

A SONG OF FLEETING LOVE.

LOVE has wings as light as a bird,
Guileless he looks, as a dove, of wrong;
Whatever his song, be it brief or long,
It still has this for an overword:
Love has wings!

Though to-day the truant may stay,
Though he woos and sues and sings,
Only sorrow to maids he brings;
Pout him and flout him, laugh him away:
Love has wings!

Hold your pulses calm, unstirred —
Calm and cool as a woodland pool,
Let not his song your heart befool;
List, through it all, for the overword:
Love has wings.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS BLANC.

WITH NOTES CONCERNING ALSACE AND LORRAINE.



IN Louis Blanc France not only lost the last surviving great leader of the time of the Second Republic, but also the ablest expounder of the "History of Ten Years" of Louis Philippe's government; the best recent inquirer into the doings and the real aims of the personages of the Great Revolution; and at the same time a man who during all his life had striven to better the lot of the laboring masses. The product of his youth, "The Organization of Labor," may be subjected to a legitimate criticism; the generosity of his aspirations does not admit of any doubt.

I first made his acquaintance during a temporary sojourn in London, in September, 1849. I still see him before me, with most lively recollection, as in his apartment, in Piccadilly, near Hyde Park, he stood with folded arms before the chimney. A very small but well built and even neatly proportioned man; of almost Napoleonic cast of features, such as may be found among not a few Corsicans; quite beardless, which in those later revolutionary days was a rare thing. The glance of his black, somewhat protruding eyes, lustrous, and verging upon a dazzling changefulness; the thick dark-brown hair long and falling down straight; the color of the face rather brownish. In spite of the smallness of his stature — for he was not higher than Thiers — an impressive appearance, only diminished in walking by the slightly bent leg. He was clad, rather conspicuously, in a light blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, and a waistcoat with broad flaps, the so-called Robespierre vest. The garb was a reminiscence of the first Revolution.

In his intercourse with Englishmen Louis

Blanc displayed all his social qualities to great advantage. He was among the very few Frenchmen who spoke and wrote in English, and who liked to learn from a nation which possesses a noble and powerful literature exercising influence all over the world — even as its political power is felt, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, throughout the inhabited globe. Louis Blanc was in friendly relations with a number of prominent English authors and politicians of the most different party views. I will only name John Stuart Mill, the late Lord Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Hepworth Dixon, Thomas Hughes, and Lord Houghton. English affairs he treated, upon the whole, in his letters as a publicist, with great independence, and with an evident desire to be just in every direction.

In society, the smallness of his stature, combined with the youthfulness of his visage and his habit of shaving the whole face, several times led to very exhilarating scenes. Even many years after his arrival in England, he was repeatedly mistaken for a youngster. A relative writing to me from Germany just reminds me of the following laughable, but highly inconvenient, incident: "Do you remember the dinner at your house, when we all waited so long, and in vain, for Louis Blanc? Your Irish housemaid had sent the 'boy' away, saying that you were engaged!" Another dinner had to be arranged, in order to give my German relative a chance of meeting Louis Blanc. When Louis Blanc's publisher died, and he temporarily found himself rather in financial straits, lectures were arranged for him, at my suggestion, in our St. John's Wood Athenæum. "Mysterious Personages and Agencies before the French Revolution" was their title. Quite a crowd of literary and political celebrities were expected. By an over-

sight, Louis Blanc, on this his first appearance as a lecturer in the English language, himself almost became a mysterious personage to the distinguished audience, the desk being so high that his head would scarcely have been visible! Fortunately, in the nick of time, a foot-stool was provided, on which he stood all the while when speaking. The somewhat constrained attitude imposed upon him thereby perhaps accounts to some extent for the rather formal and academic manner of his delivery. In the French Assembly, too, he had to make use of a stool.

His eloquence had altogether something of the pulpit. One might almost fancy that his earliest training (a relative had intended him to become a priest) had left some mark upon him. There was something exceedingly measured in his talk as soon as he began to enter upon a serious discussion.

His full-sounding utterance, clearly distinct in every syllable, reminded the hearer a little of the southern French amplitude of vocalization. It was matched by the clearness and elegant firmness of his large and open handwriting. "Ah!" he would say to hasty admirers, "that is just my misfortune. Don't you see, it is because my manuscripts are so beautifully written that they are given to the worst compositors. That is how the many misprints occur, which so vex me!"

