

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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## ROYALISTS AND REPUBLICANS.

NOTES OF A PARISIAN.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

### I.

THE château of Frohsdorf, where the heir of Henri IV and of Louis XIV passed his last days in a peaceful twilight, was a massive building, square, without architectural beauty, but set in a harmonious landscape of woods and hills. One reached it by way of Vienna; and all the employees of the railways, and the peasants round about, knew the faithful adherents of the Legitimist party. Every year saw them return, almost at a fixed date, to pay the tribute of a sincere and zealous and wholly Platonic attachment to their prince. German customs and the German tongue accompanied the visitor to the threshold of the door; once beyond it he was in France. Portraits of the Bourbons adorned the great staircase—Louis XVIII in the ermine mantle, Charles X in his coronation robes, and (more touching) Louis XVI, Marie-Antoinette, and Louis XVII, the child-martyr. Here and there was the escutcheon of the three fleurs-de-lis, gold on a blue ground. The servants were French. All this but increased the sense of exile which assailed the visitor on entering. Residents in foreign countries generally adopt some of the native habits; a few of the bibelots of the country usually find a place by the side of objects brought from afar. Here, the deter-

mination everywhere visible to have nothing but French things about seemed like a mute protest against the accomplished fact.

When I first had the honor of seeing the Count de Chambord, he was in his sixtieth year. It was in 1880, three years before his death. As I was a very young man at the time, I accompanied my parents, and not being expected to join in the conversation, I had the better opportunity to observe my surroundings and to listen to all that was said. Persons who were to be received in audience at Frohsdorf waited to be admitted in a large salon, furnished and curtained in faded red velvet banded by tapestry of an obsolete fashion. These pieces of tapestry were the handiwork of the Duchess d'Angoulême, who was called «Madame la Dauphine» in the reign of Charles X. The poor princess, over whose youth the Temple prison and the tragedies of the Revolution had thrown so dark a shadow, had died in exile, expelled from her native land by a second revolution. It was said that in the last years of her life she concealed a few diamonds and loose pieces of money in her work-bag as a provision against the possibility of having to flee once again without resources or shelter. From the room furnished with her needlework the visitor passed into a second salon, where he was presented to the Count and Countess de Chambord. This



formality accomplished, every one sat down. The room had not an air of elegance, nor did elegance enter into the habits of the *châtelains*, if their dress could be taken as a sign. The Countess de Chambord, who was both plain and deaf, cared little about her toilet and gave it no attention; and she had exercised in this respect, as in many others, an influence upon her husband. As if in constant anticipation of the uniform which it was never to be his fate to wear, the Count de Chambord had come to pay no heed whatever to the cut of his clothes. The Princess's deafness kept her from taking much share in the talk; but she smiled now and then, or spoke a few casual words. The Count de Chambord, on the other hand, talked a great deal. He was quick and witty at repartee, and enjoyed humor in conversation. His blue eyes, which were very keen and bright, could flash at such moments. His remarks about people could be sarcastic, but they were never ill-natured. He was a thorough Parisian, and loved to expand freely amid his little court of faithful friends, who took turns in performing about his person what they called *le service d'honneur*. He gave one the impression of seeming then to forget, for a brief interval, the hard fate which, making him the depository of a fallen principle, condemned him to stand aside, a passive spectator, while the procession of the living passed before him. The extreme regard which he had for his dignity prevented him from ever unbending for long at a time. The least reference to politics sufficed, in any case, to darken his mood. It brought him back to the sense of a tedious duty, of an existence which had no outlet. How long did he retain the hope of reconquering his throne? I had, as I looked at him, almost the certitude that he had ceased to harbor any illusions as to the possibility of a restoration. It is probable that he had lost hope toward 1856, when Napoleon III was at the summit of his fortunes, and that it awakened in him again after the empire had come to lamentable ruin with the Franco-Prussian war. But the conviction was soon forced upon him that France, instead of coming nearer to him, was drawing farther away from him every day. From that time on he had one idea only—to maintain his house and its principles above all parties, beyond the reach of intrigues, safe from assault; to enforce universal respect for them, and to bury them intact and spotless.

Life at Frohsdorf had never been gay, and toward the last it had become very dull. The Count de Chambord had been a great rider

and hunter (his lameness had come from a fall from his horse), but he had been compelled to give up all such outdoor exercises. The household's daily diversions, outside of the mail from France, which brought little but political news, were few and tame. They consisted of walks in the clipped alleys of the grounds, of drives through the envioning valleys, of services in the castle chapel, in which hung a portrait of St. Louis, and of audiences accorded to an occasional visitor. The meals were quickly disposed of; the subjects of conversation at these times were not varied, and the one topic which would have seemed most natural, namely, the French political situation, was generally eschewed. The gentlemen in waiting of the «service of honor» had always the resource, once they had withdrawn to their own apartments in the evening, of scanning the Paris newspapers for the latest gossip of the new play at the Palais Royal or the new novel by Daudet; in the anticipation of a speedy return to the banks of the Seine and the asphalt of the boulevards, they found the solitude of Frohsdorf supportable. It was different with the exile. France had been open to him since 1870, but he knew that his presence there might cause disturbances, and he kept away. He was morally exiled, as well, in this habitation where everything still retained the provisional character of the first few years. The tenants of the castle had installed themselves casually, as if for a brief sojourn. The sojourn had now lasted nearly forty years, and yet they had never consented, by settling themselves more completely, to give it the stamp of a definitive abode. By an irony of fate, the name of their retreat signified «joy-village» (*Froh-dorf*). Yet how fittingly might Dante's words have been inscribed over the entrance: *Lasciate ogni speranza!* (Abandon all hope!)

