His words were received by a profound silence," said the *Figaro*, who, already prepared to greet the rising sun, had turned its back on the Empire, and forgotten to criticize the "*mauvais esprit*" of this resolution emanating from the Left Wing. Of all the Right, only one voice was raised to defend the old régime. Pinard, deputy from the North, observed, "We have not the right to proclaim the *déchéance*."

Nobody paid any attention to this observation. Jules Favre, "out of pity for the nakedness of the situation of the Right," says *La Cloche*, proposed to adjourn consideration of his proposition till the next morning, and the session closed. "This *scrupule* alone," continues *La Cloche*, "saved the Empire from

being condemned, like the royalty, in the night."

All night the wildest rumors circulated through Paris, which was overwhelmed with consternation at the disaster, coming after such confident predictions of victory. I went to the hospital in the morning, and M. Bernutz, the chief, came to the ward in such a state of prostration as was really pitiful to see. He seemed literally overwhelmed, and quite incapable of making the visit, or examining the new patients. Only one thing roused him, and showed the ruling passion strong in death, or despair. A patient remarked that she had been formerly treated by M. Nouat, an old rival of Bernutz in his own specialty; at that he brightened up to retort vivaciously, "Oh, if M. Nouat has cured you it is a proof that you were not very ill!"—a remark which greatly disgusted the patient.

Returned to the R—s. I found already another current of ideas uppermost. For them, the defeat of MacMahon was a fact primed by that of the captivity of the Emperor, and of the proposition for the *déchéance*. Every one was rushing to the Place de la Concorde in front of the Corps Législatif; my little American friends and myself took a carriage and rushed also.

We arrived at half-past one; the affair had already been decided. At noon the crowd had begun to gather, and found the bridge leading from the Place to the Corps Législatif guarded by sergeants de ville, supported by a double line of municipal guards—the regular army. The crowd grew more and more dense, and, emboldened by the consciousness of the National Guard behind *them* (which had only just been armed), called upon the policemen to surrender. At this moment the crowd was unarmed, the National Guard nowhere in sight; but, on the other hand, the policemen felt the dissolution of all the powers above them; they had no word of command, they knuckled under completely, gave way, melted into invisibility. As a proof of fraternization, they lighted cigars, and patting the blouses friendly

on the back, declared themselves their best friends, "honnêtes gens, bons Républicains." "Allez-vous-en, changez vos habits, nous n'avons pas de casse-têtes, nous autres," was the reply. The advice was followed; by one o'clock not a policeman was to be seen in Paris.

The soldiers of the Municipal were even more easily vanquished. The crowd put out feelers and talked with them. An officer rode up on horseback. "Vous savez," dit-il, "vous n'avez rien à craindre de nous," and with that the second barrier melted away like the first, the foot-soldiers mingled with the crowd, the cavalry moved from in front of the bridge, and the people rushed over.

The building itself was surrounded by the National Guard. But they reversed their guns, "mettaient la crosse en air," as a signal that they intended no firing, and the crowd ran up the steps, precipitated itself into the antechambers, and awaited the arrival of the Deputies that were to decide the fate of the nation—fate already decided.

The President, Schneider, came out and made a speech. His voice was drowned in the tumult. "Allez-vous-en, allez-vous-en, nous n'avons pas besoin de vous." Deputies of the Right tried to make a stand. "Allez-vous-en," was the pitiless cry. "Vous avez perdu la France," cried E— R—. "Laissons-nous la sauver," and they decamped one after another. One old fellow tried the heroic style; opening his coat, he placed his hands on his expanse of waistcoat, "J'offre mon corps à vos coups," he declaimed, "vieille charogne," (old carcass.) "Vous n'avons pas besoin de vous." And he made tracks also.

Finally some members of the Left tried to persuade the people to leave. "The House is about to deliberate on the gravest questions; we wish to proclaim the *déchéance*, but in order." "Ce n'est pas assez la *déchéance*, il faut proclamer la République. Vive la République! Vive la République!" and then with solid fists they began to batter against the solid oaken doors that shut in the Chamber of Deputies. It was

like the booming of distant cannon; it sounded the death-knell of the old régime. The majority felt that the cause was hopeless, and took refuge in the library under the protection of the National Guard. The Republicans spent some minutes in haranguing the crowd, that now had begun to force its way into the Chamber, and then withdrew to the Hôtel de Ville, where they proclaimed the Republic to the expectant masses assembled on the Place. It was the repetition of the *Jeu de Paume*.

