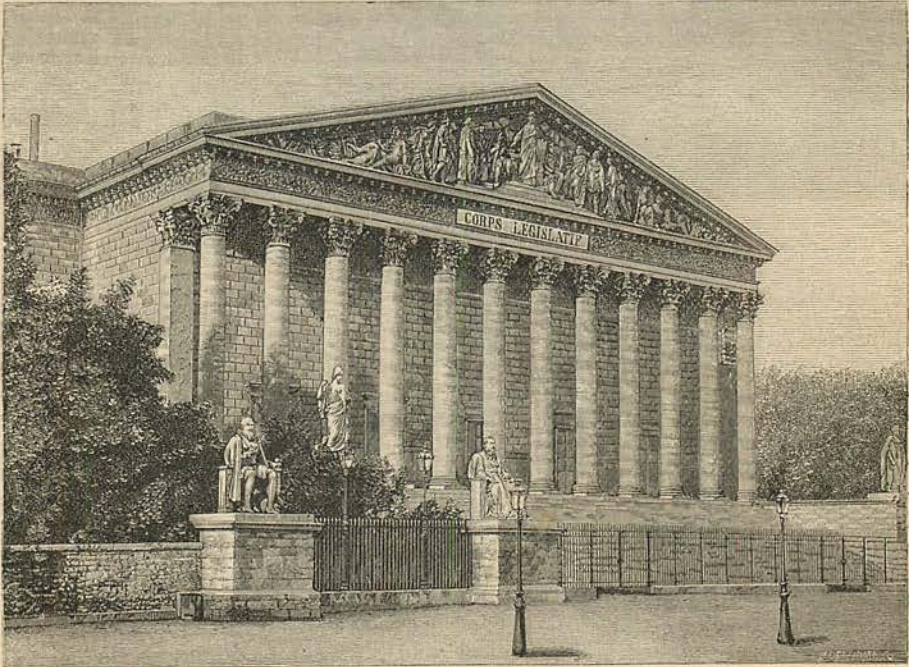


Railroad, penetrating far among the crowded squares, brings ready transportation. Everything tends to bulk in this bulky city, and inhabitants reflect with pride that in it or close by are situated concerns the largest of their several kinds in the country. But as these great industries rose from small sources, there is prospect of large intellectual growth after the same manner. "If you could only empty Boston into New York," said a popular Philadelphia writer, "you would have a perfect city. But Philadelphia needs only a few hundred Bostonians to rouse it from the apathy of too much material comfort. It is already waking up wonderfully, and needs but a little more leaven." In one respect it stands quite alone, and seems to possess unique oppor-

tunity for a typical American development: it exhibits the most flourishing democratic community we have, and at the same time it contains the most perfectly preserved of our local aristocracies. The present need of the "clever city" is, to unite with a firmer circle the various points touched by its life; to perfect in itself, amid its varied component parts, that spirit of union which it has so tenaciously stood for in relation to the republic. Meanwhile its people are happy, and enjoy life. Among our restless family of proud yet half-discontented cities, Philadelphia more than any meets the day easily, with a quiet smile, suggesting a Quaker calmness in the belief that she has the best of everything. She is satisfied, and will be still more satisfied hereafter.



THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF BUILDING, WHERE THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES HOLDS ITS SESSIONS.

#### FRENCH POLITICAL LEADERS.

IT was in August, during the summer of 1870, three days before Sedan, as I was walking through the dense crowds of excited Parisians that swarmed on the Boulevards, some one pointed out to me a man who was vigorously pushing his way through the crush. "Look!" a friend

said; "there goes Gambetta. If the Prussians ever enter Paris, he will be the first man in France."

He who was to be "the first man in France" was at that time an active, squarely built man, whose appearance announced a certain negligence in the

matter of toilet—the slouch of his hat suggested the Red Republican—on whose dark olive-skinned face was revealed, even to the cursory glance, the imprint of an intellectual power and the seal of a set purpose.

Naturally enough, the words of my friend made but little impression upon me, until, a month later, I read in the *London Times* that he had proved himself a true prophet: M. Léon Gambetta had been the man chosen to announce the birth of the new Republic. His was the central figure among the group of men who appeared before the vast disorderly crowd of blue-bloused workmen that filled the square of the Hôtel de Ville on the memorable Fourth of September. The crowd stopped their boisterous singing of the "Marseillaise" to listen to M. Gambetta, as from one of the balconies of the Hôtel de Ville he proclaimed the new government of the "people." In a hoarse voice, a voice that sounded as if it had been haranguing for days—as was in fact the case—Gambetta attempted to explain to the "people" what had been done in the Chamber: that a provisional government had been named, and that the gentlemen who surrounded him, MM. Jules Ferry, Jules Favre, Arago, himself, and some others not present, MM. Jules Simon, Pelletan, Kératry, etc., composed that government; with which announcement, and Arago's thundering proclamation of the fall of the Louis Napoleon Bonaparte dynasty, the ceremony of inaugurating the new Republic was at an end.

But M. Gambetta had already begun, years before this dramatic début at the Hôtel de Ville, to make a very important feature in the history of France. The details and incidents of his life and career are now well known.

Since M. Gambetta has risen to power, his enemies have been busy weaving a fanciful web of fable about his life and his habits. The Palais Bourbon and its portly occupant have been begirt with an aureole of entertaining and mendacious libels. The Palais Bourbon has been refurnished *en prince* to suit the taste of the scandal-loving public; the rose-colored salons have reflected in their mirrors the seductive charms of houris; the Turk of the seraglio bathes daily in a silver bath-tub, and is given over to a Lucullian taste for the pleasures of the table. As Napoleon the



JULES FERRY.

First courted Talma's intimacy that he might learn the secret of the great tragedian's imposing bearing and gesture, so Gambetta, *voulant se former*, as the French descriptively put it, frequents the society of the celebrated Coquelin, the finished actor of the Théâtre Français, that he may model his own manners after so admirable a pattern.

All these bubbles of falsehood collapse at touch of the Ithuriel spear of truth. Gambetta remains, in truth, perfectly simple and democratic in his habits. He leads a bachelor's life, surrounded by his intimate political and personal friends, whom he receives with a warmth of hospitality peculiar to his southern nature. The favorite gathering hour is the mid-day breakfast, at which the leading politicians, men of state, distinguished English or foreign visitors, are frequent guests. Small parties of friends are also always to be found at *les Jardies*, or at his villa in Switzerland, where Gambetta throws off the cares of state, lives with the utmost simplicity, and enjoys a somewhat lately developed love of sporting. But, as in his earlier days, he is a tremendous worker. His *valet de chambre* has strict orders to call him at nine in the morning, at which hour he rises, no mat-



MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT.

"Silence! Silence, messieurs!"

ter at what time he may have retired. It is then all the newspapers are read, with a lightning rapidity for which he is noted. To those who find pleasure in knowing the personal tastes of great men, it may be a matter of interest to learn that Gambetta's favorite authors are Rabelais and Montaigne, in whose plain-spoken company, however, the busy statesman finds few leisure hours to enjoy himself. He possesses also the true Italian's love of the fine arts, and that nicety of critical taste which distinguishes both the Gaul and the "children of the sun."