The master of Frohsdorf, since he could not be King of France, was content to be Count de Chambord. He judged the title to be worthy of him. The magnificent château of Chambord had been offered to him, by national subscription, the year of his birth, and he could not have borne a name more truly French. In speaking to him one addressed him simply as Monseigneur. He did not like to be designated as Henri V, albeit he had been proclaimed king in 1830, and several acts had even been executed under his authority. He never permitted, in speaking or writing, the words «Sire» or «Your majesty.» In all such matters he showed tact as well as wisdom. But his followers





Count de Chambord.

Count de Mun.

General Charette.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD RECEIVING A ROYALIST DEPUTATION IN FROHSDORF PARK.



would have preferred a bolder and less scrupulous chief. They sought perpetually to push him beyond legal limits. For a long time they talked much of a *coup d'état*, of an appeal to the army, of a sudden appearance in Paris. Later, when the Pretender's age had rendered all such designs more than ever unrealizable, the royalists took refuge in exuberant and sterile manifestations. They congregated on fixed dates—on July 15, the Prince's fête-day, and on September 29, his birthday. Royalty was proclaimed on all these occasions, not only as a right, but as a fact; declarations were made that it was close at hand. The opportunity was improved to draw up violent indictments against the republic. To monarchy was attributed the power of healing all social ills, even as a mere touch of the king's hand had once, in the popular superstition, had the power to cure all persons afflicted with the «king's evil.» The functions of July 15 were more particularly of a religious nature. On September 29 there were banquets, to which a democratic character was given. They took place at Paris in some cheap restaurant in the workingmen's quarter. In the provinces the fête was celebrated in some granary, festooned with greens and with white sheets covered with the fleurs-de-lis cut out of gold paper. The notabilities of the Royalist party were present, and presided with a sort of smiling condescension. Landed proprietors hired big carriages, and appeared with their farmer tenants and the servants of their household. A royalist journalist, who had come from Paris, addressed the assemblage over the dessert, and, the joviality of the repast aiding, his burning peroration was followed by cries of «Vive le roi!» Many of those indulging in the cries did not fail to vote, all the same, for the republican candidates at the next elections. Finally an «address to the king» was proposed and enthusiastically approved.

These love-feasts did not greatly disturb the government, but they excited the sarcastic remarks of the Orleanists, and caused them to smile with pity. The monarchical party was divided, until about the year 1880, into two well-defined camps—that of the Legitimists and that of the Orleanists. There had been no open breach since 1873, when the Count de Paris had repaired to Frohsdorf, and become formally reconciled to the Count de Chambord; by doing so Louis Philippe's grandson had seemingly renounced, in a way, the revolutionary rights which had descended to him from his grandfather, in

order to become the heir presumptive of the Count de Chambord, his cousin, who was childless. Though the two princes might be reconciled, their partisans were not. Some were faithful to the white flag, others rallied around the tricolor; and this difference in the color of the flag was the symbol of many other differences of ideas and of temperament. The Orleanists were like those heirs who, while they are sure of eventually coming to their own, find it slow in arriving, and cannot refrain from showing some impatience in consequence. They had a ferocious joy, ineffectually concealed under feigned emotion, in the news of the Count de Chambord's illness. The progress of his malady was rapid, and it soon became known that a fatal issue was inevitable. The Legitimists lost their heads, and accused the iron chancellor, Bismarck, of having had the Prince poisoned. It was the same accusation that had been formulated a few months before by the republicans with regard to the death of Gambetta. The period which followed the decease of the Count de Chambord was one of increasing disillusion. It had been so continually reiterated among their adherents that the Orléans princes would «do something» as soon as they had «the right,» that every one had ended by believing that they would. Now that the right was theirs as the sole representatives of legitimacy, they did nothing. Very little reflection sufficed to show how impossible it was that they should do anything. One may conspire against a sovereign, overthrow a monarchy. What power can be used against a republic based on the ballot? To all Pretenders the republic replies: «You wish to take my place? Very well. You have the right to do so. Get a majority. Get them to elect you.» An electoral majority large enough to modify the constitution in favor of the individual to whom democracy gives its confidence, that is the only chance in a republic. General Boulanger might have attained his end in that fashion, and even he failed. With the Count de Paris it was out of the question. He could not at any time have commanded a sufficient number of votes. And it would have been incompatible with his dignity as Pretender to sue for them in person.