The antechamber remained full. No one credited the report that the Republican deputies had withdrawn—every one was afraid of trickery. Finally, they burst open all the doors, rushed en masse into the chamber—it was completely empty. The powers that were had abdicated; the people ruled.

In leaving the buildings, M. R— observed to a member of the National Guard, "I recommended the deputies or the Right to claim your protection if they had need of it in getting away." "Il y en a un pourtant, qui ferait bien de ne pas se fier à moi, car je le fusillerais contre cette mur,—c'est Granier de Cassagnac." Three weeks ago this famous blackguard had threatened to shoot down every member of the opposition. "I should have been sorry," said R—to me, "had one of the people shot Casagnac; but should a member of the National Guard, a bourgeois, undertake the affair, I had nothing to say."

During this time the manifestation had been lively on the Place de la Concorde. On the central pillar of the Corps Législatif some one had written in red letters, "République Française," and cries of "Vive la République!" deafened the ears. There was the most perfect order, united to the most joyful enthusiasm. There was no occasion for fighting any one, for every one was animated by the same sentiment; and in the general outburst of fraternity, each individual seemed really enchanted to grasp the hand of his neighbor, and cry "Vive la République!" A man in a blouse came up to our carriage and addressed the coachman: "Bon jour, ci-

toyen; eh bien, nous l'aurons ce soir, la République!" He lighted his cigar, and went off, repeating, "Merci, citoyen, merci, citoyen," as if he could not too often find a pretext for pronouncing the dear word.

People climbed on the statue of the City of Strasbourg, and covered it with flowers, writing inscriptions on the pedestal, "Vive la République!" The statue of Lyons also was decorated in honor of the army that this city is supposed to send to the relief of the Alsatian capital. Men, mounted on carriages, harangued the people, and especially warned them against the excesses of '48. Squads of the National Guard patrolled the Place, with reversed bayonets, and blouses of all descriptions mingled with the handsome bourgeois uniform. "Vive la Garde Nationale," cried the citizens. "Vive la République, Vive la France!" replied the citizen-soldiers.

We stayed two or three hours at the Place de la Concorde, but during this time many events had transpired elsewhere. A detachment of the National Guard had accompanied a mass of unarmed citizens to the prison of St. Pelagie. "Il nous faut Rochefort," they thundered at the door. "Il est à Vincennes," was the first reply. "Ce n'est pas vrai, avouaient quelques uns de la garde tout bas. Il est ici." With that the crowd forced its way into the prison, the guard only making a feint of resistance. They demanded Rochefort of the governor. "Mais, messieurs," said the official, "je n'ai pas d'ordres à vous le rendre." "Vos ordres? Les voici," said one burly fellow, showing his fist. "Oh, très bien, messieurs, devant la force, je n'ai rien à dire,"—and he gave up the keys.

He was logical. He had supported an empire of force, which must necessarily crumble before a force superior.

Rochefort was borne in triumph on the shoulders of the people out of the prison, as he had been carried in on the shoulders of policemen nine months before. He was carried to the Hôtel de Ville,—Jules Favre embraced him in public.

When we drove up a little later, and found the people still swaying under the influence of some recent excitement, we asked the explanation. "C'est Jules Favre qui embrasse Rochefort," was the answer. Rochefort is a symbol, and possesses, in consequence, all the superior significance possessed by a symbol over the reality. Carrying out the radical protest against the Empire made last year by his election, the Deputies assembled at the Hôtel de Ville immediately placed him on the list of the Provisional Government. I will notice, in parenthesis, they have also had the good sense *not* to include Thiers.

