





son-in-law. Thank heaven, to-night is the very last time in this mortal life that he, Colonel Pascal, can ever be called upon to entertain him.

By and by tongues begin to loosen. The Epernay has done its work. Then one of the pauper guests—he who sang—volunteers to play, and the dancing commences. Jack dances with all the old ladies in turn, singly, two, three, together. He carries Miss Smith off her legs, succeeds, by force, in teaching Mrs. Amiral Tom-son the can-can (Debbie tells Naomi, in sacred confidence, that she saw him kiss Mrs. Amiral Tom-son in the back drawing-room). His wild spirits are contagious. Even Lord Stair at last puts his arm round Miss Pascal's slender waist.

"We have been wise long enough, Leah. Chamberlayne is right; let us make an evening of it. When you are with children, act like children."

"Or with madmen, like madmen."

So answers Leah laconically. She

waltzes with Lord Stair notwithstanding. The pauper, in a rattling, champagne fashion, plays well; Madame's carpetless floor is, for dancing purposes, irreproachable; Lord Stair, in his day one of the best waltzers in Europe, is an admirable partner still, as long as the pace is moderate and the waltz not too long. And Leah, in spite of some inward shame, cannot help enjoying herself. Her cheeks flush; her bright hair falls, a little disordered, round her throat. At last, with her two hands clasped on Lord Stair's arm, her eyes upturned to Lord Stair's face, she pauses, to recover her breath, just opposite the open door of the front salon; Jack, who has whirled all the old ladies into a state of collapse—Jack, in his female travesty, with his rounded cheeks, his music-hall, palpably vinous demeanor, at her side fanning her.

Thus Leah stands; thus Danton, quietly making his way up the stairs, candlestick in hand, sees his fate again.

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## A LIBATION.

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DEAR friend—my friend, within whose whitest hand  
 I lay each song begotten of my lyre—  
 One moment stay from music sweeter, higher,  
 And let me tell thee how, as in that land  
 Where warm with sunshine lies the golden sand,  
 And men bow down before the heavenly fire  
 Whose beams their gratefulness and praise inspire—  
*How* thy pure radiance doth my soul expand!  
 More true to thee than sun-flower to the sun,  
 No choice have I, to seek thy royal face,  
 To-droop at night, the vision being gone;  
 Since far or near, revealed or veiled in space,  
 'Tis ever present with its potent grace;  
 Nor need I turn that mine be shone upon.

MARY B. DODGE.

TIME deals gently with the subject of this sketch. His seventy years sit so lightly on him as to appear at most not more than three score. His head has always teemed with activity, but his heart has seldom spoken. He is not of a sympathetic nature, and has few devoted friends, friendship being usually subject to a system of exchange like that which regulates commerce. His so-called friends have been taken up, used as a means to an end, and then abandoned. He lives in his own spacious hôtel, engrossed with himself, surrounded by works of art, the richest journalist of Paris, and, according to his admirers, the Beaumarchais of his age.

It is difficult to fix the Protean character of this noted publicist. A political weathercock, he has turned time and again toward the favorable wind; and unlike the turning vane of politics, he has also held out against it. He is not by nature a democrat, although he has from time to time professed the principles of democracy. At bottom he has probably but little indulgence for the people in their errors and weaknesses; even their occasional acts of heroism hardly warm him into sympathetic relations with them. Notwithstanding his association with popular ideas, he has never gotten what he wanted, because he always wanted too much. To connect his name with a cause or an opinion is difficult; he slips through the fingers like an eel.

At twelve years of age he begged for a pair of spurs, and on being asked what for, he answered, "To make a noise." This response is the key-note to his subsequent career. In after years his fickleness in politics made him a dangerous friend. Morny, on being urged to avail himself of M. de Girardin's pen and organ, declined, saying that he was a two-edged sword without a handle—in short, very difficult

to make use of. All the governments have been more or less afraid of him, and he has never exercised official power. For a time he held views identical with those of Prince Napoleon, but when the latter asked him what he would do in case he, Plon-Plon, became emperor, he replied, "I would immediately take a passport for Belgium."

