

PARISIAN JOURNALISTS.

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.



ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

WE Americans are apt to think there is no journalism in France. In our sense, there is little; in the French sense, there is a vast deal. If there had not been sterling journalism there, the great Napoleon would never have said that a journalist means a grumbler, a censorer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns; that four hostile newspapers are more to be dreaded than a hundred thousand bayonets.

One of the earliest of newspapers, the *Gazette de France*, was established in that country (1631) by Dr. Théophraste Renaudot. The French could not live without news. The Gauls, according to Cæsar, were so eager for it that they ran after strangers and beset them for the latest intelligence. Nearly all the revolutions have been sustained, if not created, by the press. Mirabeau, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, Louvet, Tallien, Hébert, Billaut-Varenne, were journalists and pamphleteers. Armand Carrel, François Mignet, and Adolphe Thiers, as editors of the *National*, largely contributed to the abdication of Charles X. Émile de Girardin was instrumental in driving Louis Philippe from the throne. Henri Rochefort, through his *Lanterne* and *Marseillaise*, did much to render Louis Napoleon so unpopular as to compel the war with Germany in a desperate effort to preserve the empire.

One of the oldest, and assuredly the best known, of Parisian journalists is Émile de Girardin. Now seventy-three, his years have been full of experience; for he has been on every side of politics that has been invented since his birth. He is believed to be waiting for some new fashion, which he will accept, the moment it appears, from the

charm of its novelty. His career has been singular. Born in Switzerland of parents legally unknown, he bore the name of Émile Delamothe until he was twenty-five. Then discovering that he was the son of Count (General) Alexandre de Girardin, he claimed his proper patronymic, and contended manfully for his right to it, although his father did not acknowledge him for ten years. He made his *début* in literature with two romances, *Émile* and *Au Hasard*, the former a highly colored story founded upon the experiences of his youth. Appointed Inspector of Fine Arts under the Martignac ministry, he profited by the leisure of the sinecure to enter into several daring speculations, which turned out luckily. He then published *Le Voleur*, which, true to its title, filched from all the other presses, and *La Mode*, an authority on fashion, for some time under the patronage of the Duchesse de Berri.

After the abdication of Charles X. he established the *Journal des Connaissances Utiles*, a monthly, at four francs a year, which in a little while had one hundred and thirty thousand subscribers. He also issued other cheap periodicals, atlases, and almanacs, pretending that they emanated from a National Society for Intellectual Emancipation, combining with them divers commercial enterprises, some of which, like the mines of Saint Bérain, the Physionotype, and the Agricultural Institute of Coëtbo, obtained, as they say in Paris, *un malheureux retentissement*. This phrase, being translated into plain English, is susceptible of meaning an outrageous swindle, and that is what the people who lost by Girardin's schemes substantially called it. They were to make a great deal of money by subscribing to the journalist's projects; but he seems to have been the one chiefly benefited.

Girardin appears to be a sort of Gallic Yankee or Westerner. The Agricultural Institute of Coëtbo sounds exactly like some fantastic advertisement in a frontier newspaper of a new way to practice an old imposition. To say that he had any intention of defrauding would be unfair; but it is not strange that such intent was charged upon him by those who counted themselves as his dupes. By this time (he was now three-and-thirty) he had a well-filled purse, he had been defendant in several suits for libel, he had fought three duels, and had acquired a vogue.

His next step was to start the *Presse* (July 1, 1836), a conservative organ, at forty francs a year—half the price heretofore paid for dailies of the same class. Thus challenging

and defying all competition, his contemporaries, particularly his political opponents, fell upon him violently. He could not have been more abused if he had been an editor in the United States. Both his public and private life were assailed. He was accused of claiming a name that did not belong to him (his filiation was not avowed until 1847), of flagrant dishonesty in his business transactions, of total lack of political principle. He was so bitterly denounced on every hand that he hardly knew whom to call to account. But he very soon fixed upon one of the fiercest of his opponents, Armand Carrel, then acting as editor-in-chief (Thiers, Mignet, and himself had an agreement that each should fill the position for a twelvemonth) of the able liberal newspaper the *National*. Carrel, as brave and peppery as he was able and honest, promptly accepted Girardin's challenge, and chose pistols, which is unusual in France, and always regarded as a serious sign. They fought at Vincennes. Girardin received a slight wound in the thigh; Carrel was shot in the abdomen, and died in great agony, two days after, in the house of a friend, to which he had been removed, at Saint Mandé. When the sad news of his fatal hurt reached Paris, hundreds of the brilliant republican's admirers flocked to Saint Mandé, and his death was mourned as a public calamity.

