

described in the letters we have been quoting. It is to be hoped that the effort will not fail to attract the sympathies of our many Cræsus. In other countries the government patronage afforded to art is not reserved for painting and sculpture only. Architecture comes in for some share. Here there is no free school for architectural students, and their existence appears to be ignored by those who are willing to make themselves known as patrons and promoters of art. It is, perhaps, contrary to the spirit of our institutions

to look to the nation for help in such studies, and many are of opinion that the best of schools is the office of a practicing architect. So it might be, if, as in Europe, the greatest works of the past and present were, virtually, around the corner or across the way. In this most conservative of the arts it is useless to look for progress until we can, so to speak, hitch ourselves on to the past, not by the medium of a long chain of mistaken traditions, but by real and vital contact.

Roger Riordan.

LÉON GAMBETTA.



JOSEPH GAMBETTA, THE FATHER OF LÉON.

[THE following paper, by one who for years had excellent opportunities for knowing M. Gambetta and for studying his career, was prepared during the past autumn at the special request of the editor, and its assignment was made to the present issue previous to the illness which resulted in the death of the French statesman on the first of January. It is thought best to print the paper as it was written, retaining the attitude implied in the author's occasional use of the present tense. ED.]

GAMBETTA, who was for many years the hope of French democracy, is, notwithstanding his diminished influence and the attacks of which he is the object, one of the chief men of the Republic. Michelet, in relating the tragical end of one of the great actors in the first Revolution, exclaimed: "France is yet unconsolated for his loss." Future biographers of Gambetta might repeat this exclamation were the rest of his career to belie the promise

of his earlier years. In the range of modern history there has been no public man who occupied so large a place in the heart and imagination of a great people. The idolatrous love of which he was the object grew up in a day, and during ten years did not cease to sustain him. Fortune all the while heaped upon him her favors. His very blunders seemed to carry him forward. The hostility which his success aroused among the reactionists, who

were no despicable force at the beginning of the last decade, only increased his prestige. Popular favor bore him so high, that when the three presidents—to wit, the chief of the Executive and the speakers of the Chambers—went in 1880 to visit Cherbourg, Gambetta appeared to be invested with the effective supremacy. As the last general elections approached, he seemed to have laid his hand on France, and was universally regarded as the arbiter of her destinies. A few impatient and angry words, spoken under great provocation, brought about an eclipse of his popularity which, to those who gazed on him from afar, appeared as sudden as it was inexplicable, but which to a few judicious friends was neither the one nor the other. Hereafter I shall try to lay bare the chain of causes which brought about this turn in the tide of popular favor, which has since, and, in a great degree through his own fault, continued steadily to ebb from him. To regain the ground that he has lost, it would be necessary for him to modify the policy he was induced to adopt when the death of the Prince Imperial left the Bonapartists without a chief. He has taken, since he went to reside at the Petit Bourbon in the spring of 1879, many false steps which it behooves him to retrace. But, above everything else, it behooves him to give unity to his life, and to shape his course as a statesman upon the lines that he pledged himself to follow as a tribune. In his deflection from these lines is to be found the explanation of his collapse. No doubt his *rôle* as a tribune is played out. The political doctrine which he declared and expounded on balconies, in dancing-halls, in roughly built sheds, in circuses and in provincial theaters, was the great source of his popularity. Gambetta was idolized because he revived the democratic faith which was so fervently embraced by the French nation at the close of the last century. He had himself that faith, which was the reason why he was able to revive it in others. In allowing his flatterers to persuade him that his triumphs were those of a histrion, he wronged himself and the great people who acclaimed him as their leader, and would be glad to hail him again as such.

A knowledge of his ancestry will help the explanation of what is duplex in his genius and disposition, and of that want of unity between his career as a tribune and as a statesman which has been fraught with evil consequences to him. We find a Genoese weft and a Gascon woof, with perhaps a Semitic twist in the thread. The precise hue of his moral nature is as hard to determine as the color of shot silk. Its shiftiness is very provoking to those who, being high-

minded themselves, hold him in affection because of his great qualities. This variability of hue also explains the animosity with which Gambetta is attacked by Republicans who were once his sincere friends. The French like sharp outline, clear definition, and fixed, sober colors. On the paternal side, Gambetta springs from the smallest class of Genoese *mercanti*. Rochefort has attempted to make his grandfather out a highwayman. Nothing is less proven than that he resorted to such a gentlemanly occupation as brigandage. If he did, unlawful gains failed to entail wealth on his children,—one of whom, Veronica, actually receives outdoor relief from the syndic of her commune near Genoa. He had many sons. One of them settled at Orange on the Rhône, and was the ancestor of Claire Gambetta, a singer in a *café chantant*, who went to Cahors to sing when her illustrious kinsman was expected there. Another son, Guiseppe, or Joseph, went to set up in business at Cahors, in Languedoc, as a grocer and dealer in cheap textiles and pottery. His house, which he sold on retiring from trade, has still on the sign-board this inscription:

“AU BAZAR GÉNOIS. GAMBETTA JEUNE.”

From the word *jeune* (junior) we may infer there was a Gambetta senior. Joseph certainly kept aloof from his kindred. His house, well situated in the market-place for business, was low and dark. The Italian grocer was industrious and close-handed. All his faculties were concentrated in the shop. He got on fairly well, but not sufficiently to emancipate himself and his family from cheese-paring economy.

At Cahors, “Gambetta Jeune” took for a wife a Mademoiselle Onasie Massabie, the youngest of four children who had been doubly orphaned from a tender age. She was a daughter of a respectable apothecary at Montauban. The providence of her childhood was a lame elder sister who died unmarried in 1876, and was Gambetta's housekeeper when he was a young advocate in the Rue Bonaparte, and when, a popular tribune, he lived in the Rue Maigne. Onasie Massabie, perhaps, was remotely descended from a Jewish stock. Whatever may have been the origin of Madame Onasie Gambetta, she was a woman of rare and noble endowments. Her mind, though extremely practical, was lofty, and her warm heart was the source of fine impulses. She had a hopeful way of taking the cares of life, and decision in facing them. Though plain-mannered and unpretending, she was the contrary of vulgar. A citizen of

the world falling in casually with her in her latter days would not have supposed that her school education was of the most elementary kind, and that she had led the cramped life of a small, provincial tradeswoman. It was from her that Gambetta derived those faculties which have rendered him so apt to personify the democratic movement which he inaugurated toward the close of the Second Empire. To her, also, he owes that taste for the eloquence of the tribune which carried him so high. This remarkable woman and admirable mother designedly stimulated her son's oratorical vocation and turned his mental energies into the channel in which they have been flowing. Unknown to any one, she hoarded up money to enable Léon to choose his own career, and to buy him out of the army in the event of his electing to be a Frenchman, and drawing a bad number for the conscription. His father, who had no prevision of the boy's future celebrity, wanted to secure him against military service by keeping him an Italian. Immunity from soldiering was brought about accidentally. As Gambetta was watching a knife-grinder operate on a wheel, the blade of the knife got detached from the handle and flew into the boy's eye and blinded it. He was very much petted in consequence, and the mother was emboldened by her increased tenderness to insist upon Léon being sent to the Petit Séminaire of Montfaucon to receive a classical education. Her husband was an enemy to higher instruction and thought the communal school sufficient for a boy whose destiny it was to be a provincial grocer.

The late Madame Onasie Gambetta was a reading woman. She subscribed to the "National," when Armand Carrel was its editor, and went on taking it until it was suppressed by Napoleon III. It contained an "essence of Parliament." When Léon came home from Montfaucon on Saturday nights, if his marks were good, he was rewarded with cuttings from the Parliamentary reports of the "National," which were stuffed into his pocket. Paris at this time was in the throes of revolution. The days of February and June, and Cavaignac's Dictature were followed by Prince Louis Napoleon's election to the Presidency, the Roman expedition, and the *Coup d'État*.

The youthful Léon was heart and soul with the popular cause. He was thrown by the days of December into a fever of excitement. On quitting the chapel one Friday morning, he got on a bench in the playground, and delivered a burning harangue. A mixed commission was terrorizing Cahors. Clerical and political reaction had gathered

overriding strength. The rector of the Petit Séminaire was alarmed at the hot eloquence of Léon, and wrote to his parents to come and take him away. He gave the future tribune and statesman an excellent character, and praised his intelligence, assiduity, and lovable warmth of heart. But he also said he was a born demagogue, and was growing up for Cayenne. That, however, concerned the parents; what the rector could not tolerate was his school being turned into a nursery for Jacobins. So home the budding orator was taken. There was nothing which he could be taught at the primary school that he did not know already; it was decided, therefore, to send him to the Cahors Lyceum, but on the understanding that he was to be kept a close prisoner there. Joseph Gambetta, as an Italian, might have been at any moment, with his whole family, expelled from French territory. Prudence was, therefore, incumbent on him. The high-school was in the old priory of Cahors. Léon was kept as if in a jail, and never allowed to go home except in the long vacations. To cheat tedium he threw himself with energy into study. For history and physics he had a special predilection, and became well versed in those Latin authors whose accounts of Old Rome and its decadence were to him full of actuality. Their influence was shown long after in the speech in which Gambetta defended Delescluze.