His eyes, glittering behind the glasses he has always worn, seldom turn to the person with whom he is speaking. They are searching, cold, and restless, shining like black diamonds, unsoftened by a smile. A woman avers that he dares not smile because his smile shows the devil, but this opinion should not be too hastily accepted. He is of ordinary height, symmetrical in body, with shapely, refined features, and a face whose expression is much awake. He keeps a curb on his mouth even in his old age, and probably there has been all through his life a continual struggle between the tongue and the will. At the first glance he is seen to be a man of distinction. He holds himself erect, is niggard of his time, and speaks brusquely and decisively. This manner, with glasses perched on his nose, often gives the impression of insolence. There is an absence of those vices which often come from an excess of virtues. He is not convivial to the point of drunkenness, not gourmand to the sacrifice of time, not a lover of art to lavish expenditure, and so on.

He is so extreme and mobile, political friends can never count on finding him on the same ground for any length of time. In the "Liberté" he once ranged himself with extreme radicals, and in two years afterward supported the Prince de Joinville as a candidate for the presidential election which was to have taken place the year following the *coup d'état*. Yet he has the

ardor of sincerity, and probably is sincere—for the time. He is not a man to accept the half loaf in lieu of the whole. Under the presidency of Louis Napoleon, whom he supported for a few months, he wanted not only to be a minister, but the controlling one, which must have greatly amused that chief striker of the *coup* of December, Morny, with his contempt of legal forms. From what we now know of the conspiracy, it would have been impossible for Girardin to be in it. Even he, who forecasts political events so well, was unprepared for the plan of Morny, by reason of its audacity, and was one of those who were sent out of the country.

M. de Girardin has not left much of a mark in the Chamber, where he was never a leader, and not much of an orator, owing chiefly to a defective voice. But if he was not formidable in Parliament, he was in his journal. Here, if I may use an old French proverb, he was as agitated and as agitating as the devil in a holy water fount. He forced the public to listen to him, with his short and startling phrases, which suggest the impresario of a grand show. With a little effort of the imagination, one fancies there is a roll of the drum and a blast of the trumpet at each exclamation point. He springs to the front of every movement, his journalistic flag in hand, and his stirring address at the end of his pen. To give an illustration of his style, on one occasion, the most notable of his life, perhaps, he cries:

“CONFIDENCE! CONFIDENCE!

“Without unity, authority nowhere, confusion everywhere.

“Disorder in the streets is not the worst; the worst is disorder in the mind.

“Distrust is like the lightning-rod which draws the lightning. Woe to him who distrusts, for he calls the lightning down upon his head.

“Confidence is the courage of the mind.

“Distrust the people, and they will be irritated.

“Confide in them, and they will be appeased.

“Let the shops be opened.

“Let the Exchange resume its operations.

“The soul of order is work; the soul of work is credit.

“Credit is to work what the combustible is to the machine.

“All is finished. Let no one think of disputing the victory of the people. *To organize that victory!* That is the word of command, the grand rallying cry!”

Ra-ta-tah! boom—boom! etc.

Some people come into the world color-blind. M. de Girardin was born without a sense of humor. The extravagant and grotesque designs of Cham do not move him, and the oddities and whimsicalities of the Palais Royal are to him an unknown language. His plays are like their author—without a smile. His beautiful and gifted wife, Delphine de Girardin, was often surrounded by a group composed, among others, of Balzac, Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, and Léon Gozlan, between whom the battledore of wit and humor was kept going. The master of the house seldom joined them, and when he did sat apart and took no part in the good-humored chaff. Even the puissant joviality of Balzac, so full of contagion, did not affect him. Indeed, there could be no bond of union between two such men—one a thorough artist, full of warmth, naveté and genius, and the other cold, calculating, and able in the manipulation of things purely mundane. It would be curious to know what Balzac's opinion was of Girardin, and he doubtless expressed one, for he told almost everything that came into his mind, but so far no one has written it.