The tragedy excited a tremendous outcry against the chief of the *Presse*; but he stood firm, securing a long-disputed seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and gaining an immense circulation for his paper. Though he has never said so publicly, the disastrous result of the duel must have caused him lasting regret. It is reported that he resolved on the fatal field never to give or accept another challenge. Certain it is, he has not fought since, and he has had omnipotent cause. Some time after, he declared in the *Presse* that the *Siècle* employed regicides on its staff. Louis Bergeron, one of the editors, who had been tried for an alleged attempt to shoot Louis Philippe and been acquitted, demanded that Girardin should either retract or give him satisfaction. The grand Émile, as he is often styled, would do neither. Bergeron sought him in a box at the opera and publicly cuffed him. The assaulted journalist simply caused him to be arrested. He was tried, and condemned to three years' imprisonment (*sic*), the severest penalty for such offense. Girardin must certainly have registered a vow in heaven never to go to the field again.

His success despite so many obstacles, and his general unconciliatory course, insured him any number of enemies. In 1846 he was meanly excluded from the Chamber of Deputies, to which he had been elected four times, on the pretext that he was not a

Frenchman. After various fluctuations, after supporting and attacking in turn divers ministries, and keeping himself in very hot water, he carried the circulation of the *Presse* to 160,000 copies, and finally sold his interest in it (1856) to Millaud and Co. for 900,000 francs. He had had the paper twenty years, and cleared on an average 250,000 francs annually. Since then he has owned and disposed of the *Liberté*, and has recently undertaken the *France*. He can not keep out of the excitement and turmoil of politics. A cardinal article of his faith is that he can render any journal profitable; that he can even touch the corpse of a newspaper and make it live. His experience has furnished some reason for his belief. Nevertheless he is not content. His political aspirations have never been realized. His ambition is lofty. He has hungered for a seat in the cabinet, and, according to rumor, he has been frequently on the eve of appeasement. Kings, princes, presidents, have consulted him; but none of them have invited him to the cherished chair. Naturally he feels aggrieved. He has an ineradicable conviction that he is not appreciated, that he is one of the great men whose entire greatness his contemporaries have not been able to understand. His vanity is enormous, his egotism sublime.

With many virtues, he has many defects. One of these is an absolute absence of humor. The subject of manifold jests, he never deserves the prick of a single one. When the jokers name him the Holy Sacrament, because no government ever sends for him until it is at the point of death, he does not smile. When they impute to him the phrase, "Émile de Girardin and Napoleon Bonaparte have alone illustrated their era," he considers that a solemn fact, a truism, indeed. There is no end of the sport that has been made of him—outside of his presence, however, for he has immeasurable dignity and unflinching force. He sees the satire and railery in print, but they disturb him not. He is on too magnificent terms with himself to be displaced. Whatever revolutions may be possible to France, Girardin can never be driven from the throne of his imperial egotism.

The eminent journalist has always managed to keep himself in the public eye. He has done nothing, it is said, without a view to self-advertisement. Even his affections are affirmed to have been influenced by practicality. His first wife, the witty and beautiful Delphine Gay, was the literary and social fashion when he espoused her (he was twenty-nine then), and this is thought to have decided his choice. She died in 1855, and he married the Countess of Tiefenbach, widow of Prince Frederick of Nassau, which union was probably impelled by his ambition.

Professionally, he was the foremost to introduce the romantic *feuilleton* into a political newspaper, the *Presse*, and the experiment was so prosperous that his contemporaries imitated it at once. Even the weighty and momentous *Journal des Débats* felt obliged to combine its leaders with fiction. The "Mystères de Paris," first published by Eugène Sue in its columns, trebled its circulation. He was the first also to bring into fashion, now firmly established, the broken-line-and-brief-paragraph style of editorial. In 1848, when he was fervently supporting Louis Napoleon for the Presidency, he used to have every evening over his signature three or four flaming leaders of this convulsive sort.