In the self-contained, dignified, somewhat imperious-looking President of the Chamber of 1881, with his admirably fitting dress-coat and spotless white necktie, who daily mounts to his throne-like seat in the Chamber, it would be difficult to find traces of the carelessly dressed, fiery young Republican of the Baudin

days. M. Gambetta at forty-two has the prematurely aged look of a man who had made in youth heavy drains on his mental resources. Far from appearing like a man in his prime, he looks like one who has passed it some time since. The figure is heavy and obese, although Gambetta's movements are still vigorous, active, and alert, and the gesture is as fluent as ever. But the face in repose wears a habitually fatigued expression. It is when he speaks that his Italian fervor returns to him. His greatest personal charm now is to be found in his voice, that wonderful, stirring, magnetic voice, whose sonorous qualities seem to belong peculiarly to itself. It has in it the piercing, puissant vibrations of a fine brass instrument, making the air thick and yet sweet with sound. Gambetta's intonations are such also that he seems to add something to the "delicate idiom of Paris." He im-

parts to its lightness and grace an indefinable but noticeable quality of richness and depth.

The French Chamber of Deputies is commonly a much more unmanageable body than the American House of Representatives. M. Gambetta's method of governing the House in a fractious mood was such as one might expect from one of his excitable temperament. His bell and his ivory paper-cutter—an instrument which he used in preference to the gavel—were the weakest of his sceptres of authority. When the excited buzz of voices reached a deafening pitch, M. Gambetta's own voice rang out like a clarion, or thundered like an angry god's. His "Un peu de silence, messieurs!—un peu de silence!" was the never-ceasing refrain, uttered in tones of command, of entreaty, of expostulation.

In looking about the House, some well-known political celebrities can be easily recognized. M. Louis Blanc is to be found seated on the extreme left.\* He still holds his own as one of the revolutionary leaders. This man of the "people," who has headed every revolution since 1830, who only a short while since said "La Révolution est où je suis" (Where I am there is revolution), would at first glance appear to be anything but what he has been—the very genius of disturbance. He has a faded, weary look, as of a man who has carried through life a burden too heavy for him. His smallness of stature, however, has not hindered him from carrying the great burdens of a people's wrongs, and doing his utmost to remedy them. M. Floquet's forcible, intelligent face is frequently seen among the Deputies who face the tribune—the raised platform from which the speakers address the House, the platform being directly beneath the Presidential chair. M. Floquet is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber, and frequently presides in Gambetta's absence, or when the latter descends to the tribune to address the Chamber.

\* The Chamber of Deputies, as well as the Senate, is divided into two separate bodies, each of which has three divisions. The "Left" is Republican; the "Centre Left" is composed of moderate Conservative Republicans; the "Extreme Left," of Radicals; while the main body of the "Left" supports the present government. The "Right" also has three divisions: the "Right Centre" is composed of the Monarchists, the "Extreme Right" is made up of the Legitimists, and the other members of the "Right" are Bonapartists, etc.

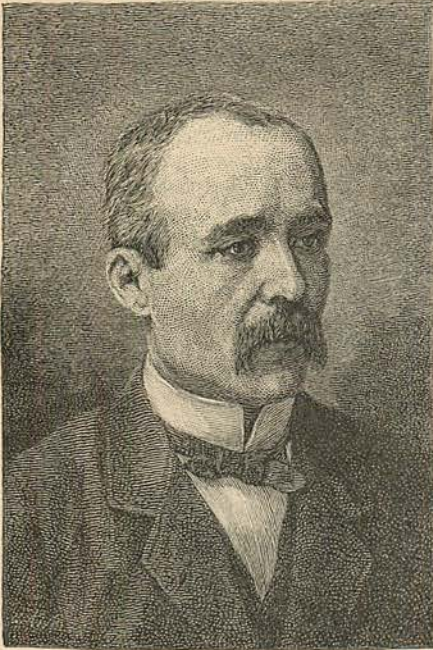
since, as Deputy from Belleville, M. Gambetta retains all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the other members of the House.

Monseigneur Freppel's violet *bonnet carré* and his fluttering archbishop's robes seem curiously out of place among these nineteenth-century politicians. The present defender of clerical interests is quite a different order of ecclesiast from the fiery and passionate Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. That lusty combatant belonged with the monkish warriors of the Middle Ages. He entered the political arena as he would have gone into battle. He fought his Republican and liberal oppo-



A SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

"Un peu de silence, s'il vous plaît!"



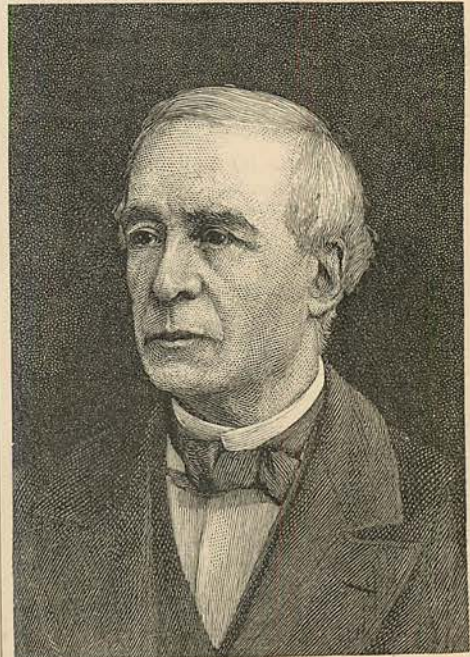
GEORGES-BENJAMIN CLÉMENCEAU.  
[Photographed by Touchelint and Valkman, Paris.]

nents with their own weapons, for his oratorical armor was every whit as complete as theirs. But Monseigneur Freppel is the courtly, crafty priest of the eighteenth century. Involuntarily, in looking at him, one is reminded of the memoirs of the past century, in whose pages priests and women figure so prominently, both apparently having more business in the political world than at the confessional. In the archbishop's movements, in his artful smile, in his crafty glance, in his mysterious whisper, one seems to scent conspiracy. He has at his command all the occult secrets of his craft, and he has also all of its worldly graces. His manners have those qualities of feminine refinement and his dress that exquisite nicety which inspired some witty Frenchman to denominate the priesthood as "the third sex." Where the monseigneur's predecessor stormed, the present Deputy is content to intrigue. He rarely if ever mounts the tribune. He prefers instead to gather around him the Legitimists and the Ultramontanists of the Right, and to turn his Deputy's bench into a pulpit or a bishop's throne, from which he alternately preaches or commands. To those who doubt the existence of an organized Le-

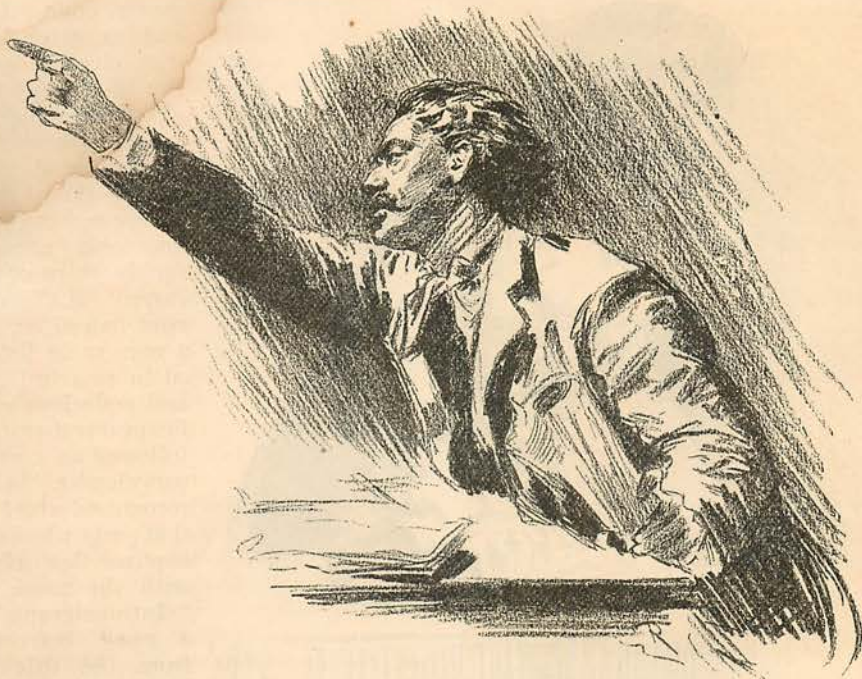
gitimist party, or to those who are happily credulous of the complete divorce in France between church and state, let them watch Monseigneur Freppel and the groups of distinguished-looking men who circle about him day after day in the chamber. The group is not large, it is true. And the archbishop is but one against several hundreds. But that group represents some of the greatest names in France. And the priest has all the power of Rome behind him.