According to newspaper gossip, he endeavored to model his character after that of the first Napoleon, and in certain respects he has succeeded. In his face there is some resemblance, fancied or real, between him and the great captain, and it is said that nothing flatters him so much as to call his

attention to it. This likeness was probably stronger when young, for little of it remains in his old age. The traditional lock still curls down his forehead, the pride of his prime, but it is now quite gray and meagre. His countrymen are usually prodigal of demonstration, but in him there is an absence of the Gallic bow, compliment, and gesture.

His history, romantic and full of incident, affords a glimpse of society under the monarchy, republic, and empire. There was mystery about the birth of the journalist, and the circumstances connected therewith exercised an influence on him in after life, and account for some of his ideas of public morality. Given a handsome, coquettish wife, whose husband is absent for several years in a French colony, the attentions of a dashing colonel, and a result follows easily imagined. It was necessary to conceal the living evidence of the departure from conjugal rectitude, and the infant was registered under the name of Emile Delamothe, a young woman of the latter name having agreed to assume the responsibility of maternity, at the sacrifice of what reputation was left to her, for she does not appear to have been above suspicion. Thus, M. de Girardin's manner of coming into the world was irregular. The maternal obligations of Mlle. Delamothe appear to have ended with her recognition of the child, and he was afterward brought up by a worthy woman who kept a school in a house of the Boulevard des Invalides of Paris—by name Mme. Choisel—to whom a certain number of aristocratic children were confided.

The crib was a gilded one, garnished with fine linen and lace, and its occupant from time to time was visited, but furtively, by a woman of remarkable beauty, in a *coupé* lined with rose-colored satin, and by a colonel driving a rapid tilbury. Sometimes they appeared together, always embraced the child, and left gold behind them. In three or four years the elegant woman ceased her visits entirely,

and those of the colonel, promoted to be a general, became very rare. As may be fancied, the keepers of the school, man and wife, were curious about the identity of this twain, and kept an eye open to discoveries. One day the husband while walking at St. Cloud saw the carriage of the Emperor pass, and riding alongside of it the visitor of the *pension*, and learned on inquiry that he was his Majesty's master of the hounds. Subsequently the wife, Mme. Choisel, saw a couple of men mounting in a hand-cart a portrait by Grenze, which excited the admiration by several amateurs who grouped about it. She drew near, and recognized in the portrait the woman of the rose-satin equipage, and learned that she was the wife of a conseiller of the Cour Royale of Paris, formerly procureur impérial in one of the colonies.

After this the general had not made many visits to the school before he learned of the discovery which the Choisels had made. He neither denied nor affirmed relationship with the child, but he appeared to regard him with an increasing affection, and probably entertained the design of remaining a bachelor and adopting him. The design, if it existed, was given up in obedience to one entertained by Napoleon, who had a mania for settling the social as well as the military affairs of his generals. This one did not dare to object to the marital programme submitted to him, and he was speedily married. After his marriage he gradually ceased to occupy himself with the child, from fear probably of disturbing his new relations, and Emile, then eight years of age, was taken from the school and placed under the charge of an old soldier of the Egyptian army, with strict instructions not to allow him to be called by any other name than Emile Delamothe. The general left him a small capital, to be given to him at his majority, of which the revenue defrayed his expenses with the old soldier. In doing this the general seems to have fulfilled a

the demands of his conscience, for afterward he turned his back on his protégé. The preceptor, if the old soldier may be so called, was severe and rough toward his pupil. Under this tutelage he languished physically and mentally until his fourteenth year, when he was sent to a relative of the soldier in Normandy, to find health. Here, with the companionship of a frank, good-humored peasant, his host, fresh air, and freedom, he improved in body and mind. In a blouse, he lived with blouse-habited people, but did not become like them—a question of race. He passed four years in this place, where he contracted a habit of solitude, to which as a rule he afterward adhered. Much of his time he spent in reading; to supply the wants of his irregular education; during this period he is believed to have also gone to college for a short time. At eighteen he returned to Paris, when he learned of Mme. Choisel the name of his father, and this was all she knew. The soldier, pressed with questions, remained impenetrable. He pointed to a couple of articles in the Code which, in the event of non-recognition by the parents, does not permit the offspring to seek out their identity or claim their protection. At the same time he placed in his hands an extract of the record of his birth as Emile Delamothe, which the young man, giving way to a natural movement of indignation, tore up.

