

Almighty, who granted the forming of such a republic as this, who has guided it safely through stress of conflict from within and attack from without, who has made it a refuge for the disheartened and the oppressed and the exile, and the land of opportunity and encouragement for them as well as for the ambitious and the able, means us to be true to our trust in American citizenship. Surely we could not but be possessed by the unshakable conviction that He means us to continue doing our part in upholding the republic and to show our appreciation of the blessings it has given us and gives us by being Americans now and for ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

On the 14th of July the French celebrate the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, which was the beginning of the French Revolution. As this date marks a new epoch in history, the whole world celebrates it now, and the tune of the Marseillaise, the battle hymn of the republic which finally emerged from the upheaval that started on that fateful day, is popular to this hour wherever free men rise against tyranny.

The Bastille was the prison which under Louis XIV began to acquire its fame as the jail to which the king as well as the noblemen of his *entourage* would send their political and personal opponents, without trial, simply by a *lettre de cachet*. It was looked upon as the bulwark of the *ancien régime*, its name as the symbol of oppression. The man who in 1789 occupied the throne of France, weighed down with all the curses heaped upon his ancestors, was of a harmless, even good-natured disposition. He might have been popular, had he not been married to that beautiful and refined, but superficial princess, Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the famous empress Maria Theresa. The people hated her, *l'Autrichienne*. Neither of the royal couple was able to cope with the great problems of the day. Louis XVI was not a tyrant and saw no need of filling the Bastille with prisoners, but he lacked insight and foresight. He did not even know that the masses were starving, he did not dream that something like a financial calamity might foreshadow a revolution.

There were no political prisoners in the Bastille when it was taken by the Parisian mob. The guards who garrisoned the stronghold capitulated and, lowering the drawbridge, gave free access to the crowds who came as liberators. The commander had been assured of his own safety and that of his men and his officers, but the mob did not keep its promise. The men in charge were massacred without mercy.

The king had been hunting on that day. When he was informed of the capture of the Bastille, he is reported to have said, "*Mais c'est une émeute,*" but the officer replied, "*Non, Sire, c'est une révolution.*"

The Bastille was practically empty when it was taken and its few inmates, common vagrants and thieves, were set at liberty with great display. It was not their persons that mattered. It was the place where they had been held captives—a monument of tyranny of whose fall and destruction they bore living witness.