Quite near to the archbishop's seat one sees the dark creole face of the celebrated Bonapartist champion, M. Paul de Cassagnac. It is no uncommon thing, indeed, to look upon the two—this man of peace and this son of the sword—linking arms and pacing slowly up and down the outer aisles. M. De Cassagnac's face and physique would suggest that in his case the converse of the well-known adage might be proved true, although this writer of "leaders" and fighter of duels, by the abundant proofs of his facility with both pen and sword, has done his best to prove that the pen, if indeed mightier, is at least less deadly, than his sword.

M. De Cassagnac and M. Gambetta do not love one another. M. De Cassagnac



BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-HILAIRE.  
[Photographed by M. Lopez, 40 Rue Condorcet, Paris.]



AN INTERRUPTION FROM THE LEFT.

has consecrated his pen to building up the structures M. Gambetta has all his life sought to pull down. Since M. Gambetta's entrance into the political field, Bonapartists and clericals have been the objects of his bitterest and most implacable hatred. M. De Cassagnac owes most of his celebrity to his gallant defense—I was about to say of the Empire, when I remembered that the great swordsman has in reality only fought heartily for the Empress. Since the split in the Bonapartist party M. De Cassagnac's Imperialist ardor is much less intense—his dislike for Prince Napoleon is so ingrained that he can hardly bring himself to support the claims of his son. He has, in fact, as has been the case with many other Bonapartists, shown a disposition to join the ranks of the Monarchists, whose chief is the Comte de Paris. But if M. De Cassagnac's Bonapartist enthusiasm has waned, he still remains a fervent Catholic and a fierce foe of Radicalism. As the enemy of the Church and the virtual head of a Republican government, his hatred for M. Gambetta is therefore based upon personal as well as political grounds, a hatred the more embittered since M. Gambetta's cool refusal to cross swords with him when,

some time since, M. De Cassagnac—this hero of forty duels—did the President of the Chamber the honor of sending him a challenge. Of parliamentary duels between the two, however, there seems no end. Hardly a day passes that polite acerbities are not served up by either the one or the other. M. De Cassagnac's favorite position is three seats from the tribune, that he may be on hand to annoy the speaker, if an opponent, by his frequent interruptions, or to encourage and applaud if he be an ally. M. De Cassagnac has little skill himself in prolonged debate, but he has the fencer's adroitness in the arts of attack and defense. His insolence, also, at times bears the imprint of a refreshing frankness. In a recent session, when M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was discussing the Greek question before the House, M. De Cassagnac's murmurs of disapproval reached the President's ear.

"It seems to me," cried Gambetta, at the close of the discourse, "that I heard M. De Cassagnac remark that the comedy organized by the President is played out?"

"I did not say it," blandly replied De Cassagnac, "but I thought it." And the newspaper which records this little pas-



AN ATTENTIVE MEMBER.

"H-sh-sh-sh-sh."

sage at arms observes that it is only Bonapartists who are capable of being inspired by such amenities.

But M. Gambetta's most able enemy in the House is M. Clémenceau. This latter gentleman has a talent for oratory—a talent which, though far from reaching the heights which the greatest French orator of the century attains without effort, is of such an order that there are those who speak of him as the coming man. But neither by his speeches nor by his political manœuvring has M. Clémenceau yet proved himself possessed of Gambetta's long range of genius. As a Red Republican (his seat is on the extreme left), M. Clémenceau's oratory would be considered as out of keeping were it not highly colored. M. Clémenceau's small-featured face, with its quick, restless black eye, its mobile expression, and its subtle, somewhat sinister smile, combined with his incessant movement of body, proclaims the agitator. He always appears to be, like the party which he represents, as on the eve of an explosion. When in the tribune his

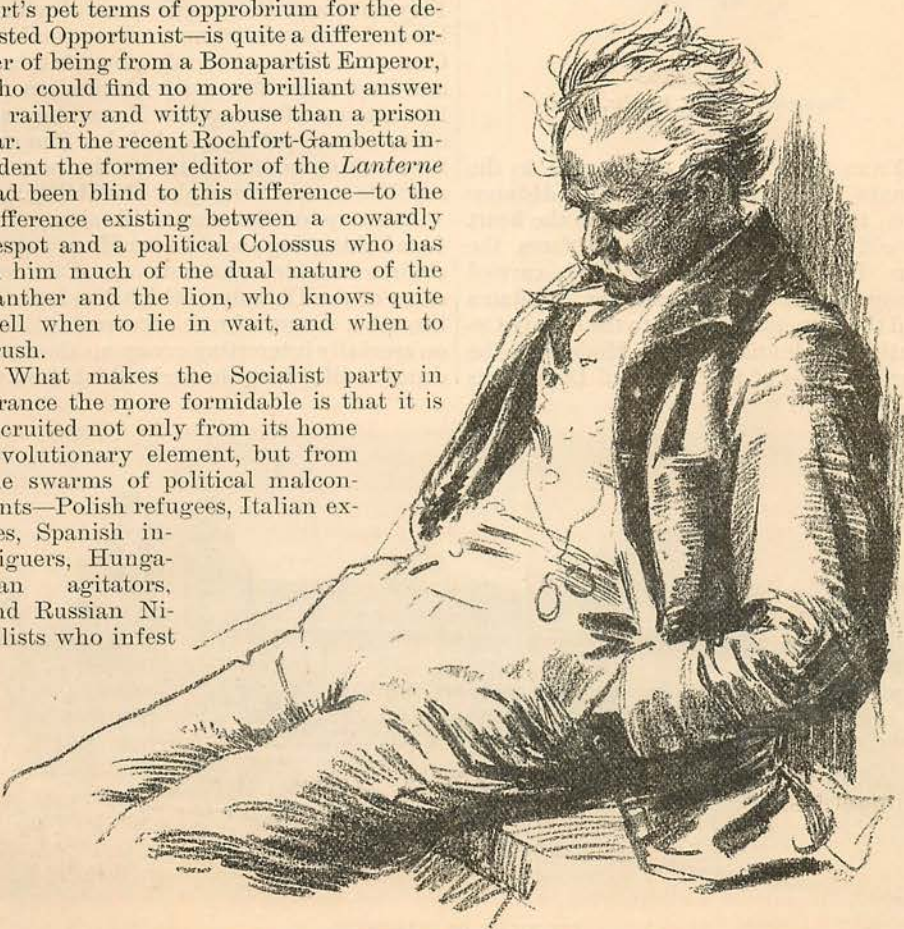
words come thick and fast, as if charged with electric force. But his oratory has also, unfortunately, another element in common with electricity—the spark of his fire once emitted, one looks in vain for the trace of the current. M. Clémenceau, indeed, is more a man to be listened to as a brilliant and audacious public speaker than to be followed as a great party leader. As the recognized chief of that party who have baptized themselves with the name of "Intransigeants"—a name borrowed from the title of Henri Rochfort's newspaper, started since his return to Paris—M. Clémenceau is, however, unquestionably a power. Although he re-