The future statesman had exhausted the high-school programme in his sixteenth year. His father was obliged accordingly to take him home. Mental energy had ceased to flow in a demagogic channel, but its fire was not quenched. In the Lyceum, Gambetta had risen to a high intellectual plane. It is worthy of remark, however, that he did not catch from his architectural surroundings a particle of mediæval feeling; but the mental training he received rendered a narrow mercantile life distasteful to him. As the "Bazar Génois" was in the market-place its business lay in a great degree with rustics. Léon got sick of dealing with haggling rustics, and prayed to be removed from behind the counter to the desk. As he was a quick accountant, and wrote in a neat, legible, and flowing hand, this was granted. He did his best to give his mind to the business, but failed, and his health sank under the tedium of uncongenial pursuits. No device to which the watchful and tender mother resorted could get the better of his splenetic state. He had a fixed ambition which, as it appeared to him a chimerical one, made him restless, discontented, and miserable; it was to study law, and become a teacher to a Legal Faculty in a provincial city. One day his mother called him to her. She said she had been unhappy

in witnessing his growing depression, and she handed him a bag of money which she had saved unknown to anybody—enough to defray the cost of his journey to Paris and enable him to study law there for some time. A trunk full of clothing had been prepared, and was at the office of the stage-coach, where a place was booked for him to the nearest railway. Madame Gambetta instructed him to slip quietly away, in order to avoid a painful scene with his father, who was determined that his son should succeed him in the business. This communication was so unexpected and delightful that for the rest of the day Léon was in a state of bewilderment. He rose betimes next morning, and stole off as instructed. Before Madame Gambetta had instructed her son to follow his vocation, she had taken steps to keep him out of misery when the hoard placed in his hands should be exhausted. In 1856, the year in which Gambetta left Cahors, M. Émile Menier went there on a business tour. He had just opened the chocolate factory at Noisiel, and traded in medicated biscuits and sweet-stuffs. Calling at the "Bazar Génois," he was received by Madame Gambetta. In answer to his proposal to sell his goods on commission she, with tears in her eyes, met it with another. It was in the nature of the one enunciated by the unjust steward. "I have a son of great promise," she said, "whom I want to send to Paris, against his father's will, to study law. He is a good lad and no fool. But my husband, who wants him to continue his business here, will, I know, try to starve him into submission. What I am about to propose is that if I buy your chocolate at the rate you offer it, and buy it outright instead of taking it to sell on commission, you will say nothing if I enter it at a higher price, and you will pay the difference to my son?" M. Menier, from whose lips I had this anecdote, agreed, and for some years carried out the arrangement.

Léon Gambetta was an utter stranger to the French capital. He had not so much as a letter of introduction. On alighting from the train he called a hackney-coach, and when asked by the driver where to go, replied: "To the Sorbonne." The man stared wonderingly, and then obeyed. On arriving, his "fare" stepped out and looked at a building of gloomy and prosaic aspect. "That's the Sorbonne," said the driver, "but nobody lives there except the porter. I suppose you are a country relation of his?" "No," said Gambetta, "I have come to study, and would be obliged if you could recommend me to a cheap hotel." The Jehu took him to a mean-looking *garnie*, or licensed lodging-house, facing the Sorbonne. There Gambetta asked

for "the cheapest room in the house," and was shown to a garret, which he occupied until his father pardoned him and agreed to make him an allowance. The student from Cahors boarded at a dairy. For two years his life was one of hard work and solitude. His arrival in the French metropolis coincided with public *fêtes*, illuminations, and reviews to celebrate the Prince Imperial's birth and baptism, and the signing of the Treaty of Paris. The impressions he received in 1856 explain, in some degree, the numerous points of analogy between his theory of an authoritative and highly centralized democracy and Imperialism. They were like the river flood leaving a deposit which, though it may in the end be fertilizing, is miasmatic. There were times when Gambetta was only separated from the Empire by the remembrance of the *Coup d'État*. But he was not conscious, until the death of the Prince Imperial, that his political system bore a strong resemblance to the Napoleonic one. Soon after that event, when Bonapartists gathered round him, tempting him to become their disguised chief, he discovered the likeness. He then began to think seriously of bringing the Party of the Appeal to the People (*Appel au Peuple*) (less M. de Cassagnac and a few Jérômists) into the governing majority of the Chamber. The vehicle for effecting this change of front was to have been the *scrutin de liste* bill. Gambetta, no doubt, flattered himself that he would be able to impose much of his original programme on his new allies, while they reckoned upon using him as an instrument for a second exploitation of France. He let himself be persuaded that in virtue of the principle of atavism, the French would never be able to do without a Cæsar, and that since the uprising of one was inevitable, it would be better that he should be a popular man. Atavism precisely cuts at the root of Bonapartism, which was only a prolongation of the Bourbonism established by Henry IV. and Richelieu, and which entered its period of decrepitude in the old age of Louis XIV., to perish in rottenness and imbecility in the eighteenth century. The active principle of the French nation was favorable to communal development, of which there was an arrest in the long war with England, which began in the reign of Edward III., and ended in the regency of the Duke of Bedford. France had attained a very high degree of health, wealth, and happiness when Philippe of Valois came to the throne. The communes in the north and the cities in the south had attained a high degree of prosperity and civilization. Joan of Arc's victories over the English threw power into the hands of a

feudal nobility which, at the Renaissance, attempted to establish a federal system on an evangelical basis. In Admiral de Coligny this movement found its highest political incarnation. It was an instinctive one, suppressed by treachery, massacre, an alliance between Catherine de Médicis and Philip II. of Spain, and finally the League. There was another arrest of national development. Henri IV., who, after Coligny's death, became the leader of the Federalists, stepped into the shoes of the extinct Valois after Ivry, just as the Bonapartists wanted Gambetta to become the disguised inheritor of the Empire. The tyrannies of Richelieu and Louis Quatorze prevented the active principle of the nation from asserting itself. It broke loose in 1793. As the Government of France is still highly centralized in the Medician, Richelieu, Louis Quatorze, and Napoleonic lines, it is to be feared that the cycle of revolution is not yet exhausted.

At the Law School Gambetta was a hard worker. He was then pale, slender, and had a physiognomy at once interesting and picturesque. There had been a good deal of sadness in his life, which his face told of. His countenance showed that his mind was not shaped on a small pattern. The outlines were ample, and there was an imposing air of grandeur in the carriage of the head. A full, wide brow indicated a brain rich in the objective faculties. But the equilibrium of the forehead was imperfect. Height was wanting, and the profile line receded too much toward the crown. Observation outran reflection. It was not the head of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or a Cæsar, but that of a Rienzi. The capacity to assimilate the ideas of others was prodigious. A mass of raven-black hair, long and slightly curled at the end, betokened a vigorous temperament. In the school amphitheater, M. Valette, an old professor at the Faculty of Law, was struck with Gambetta's assiduity, with the originality of his look and manner, and the resonance of his voice. In the second year, one day after a lecture, he detained the Cahors student, whom he interrogated discreetly about his life and prospects. On learning how his father had broken with him and would not suffer his name to be uttered in his presence, M. Valette said: "*Monsieur, votre père fait une bêtise*" (Your father acts stupidly). "You have a true vocation. Follow it. But go to the bar, where your voice, which is one in a thousand, will carry you on, study and intelligence aiding. The lecture-room is a narrow theater. If you like, I will write to your father to tell him what my opinion of you is." M. Valette wrote, appealing to affection and to reason, to the father and the tradesman. "The best

investment you ever made," he said, "would be to spend what money you can afford to divert from your business in helping your son to become an advocate." Finding herself supported by the high authority of a professor at the Law School of Paris, Madame Gambetta continued to stand up for her son. She was aided by her relatives and friends, and her husband yielded.