In general intercourse he was the very type of amiability and politeness. Of the most dignified and exquisite bearing before strangers, he was fond of unbending before friends, often showing a hilarity which broke into harmless loud laughter. But never did he intentionally give pain to any one in conversation by his remarks.

As towards the English, so he also felt greatly attracted towards Germans; but he never mastered, or even attempted to study, our tongue. During the Schleswig-Holstein war he gave a public and very useful proof of pro-German sympathy, although he thereby offended not a few English friends. The most influential section of the public opinion, and the majority of the statesmen of England, were on the Danish side. The Palmerston ministry sought to form an alliance with Napoleon III. for an armed attack against Germany. It was of the utmost importance to oppose these designs both in London and Paris. For years, the writer of these "Recollections" had been at the head of a propagandistic National and Democratic Association of Germans in England ("Society for German Freedom and Union") which had made the Schleswig-Holstein question its specialty. Confidential memoranda, written by the two chief leaders of the Schleswig Parliament, but

which they dared not even sign for fear of Danish persecution, had repeatedly been transmitted by me to Lord John Russell, the foreign secretary, by way of authentication. In Lord John Russell's organ, the (then Liberal) "Globe," I often took occasion to explain, above my signature, the grievances and aspirations of the Schleswig-Holstein people, as previously expressed in its three years' unsuccessful war of independence (1848-51). Now, Louis Blanc, who during the new national war (1863-64) almost daily came to see me for purposes of information, generously expounded the same views in his letters to the Paris "Le Temps" which afterwards were collected in a number of volumes entitled "Lettres sur l'Angleterre." We Germans really owed him gratitude for that.

During all the long years of intimacy with Louis Blanc in England, our political relations always remained undisturbed by the slightest cloud. As a token of his never-changing sentiments, I have before me many volumes of his different works with friendly inscriptions. Once, when I and my wife were for several days as guests in his house at Brighton, I was informed from abroad that in one of Louis Blanc's letters to "Le Temps" there was a passage unjustly bearing upon German rights in the Rhinelands. It was painful to refer to such a matter at that particular moment. Upon consideration I yet thought it to be best—nay, even a duty—to do so. He was quite unhappy when I addressed the question to him point-blank. He at once fetched all the numbers of "Le Temps" which he had collected, and declared he was utterly unable to conceive the reproach.

For safety's sake, with a view to possible contingencies in the future, I, however, entered upon a full discussion of the ideas then held on that subject by most Frenchmen, and formerly, no doubt, also by him. In the course of the conversation he suddenly observed that "in case of a difference, a question as to the frontier might, after all, be solved by a popular vote." I replied that "Germany could never so far forget her dignity as a nation, or her historical rights drawn from community of blood and speech, and ancient possession, as to allow a vote to be taken on the question as to whether that portion of her people who dwell on the left side of one of her rivers should continue to form part of the Fatherland!" Louis Blanc easily understood the point, and thus the matter was disposed of.

Few know how deeply even French Democracy had been tainted with the ideas of further conquest in the direction of the Rhine. One day a Frenchman of my acquaintance, who semi-officially represented President Jua-

rez and the Mexican Republic in London during the time of the war against the Napoleonic invasion, and with whom I had been on most friendly terms, unexpectedly broke forth in my own house, before German friends, in this way:

"If once we have the Republic in France, we shall march on the Rhine, even if we were to get all Germany on our back!" (*même si nous aurions toute l'Allemagne sur le dos.*)

"Mind!" I replied to him, "if once you have her on your back, you will not get her off again easily!"