presents but a small fraction of the Republican party, this small fraction has been more influential in determining the policy of the Republic than all the combined forces of its monarchical and clerical enemies. This is the party which accuses Gambetta of usurping autocratic power, of making and unmaking ministries, of fettering the freedom of the Republic, and which has coined the derisive term of "Opportunism" to express its scorn of the present government methods of political procedure. In reality it has been Clémenceau and his party who have made and unmade ministries. It is due to the bold attacks and powerful influence of the "Intransigeants" that one ministry after another since McMahon's downfall has been obliged to give way to a more radical successor. The government has been forced to make concessions to its radical foe, to their demands that the anti-clerical war should be waged in a spirit of fanaticism, and that the amnesty decree should be passed in the teeth of a strong Republican opposition.

Rightly or wrongly, it has also been the policy of the government to allow all reasonable liberty to this party of the "red spectre." Louise Michel has been permitted to air her Communistic creed to blue-bloused sympathizers from the platform. This would-be Charlotte Corday has also had the privilege of taking publicly all the oaths of vengeance against the leaders now in power her diseased fancy and disordered mind may have inspired her to utter. M. Henri Rochfort has likewise tasted of the sweets of liberty. He has been allowed undisturbed to administer his abusive epithets, and to demonstrate his talent for ingratitude. For his recent calamities he has had only himself to blame. He has met with the fate reserved for those who fail to gauge the strength and the resources of their opponents. M. Léon Gambetta, "the one-eyed dictator"—which is one of M. Rochfort's pet terms of opprobrium for the detested Opportunist—is quite a different order of being from a Bonapartist Emperor, who could find no more brilliant answer to raillery and witty abuse than a prison bar. In the recent Rochfort-Gambetta incident the former editor of the *Lanterne* had been blind to this difference—to the difference existing between a cowardly despot and a political Colossus who has in him much of the dual nature of the panther and the lion, who knows quite well when to lie in wait, and when to crush.

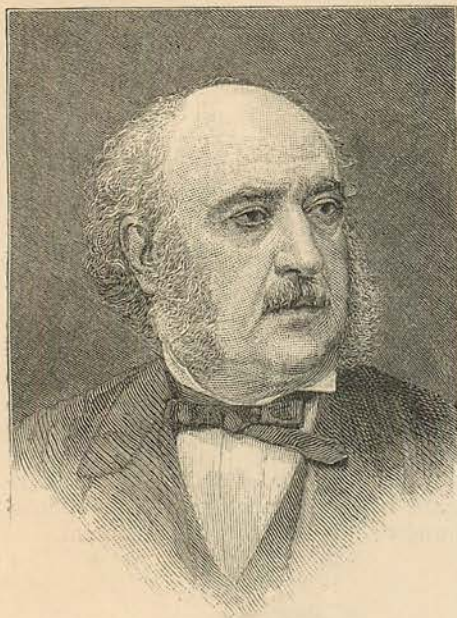
What makes the Socialist party in France the more formidable is that it is recruited not only from its home revolutionary element, but from the swarms of political malcontents—Polish refugees, Italian exiles, Spanish intriguers, Hungarian agitators, and Russian Nihilists who infest

Paris. These are men who, having no personal or family interest in keeping the peace in an alien country, are ripe for any insurrectionary movement. The other day, when Blanqui died, the returned Communists and excited Socialists who followed his funeral bier through the streets of Paris proved both by their action and number that this party of the "red spectre" is by no means reduced to the condition of a lifeless skeleton which can be comfortably disposed of in that obscure closet, the cellars and attics of Paris. The voice which finds its medium in Clémenceau, Rochfort, and Louise Michel is a voice which in France lifts up its seditious cries under any form of government. This was the direful voice of the avenging furies of '93; to-day it is heard in the distance as of a rumbling thunder; it is the voice of Discontent.



NOT INTERESTED IN THE SUBJECT UNDER DISCUSSION.





JULES SIMON.

[Photographed by F. Mulnier, Paris.]

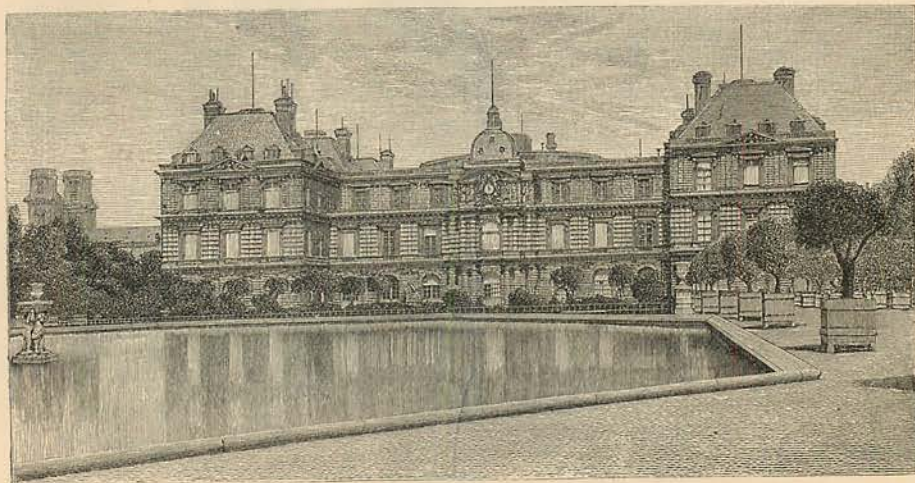
From the Chamber of Deputies to the Senate one must traverse the distance from the borders of the Seine to the heart of old Paris. The Chamber faces the Quai D'Orsay, and as the eye is carried along past the bridge and the fountains and the Egyptian obelisk to the stately Corinthian colonnade of the Madeleine, the Greek façade of the House of Deputies is

found to make an admirable pendant to that noble church, the purest modern imitation of the Parthenon.

The Senate is a mile away. It holds its sessions in the stately old palace of the Luxembourg. The Senate Chamber is an imposing, palatial-looking room, rich in gilding, in full-length statues of Colbert, Malesherbes, and other great statesmen and law-makers. Its noble proportions and its luxurious decorations were furnished fitting scenery for the Directory, the Consulate, and for the Imperial Senate, which have convened here.

The present Senate is largely composed of men who have passed the meridian of their greatness. For which reason it has been derisively called "Le Corps des Invalides." It might perhaps with equal justice be said to be the grave of fallen ministers. For in looking about the House one sees MM. Dufaure, Waddington, De Freycinet, and De Broglie, each of whom has had his day of power. Near the Left Centre, M. Jules Simon's powerful face and impressive figure lift themselves up like a tower of strength. More than any other man's, perhaps, did Jules Simon's far-reaching genius secure to the present republic its first principles of stability.