Empire is Peace.
Peace is Empire.
Why is Empire Peace?

Because it is propped up by bayonets.
Will France ever herd with the beasts of the field?
Yes; and chew the cud of remorse and humiliation.

When and why?
France will herd for seven times seven years with the
brute nations of the world.
And be despised.

And laughed at.
And mocked.
And it will serve her right.
Unless she elect Louis Napoleon.

His motto is, "A new idea every day" (*Une idée par jour*), and he has so far transcended it that he has often a dozen ideas of an antipodal character in twenty-four hours, rendering it impossible for his associates to keep up with him. This facility for change has caused many disagreements between the great *Émile* and his contributors; but he has always been very kind to young men who have talent and will not oppose him. The poorer, the more friendless, a candidate, the more certain he is to find favor from the editor of the *France*, who is very fond of young men, and has had any number in his employment.

An adventurer himself—and proud to be such—he affects the adventurous that have the courage and the will to cross swords with the warring world. He has ever felicitated himself upon a certain personal resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was long in the habit of wearing a wisp of hair over his forehead in the manner of the greatest man of modern times. If he should use this phrase, he would, no doubt, mentally and modestly except himself. He looks a little, especially in the lower part of his face, like Caleb Cushing. He is very noticeable, positively distinguished in appearance, and nobody is better aware of it than he.

There is much to be said in behalf of Girardin—one of Charguéraud's heroes—but chiefly that he is, in the Parisian sense, a great journalist, and, in every sense, a man of India rubber principle and of iron will.

Paul Garnier, or de Cassagnac, as he insists upon being called, is one of the young



PAUL DE CASSAGNAC.

gest and most notorious press men of the French capital. He is about thirty-four, the editor of the *Pays*, and has fought ten or twelve duels, which is his biography in brief. Not being at all remarkable as a writer, he determined very early to become remarkable as a fighter, and he has succeeded. His father, much more of a man than the son (he took his added name, he says, from a village near the place of his birth), was editor-in-chief of the *Pays*, and made Paul his associate when the latter had become twenty-five. The younger Cassagnac has now been for some time chief of the paper, which is superlatively imperialist, being regarded as the special organ of the ex-Empress Eugénie and the quondam prince, her son. He attracted her attention and won her regard by challenging her political foes, memorably Henri Rochefort for his bitter denunciations of the Napoleon family. The editor of the *Lanterne*, who had been brutal not less than savage in his assaults, was badly wounded, he having named pistols as the weapons, not to give any undue advantage to his antagonist, one of the best swordsmen in Paris.

One of Cassagnac's first combats was with Aurélien Scholl, a pugnacious polemic, who was on the elder Dumas's *Mousquetaire*, on Villedenil's *Paris*, on the *Corsaire* (he began his inky apprenticeship there), the *Satan*, the *Silhouette*, the *Coulisses*, and on the *Figaro*. Scholl had considerable reputation as a duelist, and yet he was pricked in the right arm.

The youthful Paul so enjoyed the *éclat* of worsting his older and more experienced adversary that he was impatient to fight somebody else. For some slight cause he sent a cartel to Vermorel, of the *Courrier Français*, who declined; whereupon the pyrophagist of the *Pays* offered him countless affronts, declaring that he had no right to

give offense and refuse satisfaction. One would have thought from his tirade that a refusal to accept a challenge must be uncle or cousin-german at least to total depravity. He raved like a drab on the subject.

Very soon after, Lieutenant Lullier, of the navy, also a *littérateur*, took exception to some of Cassagnac's performances, and invited him to the field. Oddly enough, the redoubtable fire-eater denied himself the pleasure of tasting a single spark, and the lieutenant, though most energetic in heaping insults upon the braggart, could not provoke his bellicose appetite. Inconsistency so glaring was hard to explain. But Lullier's friends claimed to have the key in the fact that as a fencer or pistol-shot he has scarcely an equal in France, and that the swaggering eulogist of the empire knew his acceptance would be equivalent to another interment in the family lot of the Garniers, who maintain themselves to be De Cassagnacs.