During the struggles of the Prussian House of Commons against the budgetless and arbitrary government of Herr von Bismarck, Louis Blanc, in "*Le Temps*," supported the German Progressist and popular parties. Ferdinand Lassalle, the so-called German "revolutionary agitator" who took sides against the Prussian House of Commons, thus practically sustaining Bismarck, confidentially asked Louis Blanc, one day, for a public letter of sympathy with his socialist agitation. It was to be a sort of certificate or pass for Lassalle among our working-classes. At that time Lassalle generally was looked upon as an extreme Republican aiming at a great social overthrow. For my part, I from the beginning considered him a mere ambitious Catilinarian. I thought, nay, I knew, that he, in secret collusion with the government, endeavored to traverse the aspirations of the liberal middle class, so that a despotic kingcraft in the pseudo-socialist "Grand Almoner" style might be established, which would hide its true character, like the Second Napoleonic Empire, under democratic phraseology. I expressed this view to Louis Blanc when he asked my advice as to what he should do in reply to Lassalle's wish.

"Why, he practically acts as an agent of Bismarck," I said. "I should not wonder if he played the part of a Persigny, aiming at office."

"Impossible!" Louis Blanc replied. "Do you mean this seriously?" "Very seriously," I answered. In fact, I had given similar warning in public by a fly-sheet against Lassalle, under the title, "A Friendly Word to Germany's Workmen, Burghers, and Peasants." It took some time, however,—indeed, a conversation of several hours,—before Louis Blanc could be made to understand all the bearings of the case. His own former intercourse with the captive of Ham still played him an occasional mental trick in questions of mixed political and social import. Afterwards he said he was grateful for having been prevented from falling into the trap laid for him.

The secret dealings of Lassalle with Bismarck were, in later years, revealed by the

German Chancellor himself, in a speech in the Reichstag. My own informations had long ago pointed that way.

Quite recently a letter has come to light, written by Lassalle to the well-known conservative and orthodox Professor Huber, whose semi-socialist views had been made use of by Prince Bismarck. In this letter, written during the full flush of his alleged "revolutionary" agitation, he begins by saying that he had been a Republican from his youth, but that he would be proud now to bear the banner of a "Socialist Royalty."

During the rising in Russian Poland, when I was in connection with the diplomatic representative in London of the Secret National Government at Warsaw, Louis Blanc warmly espoused the Polish cause. It was Mazzini who had first introduced Mr. Czvierczakiewicz to me. Through him I learnt beforehand the very date on which the intended rising was to begin; and the information turned out quite correct. German advanced Liberals and Republicans strongly favored the Polish cause. Being called to Scotland to address public meetings there at Glasgow, Stirling, and Hawick, I succeeded in bringing about petitions to the English Parliament in support of that cause. Louis Blanc, as may be seen from his "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*," took these meetings as a text for his own writings.

Some years afterwards, a review in the London "*Athenæum*" endeavored to make out that Louis Blanc had been favorable to a French war on the Rhine, which might lead to a change of frontiers in connection with the Polish question. I at once wrote to him as to how matters stood. He replied:

"BRIGHTON, 20 Grand Parade, 31 Juillet, 1867.

"MON CHER AMI: Je vous envoie les deux premiers volumes de mes '*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*.' Je n'ai malheureusement pas en ce moment, les 3e et 5e volumes. J'ai écrit à mon éditeur de Paris de m'en faire tenir quelques exemplaires. J'en mettrai un de côté pour vous, d'autant plus que vous y trouverez trois lettres qui vous concernent.

"Je n'ai jamais conseillé à Napoléon d'annexer les Provinces rhénanes; mais j'ai très-décidément exprimé le désir que la France n'abandonnât pas la Pologne, dût-elle pour cela, et à défaut de tout autre moyen, faire la guerre au roi de Prusse, complice de l'empereur de Russie dans l'égoïsme des Polonais.

"La phrase citée dans l'*Athenæum* est exactement citée; mais le sens en est déterminé par la conclusion de la lettre d'où elle est tirée, conclusion que voici. Je copie la traduction anglaise, n'ayant pas l'original sous les yeux:

"FEB. 22, 1863.

"What shall we desire? What shall we hope? It rests, perhaps, with the liberal party in Prussia to turn aside the genius of conquest while serving the interests of justice with a courage worthy of the cause. The Prussian liberals can do much for Poland—they can do everything, perhaps; and therefore, at this moment, their responsibility in the eyes of the world is immense. By the military convention, the object of such general

and vehement protests, it is not only Russian Poland that is stricken, but Prussian Poland is outraged. The support of the Polish deputies in the Berlin Parliament cannot therefore be wanting to the German deputies, if the latter will understand that the true interests of their country are indissolubly bound up in this instance with the triumph of justice. Should the energy of their attitude and the potency of their efforts facilitate a result that will respond to the sympathies of the friends of freedom, without exciting their fears, they will render an inestimable service to Europe, for which England above all others will entertain an eternal gratitude. May Heaven inspire them! The question at issue is to secure for the principle of liberty, and for it alone, the glory of having falsified the prediction falsely ascribed to Kosciusko: *Finis Polonia*.