A knowledge of these particulars of his private life is necessary to a proper understanding of his character. There can be no indelicacy in speaking of them, as he himself made them public.

Thus he was the victim of the fault of his parents. Their injustice in consigning him to obscurity poisoned his early years, and in his solitude he nursed and exaggerated it to the point of being astonished that humanity entire was not indignant. It became the huge skeleton of his lonely hours. He was not confiding by nature, and this made him less so. Through his ado-

lescence and young manhood he was engrossed with this subject. At last the burden became too heavy, and he unburdened his soul in a curious manuscript entitled "Emile," purporting to be a history of his own life, but which was a curious blending of truth and fiction. Making the acquaintance of two or three Bohemians who frequented a little reading-room of the Palais Royal, he submitted his work to them, and they were amiable enough to correct and put it into proper shape. It was published by the author, and formed a small volume, in the preface of which he admitted that a number of the facts in the story were fiction, but averred that the impressions described were true. Emile, the natural child, tells the woman he loves the story of his birth, his shame, his regrets, his despair, and of his isolation in the midst of men. It is a piece of sentimental pleading in favor of the abandoned natural child against society, and under this aspect is commendable; but it is dry reading, and without the personality of Girardin would hardly induce the average reader to go through it.

Having learned the address of his father, he carried a copy of the manuscript of "Emile" to him, accompanied with a letter containing an appeal to his paternal sentiments. No direct response was received, but a place was provided for the son in one of the bureaus of the King's palace, which evidently came through the recommendation of the father, and this proved to be a solid stepping-stone. While ensconced in this governmental niche, he wrote a small volume entitled "Au Hasard: Fragments sans suite d'une Histoire sans fin," which from a literary point of view is quite weak—a long diatribe without consistency, showing additional signs of his ambitious instincts. "Jean Jacques Rousseau," said he, "has written volumes to speak of the gulf of misery into which celebrity plunged him. As for me, I seek it." He still hungered for the pair of

clanking spurs to make a noise. Further on in the same volume he says: "Dishonest people aside, there are in the moral world but two distinct classes, the ungrateful and the envious. I am *envious*. There is not a success of which I am not jealous, not a pretty woman that I do not covet; riches tempt me, and honors still more; I desire everything, from the health of a vigorous porter to the credit of an influential deputy who gets all the good places, from the conscience of the government contractor to the parchments of the *émigré*." If one of his fellow-journalists may be relied upon, he once took a carriage on a muddy day expressly for the purpose of splashing the pedestrians while he himself remained in security. This is the dark side of his character, for which his peculiar grievance is to some extent responsible.

The little book of "Emile" was a heart-cry, the first and the last which ever came from him. After this, he locked up sentiment and put the key in his pocket. Some men call the published expression of his feeling a whine, but the majority think it was natural and excusable. At any rate, when it went forth its author made his adieux to anything more of the kind, dried his eyes, and set his face in that impassive mould which never after left it. He girded his loins, drew his sword, and entered valiantly into the battle of life, which he has continued to the present day with little or no sign of faint-heartedness. With most men solitude leads to mischief, but it makes strong men stronger. He lived with his skeleton, was too proud to ask for any man's sympathy, and thus closeted he gradually entered into that state of petrification for which he is known.