In 1858 Gambetta was a graduate of the Law School, but he could not be admitted to practice at the bar for three years more. In this long interval he did nothing. Having money enough to keep his head above water, he led the life of a Quartier Latin student of active mind, ambitious instincts, and unrefined tastes — one, moreover, devoid of religious ballast. It was a life that in many respects was good for the intellect, but unfavorable to the development of moral sensibility. In a curious manner he was drawn into the legislative theater, on the boards of which he was one day to be the greatest actor. An usher of the Corps Législatif, whose acquaintance he had made in the dairy where he boarded, admitted him to the gallery to hear the debates, of which reports were not given in the journals previous to 1861. He also gave him admission to the lobby, where he obtained a close view of the chief men of the empire. During the legislative session he regularly availed himself of the usher's services, and acquired much direct knowledge of politics and politicians. In the Bohemia into which, in his idleness, he drifted, he made the acquaintance of some men of intellectual value, and of others of small worth, whom, because they were old chums, he has since hoisted into great official posts. The *cénacle* was the Café Procope, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, where Voltaire used to go between the acts of tragedies which he brought out at the Odéon. Courbet, Manet, Carjat, the photographers, and Alphonse Daudet, were of the set into which he fell in the Quartier Latin. He picked up Spuller and Léon Renault at the Palais de Justice. Laurier was another bar acquaintance. A member of the *cénacle* was Ranc, who had a passion for political conspiracy, and was affiliated to the Mazzinians. He had been transported at the *Coup d'État*, but escaped from the silos of Algeria and remained in Italy until a general amnesty was granted. Alphonse Daudet and Gambetta took their meals together at a cheap *table d'hôte* in the Rue de Tournon. It was a boarding-house akin to the Pension Vautier in Balzac's novel of "Le Père Goriot." Neither of the young men had visions of that gastronomic paradise which Trompette was to create at the Palais Bourbon. Daudet

closely observed the Cahors student, and has told the world in "Numa Roumestan" what manner of man he thought him. It was Daudet's nature to watch human creatures as entomologists study insects. He had a particular reason for studying Gambetta, whose applause in the gallery of the Chamber, when any of "the five" deputies of the Opposition spoke, had been noticed by the President, De Morny. That personage was curious to know who the audacious habitué of the gallery was, and applied for information to his secretary, Ernest Daudet, who asked his brother to procure it for him. Nothing was easier, inasmuch as Alphonse and Gambetta dined at the same *table d'hôte*, and the future tribune was open and expansive. At the Molé Conferences (a forensic society at which young advocates debate under the tuition of old ones), a German Hebrew, who affected red republicanism, was simultaneously charged to watch Gambetta and furnish reports about him to the Prefect of Police.

M. Alphonse Daudet also knew Rochefort, who was in 1859 a clerk at the Hotel de Ville, a contributor to "La Presse Théâtrale," and was bringing out a Satirical Dictionary of Conversation, and had produced a clever farce, "The Well-dressed Man," at Les Folies Dramatiques. Daudet imagined that the young satirist and Gambetta would suit each other, and asked him to meet Rochefort at dinner at the *table d'hôte*. The "Red" Marquis, who was then an Orleanist, and as well dressed as the chief personage of his farce, conceived an aversion for the future tribune. The one was a born Parisian and an ingrained aristocrat. He was natty, refined in his tastes, and had the irritable nerves of a woman. His complexion had a cadaverous tinge, and his skeleton face was lighted up by a pair of deep-set and permanently blazing eyes. His wit was sardonic, and, though he was good company, his tongue castigated. Gambetta was slovenly in his person. Being used to a warm climate, he kept his hands in his pockets, to resist the cold; and when he was not excited by his own eloquence, his shoulders were drawn up to his ears. His exuberance jarred on Rochefort, who, on his side, impressed the orator disagreeably. They were predestined to be enemies. For ten years they kept aloof from each other, to meet again on the Irreconcilable Platform, at Belleville. Rochefort's latent antipathy burst forth, when he was an exile in Geneva, with a fury that has never abated. Gambetta, for whom the "Lanterne" had prepared the political stage on which he was the chief actor after the collapse of the Empire, was not so forgetful as Rochefort imagined

of the obligations which he was under to him. But he was too supine when urged to press M. Waddington on behalf of the exiled satirist for an amnesty. Rochefort's anger was moreover inflamed by a conversation which took place in the spring of 1878, at the table of Madame Adam. That lady having urged his claim to republican gratitude, the famous orator, who had risen to be the Warwick of the Third Republic, lost his temper, and said that the articles then sent from Geneva to the "Mot d'Ordre" were in a fish-wife style, seasoned with kitchen salt, and quite ignoble. M. Émile de Girardin, who was by, repeated the harsh criticism to a person, by whom it reached the ears of the Red Marquis.

In Gambetta's idle days in the Quartier Latin, the Empire entered upon a new phase. Orsini's attempt had thrown the Emperor back into the ideas on Italian independence, which had taken hold of his brain in youth. He made war on Austria to emancipate Italy. It was impossible for him to take credit for liberating Italians and keep Frenchmen in slavery. While the laurels won on the plains of Lombardy were fresh, he thought it advisable to grant a full political amnesty, to restore to the Chamber the right to vote an address on the imperial speech at the opening of the session, and to the journals the privilege of reporting (but only *in extenso*) the debates in Parliament. This meed of liberty only emboldened foes, and gave the Orleanists room to move about and agitate. They started a militant journal, "Le Courrier du Dimanche," which at once became a power. It was kept up with funds provided by a liberal ex-minister of Louis Philippe, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, and was directed by Gregory Ganesco—a subtle, flexible, very "slippery" and polyglot Wallachian. This Ganesco was an illegitimate son of the Chevalier Von Gentz, and a man rich in expedients, a hard worker when he had any heavy business to get through, and a clever, ready writer. He was absolutely devoid of *sens moral*, and, while running the Orleanist journal, was in the secret service of the Empire. For the staff of his Sunday paper he enlisted Weiss, Prévost-Paradol, Chalmel Lacour, Spuller, and Édouard Hervé, who is still an Orleanist. M. Thiers gave the "Mot d'Ordre" to Ganesco and Prévost-Paradol. Through Spuller, Gambetta was drawn into this curious Orleanist center of agitation. He never wrote for the "Courrier du Dimanche"; but he made, with some members of its staff, two pilgrimages to Twickenham. At the time of his second visit he was canvassing Belleville. The Duc d'Aumale, in a walk in his grounds along the Thames, said, apropos of the river and some apple-trees:

"They remind me of St. Cloud, and make me homesick. When do you think we are to go back to France?"

Gambetta answered:

"No patriot should wish for your return. Imperialists for their own safety, and Republicans from loyalty to their cause, are bound to keep you and the other members of your family in exile." (The word Opportunist was not invented when Gambetta was last at Twickenham.) When he had spoken, he noticed that the face of his interlocutor dropped. The Duke's secretary called, in 1870, upon the Deputy of Belleville, whom he had known in the Quartier Latin, to ask his support for the petition of the Orleans princes to be admitted to the rights of French citizens. The answer given to the secretary was, "In acting as you desire, I should prove myself an indifferent patriot." As Rochefort and other Red Radicals charge Gambetta with being an apostate Orleanist, I think it well to show on what a slender basis the accusation rests. Orleanism was the only organized form of opposition to the Empire previous to 1863, when Garnier-Pagès created a militant democratic party, which went on rapidly from victory to victory. Gambetta was also brought into relations with Orleanists at the office of M. Crémieux, in which he worked for some years as a law secretary. It was this eminent advocate, who, in the days of February, proposed in the Chamber the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, whom, with her two sons, he escorted there. He went from advanced liberalism to republicanism in '48, on being named a member of the Provisional Government. Crémieux was the first Hebrew ever called to the Paris bar. At Tours, when he there headed the Delegate Government, I heard him express himself timidly in favor of the claims of the Comte de Paris, which Lady Waldegrave urged upon him in a series of letters to Madame Crémieux. Whether nineteen years ago Gambetta and his masters were or were not Orleanists, they resorted to Orleanism as a means for obtaining concessions from the Emperor. That group had an état-major well disciplined and redoubtable, because headed by Thiers, who secretly was hostile to every plan for a monarchical restoration. In canvassing Belleville in 1863 and 1869, Gambetta learned what vitality there was in the democratic principle, and resolved to become its exponent.