"Salut cordial.

"LOUIS BLANC."

"I have never advised Napoleon to annex the Rhinelands; but I have very strongly expressed the wish that France should not forsake Poland, even if, for that purpose, and in the absence of any other means, she had to make war against the King of Prussia, the accomplice of the Emperor of Russia in the slaughtering of the Poles." This sentence of Louis Blanc, directed as it was against the disgraceful convention concluded between the Prussian King and the Czar, seemed to me to contain a dangerous theory for all that. Would it have been the right thing for Germany to declare war against France on account of the annexation of Garibaldi's birthplace? If not, what right had Napoleon III., of all rulers, to make war upon the "King of Prussia"—which, after all, could only be done on German territory on the Rhine—for the alleged sake of Poland, but in reality for the purpose of a fresh annexation, similar to that of Savoy and Nice, which was the result of a so-called deliverance of Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic"? Again, would not a successful war of that kind have riveted the Bonapartist yoke upon France even more firmly?

I discussed these matters repeatedly, and very earnestly, with Louis Blanc. I told him that, in spite of the deep estrangement between Prussia and Southern Germany on account of the war of 1866, all our countrymen would stand shoulder to shoulder as soon as a French army were to move upon our Rhinelands. I said that I would be the first, in such a case, to call out for the laying aside of party divisions for the purpose of common defense; and that, moreover, I was convinced of victory being on our side. This latter view, especially, was one which Frenchmen of all political descriptions could with difficulty be brought to accept then.

"For the sake of your own country, for the sake of our common cause of freedom and civilization, I pray you to exert yourself with all your power to dispel the illusions in which so many of your countrymen still indulge!" I

over and over again said to Louis Blanc, to Ledru-Rollin, to Savoye, to Dupont, to Leffèvre, to Fonvielle, to Valentin, and others. And Louis Blanc was brought gradually to comprehend the full extent of the danger of a war with the "Prussians," as the French, in their infatuation, would then and long afterwards say.

In the American war, Louis Blanc advocated the cause of the Union; at first, somewhat cautiously, afterwards with growing energy. His caution may partly have arisen in the beginning from a certain desire not to hurt too strongly the deplorable prejudices by which the majority of the governing classes in England were influenced; the *Trent* affair, in which we pleaded for America the right of self-preservation, even though its government would no doubt make diplomatic amends to England. Louis Blanc at first gave the reasons for and against, with great deliberateness in the "Temps," and without committing himself. In every English house we had then to fight for the cause of the Republic. A second motive for Louis Blanc's caution, in the beginning, was the delay of an emancipation decree.

"Why not proclaim emancipation at once," he said, "and thus strike a mortal blow at the South?"

Like most of his countrymen, he was not aware of the complex state of political parties in the North. He had not, until then, devoted much study to American affairs. Being fully agreed with him as to the foul blot of slavery, I still could understand, even if I greatly regretted, the dilatory procedure of President Lincoln's government.* A spur was, however, required, now and then, to arouse the sometimes flagging enthusiasm of our friend, whose utterances were closely watched by Englishmen. After a while, he rapidly went ahead, doing right good service to a cause upon which the hopes of the best thinkers of Europe centered.

I vividly remember the day when the terrible news of the assassination of President Lincoln reached London. The address of sympathy which I had forthwith proposed, and signed, in common with Freiligrath, Kinkel, and other Germans of London, was scarcely dispatched to the American embassy when Louis Blanc came to see me. His face bore the evidence of great mental distress. He seemed to think that the cause of the Republic itself was once more in danger. On hearing of our manifestation, he immediately drew up a letter of his own, expressing sympathy

* On this point we hope Mr. Blind will read Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln: A History."—THE EDITOR.

with the loss experienced by the American nation.