There is too much of the Mercadet in his character to be an artist in literature. The "Supplée d'une Femme," which remains in the repertory of the National theatre, owes its success to another hand. He made a play bearing that name in five acts, which

he read to fifteen or sixteen men of letters whom he invited to dinner for the purpose. After the reading—one of the guests on that occasion tells me—he asked their opinion of his work, which, from men who had been eating his salt and drinking his Château-Lafitte, was naturally favorable. Well filled, grateful stomachs pleaded successfully against brains. There was an idea in the play, and it was a good one, which was the best that could be said of it. Its author admitted that he was not sufficiently familiar with dramaturgy to put it into a shape to be played, and handing the manuscript to Alexandre Dumas, who was one of the guests, requested him to do it for him. This skilful playwright went to work, partially reconstructed, and cut it down to three acts, when it was represented at the Français. It was not played long before the public got wind of Dumas's participation in the work, when the merit of the play was at once attributed to him, notwithstanding the discreet silence which this dramatic author observed. M. de Girardin was not and never has been a man to share a success with another, and his friendly relations with his collaborator were interrupted. The public continued to say that the piece was good because Dumas had assisted in its production, and this so stung M. de Girardin that he resolved to write another play alone, to prove that he was a skilful playwright. He did so: it was called the "Deux Sœurs," and was given at the Vaudeville, where it fell like lead. Its author is a man of tenacity. He made another play called "La Fille du Millionnaire," which after the fate of the "Two Sisters" none of the first-class theatres would undertake, and it was represented at a minor one—the Cluny—where he again encountered absolute defeat. This settled the question of his claims as a dramatic author, and nothing more was heard of him in this character.

The dinner which he gave for the purpose of reading his play and of con-



finding it to Dumas was a comedy, inasmuch as the Théâtre Français made the stipulation with him that the play was to be submitted to Dumas for correction. Thus this practised playwright was imposed on him, and the apparently voluntary action of handing over the piece to him for correction was dust thrown in the eyes of the guests, who in turn threw it in the eyes of the public; and this shows what a deal of humbug there is in the character of M. de Girardin. His setting things going in this fashion drew from a journal a side thrust at America; according to it, M. de Girardin was an Americanized Frenchman, for the notoriety of the cute and dishonest transactions of which many of our countrymen boast has crossed the Atlantic, and gone through Europe to the shores of Asia.

The Yankee humor surrounding an operation in wooden nutmegs, in the estimation of some of our people, mitigates dishonesty, but it is not seen in thought by people beyond the sea. When the American is done out of a half dollar by some itinerant showman who fails to keep his promise or decees his customer, there is usually mingled with the disappointment a certain admiration of the man who humbs him; in similar circumstances a Frenchman incontinently hisses, demands his money back, and the strong hand of the authorities casts the swindler into prison as a swindler. There is in these two proceedings, it may be remarked, a wide difference in the appreciation of the same thing.

The journalist, with his usual ostentation, affirmed that he wrote his "Supplément d'une Femme" in three days, his collaborator modestly admitting it took him three weeks to put it in the form in which it was reprinted. According to the first, Dumas a poor translator who had spoiled his piece; his style was too much a telegram; from the ideal which is true, he fell into the commonp which was false. At the

end of a rehearsal, G. said, "I think that is detestable, and if I alone was author of the play I would withdraw it immediately." The translator, as the journalist called him, retorted, "I also regret it—I tried all I could que cela ne fut pas aussi détestable que cela était."

De Girardin may be said to have taught the French people what they know about journalism. When he occupied his little post under the Government he used it for establishing a new kind of journal, published every fifth day, made up of the best articles of the Parisian press, and which he appropriately called "Le Voleur." The paper thus filled cost nothing but the printing. He used the seal of his bureau to send letters to all the prefects and many of the priests, asking them to recommend the new paper, sold at a low price. At the time, the authors of the articles of which the journal was made do not seem to have objected to the reproduction, but were rather satisfied at finding their way to a larger class of readers. It was only at a later day, through the efforts of the Society of Men of Letters, that measures were taken against what came to be considered literary theft. "Le Voleur" reached a large circulation, two thousand being until then considered a fair one. In the establishment of this journal De Girardin discovered his vocation—how to start and conduct a newspaper.