There was no steady progression in Gambetta's rise to political fortune. He advanced *per saltum*. The first great jump was into M. Crémieux's office. To be allowed to turn down the work for an eminent advocate is deemed a high privilege by young French

lawyers; it was one that Gambetta attained on the day on which he argued the first case that was confided to him. It came to pass in this way. His client was an eccentric creole from the Antilles, who had picked him up adventitiously. Days and nights were spent in conning the brief and laboring at a set oration. The first lawyer of the age in civil business, Dufaure, was to plead on the opposite side. On the eve of the day on which the suit was to be heard, the novice sat up until day-break, and went nervous and confused before the judges. When the case was called on he rose to address the court, and started with a grand exordium. Dufaure eyed him with an expression of scornful irony, which upset him in the midst of a florid sentence. Seeing Gambetta hopelessly floundering, the hardened veteran on the other side begged for "an adjournment of eight days, to give his young adversary time to collect his ideas." It was granted. The creole's attorney, believing in Gambetta's forensic ability, went up to him and asked leave to coach him. Next day he called and thus admonished him: "You must not try to learn your speech by heart. State now to me the case in a conversational sort of way as if you were instructing me. When I raise objections answer them. Read over and over again your authorities. When I come back, re-state the case—but in no speech. You will thus get the whole affair methodically into your head *and on the tip of your tongue*. Juries want eloquence, because they don't understand law. Civil judges want sound argument and to be saved trouble. They are sick of advocates' talk, and are therefore pleased with lucid brevity. So far as it is consistent with gracefulness of style, be laconic. Take care not to be frightened at the sound of your own voice, and be sure not to talk loud at the outset. Loudness is only good in the finale, or if the judge is falling asleep." The attorney made another call on the eve of Gambetta's second appearance in court. He came to propose spending the early part of the evening at an amusing theater. On quitting his young friend, he invited him to breakfast with him next morning. The repast was of delicate oysters, a tender beefsteak, and not too much of it, and old Bordeaux wine. Not a word was said about the case. A cigar was brought in with coffee, to be quietly smoked. The attorney and the young advocate walked from the house of the former to the Palais de Justice, and Gambetta went into court in a pleasant state of well-being. Dufaure was there; but his adversary was not confounded by his presence. He entered quietly into the kernel

of the affair, and gradually warmed. The case was a heavy one. It was argued solidly, and yet in a brilliant manner, which was an evident treat to the judges. After Dufaure spoke there was a short rejoinder. Judgment was deferred, but the veteran lawyer came up to the novice to felicitate him on his talent and acumen. Other old and eminent advocates pressed round to congratulate. One of them was Crémieux. He offered on the spot to take Gambetta into his office as a secretary. The brilliant and skeptical Laurier was already at a desk there. He struck up with the newcomer that friendship which never abated, and acquired over him an ascendancy which eventually led to some bad consequences. Gambetta was in the malleable period at Crémieux's. There was a tinge of Laurier's skepticism in the Opportunist policy into which the "République Française" drifted, both before and after MacMahon's resignation.

Between the delivery of his maiden speech and the one in defense of Delescluze—who was prosecuted for aiding in a manifestation at the tomb of Baudin (a Deputy shot on a barricade at the *Coup d'État*)—Gambetta made no mark at the Palais de Justice. He occasionally appeared for Crémieux in secondary cases, and now and then pleaded for a journalist, in whom the public took small interest, before the tribunal of Correctional Police. He was noted, however, by his legal brethren, for his southern verve, dash, and originality, his fine, far-reaching voice, and Dantesque manner, which, to some extent, was assumed. The secret police watched him at his lodging, on a fifth floor, in the Rue Bonaparte, where his aunt, Mademoiselle Massabie, had come to act as housekeeper and domestic drudge. There was barely furniture enough to meet the rule of the Council of the Order of Advocates, in virtue of which young barristers are obliged to furnish the chambers in which they live. It was the aunt's good pleasure to drudge. On Sundays members of the Café Procope cénacle and junior members of the legal profession gathered at the apartment, which served as a study, dining, and reception room. As many as could be accommodated at table sat down at the luncheon-hour to partake of a leg of mutton rubbed with garlic, which the aunt cooked, or some other homely and high-spiced southern dish. Those for whom there was no place at the board smoked. Every one talked, and Gambetta the loudest of all. They passed in review the lectures of the week at the schools of the Faculties, the Sorbonne, and the College of France; the events at the Palais de Justice; the plays that had come out or were going to be produced; and arranged *clagues* to damn authors of

imperialist proclivities. Gambetta was the king of the company. He and his friends had the utmost confidence in themselves, and in their plans for renovating art, science, literature, and politics. They burned with ambition to knock down the Empire and to stand in its place, and were impatient of the restraints which it placed on the tongue and pen. Paris, at that time, was reduced to the silence of an exhibition of wax figures. This oppressive stillness Gambetta was destined to break. The young briefless barristers and Bohemians who gathered round him had a vague feeling that Gambetta was the coming man, and hung to his skirts. As he was good-natured, he let them hang on, and when he had the power to do so, shoved them into lucrative offices. In a police report about the Sunday gatherings in the Rue Bonaparte, Gambetta was described as eaten up with ambition, and capable of developing into a Marius if not gained over to the Empire. He was ambitious, but this passion took no definite form before he was elected for Belleville.

The great events of history often hinge on trifling circumstances. A visit paid by the Empress Eugénie brought under her notice a procurator named Pinard, who was a very able lawyer, and a miniature man,—admirably proportioned, handsome as an Adonis in his small way, natty, gallant, fluent, and skilled in paying ingeniously turned compliments. He was very clerical, and an enemy of the Duc de Persigny, whom the Empress hated, and who wanted the Emperor to take confidence in the vitality of the imperial principle, and grant the liberties to speak in public and to print newspapers, which had been enjoyed in Louis Philippe's reign. Pinard became the darling of the court ladies, and the Empress insisted upon the Home portfolio being given to him. The audacious manikin at once began to play with fire. To prove that Persigny was wrong, and that it would be dangerous to make concessions to liberals, the Home Minister organized a seditious manifestation by police agency. The young republicans and old revolutionists fell into the trap, and went, on the All-Souls' Day of 1868, with M. Pinard's spies to lay crowns and make speeches on the grave of Baudin, who was killed, girt in his Deputy's scarf, on a barricade at the *Coup d'État*. The *bona-fide* manifestants were prosecuted, and one of them named Delescluze asked Gambetta to defend him. If the Court of Correctional Police, before which the affair was to be tried, had not been presided over by a M. Vivien, Delescluze's counsel might still be a practising barrister. That judge was very short-sighted and hard of hearing. He generally decided

according to reports made to him in his private room of the trials that he had "heard," or, when the case was political, according to instructions sent from the Tuileries. As, by reason of his infirmities, he was slow, hesitating, and timorous, and was devoid of independent spirit, he suited the Emperor. Advocates who pleaded before him for journalists were in their clients' interest wont to plead extenuating circumstances and to conciliate the government. But Delescluze was a fanatical revolutionist and an old stoic, whose will had been strengthened by a long sojourn at Cayenne. All he asked of his counsel was to hit hard the author of the *Coup d'État*. As general elections were approaching, and Gambetta wanted to get into the Chamber for a Red Constituency, he was eager to avail himself of his client's instructions and M. Vivien's deafness to make a splash in the stagnant pool of politics. Any other judge would have silenced him, when, in a fervid oration, he was leading up to the parallel between Catiline, such as he was drawn by Sallust, and Napoleon III. The Roman historian and jurist described Catiline and his crew when they were beaten. But Gambetta anathematized his modern and victorious prototype when worshippers of success were lauding him as the master-mind of Europe and the arbiter of her fate. After giving a vivid picture of the author of the *Coup d'État* and his accomplices, and of the massacre of peaceful citizens on the boulevard, the orator exclaimed, "They talk here of the *plébiscite* and of ratification by a national vote. The will of the people can never transform might into right. A nation is no more justified in committing suicide than one of its individual members. And after seventeen years we are forbidden to discuss the iniquities of December. Government will not succeed in always holding the gag where they want to keep it. This trial must go on until the world's conscience has received the satisfaction that it demands, and until the wages of crime are disgorged. In your seventeen years' mastery of France you have never dared celebrate the second of December. It is we who take up the anniversary which you no more dare face than an affrighted murderer can the corpse of his victim." Loud as Gambetta thundered, M. Vivien did not understand what he said, until he had withdrawn from the bench to deliberate on the judgment which he was to render. One of his assessors then told him. The direct attack on the Emperor came with terrible force. Rochefort, who was an exile in Brussels, by making out the Empire ridiculous as well as odious, had prepared the way for Gambetta, who, the following summer,

was returned by Marseilles and Belleville to the Corps Législatif.