The political serfage under which his country groaned meanwhile bore heavily upon his national and civic pride. When some signs of a revival of the opposition spirit at last exhibited themselves, he wrote to a French friend, M. Ferragus, who had visited him in his home, in Melina Place, St. John's Wood :

"If only you knew what humiliations we have had to swallow as Frenchmen during that long banishment which, if it should continue five years longer, will have lasted exactly a quarter of a century! How sad to hear on foreign soil wherever you present yourself: 'We pity you; but as to France, how could we pity her?' She has at last found the man that was wanted for her repose and for our own. The French people are a people of children, and, what is worse, of dangerous children. It is well that the means of setting fire to the house has been taken from them. France is not made for freedom; and she feels this so well herself that she has perished by accommodating herself to servitude. Freedom is only fit for us Englishmen, who are men.' What torture is comparable to that which such insolent, cruel language inflicts upon a Frenchman living among those who hold it! Now, for twenty years, we have had to drink the cup of such insults to the very dregs."

In the course of the same letter, Louis Blanc says that he always had declared that "France, in spite of appearances, was always the great and mature nation, the manly nation which, at another epoch, had been the admiration of the world; that to believe her to be dead was to calumniate her slumber; and that she would awake prouder, nobler, more powerful than ever." In the meanwhile, "exile was for the proscribed a moral agony, the sufferings of which baffle description."

Events unfortunately did not justify his forecast. Instead of working out her internal revival by the strength of the popular forces, France allowed herself to be led on the war-track, when she only gained her Republican freedom at the expense of necessary defeat.

He opposed with all his power, so far as in him lay, Napoleon's war venture of 1870. His acquaintance with Germans in London had enabled him to perceive the tremendous risks which France ran. Not many weeks before the declaration of war, he, with his brother Charles, and a Progressist member of the Prussian House of Deputies, and Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth Dixon, and a number of other friends, were at dinner in our house. We spoke of the question of a people's education and its bearing upon political affairs.

"I shall never forget," said Charles Blanc,

"how Durny [Napoleon's Minister of Public Instruction] one day led me into a side-room of his office, showing me the 'Map of Ignorance' of our country. The departments in which most people can read and write were in white color; those less advanced, in gray stripes; those most backward, in black. What a shock it gave me! So many departments were black—or nearly so. You in Prussia are in that respect far ahead of us."

"In Germany!" I answered.

"Indeed, I thought it was a special Prussian institution, this compulsory law of education."

"No; it is the same all over our Fatherland!" I replied.

He seemed to take mentally a note of it. The dinner passed off most pleasantly, until we spoke of ancient and modern Greece—a theme I thought peculiarly pleasant to him as an enthusiastic admirer of and writer on Hellenic art and antiquities. Unfortunately, the question of the mixed race—descent of the present Greeks—was broached. Thereupon Charles Blanc all at once flew into a perfect passion, though everybody present was a warm well-wisher of the "greater future" of the Greece of our days. Neither for the past nor for the present would Charles Blanc, in spite of the fullest classic and later historical testimony, admit any alloy in the blood of the Greeks: not a Pelasgian, not a Thracian, not a Phenician, not a Slavonian admixture—nothing but pure "Hellenic" descent.

The conversation grew warm, on his part at least, beyond English custom. One of the ladies was so startled by his energy that she became ill, and had to leave the room. It was as if Charles Blanc—whom his brother in vain endeavored to restrain—were fighting some imaginary foe of his own country. The contrast to his usual amiability was incomprehensible. A nervous electrical storm seemed to have got possession of him.

A few days before the declaration of war by Napoleon III. against "Prussia," we were at dinner in Louis Blanc's house. A number of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, were present, as well as the late Belgian Consul, M. Delepierre, who in spite of his French name had a very good "Nether-German" or Flemish heart. He was an able and well-known writer on Flemish literature. The question of war or peace was now uppermost in all men's minds and conversation. Suddenly Charles Blanc, while deprecating war, said he did not mean thereby to give up the right of France to the Rhenish Provinces which we have possessed before ("*que nous avons eues*").

"How long?" I asked.

