

**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**

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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 Schlcher

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VICTOR SCHLCHER

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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-