Soon after his double election Gambetta started for a tour in Germany and Switzerland. He was threatened with consumption, and had been ordered to pass a season at Ems, and then try the grape and buttermilk cure at Bex. At the German spa he met Bismarck casually and had some conversation with him about the prospects of the Empire. When they separated, the Prussian statesman asked M. Émile de Girardin who the young Frenchman was.

"Don't you know? Gambetta!"

"The irreconcilable Member for Belleville?"

"Yes. I thought he was a mad fire-brand from reading what the papers said about him. But he is very intelligent and has a shrewd judgment. He will go far. I pity the Emperor for having such an irreconcilable enemy."

"His irreconcilability," answered Girardin, "will depend upon the future policy of the Emperor. Gambetta is a *Jacobin autoritaire*, and nearer to the Empire than he imagines."

On the way to Switzerland, Gambetta took Vienna and the Tyrol. At that city he presented a letter of introduction from M. Thiers to an Austrian statesman. He had asked for it in the Chamber, and it spoke of the bearer as not only being a young man gifted with eloquence, but endowed with prudence and common-sense. At Bex, Gambetta stayed with M. and Mme. Laurier, with both of whom he was extremely intimate. Health returned in Switzerland. But the slight figure grew corpulent, and, notwithstanding frequent resorts to a depleting regimen, it has since gained in stoutness.

Gambetta entered the Chamber on a programme to which he voluntarily swore in public at Belleville. It embraces the abolition of standing armies, local decentralization, and the election by universal suffrage of functionaries. This document, which is omitted in the Reinach edition of Gambetta's speeches, produced a stupendous effect. Its omission contributed to the ebb in the tide of Gambetta's popularity. Opportunism, as it was first understood, meant payment by installments. So long as it was professed to be this it had with it urban democracy and drew toward it the rural electors. The quarrel with it only began when it was proclaimed by its authors a bad bond, which they did not intend to honor. Since the defeat of MacMahon, the Opportunist platform has been the negation of the Belleville one. "La République Française" has become one of the last strongholds of the old spirit of military adventure. The hostility of that journal to every scheme for communal or municipal form of local self-

government is rabid. It struggles to keep up the contemptible and anti-democratic prefectorial rule in the departments. Prefects live in palaces in departmental chief towns and draw large salaries. They are closely dependent on the Home Minister, are obstructives to local energy, and only of use to concentrate secret police information and to advance the interests of government candidates at legislative elections. There is no scope in the prefecture for great administrative or any other kind of ability, whereas it was communes and municipalities which built the cathedrals and town-halls of Picardy and Flanders, and rendered Florence the queen of mediæval Italy.

Gambetta's attitude in the Corps Législatif, in which he sat for a little more than a year, was one of reserve, until M. Ollivier brought forward the plebiscitary scheme, which M. Rouher and his group secretly imposed on him. On this occasion the Deputy for Belleville made in the Tribune his confession of Republican faith. The speech in which he vindicated the unalienable right of the nation to sovereignty was the most perfect he ever delivered. It cut at the root of the imperial theory of government. No dynasty could be *de jure* established upon a national vote. This was one of the orations of Gambetta which does not lose in being read. The style is copious without being redundant, the arguments are weighty, and the general tone is one of lofty dignity. This speech at once placed Gambetta at the head of the democratic Opposition. He was as much the artist as Jules Favre, and, in a higher degree, the statesman. On the question of peace or war, which was raised in the month of June that followed, his manner showed embarrassment. He, however, decided to vote the war supplies demanded by M. Ollivier and Marshal Leboeuf.

On the night of the memorable Third of September, the day after the surrender of the Emperor at Sedan, Gambetta concerted, with his intimate friends, what to do on the following day. Clémenceau, who had just returned from the United States, Madame Laurier, and Bratenet,—the vintner, to whose good offices Gambetta owed his election for Belleville,—had gone round that faubourg, and other democratic parts of the city, to invite patriots to march on the House of Deputies, and prevent the formation of an executive committee, which was to govern in lieu of the Empress Regent, but in her name—a project to which Thiers and Grévy had lent themselves. Thiers, when told that Gambetta was endeavoring to defeat it, said of him: "*Cet homme mourra dans la peau d'un fâcheux*" ("This man will always be a troublesome fellow"). The Chamber was in-

vaded by the freshly organized National Guard, which had fire-arms but no uniforms, and the Republic was proclaimed. To get before his electors, who intended to install a radical government at the Hôtel de Ville, the deputy for Belleville drove rapidly there with Spuller. He was joined by other representatives of Paris and by General Trochu, and wrote on slips of paper, which were thrown out to the armed multitude, the names of his colleagues who had agreed to enter a provisional government. The Interior he kept for himself, and lost no time in proceeding to the Ministry. He wanted to direct the general elections, and to replace all the imperialist prefects by men of a democratic shade of republicanism. His friend Laurier was named Secretary-General to the Home Department, and was sent as its delegate to Tours. He accompanied thither the senile M. Crémieux (who cumulated War and Justice), and Admiral Fourichon. Laurier at once began to negotiate the Morgan loan, which was to be to him a source of fortune, and to facilitate the operation published a gigantic canard about a victory of the Paris National Guard over the Germans. He stood in the way of a National Assembly, a convocation—a measure of which Crémieux, Thiers, and Grévy were partisans. When pressed hard by them he found means of advising Gambetta that reactionary counsel prevailed, and that to save the Republic he should quit Paris in a balloon and come to Tours. M. Crémieux, whose wife corresponded about the Orleans princes with Lady Waldegrave, was friendly toward them, but did not believe a monarchical restoration feasible. Nor had he the slightest faith in the military preparations for defending the Loire that Admiral Fourichon was making. His chief object was to convene speedily a national assembly, and throw on it the responsibility of a continuance of war or an inglorious peace. At Tours, in the councils held in the Archbishop's palace, Laurier stood out against his old master's policy. The reason he urged was, that if there were general elections soon after the fall of the Empire, radicals would predominate in the sovereign assembly. It may have been that he sincerely dreaded this result. Although elected on a democratic programme in Toulon, in 1871, Laurier at Versailles joined the clerical section of the Right. His detractors ascribed this step to anxiety lest, if he remained true to his pledges, the Morgan loan to the Committee of National Defense and other financial transactions at Tours and Bordeaux might be closely scanned by a Commission of Inquiry. Gambetta reached Tours simultaneously with Garibaldi, whom Laurier relegated to a servant's room at the prefecture. There were

conflicting opinions in the Government, but only there on the subject of resistance. Wherever the invaders did not show themselves, there was an idea that France would eventually be victorious. Few were aware, in the early stages of the national defense, to what an extent the military spirit generated by the Revolution had been undermined. It may be here observed that this spirit had been kept up by the liberal and Voltairian bourgeoisie of the Restoration and of Louis Philippe's time, for whom Thiers wrote his history and Béranger indited his Napoleonic songs. In 1870 the bourgeoisie professed Chauvinist ideas, but did not feel them. Thiers was the first to renounce the doctrine inculcated in his own historical works. But when he began to do so his words found no echo. He was also one of the few men in the temporary capital on the Loire competent to judge of the military situation. The generals that were there had had experience chiefly in irregular Algerian warfare and the Arab Bureaux. They were ill-disposed toward the Republic, and bereft of all martial qualities except indifference to human suffering. Both they and the crude civilians who helped the War Minister trusted to drum-head courts-martial to atone for the want of that steady, sharp-eyed discipline which is only to be kept up by officers who sacrifice their ease to duty. Executions were of shocking frequency before Gambetta's attention was called to this dark fact. They took place at dawn, in the faubourg of Tours lying nearest to the Cher. A soldier dying of inanition, who pilfered food, was given a short shrift, and there was no organization for lodging and feeding the raw levies. The working classes were honest, patient, and ready to make any sacrifice demanded of them by the State; but they were without initiative, and supine. Railway directors were in the Bazaine conspiracy, and shunted food and munition trains laden with supplies for campaigning regiments. Thiers, on his return from his diplomatic tour from London to St. Petersburg, through Florence and Vienna, denounced as madness the efforts to resist invasion, and called the Dictator a "raging madman." When the premature and intensely harsh winter began to decimate the Mobile Corps and the invasion to spread west, the denunciations of him were repeated. Gambetta at the outset had only to struggle against dishonesty above and inertia below. But from the day that Prince Frederick Charles was able to quit Metz, he had to contend with a hostile animus. His theoretical and technical ignorance were severely criticised and his blunders magnified. A clear distinction was drawn between Gambetta commander-in-chief of the army, and

Gambetta the tribune. He is still under the illusion that the military part he played was the source of his popularity after the war. His strength lay in his harangues, which awoke the old republican feeling that had lain dormant in the provinces seventy years. Aided by the strangest chapter of events in modern history, he had brought about a democratic revival and helped to fuse Paris and the provinces. This was the great work that he began at Tours and Bordeaux, and continued when the Assembly was at Versailles. In accomplishing it he was sustained by the disinterested friendship of MM. Adam, Spuller, Poujade, Brisson, and Clémenceau, who was his second in the duel with M. de Fourtou, and who broke with him for the policy he adopted on the morrow of Grévy's election to the Presidency. Clémenceau wanted Gambetta to accept the responsibility of office and propose to the Chambers a total amnesty for participation in the civil war.