He would not enter on the question. I had

often found that the best educated Frenchmen were really ignorant of history in that respect, and that they sometimes did not even know how purely German the population of those provinces was in speech.* All the politeness and amiability of Charles Blanc had returned. He acknowledged that he had been wrong. On his saying that France had possessed the Rhinelands before, the Belgian consul had significantly put in the remark:

"And how about the connection of Alsace and Lorraine with Germany in former times?"

In this way, there was sheet lightning, indicating coming things, even on occasions of pleasant social intercourse.

Louis Blanc, in the meanwhile, strove ceaselessly, in his letters to the French press, to warn his country against the declaration of war. At last they would not even hear him any longer in the Liberal opposition press. "These are the manuscripts of letters returned to me, unpublished!" he said one day, pointing out his rejected labor, in great grief.

It may not be amiss to bring to recollection that when Napoleon III. asked for the war-credits, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Jules Simon, Magnin, Dorian, Steenackers, as well as Thiers—all men who came to power after Sedan—all voted for the war-credits, in spite of previous opposition speeches. Jules Favre, after 1866,—that is to say, after a disruption in the national body of Germany,—had considered France entitled to an "indemnification," in the way of a cession of Germany territory! So did Victor Hugo! At first, Thiers merely objected to the war of 1870 because he thought "France was not sufficiently prepared." Thiers cast his vote against declaration of war, first, last, and ever.

After the war was in full course, Louis Blanc, it is true, finally voted against the Treaty of Peace, which involved the cession of territory. This, however, could only signify a personal protest. He knew too well that the sword of France was broken.

When the war was over, we again met repeatedly in London and Brighton, where we were together for several weeks in most friendly and intimate intercourse.

He had a great deal to tell then as to the Commune insurrection. That rising, in Prince Bismarck's view, had a "legitimate kernel," overlaid by madness and horror.

A further element in the insurrection of the Commune was the desire to save France from a new Royalist reaction, as planned by the Assembly at Bordeaux. Louis Blanc endeavored to bring about a compromise and an amnesty; feeling repelled, as he did, on the one

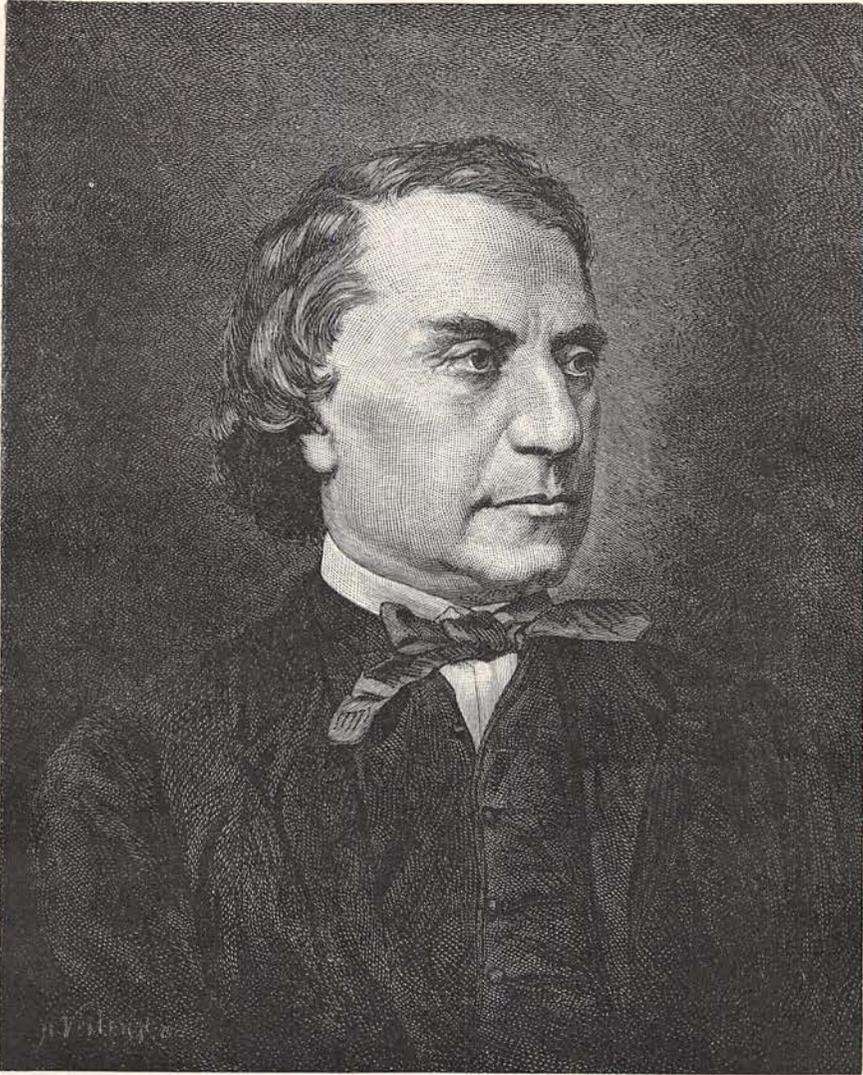
hand, by the wild vagaries of the Commune, and out of sympathy, on the other, with the reactionists of the Assembly, in which he yet had to continue as a member. "If men like you leave us," Grévy very justly said to him, "the reactionists will get free scope!" But the wildest attacks were made upon Louis Blanc from both sides. Ultras of the Commune bespattered his character in the most hideous manner. He bore it all quietly.