A group of Senators will always be found clustering about Victor Hugo's arm-chair whenever he attends one of the sessions of the Chamber, which has latterly become a matter of rare occurrence. But on specially interesting occasions the wondrous soulful face, through which the fire



THE PALACE OF LUXEMBOURG.

[Photographed by M. Ladrey, Paris.]

of genius flames still in the gleaming eyes, shining like dusky stars beneath the overhanging ridge of brow—this face, with its hoary halo, will be seen entering the Senate hallway. In excited moments this greatest of modern French lyrical poets will gesticulate with a violence which is the most convincing proof of the vigor of life still in him, although he is nearly as old as the century. His political views are still given with that eruptive eloquence and naïve egotism which have made his former political manifestoes and public addresses certainly the most unique as well as the most egotistic specimens of oratory on record.

In the midst of the Left Centre, which has been so great a force in French history that the adage, "La France est Centre gauche" (France is the Left Centre), seems more than ever true to-day, with moderate republicanism as the dominant political force—in the midst of this Left Centre sits the man who has occupied the same seat during five succeeding governments, and who has been its animating mind and soul. This man sits wrapped in the folds of a large loose cloak, from the deep fur collar of which projects a face at first almost repellent, so furrowed is it with deeply ridged lines. M. Dufaure's face, however, is such a one as Leonardo da Vinci would have loved to paint—that artist who could make the mind as well as the features live upon his canvas. For the face is instinct with intellectual force, and a certain subtilty and sang-froid which impart to it an expression as complex as it is individual, and the soul is in the eye, the calm, sober, luminous eye. As a French writer, in describing him, well says, "This tranquil glance in the midst of this agitated face, whose locks are like the mane of the wild boar, announces that within there dwells a soul." These contrasts mark the man. M. Dufaure has been called *l'esprit frondeur*, the censorious spirit. He has been of the revolutionary party, has led it in certain emergencies, but his leadership has always been characterized by a peculiar moderation. It is this moderation which has made M. Dufaure a power, which, whether in office or out, he has never ceased to exercise. As one of the most famous of French orators, as a great lawyer, as a Republican under the Empire, Prime Minister under the present Republic, and now Senator, M. Dufaure

has presented the extraordinary spectacle of a man who, without awakening enthusiasm, has always commanded both the ear and the homage of the nation. It is



A MEMBER OF THE CLERICAL PARTY.

said he receives more bows than any other man in the Senate. M. Dufaure has won more fame, perhaps, as a speaker than as a statesman. Even to-day, when he mounts the tribune with his cravat awry, his hair in disorder, his clothes askew (his appearance suggests that of a



DUC DE BROGLIE.

[Photographed by Touchelut and Valkman, Paris.]

man who has put on some one else's garments by mistake), when he fumbles among his papers, and when he lifts up his nasal, strangely discordant voice, his slow, precise, monotonous, but admirably perfect phrase produces an effect, of the art of which no younger man has as yet learned the secret. A French critic says of him that so exact is his use of language that not a single adjective can be replaced by one more excellent, while no other speaker possesses the art of expressing his thought in so clear and precise a form.

To the picturesque irregularities of M. Dufaure's personality no stronger contrast could be imagined than the Duc de Broglie's elegant and refined physiognomy. The duke brings to the Senate the traditions and the class prejudices of the Faubourg St. Germain. His face is the face of an aristocrat—of a cameo refinement; his manners are noticeably elegant, and he walks about with the air of a man who has a consciousness of distinguished ancestors. His habitual expression is that of the fastidious critic. To watch M. De Broglie, as he twists and turns himself restlessly in his crimson arm-chair, as he fingers his watch chain, or crumples bits of paper between his fingers, or to follow him as he passes rapidly from one group

of admiring Senators to another (he is said to be the most beloved and the most hated man in the Chamber), and to see him talking, gesticulating, rarely listening—for what is the use of listening when one is convinced of one's own consummate talent in the arts of demonstration and of argument?—is to have the salient features of the duke's character illustrated by action. The noble duke's greatest political mistake has been his want of fixity of opinion, since he has oscillated like a pendulum between a moderate liberalism and the conservative principles of an aristocrat. It was supposed under the Empire that the duke had a republican bias. But when he was sent to England as the ambassador of the young French Republic, he astonished London by his intrigues to overthrow the government he was sent to represent. He intrigued to some purpose, since he was the instrument by which Thiers fell. But during the twelvemonth in which he himself held the reins of power, the De Broglie ministry by its strange capers and grotesque mistakes brilliantly confirmed the truth that critics are rarely great men in action. The noble duke's greatness lies mostly in his belief in himself. He is probably one of the most perfectly finished specimens of egotism that France, the nation of egotists, has ever produced. The first article of his egotistic creed is the fact of his having in Madame De Staël a grandam. Formerly, it is said, he talked only of her, and at this period he wore a cameo head of his great ancestress on his little finger. Now, however, he talks only of himself. As M. De Broglie has shown himself singularly ambitious—for a duke—he has had an unusually large theatre for the action of his conceit. He wields an able pen, and issues manifestoes upon political, religious, and educational matters to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other journals. These manifestoes can hardly be called in simple parlance *papers*, they bear the imprint of such a lordly condescension. When he speaks from the tribune, he imposes silence by a certain air he has, as if he was about to say, "See how gracious I am! I am about to enlighten your ignorance!" And as the duke is a remarkably clever public speaker, even his enemies listen, until they turn away to laugh at him. They laugh at his pose, at his fussy gestures, at his "hysterical" smile.



THE REPORTERS.

But it is the merit of egotism that it remains impervious to raillery. The duke continues to this day, in spite of his failures and his mistakes, to believe himself the divinely appointed lawgiver of a constitutional monarchy to France. Only, in order to complete the eternal fitness of things, he, and not the Orleans princes, should be at the apex of the pyramidal power.

In the Senate, as in the Chamber of Deputies, the Senators address the House from the tribune, above which is the raised seat of the President, M. Léon Say being the Senator who now occupies that post of distinction.

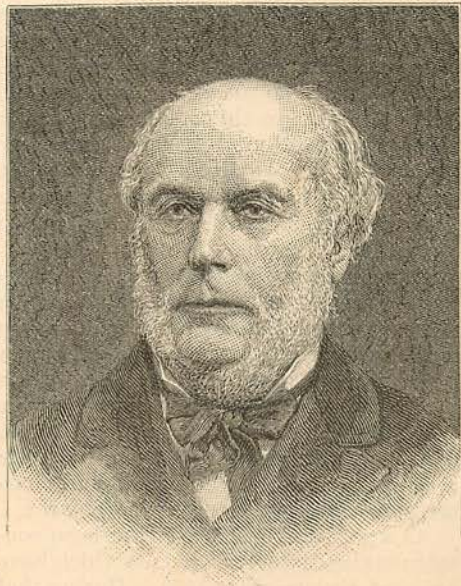
M. Léon Say's method of enforcing parliamentary discipline is as wide as possible from M. Gambetta's rigorous rule. Although the general aspect of the Senate is marked by far more sobriety of temper and calmness of action than distinguishes the noisy Chamber of Deputies, still, in moments of excitement, this assemblage of gray-haired celebrities can produce a din which will compare favorably with most parliamentary disturbances. For political passions are of no age. Over the tempest, when it rages, M. Léon Say presides in the attitude of a man who is in the midst of a storm, patiently waiting till it passes him by. The mallet is here used as a gentle reminder, and the bell reduced to a tinkling cymbal.