Moreover, the Count de Paris, as the son of a prince who had proclaimed his devotion to the French Revolution, and of a Protestant German princess whose mind was both liberal and enlightened, had received, partly from his mother and partly from circumstances,



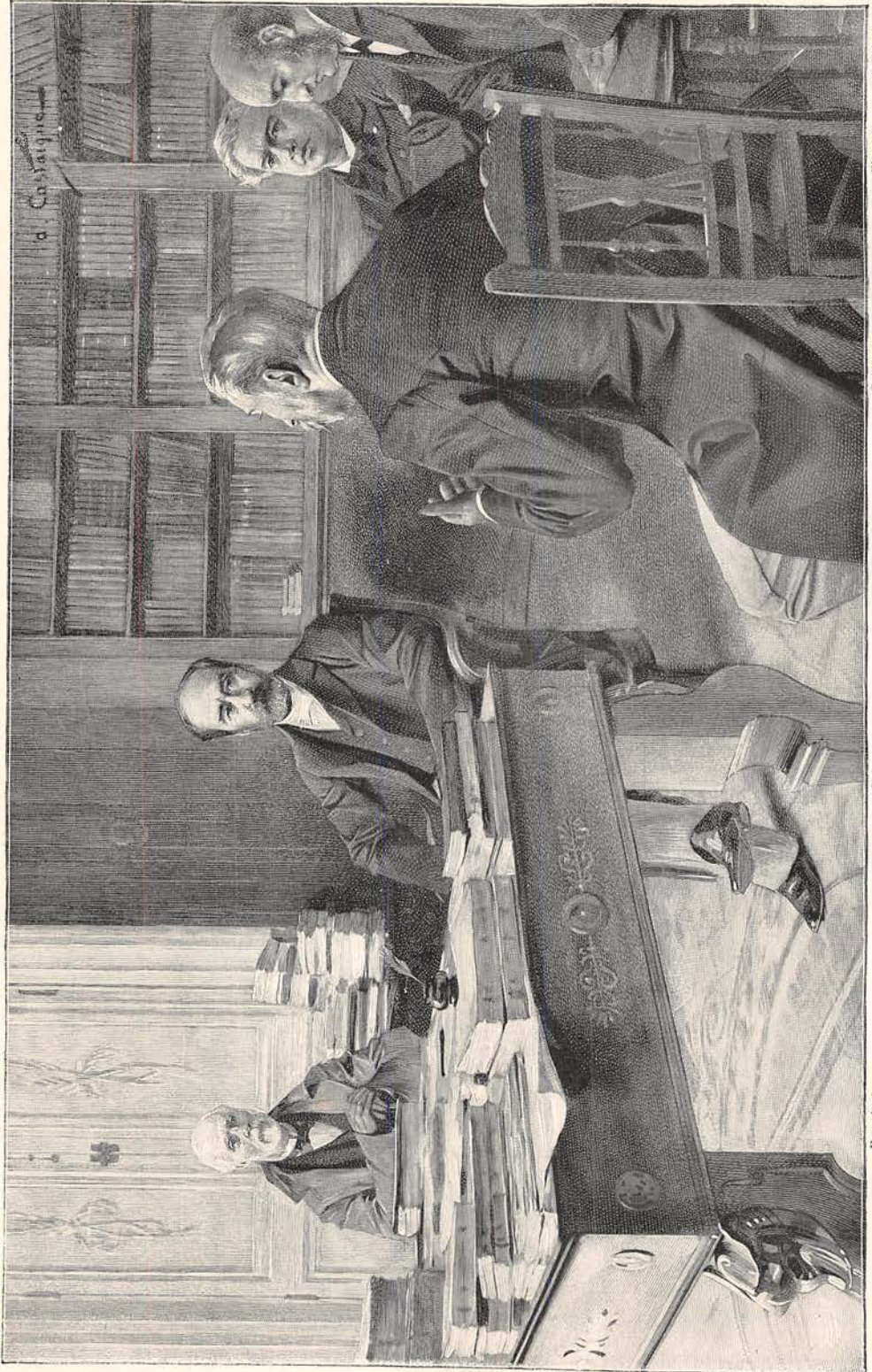
an education as little as possible adapted to make him a fit representative of the principle of «divine right.» His mother, early left a widow, had brought him up with a view to a life the uncertainties of which weighed upon her. That life, in effect, proved to be neither very opulent, for the possessions of the Orléans family were confiscated by Napoleon III, nor very interesting, for more than half of it was passed in the monotony and depression of exile. In addition, the Count de Paris had seen American civilization at close quarters in the War of Secession, and when he returned to England had become interested in trades-unions, and had studied their mechanism. These were not occupations likely to win for him the sympathy of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, that being the quarter of Paris where chiefly resides the old Legitimist aristocracy. It acknowledged him, nevertheless, as the new head of the monarchical party according to the law of monarchical succession, and even accepted his standard, the tricolored flag, which it could not ask him to abandon. But he was compelled to pay for this concession. His name was that of his grandfather, Louis Philippe. From then on he was to sign his letters «Philippe» only, so that it might be well understood that if ever he were king he would take the title of Philippe VII, and not of Louis Philippe II. He was obliged to grant audiences, to reorganize «Royalist committees,» to subsidize the newspapers which served his cause—in brief, to do all that is incumbent upon a Pretender and a party chief. The nobility treated him as if he were the actual sovereign. Letters came from the provinces, in which fathers of families whom he had never seen asked «his consent upon the marriage of their sons,» as had formerly been the custom at court. Balls and receptions of royal state were given in his honor. On entering he passed through a hedge of halberdiers, powdered lackeys, and chasseurs bearing lighted torches. For the rest all this was harmless enough. Public opinion paid no heed to it. The resolutions of the «committees» were purely Platonic, the Royalist newspapers had few readers, and the electoral indications showed little change. The government continued, therefore, to be unmoved. It was only disturbed when occurred, in quick succession, the marriages of Princess Marie d'Orléans, daughter of the Duke de Chartres, to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and of Princess Amélie, daughter of the Count de Paris, to the Duke of Braganza, who was a little later to become king of Por-

