

he falls enveloped in the weakness inherent in whatever is palpably selfish and unjust. Still there is much cause for fear. There may be yet a re-action in France in favour of wiser heads and more moderate measures ; but, for the present at least, the destinies of the country and the peace of Europe seem to be in the hands of an unthinking and reckless mob.

To what are we to attribute the singularly mistaken policy of Louis Philippe during the last few years, so unlike, in at least the degree of sagacity which it evinced, that of the earlier portion of his reign? "Forget," said Napoleon, in urging one of his generals to exert all the energy of his more vigorous days,—“forget that you are fifty.” Has the ex-king of the French been unable to *forget* that he is considerably turned of seventy? Has that peculiarly solid understanding for which in his more vigorous years the man was so remarkable, been gradually giving way during the last few years of his life ; and are we to recognise in the gross imprudence—to give it no harsher name—which led to the present catastrophe, as in his shameless attempts to aggrandize his family in Spain, and his homologation as national of the revoltingly unjust assault on Tahiti, the signs of a decaying intellect, no longer able to control, as formerly, the selfish instincts of his nature, constitutionally very strong? And is this wise and brave man to be regarded as forming one illustrious example more of that class of the wise and brave so well described by Johnson?—

“ In life’s last scene what prodigies surprise !
 Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.
 From Marlborough’s eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.”

Certainly the latter scenes of the drama of his reign, to whatever they owe their peculiarity of character, read a fearful lesson. By virtually ceasing to be—what the title conferred