A desperate conflict was that with Gustave Flourens, a radical journalist, who demanded reparation of the defender of the Napoleonic dynasty for his opprobrium poured upon certain liberal politicians condemned to Sainte Pélagie. According to the French code, a duel ends with the drawing of blood, however slight, though either combatant may, with the consent of the seconds, continue the combat to a decisive result. Flourens, who was furiously in earnest, asked that the fight should go on so long as both could stand, and this was conceded. Consequently the rencontre was waged for half an hour, until the challenger (it will be observed that Cassagnac, when called out, always names swords) had received twenty wounds, and fainted from loss of blood. His opponent had the avail by reason of coolness, not to mention skill.

The editor of the *Pays* is physically brave, no doubt (most men are), but he is a bully, and also barbarian enough to fight for the notoriety fighting yields him. Like most bullies, he exaggerates his love of danger, which he encounters not from principle, but from unadulterated vanity. He is not a gentleman, even in a very loose sense, and if somebody will but puncture his pericardium either with lead or steel—as somebody probably will ere long—journalism will be improved and Paris benefited.

His writing in the *Pays* is weak, verbose, bathic, frequently incorrect, always in wretched taste. He tries to atone for this by a churlishness and violence that do not help his rhetoric, and seriously hinder his manners. It is surprising that Eugénie, who, though a bigot, is a lady, should have chosen for her champion such a fellow as Cassagnac. The least bad thing about him is

his looks, and they are not a quarter so good as he imagines. His features are regular, his face round, his hair and eyes black or nearly so, while his shoulders are broad and his figure well proportioned. He reminds one of an Italian, and would readily pass for the tenor of an opera company. He is incessantly fencing at Paz's rooms. He ought to have been a fencing-master. His calibre and character fit him for the position. He never appears to such advantage as with a foil in his hand, and he never will until he is in his coffin.

Every body has heard of Edmond About, who is an admirable satirist and novelist, and rather a mediocre journalist. He neglects, like so many of us, the work he is adapted to, and undertakes that which is foreign to him. He has a feverish ambition to shine on the press, and while he is vainly trying to, he might be composing new *Tollas* and *Grèces Contemporaines*. His novels got him fame, fortune, and a rich wife besides, who was Mademoiselle De Guillerville. He might have been satisfied; but on an evil day Louis Napoleon invited him to Compiègne, decorated him, and urged him to go



EDMOND ABOUT.

to Rome and write a sarcastic account of his observations—something in the style of the *Grèce*. The author was only too happy. He posted off to the City of the Soul, and in due time published a very witty and one-sided book that the literary world knows and admires as the *Question Romaine*. He looked confidently for a lucrative office as a reward for his brilliant satire. But the Emperor had changed his papal policy meanwhile, being then inclined to conciliate Pio Nono. Nothing could be done, therefore. The result was that About became a liberal, attaching himself to the *Gaulois*, then a new

enterprise; afterward to the *Soir*, at a salary of 1500 francs a week. When war was declared against Germany he turned army correspondent, and berated the empire soundly. He is now the editor of the *XIXième Siècle* and correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, but not doing very well in either.

The novelist felicitates himself upon his uncompromising infidelity, and was greatly disappointed because he was not formally excommunicated for his *Question Romaine*. He seems to forget that in Paris a *littérateur*, in order to be peculiar, must pretend to have some theological faith. Some years since somebody called him the grandson of Voltaire. He has never recovered from it; he never will.

About undergoes nearly as many revolutions as Girardin, and is not half so unselfish or sincere. Not only is he not grateful, he is unwise enough to advertise his ingratitude. One of his sentiments is, "Benefits would be too dear if they had to be repaid?" (*Les bienfaits coûteraient trop cher s'il fallait les payer*), borrowing the idea from the former *Figaro* chief, the late Nestor Roqueplan's "Ingratitude is the independence of the heart" (*L'ingratitude est l'indépendance du cœur*). This is not mere surface cynicism, the reaction from unreturned tenderness and frustrated ideals. It goes deeper; it is drawn from and designed as an excuse for unworthy behavior and unmanly conduct. About has done worse things than he has said. He is a sparkling trifler, and is well-nigh barren of any earnestness of purpose, of any generosity of heart. It is hard to dislike him, so witty is he, so genial does he appear. But it is harder still to yield him any permanent esteem.