tugal. It was one of the favorite arguments of the Royalists that the alliances contracted by the sons, brothers, nephews of a sovereign consolidate political ties, and that while republican France was condemned to isolation in this regard, monarchical France would have the means of forming close friendships with foreign nations. Although the future was to deprive this argument of all force, circumstances at the time gave it some validity. The first of these princely marriages took place at the Château d'Eu, the summer residence of the Count de Paris, situated near Dieppe. The Queen of Denmark and several royal highnesses were present, but the ceremonies had a private character, nevertheless. The second marriage was celebrated at Lisbon, but it was thought well to have it preceded at Paris by an enormous reception, which was essentially of a political nature. This was in the spring of 1886. Invitations, the wording of which recalled the habits of courts more than those of private individuals, were sent to all persons having any relations with the Prince. The reception was brilliant—too brilliant, for this time Parliament took umbrage, and passed a law which exiled alike the two Pretenders, the Count de Paris and Prince Jerome Napoleon, and their eldest sons, the Duke d'Orléans and Prince Victor Napoleon.

I had the honor of seeing the Count de Paris again, in England, on December 1 of that same year. He did not look like the same man. He had grown a beard, which changed him greatly. His face showed a certain sadness. The fête at Paris, the Lisbon ceremonies, the excitement of the discussions relative to the exile law, and of the final vote upon it, the departure for England, and the manifestations of which he had been the object upon that occasion, had induced a sort of factitious excitation within him. He had sailed from the neighborhood of Eu, acclaimed by Royalists who had come from Paris, and by the peasants of the countryside, who had long known him, and he had been told so often that his exile would but serve his best interests, that France would soon recall him, etc., that he had allowed himself to be convinced. His good sense had now regained the upper hand. He could not but see how indifferent to his fate was public feeling in France, and the belief that his position as Pretender, in spite of himself, would cost him his peace of mind, and that he would die in exile, was strong upon him.

After a short stay at Tunbridge Wells, the





Freyssinet

Carnot

Costantini

Floquet

J. Ferry

PRESIDENT CARNOT IN HIS STUDY.



Count de Paris had taken up his abode at Sheen House, a large dwelling just outside of London, near Richmond. It was not far from Orléans House, rich for him in memories of his youth, of his marriage, of days in which his lot had been more modest, perhaps, but also happier. Sheen House had been hired furnished. I noticed that everything about it had the same provisional look that I had observed at Frohsdorf. The large drawing-room was thoroughly English. A tricolored silk flag with a gold fringe was the only token reminding the spectator of the Odyssey of the tenants of the house. They had made no effort as yet to convert this chance place of residence into a home. But the *gentilshommes de service* were there, and the correspondence, and the whole artificial and fictitious course of life which surrounds a king without a throne in a foreign land, had begun at Sheen House, as formerly at Frohsdorf.

The Count de Paris talked to me a long time that day about the English universities. He was on familiar ground, and he appeared disposed to take up his study of the labor question in England where he had left it. But he had forgotten that a great change had taken place in the mean time, and that in becoming the depositary of the monarchical heritages he had also become the slave of his adherents and the sport of parties. He continued to be so to the day of his death. His instructions issued at electoral crises were uncertain and vacillating. He intoned the praises of liberty and of imperialism, of parliamentary government and of monarchical despotism in turn. The youngest and most enterprising members of the Royalist party induced him, against his will, to form an alliance with General Boulanger, and the defeat of the Boulangists impaired his prestige. He was never consoled for having lost the right to reside at the Château d'Eu, where his life had had the large freedom of that of a great landed proprietor. There was at Eu a collection of portraits representing the princes and princesses of the house of Orléans. Among them was the portrait of the d'Orléans who voted for the death of Louis XVI, his cousin, and who, during the revolution, was called Philippe-Égalité. When the Count de Paris showed a visitor of distinction through his gallery he would designate this personage in passing with a «That is my unfortunate grandfather.» In the intimacy of daily life, however, the little princes were wont to speak of their ancestor as «grandpapa Égalité.» This detail illustrates

the homelike atmosphere of cozy familiarity in which the future Duke d'Orléans grew up, with his sisters, the two eldest of whom have become, one the Queen of Portugal, and the other the Duchess d'Aosta, and his brother, the young Duke de Montpensier. The Count de Paris adored his children. He occupied himself personally with their education, and took part in their games and sports, as did also the Countess de Paris, who was a good horsewoman and fond of hunting.