But Rochefort was not the only symbol upon which the popular instinct fastened itself. All the signs and insignia of the Empire and the Emperor were attacked, the imperial eagles torn off the Hôtel de Ville, the multitudinous busts of the imperial family shivered in fragments, the very signs of the tailors and other "Fournisseurs brevetés de l'Empereur," broken in pieces. At one establishment on the boulevard, where the individual charged with the iconoclasm had demolished the first half of the name, and there only remained *-ereur*, the people, perceiving the pun, cried out to leave it as it was.

The garden of the Tuileries was early invaded, but no attempt made to enter the palace. People contented themselves with scrawling over the walls, "Respect à la propriété, mort aux voleurs." "Vive la République." And all along the Rue de Rivoli was written on the palace, "Logement à Louer." In the sentry-box at the gate some one had carried the joke still farther, and written, "Parlez au concierge; chambre *bien* meublée à louer." Of course, the "gracious sovereign" had *put* for Belgium some time before. Her fanfaronades of proclamations as Impératrice Régente still decorate the dead walls of Paris, and the recollection of her declarations, "Si les Prussiens viennent, ils m'y trouveront," remain to lend a piquant contrast to the reality. The imperial family has decidedly come to the grief it so well deserved—Monsieur at

Mayence under Prussian escort; Madame at Brussels, with, it is said, the crown-jewels; the little prince, after his "baptême de feu," scouring over the country with two physicians; Plon-plon at Naples, whither he fled as soon as war was declared.

Oh, dethroned princess! Oh, captive monarch! Oh, wretched prince! The day has gone by when the world will weep tears over your hapless fate; when poets will choose your woeful history as theme for their tragedies; when painters will represent you, even on the back staircase of the Tuileries, where the brush of Gros has fixed Louis Philippe forever! For the strange, extraordinary, and, at first sight, almost inexplicable circumstance in the affair, is the completeness with which every trace and vestige of imperial existence is swept away. Since the beginning of the war, the Emperor has indeed faded out of sight, but that is hardly since six weeks ago. But as late as May, the Empire seemed in the full bloom of prosperity; the plebiscite trick had succeeded beyond expectation, and given the Bonaparte dynasty an indefinite lease of life. The war, even, in concentrating all thoughts upon foreign danger, had hushed up for a moment the incessant warfare of the Opposition, and such as persisted were forcibly suppressed by the government. People submitted to every thing—the mobilization of the Garde Mobile; its incorporation in the army; the loan of 750,000,000, covered in a single day; the establishment of an Imperial cabinet; the dictatorship of Palikao; the atrocious silence in which all military operations were shrouded. Indeed, if the French had had only a moderate success—although the war was unpopular, although the majority regarded it as senseless and unjust—still, with success, the Empire might have been consolidated, and the proposed reckoning indefinitely adjourned. But, as *La Cloche* remarks this morning, "the captivity of the Emperor is the liberty of the country." L'Empire s'est donné sa démission. Not a blow has been struck, hardly a protestation made or

required, not an act of courage, or, alas! I fear that it would not have been forthcoming. But the whole gigantic humbug dissolved, melted away—eaten out and out by its own rottenness. “Je n’ai aucune commande à l’armée,” said the Emperor. “Vous n’avez aucune proposition à faire,” avow the ministers.

I am forcibly reminded of the famous story of Edgar Poe, concerning a man who was mesmerized at the point of death, in such a manner that his soul could not escape from his dead body. The corpse, on the other hand, could not decay as long as any soul remained entangled in its meshes, and stayed, therefore, in an intermediate condition between life and death, for three years. At the end of this time the mesmerizer reversed his passes. The spell was broken; with an immense sigh of relief, the soul shook itself free of its charnel-house, and at the same moment the body tumbled into a liquid mass of putrefaction.