He is a delightful companion and a very poor friend, for which latter he may imagine he makes up by being a distinctly undesirable foe. He is a personal anatomist. He is perpetually dissecting his acquaintances, his familiars more readily and thoroughly than the rest. He possesses a positive genius for discerning their weaknesses, especially for what is susceptible of ridicule. His definition of the pleasure of friendship would be the pleasure derived from admission to an intimacy that exposes the peculiarities and faults of our friends, and enables us to present them in the most ludicrous light. You may be vastly tickled at About's dinner table—he is an elegant entertainer—to hear him discuss his acquaintances in a masterly malicious way. But when you reflect that you will be treated in exactly the same manner for somebody else's delectation, your enjoyment will be liable to abatement. At his own dinner table, at his handsome country-seat, surrounded by the members of his family, he is at his best socially and intellectually. Still you can not help thinking that even there he seems

like Mephistopheles living *en famille*. He invariably serves up his friends, as he does other viands, with a piquant sauce of satire. It might almost be said that he had systematized detraction. Each course has its scandal and sarcasm, as it has its proper wine. With sherry goes social skepticism, with Bordeaux rallery, with Chablis innuendoes, with Chambertin ridicule, with Château Yquem aspersion, and with Champagne downright slander.

Good fellow, as he is often called, and is, perhaps, socially speaking, he has very few actual friends, and, in truth, deserves them not. His enemies, however, personal, political, theological, and literary, are innumerable, as was shown when, combining against his play of *Gaëhana*, produced, years ago, at the Odéon, they crowded the theatre, and caused its withdrawal by their tumultuous disapproval.

It must be confessed that he is a good deal of a time-server. Half of his politics lies in his vanity, the other half in his purse. He is a Republican, Imperialist, Orleanist, or Legitimist as material consideration prompts. He was a fervent Orleanist when he thought the Comte de Paris had a good prospect for the throne. Finding the prospect altered, he began to abuse the prince so unstintedly that Edouard Hervé, a brother journalist, who had introduced him to the comte at About's urgent solicitation, resented the injustice in his paper, and was challenged by the creator of the *Roi des Montagnes*. They fought, with no other harm than the loss of a few drops of blood and a fine to the challenger of two hundred livres. About is like most railers and satirists: albeit sparing nobody, he is very sensitive himself; he loves to give, but is indisposed to take.

He is stout enough, successful enough, young enough (he is but forty-seven), to be good-natured, and his full face, brown hair, and blonde beard would convey the impression of amiability, were it not for a malignant sparkle in his blue eye, and a frequent cynical smile lying in ambush under his mustache. When his face is in repose he looks hard and ugly. Then nature, finding the man off guard, gives warning of what he really is.

Among the very few friends of the author of the *Mariages de Paris* is Francisque Sarcéy, dramatic critic of the *Temps*, and chief contributor to the *XIXième Siècle*. He is loyal and enthusiastic enough for a wide circle of friends, and is instigated perchance to express in intensity what is wanting in number. About is the mirror before which he dresses himself; About is his model; About is his idol. When his principal praises him he is happy for a month; when he disapproves, life is a desert. Members of the press—an irreverent, scoffing crew the world over—laugh at Sarcéy's honest wor-

ship, and declare, when About drinks Cognac, that his adorer, through sympathy, gets gloriously drunk.

The most eccentric and ferociously earnest scrivener on the Seine, from Mount Tasselot to Havre, is Louis Veillot, the rabid ultramontane editor of the *Univers*. He is as much of a bigot as About is a pagan. He believes sufficiently to atone for all the infidelity of his fellow-scribes. He is an unadulterated humorist without a particle of humor. He had some once, but his burning fanaticism has dried up the source. The wags say that he carries the keys of St. Peter in his pocket, and the whole weight of the Vatican on his shoulders.