Of all the members of the Orléans family, none as yet has had so marked a physiognomy as the Duke d'Aumale, third son of King Louis Philippe. His name is closely connected with the conquest of Algiers. He was almost constantly in Africa during his father's reign, and on various occasions covered himself with glory in attacks upon the Arabs. The old Prince de Condé, who had no children, made him heir to all his fortune, and bequeathed to him, among other estates, the château of Chantilly. There he lived, surrounded by the marvelous collections which he had formed, and which are to go to the French Academy now that he is dead. The Duke d'Aumale laid the sword aside for the pen, and became an historian. The Academy opened its doors to him, and Chantilly once more became what it was in the days when Bossuet pronounced his famous «funeral oration of the Prince de Condé»—the home of arts and of letters. All the celebrities of France have been received under the roof of Chantilly; every distinguished foreign guest who went to France was seen there likewise. The Duke d'Aumale took pleasure in himself showing his art collections on such occasions. He had many things restored at Chantilly,—the entrance-railing, the porch, the vestibule, the great staircase with its wrought-iron balusters, the chapel, the ball-room, the library,—and all with faultless taste and extreme care.

Two sons were born to the Duke d'Aumale of his marriage with the Princess of Salerno, the Duke de Guise and the Prince de Condé. They both died in early youth. The Duke d'Aumale was left alone. His brothers and nephews surrounded him with interest and affection; but it was the Academy chiefly which took the place of a family to him. It was under the dome of the Institute, with his illustrious colleagues about him, that he was really happy. Hence the gift of Chantilly to the Academy, to be converted into a museum after his death. It is said that the Duke d'Aumale had but one regret, and that was that he could not have had an active part



in political life. He proved in more than one instance that his sympathies were republican; but the name he bore prevented him from aspiring to govern the republic. Would he have made a good President? There is every reason to believe it. The French, however, know by experience that the republic in the hands of a prince becomes, perforce, the antechamber of monarchy.

## II.

No little curiosity was felt in Paris when President Carnot's first reception occurred at the Élysée. He was the fourth President which the republic had had since its foundation. M. Thiers had never lived at the Élysée, the seat of government during his Presidency having been at Versailles. But his receptions had remained legendary. He retained in official life all his bourgeois habits. Jules Simon, with that delicate raillery, gentle and inimitable, which gave character to his most insignificant anecdotes, was telling me one day how M. Thiers, at a large breakfast, had drawn toward him a fruit-dish which ornamented the middle of the table, and in which were some choice peaches, and had prepared to sever one of these, saying to his neighbor, «Shall I give you half of my peach?» Mme. Thiers had been looking at the peach with an indignant air. «I thought,» said Jules Simon, «that she was angry with her husband for not having known enough to wait for the servants to pass the fruit. But that was not the trouble. Not able to contain herself longer, she exclaimed, (But, *mon ami*, those peaches are for dinner!) And docilely the President restored the peach to the fruit-dish.»

Under Marshal MacMahon everything changed. The government had returned to Paris. All the aristocracy, among whom the Marshal had many friends and relatives, repaired to the Élysée. The result was the anomalous fact that the *habitués* of the dwelling of the President of the republic were principally anti-republicans. The Royalists insisted on considering MacMahon as one of themselves, and looked to him to do something toward the reestablishment of monarchy. When they became persuaded that their hopes were chimerical, they kept away more and more; and when M. Grévy was elected in MacMahon's place they stopped going to the Élysée altogether. M. Grévy remained in power for nine years. Re-elected at the expiration of his term, at the end of seven years, he was forced into resigning,

two years later, on account of scandals in which his son-in-law was implicated. M. Grévy did not like to receive. The two official balls which he gave every winter were great bores to him. He never accepted an invitation to dinner, and escaped, as soon as summer came, to the Jura Mountains, where he owned a bit of land of which he was extremely fond. He had some pet ducks in a pond in the Élysée gardens, one of which, called Bébé, was the object of his particular predilection. When he had thrown them some bread-crumbs and played his daily game of billiards, he went back to his work and his books. His intelligence was very broad and subtle, and he kept himself rigorously abreast of all political matters. It has since been realized that he exercised a much more moderating and pacifying influence than he seemed to do at the time. The life about him was, however, colorless and monotonous in the extreme. Its most exciting events were the fencing matches which the President's son-in-law, who was a fanatical fencer, organized every Sunday morning in the hot-houses of the palace. The public complained bitterly of M. Grévy's parsimony. That the chief of the state or any of his ministers should economize on their salary is a thing which is not admitted in France. In the United States the salary of such high functionaries is a species of compensation for the time they devote to the welfare of their country. In France it is a subsidy furnished them in order that they may be in a position to represent the nation with dignity and brilliancy. The individual is paid in the United States; in France the function. Thence this point of honor, that the salary should be spent, and not turned into capital.