In the same way one might say that a spell had been broken which bound France to the Empire. The living soul escapes—free—the Empire melts away of itself. It is extremely important to understand this, so as not to be the dupe of the amiable sneers which will presently circulate: “Oh yes, the French never are satisfied with their government. Four months ago they voted for it with acclamation, and now they want a republic again. They are not fit for a republic.” This is most superficial nonsense, as is shown by the very simple consideration that it is not the same people who change, but two parties, who have constantly been at war with each other, and who have alternately obtained the power. The seven and one half millions who voted for the plebiscite will certainly do nothing for the revolution, but the million and a half who voted against it are quite capable of the task, and also of cowing into subjection the great mass of inertia that is flung like ballast from hand to hand. Any state of society whose stability reposes on an army is in a condition of unstable equi-

librium that can always be upset in the twinkling of an eye. It is like an inverted pyramid, whose superficial expanse only serves to conceal the narrow base upon which it reposes. Indeed, the main thing which excites uneasiness after the joy of the 4th of September, is its resemblance, in suddenness of transition, to the 18 Brumaire, the 24 Février, and the 2 Decembre.

But in no other respect does it resemble these famous days. Never was so great a revolution accomplished in so absolutely pacific a manner. I repeat, it was less a revolution than a declaration of what really existed; and as the French boast, *such* a change of front, made under fire of the enemy, is almost as sublime in its boldness as in the electric shock that it has given to the panic-stricken people.

Panic! It is not dreamed of. The Prussians are at Soissons—more insolent than ever. Already they dictate terms of peace from Berlin. Already are anticipated cries of rage, both from Germany and England, at the proclamation of a republic that will call into life the republics of Spain and Italy, to form a sanitary cordon of Latin democracy that shall hem in the boasted Teutonic civilization—stronghold of feudalism.

But whatever the danger, men feel that they live—that they are men. “Until now I cared little for our disasters,” said the interne this morning. “What did it signify—a province more or less to the Empire? But now that the honor of the Republic is concerned, I am aroused to the gravity of our military situation.” “Until now,” said another medical student, “I have done my best to evade being called to the army; but to-day I have enrolled myself—for I shall be a soldier of the Republic.”

The same feeling animated the boulevards all night, where the Marseillaise and cries of *Vive la République* certainly did not cease till two o’clock in the morning. (We were on the boulevard till midnight.) One man said: “Je n’aime pas la Marseillaise, depuis qu’il a été souillé dans le service de l’Empire, mieux vaut le chant de Départ:

"La république nous appelle,  
Sachons nous battre au péril—  
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,  
Pour elle un Français doit mourir."

When we returned home last evening, the concierge and his wife stood at the door to greet us.

"Sommes nous aussi des Républicains?" they cried, holding out their hands to us as Americans.

The door was opened by an old Republican friend of the family. "Nous l'avons, nous l'avons!" he exclaimed. At the same moment E. R. arrived; the two men rushed into each other's arms. "Ah quelle belle journée! Nous l'avons la République!"—"Oui, maintenant il s'agit de la garder."

It is this feeling of tenderness, of affection, with which the Republic is welcomed, that is most touching. A lost ideal refound; no, it is more personal—it is the exultation of a lover who finds his long-lost mistress; and, absorbed in delighted contemplation of her beauty, forgets to think even of the future that she brings back with her. It is this that rendered the manifestation yesterday so singularly joyful. No one seemed to care much whether or no the Republic could really repulse the invasion that the Empire had called down on their heads. A lady passed in a carriage on the Place de la Concorde, and cried, "À bas la Prusse!" but nobody paid any attention to her.

This appreciation of Beauty—this perfectly developed self-consciousness which enables each individual in mass to seize the character of the *ensemble*—(I heard several people say to-day, "ah, n'avons nous pas été beaux hier!")—gives a French crowd and a French revolution a physiognomy entirely different from that possible in our colder northern races. It indicates their rôle in the Etats-Unis of Europe for which the present war—started in the interest of a parvenu dynasty, and carried on in the interests of a military feudalism—seems really destined to pave the way.

This unanimity of the crowd is explained in part by the enthusiasm communicated by the republicans to the

neutrals, of all shades, from the sergeants de ville to the National Guard and the bourgeois, and in part by the utter suppression of such solid sterling bourgeois as had supported the Empire, and hated the Republic, but in the moment of consternation do not dare to say any thing. One could see their faces here and there on the boulevards yesterday—cold and sneering rather than sour or provoked. Scepticism is always a Frenchman's refuge. I was furious this morning, at the hospital, under charge of P—, to see the frigidity with which he received the enthusiasm of the interne who had helped to force the Tuileries yesterday, of the externe who enrolls as a "soldier of the Republic" to-day. "This is the second Republic I have seen," he remarked, and busied himself with some miserable details, affecting to ignore the whole matter.