Gambetta had a narrow escape from being captured near Bourges by Von Zastrow, and sent to join the Emperor at Cassel. When that general was at Auxerre, M. Paul Bert was prefect at the place. It was his native town, and he had been sent to it to organize the defense. In discharging his mission, he gave proof of strategical ability and resource. The scientist, acting on the maxim that all is fair in war, corrupted an Alsatian valet of Von Zastrow. The servant agreed to slip into the potatoes of his master and aid-de-camp and military secretary opiates furnished to him by M. Paul Bert. The general was a deep drinker. When he was slumbering, after dinner, Fritz, the man, was to rummage his pockets and his desk, and bring dispatches from headquarters to the prefect to be read by him. One evening a letter was brought addressed by Moltke to Von Zastrow. It instructed him of the exact position of Bourbaki's camp, and of Gambetta's intended visit of inspection to it. The general at Auxerre was to coöperate with a detachment of Prince Frederick Charles's army in hemming in the camp. M. Paul Bert lost no time in riding across country to a telegraphic station that was in communication with Bourges, and warning the general and Gambetta. Bourbaki was to have kept on the south bank of the Loire, while Chanzy fought on the north. But on reading Moltke's instructions to Von Zastrow, he decided, under the pretext of going to coöperate with Garibaldi, to retreat into the Tura mountains. Gambetta arrived in the camp in time to be consulted. When he was joined by M. Paul Bert, he sent him to Lille to help General Faidherbe. One of the defensive measures of the savant was to

post the names of cowardly mobiles at the doors of town-halls, post-offices, and factories, and to invite the girls to read the lists of shame. Gambetta followed M. Paul Bert to Lille, to stimulate the population there, and returned by Cherbourg. Ten years later he revisited that naval stronghold as President of the Chamber. He was drawn by his recollection of the invasion into making a speech which alarmed Germany. There are some men who habitually put a guard upon their lips and weigh their words in uttering them. Gambetta is not one of these. From infancy upward he has nearly always been king of his company, and surrounded by adoring female relations and intimate friends who at once regarded him as a comrade and superior. The latter were of his own age, and their presence imposed on him no reserve. He had not been brought up like Cavour, in the severe tradition of a patrician family.

Gambetta sprang from the smallest *bourgeoisie* of a provincial town. His southern loquacity and expansiveness were unbridled and have always been so until the extreme radicals broke with him and turned to rend him. Thus his tongue, which has been his chief source of influence with the French nation, has also come to be an unruly member, and often expresses with too much emphasis passing moods and fugitive thoughts. No post-collegiate study has sobered, strengthened, and tempered the mind and imagination of Gambetta. His books are men and things, and he does not so much learn as *pick up*. This is in consequence of the loss of one eye, and the delicacy of the other. His ocular weakness places him at a disadvantage relatively to other statesmen. When even Thiers was obliged to retire from active politics, he returned to the arena intrinsically greater than he was in quitting it. The interval had been devoted to study—not the less severe because recreative—of art, science, history, philosophy. Gladstone betakes himself to the Greek classics. Cavour busied himself in writing agricultural treatises and review articles. But close application to books is forbidden to Gambetta, and to correct a plethoric habit of body, when he is in the country he is obliged to take an amount of physical exercise which is unfavorable to meditation. His ocular infirmity explains why his intellect does not follow the same law of growth as the minds of Thiers, Cavour, Burke, Gladstone, and Sir Robert Peel. Study in mature life brings up and brings out great personal qualities, and gives succulence to that best fruit of our elderly years—wisdom. Gambetta, when he became the virtual head of the Republic, was flattered by the moneyed and aristocratic class and taken hold

of by them. Although he has more natural sympathy with the blouse than any public man I can think of, he was estranged from his old and true allies of the workshops. The smaller-minded upstarts around him at the Palais Bourbon were for striking up a friendship with pleasure-loving Dives.

The former tribune has many qualities besides eloquence which place him above his rivals. One is geniality. Another is absolute freedom from *bourgeois* curishness. He affects an interlocutor as would pleasant sunshine, and he has ready sympathies which command sympathy. His experience of human nature and skill in parliamentary management are very wide. It is said that at the Palais Bourbon he lost his faith in principle. What befell him there should strengthen him. Whenever he trusted in such material forces as his cook, Trompette's, dishes and other forms of corruption, defeat soon followed. His highest achievements as a tribune and militant republican politician were victories of pure moral force. I witnessed his action at Tours and Bordeaux, at which last place I saw him, in the teeth of a freezing north wind, harangue from a balcony an immense concourse of country people. It was so good, grand, and invigorating that I feel, in noting his recent backslidings, as Neot did in rebuking Alfred the Great, before adversity had purified that king. In the militant part of his career Gambetta's confidence in his principle was never shaken. The brightness of his hope enabled multitudes who had been in secular darkness to see the way before them. His boldness was never daunted. The advisability of implicating him in the charge of communism brought against his friend Ranc, was often debated. It is certain that at St. Sebastian he did foment the communal insurrection in Paris and the provincial cities, and he might have been, with a show of justice, condemned by a military tribunal to join Rochefort and Louise Michel in the antipodes. Gambetta also was warned that if the Élysée party went to the length of a *coup d'état*, in 1877, he would be arrested and shot. There would not have been any means of escaping from his lodgings in the Chaussée d'Antin, if the gendarmerie had entered in at a front door, the garden being surrounded by dead walls six stories high. Such was the public favor he enjoyed that not a person taunted him with the political blunder made at Bordeaux which gave in the Assembly preponderance to the royalists. When that body met to sign away Alsace and Lorraine, Gambetta did not realize its *de-facto* sovereignty. His position was that if the

National defense had been carried on with spirit France could have made at least an honorable peace. One of the departments which sent him to the Assembly was the Haut-Rhin. When the other deputies of Alsace and their Lorraine colleagues met at Bordeaux, Gambetta proposed to resign *en masse* the day on which the peace preliminaries were ratified. They consented. I saw them, headed by Gambetta, quit the house, and noted the void their absence had made on the republican side. President Grévy, who was Speaker, refused to accept their resignation until they had thought over it for twenty-four hours. A dramatic incident strengthened their resolution. The venerable Jean Kuss, mayor of Strasburg, in leaving the theater which was used as a Parliament House, staggered up to Gambetta, his face blanched with emotion, and said: "Let me grasp your patriot's hand. It is the last time I shall shake it. My heart is broken. Promise to redeem brave Strasburg. *L'Alsace vous attend.*" He fell in a state of syncope. When the carriage into which he was lifted reached his hotel, he was dead. "*Elle attend,*" the motto of Henner's patriotic picture of Alsace, is taken from Jean Kuss's dying words. This work of art was dedicated to Gambetta, who probably would not have advised a protestation which secured a majority to the royalists whenever they might fuse, if he had not anticipated the communal rising and counted upon its success. Unquestionably that movement prevented the Comte de Chambord's advent at Versailles as king.

It was during the Universal Exhibition in 1878 that Gambetta reached the climax of his popularity. He then appeared the incarnation of Republican France in the widest meaning of the term, and was what he looked. Any one who could give an introduction to him was almost a personage, and was beset by foreigners who wanted to shake hands with him and hear him talk. In the preceding year he had been victor in the greatest political struggle, in which neither military nor revolutionary force were brought into play, that ever came off in France. It may not have closed a cycle, but it marked an epoch. Thiers died when it was going forward. At his death, and in virtue of an arrangement he had made just before it happened, the command of the republican forces devolved upon Gambetta, who, however, was bound, when MacMahon resigned, not to oppose Grévy's candidature to the presidency. In obedience to the verbally expressed wish of Thiers, all his friends in the campaign against the Élysée were to be subordinate to one leader. The honors of victory were not, there-

fore, divided when the three hundred and sixty-three deputies, who protested against MacMahon's *coup de tête*, were sent back to Versailles. Of the intensity of the effort made by the one side and the other, a single fact will enable those who did not witness it to form an opinion. The Marshal and his cabal were only beaten by five hundred thousand votes. What, in the heat of the battle, the republican part of France hoped, believed, desired, or willed, Gambetta formulated in short phrases which electrified and were easily retained and circulated. The roll of thunder and the sudden, sharp flash of lightning in his eloquence, with the aid of M. Émile de Girardin's press auxiliaries, defeated the nearly six hundred thousand civil service agents who were maneuvered as a single man by a tyrannical and unscrupulous ministry.