M. Carnot was elected President December 1, 1887. He was an outsider. No one had had much faith in the success of his candidacy, for the other candidates, MM. Jules Ferry, Freycinet, and Floquet, were better known, in spite of the celebrity attached to the name of Carnot; in spite, also, of the fact that M. Carnot himself had been a deputy for many years, besides having been minister several times. But the new President enjoyed among his colleagues a reputation for such scrupulous honorableness that votes turned in his direction without much difficulty. The receptions of the Presidency assumed at once a stamp of elegance and distinction. Under M. Grévy invitations to the Élysée balls had come to be sought chiefly by functionaries of the inferior orders. The standard had been lowered little by little. Men in shabby coats and wo-



men in high-necked silk gowns had passed in line before the chief of the state. Parisian society, always sarcastic, was greatly amused by all this. The «high-necked silk gown» had come to be one of its grievances against the government. The descriptions which the «Figaro» began to give of the transformations taking place at the Élysée interested the Parisians, therefore, strongly. Mme. Carnot presided over these changes with the charm and exquisite tact which have gained for her so many friends. The President showed himself everywhere; he opened exhibitions, he laid corner-stones, he dedicated monuments, and for every one he had a pleasant word and a smile. The ambassadors gave dinners in his honor. The first to do so was Count Hayos, ambassador of Austria-Hungary. He occupied an hotel in the Avenue de l'Alma at the time. It was an official dinner. Baron de Mohrenheim, the Russian ambassador, ventured a step further. He gave a large reception at which the official world and the Faubourg Saint-Germain were brought face to face. It was the first time in ten years. I still see that soirée as clearly as if I were there. The guests, after paying their respects to their hosts, passed through a large salon, where stood the President, surrounded by his officers. Near him sat Mme. Carnot. I entered at the heels of the Duke de Dondeauville, who bowed profoundly. The President, who had been his colleague in the Chamber, held out his hand. Behind me came the Marquis de M——, who deliberately turned his back on M. Carnot, under pretense of looking at a picture hung against the woodwork, and remained for some seconds in that position, his hands under the tails of his coat. I suppressed a strong desire to box the ears of this ill-bred person, whom I knew, and of whom I had, in any case, always entertained a sufficiently poor opinion. The President did not move a muscle, except to smile imperceptibly. He was so perfectly above all such insults!

Incidents of this kind, for the rest, presently ceased. Even outside of the constantly increasing number of those who rallied around the republic and in the monarchical circles, it became customary to treat M. Carnot, wherever he was met, with the respect to which he was entitled. And this was not the least of the services which this great citizen rendered his country, that he caused the supreme magistracy to be universally considered. Animosity toward him personally was laid aside, but it continued to be

active enough toward other members of the Republican party, who well deserved the esteem even of their most violent political adversaries. In the first rank of these one must place Jules Ferry. When he appeared people vanished as if he had been a leper. His personal acquaintances slipped away in order to avoid speaking to him. Others affected not to see him. At the beginning of the winter of 1889 I found myself at an entertainment at Washington. My host talked to me for some time, and gave vent to the full force of his execration of a certain prominent politician. A little later I saw this politician himself, sitting on a sofa, in quiet conversation with several people. «Your hatred of Mr.— does not go so far as to make you close your doors against him,» I observed to Mr.—. «Oh,» he replied, «I detest him *politically*, and he knows it; but that is no reason I should ill-treat him *socially*.» Certainly there was no reason that the Parisians should «ill-treat socially» the great minister who, in spite of a few errors, accomplished so much. What had they to reproach him with? His private integrity was never called in doubt by any one. Even had his political course been mistaken, does one cover a man with insults for political faults? Jules Ferry was of too large a soul, and his philosophy was too proud, to admit of his fleeing before the tempest. He stood his ground and braved it out. Caricatures of him, scattered broadcast, had made his face everywhere familiar in Paris. The consequence was that he encountered indignities at every step—anonymous indignities, coming from the mass of the people, and which perhaps he preferred to the icy politeness of drawing-rooms where he was left to himself in contemptuous isolation. His wife's tenderness lightened these trials, and at last the hour of justice came. He was made President of the Senate in the early part of 1893. Three weeks later he died, almost suddenly, of an affection of the heart, which had been terribly aggravated by the attempt upon his life of which he had been the victim, and by the public animosity with which he had been pursued.

As I sat in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, one day, I amused myself by mentally reconstructing a government of the Right. I imagined that the monarchy had been reëstablished, and that the Count de Paris, now Philippe VII, King of France, had intrusted to me the task of forming a ministry, distributing its portfolios among his partizans. To my great surprise, I could not



succeed in drawing up a proper list. Everybody can be a minister, of course, and some of those whom one might choose at random for the office would not fill it worse than many others, provided they were not called upon to deal with situations of exceptional delicacy. But that was not what I was looking for. Nor was I looking for men who would be the equals of Gambetta and of Jules Ferry, for both were personalities quite out of the ordinary. I was searching the monarchical ranks for men with the force of character of MM. Dupuy, Spuller, or Burdeau; for men of the ability and tenacity and the capacity for hard work of MM. Méline, de Freycinet, Bourgeois, Goblet; for men of the financial competency of M. Rouvier, the diplomatic talents and science of M. Hanotaux, the wisdom and breadth of view of M. Challemeil-Lacour. I could not discover them. Never before had the complete inferiority of the monarchical party in this respect come home to me more forcibly. What was the cause of it?