I do not wonder that such men as R— are furious against the savants, and corps médical, who as a body assume just this rôle—sneering; accepting, fighting for all the solid crumbs of material comfort that the powers that be can place at their disposition, but whenever it is question of the people, treating them as "insensés," "hair-brained," "animés d'un mauvais esprit."

No; fraternity cannot be universal. It is the church militant that has to defend truth; and the life of every person who cares about truth must be one of incessant warfare. He must learn to render hate for hate, contempt for contempt; to keep his back and knees stiff and his head upright—proud, inflexible, uncompromising. Then, perhaps, in the course of his life-time may come to him one such day of perfect, unalloyed triumph as yesterday.

Such days, in which a people lives, in which individual lives are absorbed into a Social Being that for a moment has become conscious of itself—such moments realize the old conceptions of ecstasy among the Neo-Platonists. It is the life of Humanity that is the Infinite; it is the mysterious progress of Ideas that we understand by the "workings of Providence;" it is the unerring exactitude of

moral retribution for good or for evil, for true or for false, for sham or for reality,—which represent the recompense of heaven and hell. The tremendous importance of ideas! the only reality behind the shifting phenomena of existence—how is it possible to live thirty years in the world and not have learned it? And yet how few there are who trouble themselves about such “abstract questions,” who do not consider the whole duty of man to consist in raising his family in material comfort and lining

his pockets as comfortably as possible by every windfall that luck or Providence may throw in his way! Such creatures deserve to be cast out to wither, severed from the deep, fruitful life of Humanity like a branch cut off from a vine.

I have written this long letter “d’un seul coup,” because I thought you would like to hear from an eye-witness how the Republic was proclaimed in Paris on the 4th of September, 1870.

Your affectionate ———.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

##### THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

THERE is a great lesson to be learned from the present war—a lesson of the day, and yet the lesson of six thousand years. It is, that he who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind. The man or the nation that worships wrong, shall be by that same wrong overthrown. Napoleon III won his throne by treachery and bloodshed; he has lost it by a tenfold treachery and a tenfold bloodshed. The French people allowed themselves to be duped by his frauds and cajoleries, and now they are paying the penalty of their want of manliness and self-respect. They did not have the courage to meet and cast off the seducer, when he came with his specious promises of order, prosperity, and glory; and now, when he has brought them before an earnest foreign enemy, they must have courage, or die.

Louis Napoleon, as President of the French Republic, might have lifted his country to a pinnacle of moral prosperity and grandeur that the nation had never before reached. He might have trained his countrymen, weary of revolutions and suffering under the woes of long civil wars, to a respect for law and a love of peaceful industry which would have given their fertile and elegant genius an easy mastery of modern civilization. He would have retired, then, in due time, from the seats of power, blessed by the gratitude and love of a

happy and advancing people. But his imagination was smitten by the dazzle of dynastic glory. He wanted to be an emperor, and to transmit the imperial dignity to his descendants; and, with that unhallowed purpose, he violated his oaths, destroyed the constitution of his country, butchered his fellow-citizens in the streets or sent them into exile, and for eighteen years maintained his ill-gotten power by corrupt favoritism and the force of bayonets. His crime was seemingly triumphant. The nations cried out, “Io Napoleon, the great warrior and statesman!” when, suddenly, the hour of trial came—a trial provoked by his own precipitate and arrogant ambition—and the entire fabric he had so carefully reared fell to pieces as the rottenest of structures. The favorites whom he had nourished by corruption, were as treacherous towards him as he had been treacherous towards his country. Those swords in which he had trusted were swords of lath, and those armies, armies of pasteboard and shoddy. All his subordinates had but too well learned the lesson he had taught, but too well copied the example he had set. A single earnest campaign snuffs out his pretensions; he falls without a regret, covered by disgrace and contempt, and the unmeasured ridicule of the world.

And the French people acquiesced in his crimes; they approved, by their