In the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies the ministers of France—the Prime Minister, the Minister of War, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior—appear to announce the policy of the government, and to lay before the House their respective reports.

M. Jules Ferry, the recent Premier of France, succeeded M. De Freycinet, and owed his elevation to office to his well-

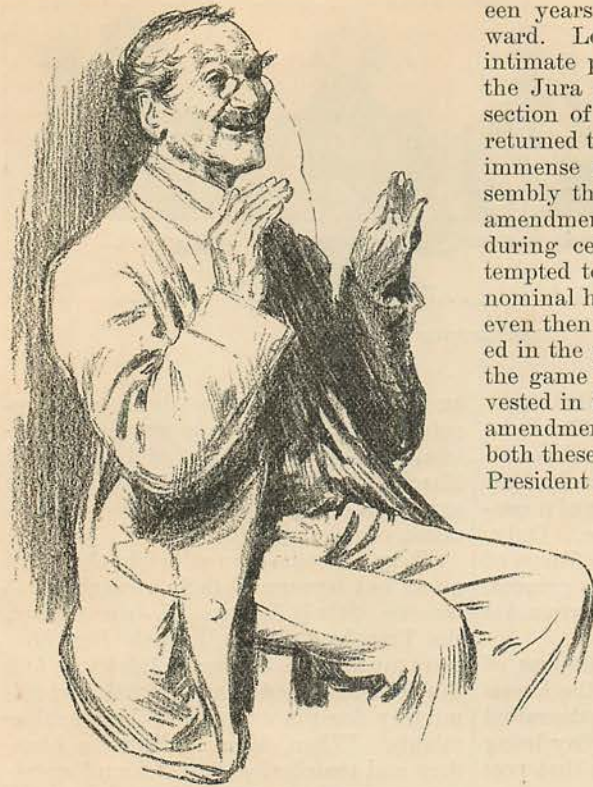
known anti-clerical views. Since his appointment he has won a world-wide celebrity by his enforcement of the so-called March Edicts. These edicts decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the secularization of primary education.

There are some men who win the great prizes not because of their greatness, but because of their fitness. M. Jules Grévy, the President of the French Republic, owes much of his success in life to the fact that circumstances have served him admirably for the exercise of his peculiar talents. When, after McMahan's blunders and treacheries, it was found necessary to nominate a President the soundness of whose Republican principles was placed beyond the shadow of a doubt, and



JULES GREVY.

[Photographed by M. Lopez, Paris.]



"TRES BIEN."

yet whose radicalism was of that moderate tone which should be a guarantee against any extreme policy, no other man in France was found uniting these needed qualities in so marked a degree as M. Jules Grévy. In this rôle, however, the rôle of moderation, M. Grévy had made his appearance before. To fill difficult situations, and to be the man called upon to act in critical issues, is to sum up the history of his political life.

M. Jules Grévy's most conspicuous virtue—we prefer to give precedence to his virtues rather than to his talents, as he presents the rare instance of a public man who has made his talents serve his virtues rather than the other more commonplace rule—M. Grévy's most prominent virtue, then, has been his purity of motive. He is one of those men who have found character an excellent substitute for genius.

As a politician, M. Grévy has been conspicuous in all the great events which have agitated France since 1830. During that revolution he left his law-books to storm barricades, an act of patriotism that eight-

een years later, in 1848, brought its reward. Ledru Rollin, one of Grévy's most intimate personal friends, sent him into the Jura as Commissioner, from which section of country Grévy was afterward returned to the National Assembly by an immense majority. It was in this Assembly that Grévy proposed his famous amendment, which won for him an enduring celebrity. That amendment attempted to do away with the office of a nominal head of the republic. M. Grévy even then foresaw the danger to be dreaded in the person of Louis Napoleon, and the game he could play were the power vested in the hands of the people. The amendment provided a guarantee against both these dangers by suggesting that the President should be elected by the Cham-

bers, and that his title should be simply that of "President of the Council of Ministers," to be removed at the will of the Deputies. Had the bill been passed, it would have saved France twenty years of despotism. Naturally, under the Empire, M. Grévy's political career was under an eclipse. But he was elected by a large majority as Republican candidate to the Corps Législatif in 1868, where he

distinguished himself by his courage and energy in heading the war waged against Napoleon's misrule.

With the establishment of the Republic, M. Grévy's position became an important one. He was elected President of the Assembly at Versailles, filling that arduous rôle with marked firmness and impartiality.

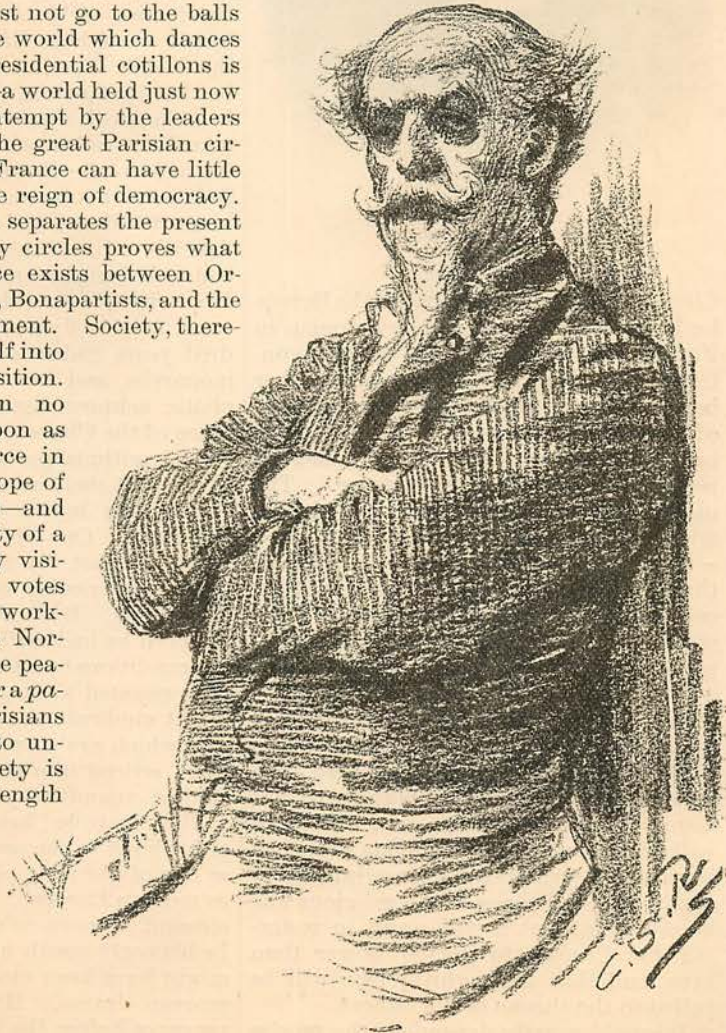
In person M. Grévy is formed to be a marvel of vigor and strength for a man in his seventy-fifth year. To look upon his fresh complexion, and to note his firm step, his erect carriage, and his robust physique, one would believe him to be in the mature vigor of the fifties. His physiognomy is striking from its dignity and the repose of its expression. In dress he is scrupulously neat, and his ideal of official dignity is revealed in the fact that at seven in the morning he will be found arrayed in his frock-coat. The sobriety of M. Grévy's character may be gauged by his having been a model illustration of the French proverb, "Un Franche-Comté ne rit jamais." He has never been heard to laugh

in public. He allows himself, however, the luxury of one indulgence. He has a passion for the hunt. To follow the hounds, and to hear ringing in his ear the music of the huntsman's horn, is his one permitted relaxation. In his dispensing of the social gayeties of the Élysée, M. Grévy is aided by his gracious wife and his charming daughter, the latter of whom has been educated upon much more liberal principles than the usual cloistral French custom permits.