The intensest Roman Catholic among all the laity of France, he grows intenser daily, and merits canonization for his monstrous prejudices. He has been living backward at a tremendous rate for nearly forty years, and is now hopelessly stuck in the middle of the sixteenth century. He should have flourished then, and have been born in Spain.

How Philip II. would have honored him! The gloomy monarch would have discovered in him a man who could sympathize with the sentiment, "Better not reign at all than reign over heretics!" Possibly Philip would have been rather lax for Veillot, who might have preferred Tomas de Torquemada, the gentle Dominican who died with the sweet satisfaction of having perpetually imprisoned ninety thousand schismatics and burned ten thousand at the stake, and rested on this his hope of heaven.

Veillot is the son of a poor provincial cooper, who, driven to Paris for want of work, set up a humble wine shop, and starved slowly. Louis, the eldest of four children, picked up some education, and at thirteen was put in an advocate's office. His literary instincts were at once aroused. He studied law by day, read miscellaneously at night, and in six years felt competent to earn his bread by his pen. He went into a newspaper office under an agreement to do any thing and every thing. He rose rapidly. Writing was his gift; controversy his delight. The ink he used was mixed with vitriol. He attacked with malevolence every body who thought or acted differently from him. Before he was twenty he had had two duels, one with an actor he had excoriated, the other with the editor of the *Journal de Rouen*, who had the temerity to be a Republican. Called to Périgueux professionally, he employed his pen there as a bludgeon, and was compelled to fight for the abuse he indulged in. Back in the capital, he went upon a government newspaper, and then upon the *Paix*, a doctrinary journal. He was very clever, but not often decent. He had a passion for the



LOUIS VEILLOT.

low theatres, coarse company, and licentious literature. He had no faith in any body or any thing, and was, as he avows, on the point of becoming a *condottiere* of the press, when one of his friends, Olivier Fulgence, proposed to him a journey to Rome. He was twenty-five then. He was saved from a bad fate for a worse. He got religion, and got it in its most aggravated form, through the spectacle of theologic pomps and a presentation to the Pope. Never since has he been for one moment sane. Returned to Paris, he purged himself of sin (he does not mention whether it was by calomel or rhu-barb), and pledged his future to the defense of the interests of the Church. The result was a number of sectarian works, and the most violent denunciation in the presses he controlled of whatever he deemed irreligious. After a number of material changes, he became the *rédauteur* of the *Univers*; assailed other Roman Catholic papers, the university, the revolutionists, the socialists, the philosophers, not only in his own columns, but in pamphlets and books without end. He fell upon the ancients and the Greek and Latin classics, and when the Archbishop of Paris sought to remonstrate against his course, he fell on him, and went to Rome to appeal personally to the Pope to decide between him and the priestly opponents of the *Univers*. Pio Nono sustained him, and his paper continued its bitter war upon liberty, science, reason, and progress. The rabid journal was interdicted in many dioceses, and Monseigneur Dupanloup forbade the clergy's reading it. He has been a vehement advocate of the temporal power of the Pope, and an uncompromising foe of whomsoever happened to hold a contrary view. Finally, when the *Univers* seemed to endanger the public peace, it was suppressed. It re-appeared in a few days, under the title

of the *Monde*, though shorn of the terrible personality of Veuillot. Ere long, however, the old name was resumed, and the editor remounted his theological war steed; but he has not been quite so mad as before. He conscientiously believes that the Church is under his direct care; that, but for him, heresy and infidelity would deluge the world. What is to become of ecclesiasticism when he slips from the planet, one hesitates to think. The question ought to distress him as much as pastry did the builder of the Escorial, who, like Veuillot, probably mistook indigestion for the beatitude of religion.