The great Chamber of the Palais Bourbon, with its somewhat pretentious decorations, its somewhat theatrical aspect, was before me. Nearly all the deputies were on their benches, for some serious struggle was in prospect. The Left, very numerous, infringed upon the Center. It was the visible incarnation of the republican principle and its incessant progress. The Right, much reduced, was still represented by the chiefs of the party, by those who, either because of their position or their past, impose themselves, in a way, upon their constituents. Off there, at the extreme left, was the little group of revolutionary socialists awaiting the hour in which they were to play a decisive rôle. Well! A mere glance at all those deputies there assembled sufficed to explain the decadence of one of the parties as compared with the other. With few exceptions, the line of demarcation seemed to me social far more than political. On the one side sat indolence; on the other, industry. On the right sat the men of leisure, Parisians whose activities are devoured by the thousand futilities of Parisian existence, *flâneurs* of the boulevards, who gossip at the club, dine out, look in at the theaters, and devote to public affairs whatever time they have left; and country gentlemen who hunt, drive four-in-hand, organize fêtes, preside at agricultural fairs, and follow only from a great distance the movement of universal progress. I observed their elegance, their well-groomed persons, the cut of their coats,

which had come from the best tailors. On the other side were men who work, who had risen from below, sons of workingmen or small employees, who had made a place for themselves by will power and perseverance. One was a lawyer, another a physician, a third an engineer or a professor. The clubman and the self-made man, the society man and the worker, sat facing each other, and the victory of the second took on the aspect of a thing that was necessary, irrevocable, that could not be reversed.

It is difficult for Americans to understand the march of political events in France, and their details, because they lose sight of the struggle between the aristocrat and the democrat. One must have been a spectator of this struggle to comprehend its effects. Many of those who still have monarchical beliefs will only admit that the great rural proprietors, or at most the great industrial magnates and the great bankers, can have the pretension to govern their country. The idea that a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist, has any right to sit in the Chamber or the Senate seems to them absurd.

And as for this lawyer, this doctor, this journalist, being called upon, for instance, to receive the Emperor of Russia in the name of France, that is what they absolutely cannot away with!

### III.

I MET, the other day, on the Boulevard des Italiens, two friends, one of whom is a monarchist, the other a republican. Both were in high spirits. «*Mon cher,*» exclaimed the first, «monarchy is an accomplished fact! Who will now dare to tell us that the country wants a republic? Consider the enthusiasm excited by the Emperor of Russia's visit! At sight of Nicholas II the monarchical sentiment has reawakened in the breast of Frenchmen. . . . I repeat, monarchy is an accomplished fact!» Thereupon the second, holding me by the button of my coat: «*Mon cher,* the republic has, from now on, nothing more to fear. It is indestructible. The homage of the most powerful sovereign in Europe has demonstrated its strength. Who will dare to tell us that the republic has no prestige?» My friends were right, both of them, and also wrong. The Czar's visit has done no good to the monarchical cause, but it is not certain either that it will do good to the republic. A republican régime is a régime of labor, not of festivities; of reason and forethought, not of enthusiasm and vivid impressions. It must look to itself for



stability, and in this stability it must find its strength. The capital of a republic cannot become the favorite resort of kings and emperors without an influence being exerted on public manners and habits by the fact. A people which has maintained the republican form of government perseveringly, through innumerable dangers and difficulties, does not certainly revert to the principle of heredity. But it is always confronted by this temptation—to abdicate the liberties of which it is every citizen's duty to avail himself into the hands of chiefs. Thinking of these things, I had reached the Place de la Madeleine. I stood under the windows of that great and much-loved philosopher who was taken away from the affection of his friends, and the admiration of all, only a few months ago. Had Jules Simon been alive I should once again have climbed his five stairs to hear what the experience of his old age, which had remained so youthful, might have to say on these problems of our time. And he, surely, laying aside his piles of papers, letters, and pamphlets, would have told me, in a few suggestive and luminous sentences, what he had learned from the past and what he foresaw for the future. This it was—this double outlook upon yesterday and to-morrow, this preoccupation with the connection between past events and events to come—that, in my estimation, distinguished his genius. He could tell a story as few men can; he could *hope*, also, in spite of his eighty years, as few of the youngest can hope. Hope is not a virtue in America; it is a habit. In France the hopeful are the exception. But Jules Simon had always been hopeful, both for himself and for his country. They had lived through bad days together. Persecuted by Napoleon III because of his opposition to the coup d'état of 1851, he had been obliged to wait for the disasters of 1870 before occupying the place in political life to which his talents entitled him. To be made minister immediately after September 4, that was scarcely alluring. His memory of that dark period was vivid, but remarkably calm. I never heard a bitter word escape his lips. Jules Simon had seen every shade of opinion revolve around him. At one time he had been regarded as a dangerous radical, then as an ardent republican, then as a moderate. «Wait a little while,» he said to me, last year, «and I shall have become an acknowledged conservative; and all with almost no change of stand on my part.» It was true. He had not moved; he had always defended the same liberal ideas and urged the same

reasonable solutions. He would perhaps have resigned himself to accept a monarchy had he thought it capable of affording a warrant of superior order and liberty. He preferred the republic because he believed it to be stronger, more resistant, more supple and durable.