As Marshal MacMahon resigned a year after he "submitted," Grévy did not at once occupy the high place which it was settled he should fill. It would have been better for Gambetta and perhaps for the Republic had there been no delay, for there was no counterpoise to the influence of the victor, who soon became omnipotent. He had no official standing beyond that of Deputy. His power, as chairman of the Budget Committee, was known to ministers and lobbyists, but not to the outside public. But he was a man above his fellows—the Grand Elector—and with the exception of the rugged Dufaure, ministers were his humble servants. That crusty, hard-grained old lawyer, Dufaure, stood out against him openly and in secret and strove to circumvent him. He discovered from a proposal made him that the Opportunists wanted to make Gambetta Chief of the Executive, and to keep out Grévy. Dufaure watched closely and rendered the negotiation sterile. Notwithstanding his political omnipotence, Gambetta in the last year of MacMahon's tenure of office did not do anything to excite envy. He felt then the danger of solitary prominence, and shunned rather than courted ovations. His power was often discreetly exercised in releasing foreign commissions to the exhibition from the fetters of red-tape. Assistance was quickly given. If the Senator apprehended a deficit, Gambetta whispered a promise that he would ask the Budget Committee to make it up. Gambetta wished the exhibition to redound abroad to the glory of France, and to be an agency for gaining a wide-world sympathy for the Republic. The chief Opportunist journal was studiously moderate in its polemics. Its director kept aloof from the fêtes given in honor of illustrious strangers connected with the exhibition. He lived in rooms allowed him by the shareholders of the

"République Française," in the house in which the offices of that paper were located. His establishment was on a modest scale, and there was no private equipage, a plain *coupé* being hired by the month.

The politico-financists who have swamped the Opportunist party did not appear in the bright summer of 1878. But the anterooms of the great man were filled with idolaters. Place-hunters were to swarm in later. Idolatry was borne by its object with good humored simplicity. Foreign votaries were helped with evident amusement to translate the feeling which they tried to express in broken French. He heard himself praised in French spoken with every known accent. Anglo-Saxons were the most demonstrative admirers. The intelligent and original Sir John Bennett, of Cheapside, was among those who found their way into the presence of the Jove of French politics. Sir John asked leave to present a signet ring at a future visit. "What," he asked, "shall be the motto?"

"*Vouloir c'est pouvoir*," replied Gambetta. "Shall I write it down for you?"

"Oh, no," answered Sir John. "My memory will hold fast every word you utter."

The ring was in due time made and presented, and a superb one it was. But the knight's memory played him a trick. He omitted the conjunctive "*c'est*," and "*Vouloir pouvoir*" were the only words on the seal. The recipient did not look this gift-horse in the mouth, but was greatly amused by it. He has worn Sir John's ring from the day on which he accepted it.

In that same memorable year Gambetta wore at home a loose pea-jacket, or *vareuse*, bought at some ready-made clothes store. Often when old and humble friends from Belleville dropped in to see him in the morning, he kept them to take pot-luck at *déjeuner*. At the *Chaussée d'Antin* he afforded himself a white damask table-cloth. The plated spoons and forks were superseded by real silver ones, bearing the initials *L. G.* in plain capital letters. A delightful host Gambetta was. He ate with good appetite, and, stimulated by the friendly faces and the chattering tongues around him, he became witty, humorous, a thinker, and a word-painter. The cerebation which his talk revealed was prodigious. He did not set up to be a Doctor of Republican Philosophy, as in his journal. At the same time, he never spoke of the Republic but with enthusiasm. With intimate friends he often argued. He was more Democratic than Liberal, and more Jacobin than Socialist. Although a warm Anti-Clerical, his mind had taken the Papal, or Roman im-

press. In his system the state was incarnate in the man who best expressed the universal sentiment and felt the universal want. He adopted the Positivist philosophy of Comte, which teaches the necessity, in the fatalistic sense of the word of an *homme pontife*—a very dangerous doctrine for Secularists to hold who dispose of the Bourse, army, and civil service patronage. Gambetta's conversation was no monologue. Great personages found themselves at his table with meanly born folks, who had not risen much above their primitive condition, but were worthy citizens and had helped the Democratic cause in difficult times, and were able to give further assistance. The host was equally attentive to his guests. He was ignorant of many social usages which facilitate smooth relations in a mixed society and keep down the heart-burnings to which sensitive, meritorious, but unsuccessful men are liable.

Dom Pedro, when first visiting Paris, said to M. Théophile Gautier *fils* :

"I have now seen everything I want to see here except Victor Hugo."

"There is no reason, sire, why you should not also see him. He would be greatly flattered to receive a visit from your Majesty."

"I do not doubt that he would treat me with courtesy. But I am afraid that he would not return my visit. What do you think?"

The question was repeated by M. Théophile Gautier to the poet in the presence of a lady, the wife of a struggling journalist whom Victor Hugo particularly esteemed for the consistent dignity of his life, which had been an obstacle to the acquirement of wealth.

"Tell the Emperor that I shall regard his call as a high honor," answered Victor Hugo, "but it would be impossible for me to call on him, for the simple reason that I have never yet found time to call on Madame B. (the journalist's wife) or on other ladies who often come to see me, and who merit my respectful friendship."

I doubt if Gambetta could so much as understand the exquisite breeding revealed in this message to Dom Pedro. In his own house, or at the table of a friend or acquaintance, Gambetta, however, always does and says the right thing. At the board of the Prince of Wales he was as much at his ease as though he were breakfasting with one of his old Palais de Justice associates.

A leaven of Cæsarism was at work in the Opportunist party. This ferment might easily have been suppressed when MacMahon resigned. When that event happened Gambetta was urged by Republicans who had subordinated themselves to him, under the reserve of asserting their independence when there

would be no longer necessary for military discipline, to aid them to elect M. Brisson Speaker of the Chamber, and to head a cabinet himself. But he and his immediate following preferred to shirk responsibility. Gambetta dominated the 363, and would therefore have been the master of every cabinet which could possibly be formed. He wanted to retain his hold on the urban democracies, and to draw to his side the rich, timorous, and sybaritic conservatives who were advancing upon him, and insidiously surrounding him. It so little entered into his ideas at that time to become their instrument, that he carried against the President of the Republic, who grieved over the measure, and against the lukewarm Republicans of both chambers, a change in the constitution whereby Versailles ceased to be the parliamentary capital. The Chambers, in obedience to Gambetta's will, came back to Paris, the population of which he then expected would help him to bridle them, were they to grow restive. This step of the Legislature was a signal proof of the omnipotence of the Deputy of Belleville. Had it been followed by a plenary amnesty he would have retained his popularity; and because he was popular the Conservatives would have gone on courting his favor. But he forgot to what extent he was morally culpable with the Commune, and while felicitating himself on the return of the Parliament to Paris, refused to press for a complete act of oblivion. It was said to him: "When you have carried the translation of the Chambers you can obtain a full measure of mercy." His objection was that in asking for the very restricted amnesty which Waddington obtained, ministers had surpassed the limits indicated by the country. As a matter of fact, the country had indicated nothing. What rendered the feeling which began to grow up against Gambetta more bitter was that a member of the committee which carried his first election at Belleville—Trinquet—was perishing from scurvy in New Caledonia. Instead, therefore, of having the additional weight of Paris to bear upon the Chambers, the capital fell from him. The Government, from motives of economy, ordered the first batch of amnestied communists to be landed at Port Vendres in the Eastern Pyrenees (a Red district), instead of at Catholic Brest. Their utter misery, and the tale of nine years of wretchedness told in their scorbutic and emaciated bodies, produced an explosion of compassion not only at Port Vendres and Perpignan, but in reactionary towns where the third-class trains chartered to bring them to Paris halted. Louis Blanc and Clémenceau went to meet them, but Gambetta, although many of them were his old personal friends and constituents, gave no sign. It would have been hard for him publicly to give one. As President of the Chamber he was the third person of the State Trinity established by the Constitution Wallon. But he might have taken advantage of the sentiment of public pity to demand a complete amnesty, in behalf of which Louis Blanc began to agitate in the South. Eventually, Gambetta forced the hand of the de Freycinet ministry. But he seemed to do so under weighty pressure. At the municipal elections of Paris, the candidates most particularly recommended by him had been defeated. Trinquet, who was still in the galleys, was elected at Belleville. Legislative elections were not far off. A trifling circumstance rendered the situation more tense. The Mayor of Belleville, a Gambettist, got up, in the interest of his party, a popular banquet in the Lime Tree Garden at Ménilmontant, the most democratic part of his *arrondissement*. The great orator was there to explain his policy, in a way to meet the attacks which the press was beginning to make. In the invitations, of which about nine hundred were issued, the hour stated was seven o'clock. This was understood to mean half-past seven. But the dinner was not served until after half-past eight. Gambetta had not come. The landlord insisted upon not waiting any longer. Two places were kept vacant at the table of honor. At nine "the guest of the evening" and Spuller entered to fill them. Whether habituated at the Palais Bourbon to the dishes of Trompette, they had grown too dainty for the plain cooking of Ménilmontant, or for what other reason, it does not appear. They had both dined with a few friends at a restaurant. They did not at the banquet even go through the polite comedy of pretending to eat. No apology was offered either at the time, nor afterward in the press; a polite fib, though a transparent one, would have calmed irritation. Punctuality, it was remarked *sotto voce*, was the politeness of kings; but the elect of the millions thought themselves higher than born sovereigns. The speech which followed the banquet was listened to with icy coldness. The orator went back to the Petit Bourbon heavy and discontented. He had for ten years given a mighty impulsion in a democratic sense. Ministers had been made to feel that universal suffrage was everything, and the executive but its instrument. As president of the Budget Committee, he had made them realize that power of the purse was vested in the Chambers, and he had hotly contested the position of M. Jules Simon that the Senate had a right to amend the budget. He had