In the conflagration of Paris, which marked the last stage of the reign of the Commune, Louis Blanc lost a great many movables and valuable things, provisionally stored up, during the siege, at a railway station. His most painful loss was that of the manuscript of a new work he intended to bring out: "The Salons of the Eighteenth Century." I believe it was founded on the lectures he had formerly given in England on the same subject. The manuscript perished in the flames. Seeing France defeated after a war against which he had in vain protested, and democracy deeply rent by internal divisions, he scarcely alluded to his own personal losses. The calumnies heaped upon him he repaid by working, at the expense of his health, in common with Victor Hugo, Clémenceau, and Camille Pelletan, for an unconditional amnesty of the exiles and prisoners of the Commune.

Under Marshal MacMahon's government I once was in a position to make an early communication to him, from an excellent source, by way of warning the Republican party against a lawless surprise. Of this communication, I believe, he made good use among the advanced Left of the Chamber of Deputies, of which he was the head. On his part, when referring to Gambetta, he expressed himself before me in words of great mistrust towards that highly ambitious leader. He looked upon him as a danger to the Commonwealth. So far back as 1872, Louis Blanc showed me the proof, in writing, of a move he had made among the advanced Left against Gambetta's policy. The paper in question bore the signatures of a number of Louis Blanc's intimate political associates. My own views in regard to Gambetta's aspirations towards "personal government" fully coincided with, if they did not even go much beyond, his own. It was after I had broached this subject, that Louis Blanc, at Brighton, suddenly took from the breast-pocket of his coat the paper in question, giving it to me for confidential perusal. Both Louis Blanc and Gambetta having gone now, I can openly bear testimony to a fact which is calculated to shed light on contemporary history.

* For a dispassionate and interesting account of the early history of Alsace and Lorraine, see "The French

Conquest of Lorraine and Alsace," by Henry M. Baird, in this magazine for February, 1871.



LOUIS BLANC. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY A. GILBEN.)

Louis Blanc felt keenly the manner in which he was neglected when his old friend Grévy became President of the Republic. He was placed under the ban of the Opportunists who now are prepared to crowd flowers upon his tomb. Being fond of England he wished to be sent to London as ambassador. When Challengel Lacour was gazetted to that post, Louis Blanc turned his face to the wall to die. He ceased to struggle against terrible infirmities. The painful illness and death of his brother Charles was a blow from which he never recovered. Death, as Victor Hugo said, was, in the case of Louis Blanc, a deliverance.

Charles Blanc had died early in 1882. The two brothers were known to be bound up by a fraternal love of extraordinary warmth. It is said that when Louis Blanc, before the Revolution of 1848, was the object of a murderous attack, Charles, living far away in another part of France, exclaimed almost at the same hour that some dreadful accident must have happened to his brother—which indeed turned out to be true. Whatever the explanation of this occurrence may be, Dumas made use of the oft-repeated story in his "Corsican Brothers"; the Blancs being, as before stated, of Corsican descent from the mother's side.

Karl Blind.