For all that is socially most distinguished in French Society—that "Society" which must be spelled with a big S, since it stands for that which is most superlative in aristocracy of lineage and most renowned in the fashionable world—for this Society one must not go to the balls of the Élysée. The world which dances till dawn at the Presidential cotillons is the political world—a world held just now in more or less contempt by the leaders and aristocrats of the great Parisian circles. Aristocratic France can have little in common with the reign of democracy. And the gulf which separates the present political and Society circles proves what a chasmal difference exists between Orleanists, Legitimists, Bonapartists, and the Opportunist government. Society, therefore, has formed itself into a camp of the opposition. While Society can no longer be looked upon as a great leading force in politics, while its scope of influence is limited—and in reality the stability of a government is only visibly affected by the votes cast by the rough work-worn hands of the Normandy or La Vendée peasant, whose lips utter a *pa-tois* these refined Parisians would be at a loss to understand—still Society is a power. Its great strength in France lies in the fact that it is the power of the past. Tradition, custom, and the spell of habit in old countries are often more powerful forces than innovations founded

upon the most rational basis of progress and reason. He who wishes to read more clearly the latterly confused pages of French history would do well to listen to the talk current in the great Society circles.

The women of Society, those charming, *spirituelle*, brilliant women who are the sovereigns of this world, will tell you that at heart France is to-day both monarchical and Catholic. That the present Republic has in its late crusade against the Jesuits, and in the blow it has struck at liberty by attempting to force upon France a laical education, when in reality French parents prefer to have their children's education directly under the supervisory eye of the



A RELIC OF THE EMPIRE.



COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

Church—that by these outrages the Republic has forever alienated every woman in France (every woman, that is, who confesses to a priest, or who wears on her bosom the crucifix of her Saviour), while, of course, every woman who is a mother has a more purely personal and maternal reason for hating the “ex-dictator.” The men will prove to you—young noblemen who represent the voice of modern France—the France of conservative doctrines—that true progress is best attained under a constitutional form of government. They will point to England as a brilliant example, and will eloquently demonstrate that a tremendous reactionary movement is under way to restore the Orleans princes to the throne. Older marquises will go further still. With that well-bred tone by which an aristocrat veils the arrogant dogmatism of his belief, a peer of France will demonstrate that Gambetta’s atheism has already precipitated France into a condition of moral chaos, that a religious war is imminent, that it will result in restoring the Church to greater power than ever, and that the rightful heir will be called to the throne of his fathers.

It would greatly depend on the precise fashionable locality where these political

opinions were expressed as to who this “rightful heir” was claimed to be. If one found himself in the exclusive salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, the white plume of Navarre would be found to be the ensign of loyalty. But if one frequented the larger and more fashionably brilliant circles of gayer Paris—that Paris whose fathers and mothers composed the court of Louis XVIII., and who now keep up much of the etiquette and ceremoniousness of court life—these circles would name one of the Orleans princes as the coming King of France.

The Comte de Chambord, son of the eldest son of Charles X., is the last apostle of the doctrines of the “divine right.” This prince, strong in his faith of the eternal justice of his creed and claims, was heroic enough to lift up the standard of the Middle Ages, and to flaunt it boldly in the light of the democratic, progressive, skeptical nineteenth century. This man believes himself to be the only rightful heir to the throne of France. Since Sedan and his famous manifesto, he signs himself “Henri V.” with a very kingly flourish. In this same manifesto he proclaimed his rights and he defined his creed. His “rights” were those based on his descent from a dynasty who for five hundred years had ruled France as absolute monarchs, and his “creed” was an emphatic acknowledgment of the omnipotence of the Church. At that time—1871—the Legitimist party were strong enough to warrant their attempting to call to the throne this last descendant of the old Bourbons. One of the conditions stipulated was that for the white flag of Navarre the tricolor of France should be substituted. But “Henri V.” grandly announced he had neither sacrifices to make nor conditions to receive. And the prince, who counted a throne well lost that he might vindicate the supremacy of principles which are now no more than traditions, retired into the obscurity of exile. He had committed political suicide.

The Comte de Chambord, since the time of his birth to the present day, has figured as one of the most picturesque characters in modern Europe. He has also had that element in common with the Middle Ages. In his early youth he enacted a rôle that might have been modelled from a Shakspearean drama. He made his first appearance before the Parisian populace on the day of his birth. His mother, the

heroic and indomitable Duchess de Berri, snatched him from among his laces, on the afternoon of the day of her deliverance, and held him herself aloft before the crowd that filled the garden of the Tuileries. He was hailed as King of France. She stood on that balcony which to-day makes a part of the crumbling ruins of the palace. Fit emblem of her son's fortunes!

The young Henri was presented some ten years later as veritable king to his French subjects. Charles X., his grandfather (the young Henri's father, the Duc de Berri, was assassinated some months prior to his birth), put off with trembling hands the crown of France when he heard the menacing thunder of the revolution in his ears. He presented the crown first to the Duc d'Orléans, who in turn placed it upon his young nephew's head. And for exactly twelve days Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux, was King of France. Then, one fine morning, Henri V., his grandfather the ex-king, and the Duc d'Orléans (who afterward regretted his hasty transfer of the crown) found themselves hastening toward Cherbourg, whence they sailed for Scotland. Hereafter Henri, called the Comte de Chambord, found his life aureoled with the pathos of exile. It was an exile begirt, however, with many mitigating circumstances. In his youth he was trained in all princely accomplishments. During his early manhood his travels were extensive, and in whatever country he presented himself he was received with the honors reserved for monarchs. Personally, he proved the advantages to be derived from a kingly lineage of five hundred years. At this period of his life he was a singularly handsome man. In his bearing he was every inch the king. He was distinguished also for possessing many of the princely qualities. His bravery, integrity of conscience, his loftiness of sentiment, and the amiable condescension of his manners were counted among his virtues and his charms. The Empress of all the Russias said of him, "One feels he is the first gentleman of Europe." But "the first gentleman of Europe" may be all of these and still possess such a narrow range of vision and such religious fanaticism as to make him more fitted for the cuirass and helmet of the early Crusaders than the republican black frock-coat of

the nineteenth century. For many years now he has held a small court at Frohsdorf, Austria, where his admirable spouse, the daughter of the Duc de Modena, both by her millions and the generous wealth of her amiable qualities, has done much to reconcile "the king," as she loyally calls him, to the loss of a throne.

When the Duc d'Aumale wrote to his constituents in the department of the Oise the following words, before the Na-



COMTE DE PARIS.

tional Assembly had passed the decree abrogating the law of exile—"In my sentiments, in my past, in the traditions of my family, I find nothing which separates me from the Republic; if it is under that form of government that France wishes to live, and definitely to constitute her future conditions, I am ready to bow before her sovereignty, and I shall remain her devoted servitor"—he announced the attitude assumed by the house of Orleans toward Republican France. The Comte de Paris followed his uncle's noble and loyal words by declaring, "France wishes to make a new experiment; it does not become us to hinder her."