agitated for revision of the judicial bench, and the democratization of the army. Suddenly he turned round and attempted to push back the torrent which he had set flowing. Its impetus was too great for him to withstand, and it has pursued its course, bearing with it other men less renowned. The world watches with interest his attempts to recover the position which he has lost, as the representative man of the Third Republic. If his short administrative career was a series of blunders, his resource in fighting against difficulties is boundless. He is not the Cæsar, but the Hannibal, of French politics. The African general never

made up for the time lost at Capua. The enemies of Gambetta trust that he will never recover from the errors into which he fell at the Petit Bourbon, and especially in the last of the three years which he spent there. In that year only a vote of the Senate stood between him and the official mastery of France. The *scrutin de liste* bill once passed, he could have had a docile Chamber elected, and could have applied himself to the execution of his scheme for creating a new France along the whole northern coast of Africa, and recovering Alsace and Lorraine. Time will soon tell whether the hopes of Gambetta's enemies are well grounded.

Y. D.

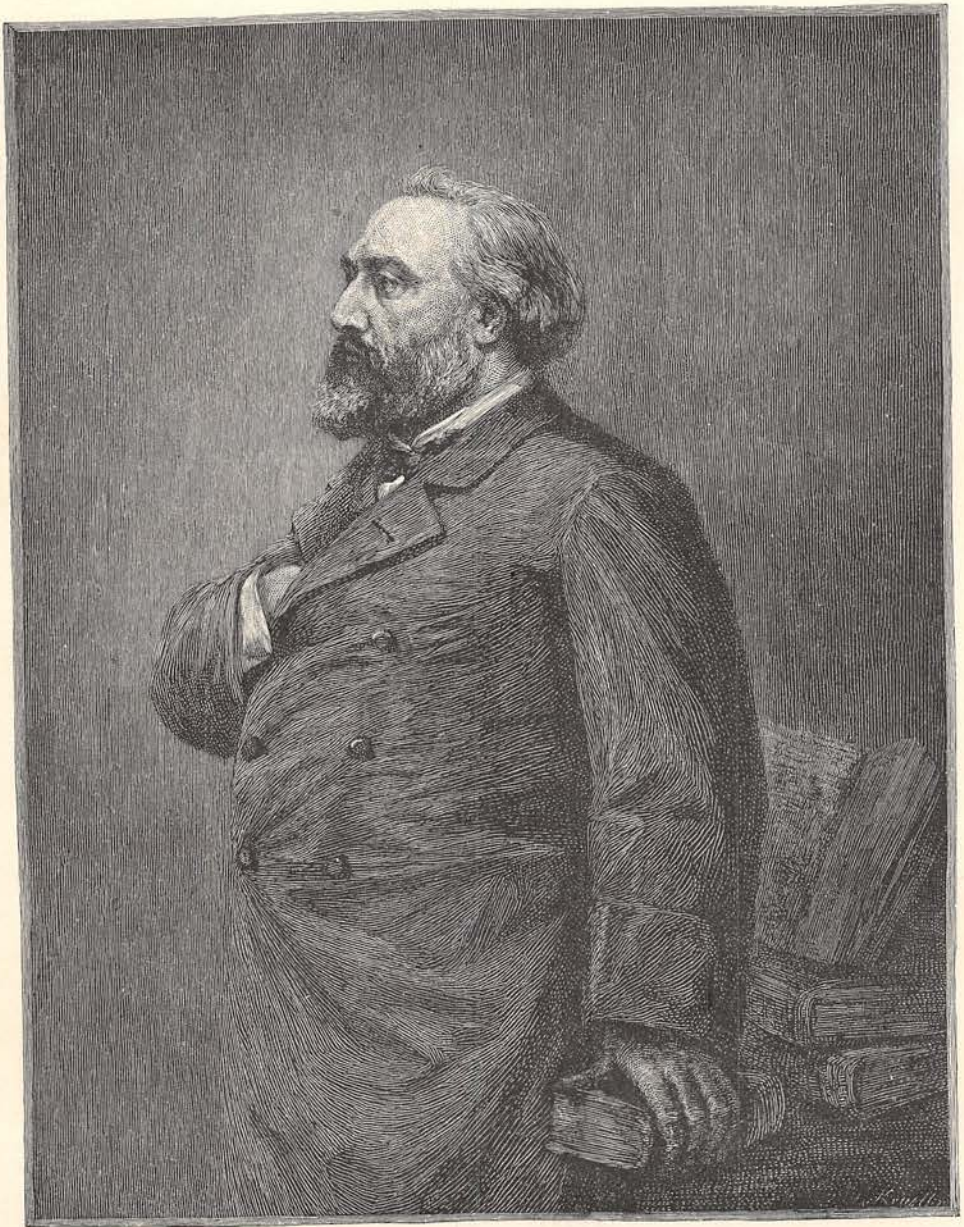
JONES VERY.

BARE are the blooming fields, the hills are bare,
 Where erst the wild flowers trembled in the breeze,
 And stript and leafless stand the sheltering trees,
 The snow lies deep on all that once was fair;
 Yet, as the sun sinks down, the coming gloom
 Brightens again, and, as in summer's prime,
 See, blushing o'er the cold snow's frosted rime,
 Soft tints of rose on all the uplands bloom.

Fair through the fading gold the planet glows,
 And shineth brighter as the night comes on,
 And only in its perfect splendor shows,
 When from our sky the daylight quite is gone.
 O Poet Soul, that roamed these fields erewhile:
 The type and token of thy life shines here;
 Thy life we knew not while its day was near,
 But vaguely guessed its beauty from thy smile,
 That, like an angel, glimpsed from heights afar,
 Shone for a moment, but to disappear,
 As in the glow we see,—then lose the star.

Indeed thou seemest nearer to us now,
 That we most need thy love; as in the cold
 And friendless winter, we with thee behold
 The stars beam brighter through the leafless bough,
 And with thee track Love's foot-prints in the snow,
 Who bade us note the way and onward go.
 And when the glad spring shall to earth return,
 When the first flowers look up with trustful eye,
 Or, blushing, bend above the laughing burn,
 And on the hill-sides thou hast loved we lie,
 Watching thy honey-bells that nod and smile,
 And hear the robin's sweet, outpouring joy,
 That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,—
 Thou, too, wilt come, with all that doth belong
 To Nature; who will surely still employ
 Her well-loved son, and pour his song awhile
 Forth in her bird-notes, and a tenderer green
 Lend the embroidered bank whereon we lean
 To pluck his Wind-flower, gloriously arrayed
 With faith like his, who heard the Father's call,
 When others 'neath the sordid earth were laid,
 And he, "the Dreamer," saw yet more than all.

William P. Andrews.



LÉON GAMBETTA.