Louis Veuillot's personal appearance denotes him truly. He is now sixty-two, but rugged as a bear, so hard and gnarled in semblance that he bids fair to survive the century. His face is coarse, strong, and conspicuously marked by small-pox, his nose large, broad, and rounding at the base, being of the bottle order. His brow is intellectual, his eyes glowing, well-nigh feverish, his eyebrows heavy, his hair and whiskers thickly strewn with gray, wiry, bristling, and standing apart, as if some of them had denied the doctrine of papal in-

fallibility, and were affrighted at their own temerity. There is some resemblance in the man to the portraits of Mirabeau, and in the shape of the head and strength of the face to the sturdy hero old John Brown. Immense virility is in the fierce, unconditional ultramontanist. His pen is wonderfully nervous, his will unconquerable. The stuff of martyrs is in him; all the spirit of the Inquisition stirs in his bilious blood. He is simply a monomaniac on the subject of Romanism, for which he would yield his life with ardent alacrity. He has exceeded the theologians. He has discovered the meaning of the much-discussed sin against the Holy Ghost. It is to doubt any dogma of the Church, or to dissent from any opinion expressed in the *Univers*. A man of family, one of his daughters recently entered a convent, and he rejoiced thereat; for whatever Rome approves is to him as the voice of Jehovah. Louis Veuillot is kind at heart, they say, but his mind is warped as a strip of pine under an August sun. Outside of his creed he is called genial. Touch him on that, and he is a controversial maniac.

SISTER AND LOVER.

"Look not, linger not, if you see
My love in the wood is waiting for me;
He will stand by the stem of the oak-tree old,
Where first his love in my ear he told."

She charged me thus, and I gave my word.—
Listen! was that his footstep stirred?—
Yet I fain would see but his figure dim,
For I know she will crave for news of him.

"Look not, linger not, if perchance
He should turn to you a curious glance;
For in the twilight of thickset pine
He will think any maiden form is mine."

Before he saw me I promised to flee.—
Look, he is standing beneath the tree!—
But would she be glad if I came away
With naught of her love's fair face to say?

"Look not, linger not, if he spy
And chase you, speedy of foot and eye;
For when you turn from the shade of the trees,
He will grieve that it be not my face he sees."

And haply now is the time to flee.—
See, he has turned, and is coming to me!—
But now if he caught me with flushed cheeks red,
'Twould seem as for bashful love I fled.

"Look not, linger not, if he haste
And catch and question you on the waste;
For little to talk with you cares he,
But to ask how long he must wait for me."

When he sees not her, he will turn away;
But perhaps some message he has to say;
And if he be eager to ask of her,
Cruel 'twould be ere he come to stir.

"Look not, linger not, if he gaze
Into your eyes with his bright eyes' blaze:
He will only seek in their lustre clear
The look of the sister's eyes more dear."

But now he has set his hand in mine.—
How bright in my eyes his brown eyes shine!
But I can not gaze in their depths: they seem
With more than questioning love to gleam.

"Look not, linger not, if he seek
To know of your life from week to week;
For he only cares of you this to know,
Where with your sister and when you go."

I can not go, for he holds my hand.
His clasp is hot as a burning brand;
His voice is low, and I scarce can hear
What it is that he whispers in my ear.

"Look not, linger not, if he speak
Of his heart with love that's ready to break:
It is but a message that he would send
To his own dear love by a trusty friend."

"I love you, dearest," he murmurs low.
He does not say, "Tell your sister so."
But if his message be for her ear,
I must stay the end of his tale to hear.

"Look not, linger not, if he clasp
Your waist with a tender, loving grasp:
It is but as he should say, 'Like this,
Give your sister from me a kiss.'"

How can I flee, so closely pressed?—
How sweet it is in his arms to rest!—
How can I turn me away, or speak,
While his kisses shower on my lips and cheek?

"Look not, linger not, if he say,
'Cruel you are to hurry away!'
For when his sun is hid from his sight,
You may seem as the moon to reflect my light."

But in vain I cry to him, "Let me go!"—
How sweet to be held in his strong arms so!—
And in vain I struggle and strive to speak,
"Those kisses should be for my sister's cheek."

"Look not, linger not, haste again,
That his words may comfort my waiting pain;
And the world shall know by me and you
That the truest friend is a sister true."

But he says, "Oh, your sister fair may be,
But you, love, are all the world to me."
If he love me so, am I faithless—nay,
If he love not her—yet a while to stay?