During a recent humiliating and disastrous government crisis, some one of the Orleans partisans, whose blood was boil-



ing under what he considered the outrages perpetrated on France by the Republic, had the courage to say to the Duc d'Aumale, "Monseigneur, you have a sword; will you not draw it to save us?"

The prince thrilled visibly for a moment; then, with a gesture full of resignation and true dignity, answered, "For certain kinds of work there are Bonapartists; the Bourbons do not stoop to such actions." And the *Figaro*, which relates the incident, apostrophizes the prince with: "You are right, monseigneur. The ancient house of France is indeed above adventures and adventurers. It neither attempts to gag opinion, nor does it force itself upon the nation, to which, on the contrary, it belongs."

The *Figaro*, perhaps the most powerful and brilliant of the Parisian daily newspapers, devotes all its talents to advancing the cause of the "Monarchical party." According to its verdict, this party is by all odds the most united, compact, and indissoluble of the parties of the day. Its principles are fixed, its traditions known, its present leader is the most popular prince in France, and its adherents are gaining ground daily. The "conservativists," the "reactionists," those Republicans who find themselves out of sympathy with the present policy of Gambetta's reign, are constantly swelling the ranks of the "Monarchists." The *Figaro* further proceeds to prove that the Monarchical party is bound to overturn the Republic, since it counts on its side two of the most potent forces in France—the Church and the women.

However much of truth or falsehood may be contained in these partisan assertions, the fact remains that the Comte de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, appeals to France both by the prestige of his name and by reason of his personal merits. He is brave, handsome, soldierly, and by nature religious, though entirely free from fanaticism. To this galaxy of admirable qualities he adds the somewhat rare quality—in a Bourbon—of being fully in sympathy with his age.

During his many years of exile he devoted himself assiduously to the study of social and industrial problems. He made long and frequent journeys through all the manufacturing districts of England, acquainting himself with the details of the workmen's lives, their privations and sufferings, and visited nearly all the fa-

mous co-operative communities, where the theories of philanthropists for mitigating the tyranny of capital over labor have been tried by actual experiment. The count is himself a skillful pamphleteer, and has written several able papers embodying the results of his observations, projecting therein his theories for ameliorating the condition of the working classes. His recent *History of the American Civil War*—of which two volumes have been issued—proves his brilliant qualities as a writer and historian. Since his return to Paris his favorite occupation is to wander through the older streets of the city, in some dim old shop of which he will not unfrequently be met in conversation with a blue-bloused workman, both deep in schemes for the advancement of social reform.

In many respects, however, the count's life must be counted as a singularly happy one. He was married in 1867 to his beautiful cousin, the charming and talented Princess Isabella, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. By her he has had several children, the eldest of whom, the Duc d'Orléans, is said to give promise of rare genius. The family now occupy a magnificent hôtel in the Faubourg St. Germain, where their adherents and admirers form about them a miniature court, freed from all the restraints of court life, and yet pervaded with that air of dignity and elegance for which the courtly Bourbons have always been famous. The Duc d'Aumale has been appointed to the high office of Division-General in the French army. Much of the reorganization and improvement in the army is under his supervision, and to the work he devotes all his energies and his talents. Both of these princes have been absolutely true to their word. During the present Republic they have not lifted a finger to disturb its repose. Whatever agitation is made in their behalf is the work of their party. They themselves refuse to take the least share in furthering their monarchical interests.

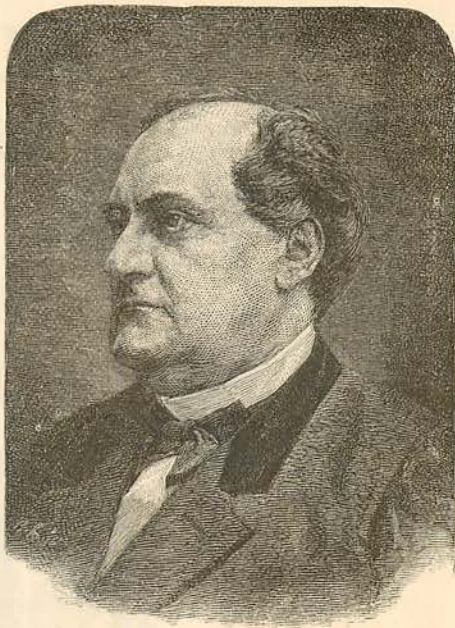
The Imperialist party, since the tragic death of the young prince of Chiselhurst, has found itself in a peculiarly embarrassing position. By the will of the Prince Imperial, as is well known, the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, young Victor, was named as the next heir to the throne. But the day has gone by when thrones can be willed away. Prince Na-

oleon took a different view of his son's claims, and announced himself as the only true and rightful successor to the throne won by his famous uncle's sword.

It has been the misfortune of Prince Napoleon's life to have been repeatedly forced, by the irony of circumstances, to occupy a false position. Nature cast him in the great mould—the mould that turns out the Cæsars. He was born to rule, and through life he has been in the position of a general without soldiers. He inherited many of the virtues and all of the vices of the Bonapartist blood. The mantle of the great Cæsar, his uncle, fell upon him at his birth, but it has been his misfortune more than his fault that he has never been able to wear the garment with dignity. The inequalities of his character, his lack of political tact, and his obstinacy, combined with his Lucullan tastes and his vices, have rendered him more than unpopular, and now, by a curious turn in fortune's wheel, he is the nearest heir to the throne the Bonapartes claim as theirs by conquest.

Twenty years ago, it is said, his resemblance to the first Napoleon was so striking as to make his entrance into a room create a positively thrilling effect. The line of the profile as well as most of the features were purely Napoleonic, and his complexion had the same waxy pallor which was one of the great Bonaparte's most noticeable beauties. If Napoleon III. had never escaped from the fortress of Ham, and had Prince Napoleon shown this wonderful reproduction of his uncle's face at the Assembly at the right moment, that distinguished resemblance might have won for him the throne. But it has been the prince's ill fortune to be always a little late in appearing on the field.

When his cousin Louis became Emperor of France, Prince Napoleon hid his own disappointment under the mask of opposition. His brilliant, active intellect needed a vent, and as he possessed the orator's temperament, he found by turning politician a field for his intellectual abilities, and in the tribune of the Corps Législatif an opportunity for airing his oratory. As he was gifted with keen discernment, he soon discovered that popularity was to be won only in the Republican ranks; and as nothing could annoy his cousin the Emperor more than his siding with the Emperor's foes, the prince declared himself a Republican. Napoleon



PRINCE NAPOLEON.  
[Photographed by Nadar, Paris.]

III., however, probably found it less dangerous to give his brilliant cousin's genius a vent for action than to let him intrigue and plot in secret, and he suffered him to amuse himself with the toy of politics. But Prince "Plon-Plon," while he did all in his power to flatter the Republicans, has never been able either to secure their confidence or to win their respect. They as well as the rest of his countrymen have never forgotten his hasty return from the Crimea, and cowardice, or even the faintest approach to it, is the one sin a Frenchman never forgives in a man.

Such are the situations in the political field in France to-day. The Republic, apparently gaining in strength and permanence year by year, is yet agitated by factions in its own party, and menaced by Clerical, Monarchical, and Legitimist foes from without. Will the Republic hold its own against all of these? The problem still remains a question. Some men are born to give direction to a great principle. Perhaps Gambetta is to be to France what Cavour was to Italy: he may so mould and shape the principles of government that, when he disappears, the structure may be found strong enough to stand alone.



VICTOR HUGO.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.