When Taine, Simon's illustrious colleague at the Academy, began his «Origins of Contemporary France,» his preferences turned in the direction of imperialism. But his ideas underwent a modification when he came to his analysis of the genius of Napoleon. It is generally felt that Taine was rather severe in his treatment of the great emperor, and that he might have spared him certain criticisms. His book wounded the Bonapartists keenly. Princess Mathilde, the sister of Prince Jerome Napoleon, was a friend of Taine. She sent him her card, with the formula P.P.C.—*pour prendre congé*—to signify that their relations were at an end. Taine wittily translated it *pour prouver colère*, and brought the laughers over to his side.

Taine's salon was «neutral.» Royalists and republicans alike met there, for politics were rarely discussed. The talk turned on literature, science, progress, the evolution of ideas. Taine's hospitality was of the most delicate sort, and as a host he was well supported by his wife and daughter, for whom no subject of conversation was too high. While looking up information for his own work, during the week, he would collect a hundred details which might be of use in the special work of such or such a one of his guests; and Monday evening, when they arrived, he would go from one to another, generously distributing his knowledge, and adding to it the germs of new and fruitful ideas, which each might bear away with him and eventually develop. Taine's life was far from having been as stationary as Jules Simon's. His mental evolution never ceased. He seemed to be ascending an endless staircase, with long pauses at each landing, where he might conscientiously classify his recent observations. To one thing only did he tenaciously cling, and that was «method.» His microscope never left him.

He regretted that he had not been able to apply his method to American civilization. He looked always for the ensemble in the detail. He loved vast undertakings, but he treated them minutely. And America was too far away. It drew him and fascinated him, but since he could not study it at close quarters, he realized that it escaped his investigations. He divined that it presented a



mass of social problems which are not even clearly enough defined in Europe to call for a solution. His curiosity was alive to its phenomena, which have no counterpart in the history of peoples. The rapid growth of the United States, their new conceptions of government and society, were matters to him of perpetual wonder and reflection. Jules Simon likewise turned his eyes frequently, in surprise and admiration, toward the New World. In his youth, and in Taine's, no one, Tocqueville notwithstanding, had foreseen the great intellectual and moral impetus which has transformed the United States. I once received from the venerable Dr. McCosh of Princeton a volume which he asked me to deliver to Jules Simon. He had written within it a flattering dedication to the French philosopher. In giving this volume into Jules Simon's hands, I described to him, as best I could, the buildings, the trees, the mental life, the habits and peculiarities, which render Princeton, and several other American universities, unlike any other spot on the globe. «Yes,» he cried, «that is the America which will really give the Old World something to think of—when the Old World shall have discovered it.» He referred to the common European ignorance of the force and intensity of the university movement in America.

Jules Ferry had foreseen this movement, in a measure, at the close of the civil war. He had even intended to devote serious study to it. But his political career never allowed him to put his project into execution. As to President Carnot, of the many topics which he permitted me to discuss with him on more than one occasion, none interested him more than the subject of the intellectual relations between the United States and France. And that is why I gave the name of Carnot to the students' annual debate on contemporary French politics which I instituted between the universities of Berkeley and Palo Alto at San Francisco, and at Tulane University, New Orleans. And the «Carnot medal» is already popular in California and Louisiana.

I never had any conversation about America with the Count de Paris. But he must often, during his career as Pretender, have recalled the days when he fought in the admirable troops that came together at the appeal of the immortal Lincoln. He had seen the great struggle of the American people, its valor and its indomitable energy, near at hand. He may have said to himself that a man might be proud to rule such a people. . . .

But one does not *rule* the American people. . . . One governs it—if it be quite willing.

*Pierre de Coubertin.*



## ELUSIVE PRESENCE.

AND didst thou come, thou long-lost, longed-for one,  
 That day when, thinking not of thee, I cried  
 For respite from my foes on every side—  
 Didst point the refuge whither I could run?  
 And didst thou come, that evening drear and dun,  
 When, thinking not of thee—too sorely tried,  
 I looked and saw the western clouds divide,  
 And the fair setting of the full-orbed sun?  
 And didst thou come on that dark, sighing dawn,  
 Shadowed with troubles of the day to be,  
 When, suddenly, obeying thy still call,  
 Were all those surging fears dismissed and gone!  
 And dost thou come all hours, and blessing all,  
 Except the hour when most I think of thee?

*Edith M. Thomas.*