The demands for publicity and news became greater, to which the necessarily slow "Voleur" was inadequate, and he sold it apparently in the tide of success. In 1829 he created another called "La Mode" under the patronage of the Duchess de Berri, the arms of this princess being by express authority placed on the wrapper of each copy. In starting this journal, the editor was naturally a staunch royalist, and the enterprise began well; but the Revolution of July in 1830 arrested its development. With the journalistic sagacity of which he had already given evidence, M. de Girardin

din saw that in the changed situation "La Mode" could never become a strong and popular journal, and he promptly sold it to one of the adherents of displaced royalty, of more faith than himself. He at once took sides with the monarchy of the barricades, and created another paper called "Le Garde National," which according to his advertisements was to provide for the necessities of the moment. This was his first defeat; the paper was created a little too soon, and died in a few weeks. There must have been a little demoralization after this, for we find the ex-editor of "Le Garde National" asking for a humble post under Casimir Périer, which the minister declined to give. The place to which the applicant aspired was that of sub-prefect.

In the year following the demise of the "Garde National," he founded a weekly called the "Journal des Connaissances utiles," at eighty cents a year, which reached a circulation of one hundred and forty thousand. It was announced with the flourish of trumpets employed by M. de Girardin in previous enterprises of the kind, but there was another feature in the announcement which was new: the paper was ostensibly published by a philanthropical society in behalf of the interests of humanity, the members thereof desiring to remain unknown, believing that with this mask of impersonality their work of teaching the poorer classes would be more effective. As may be inferred from the circulation named, the idea was very popular. M. de Girardin's apparent connection with the society was that of general secretary, who sat in a spacious and well-furnished office of Saint George street, as if there were great wealth and many important people behind him. This went on for three or four years, when it became pretty generally known that the extensive national society was comprised in a single individual; then the "Journal" declined; not but it was as good as ever, but the subscrib-

ers had been deceived. The secretary, astride of the institution, tried to urge it on in its weakness as in the day of its strength, but it soon died under him. His success in this venture—for he reaped a harvest before the paper fell—brought him in contact with a number of schemers and speculators; he abandoned journalism for the time, and embarked in several enterprises, most of which ended disastrously. He also became a candidate for the Chamber, and was returned from an obscure corner of the country. The notoriety of his speculations, the misfortune of his birth, and his unsympathetic nature, brought all parties against him in the Chamber, to prevent his admission on the pueril pretext that his name was not Ene de Girardin, and that consequent he was not the person elected. It was at this opportune moment that he incited his father to come forward to acknowledge him as his son. I secured his seat in the Chamber, but his enemies increased, and he was harassed in many ways. It never rains but it pours; bad luck pursued him in his speculations, and almost any herman in his place would have succumbed; but the chief quality of De Girardin is pluck, and he kept above water until he got hold of another journal, which was the plank of safety. Was the "Presse," a distinctively political journal, and M. de Girardin last found himself in his real element. The general price of newspaper at the time was eighty francs a year, which he at once reduced forty amidst a great outcry. From mere discussion arising out of this luctation and the extension of adveing, the editor of the "Presse" found himself with a pistol in his hand slinging on a lawn in the Bois de Vincennes in front of Armand Carrel, the editor of the "National." He endeavored to avoid the meeting, but in vain and Carrel was killed, his adversary grievously wounded. The opinion of Girardin as an innovator was fiercer than ever, and he stood

with characteristic courage before the entire press of France. Up to this time he was known as a speculator and manager of newspapers, but not much as a writer. The attacks directed against him from all sides formed and made a writer of him. He got into the habit of explaining, arguing, and attacking in turn, and through this daily drill before long he became as able as his contemporaries. In his hands the "Presse" became a political power as a conservative organ. As a reward for party service, its editor wanted to be what is called with us postmaster-general, but his demand was declined, which had the result it often has: the unsuccessful seeker of office was driven into the opposition. The ground of objection, as in the Chamber, was his connection with financial schemes of a dubious character, such as those who follow the operations of Wall street are familiar with. M. Guizot, as chief of the Ministry, bears the responsibility of refusing to receive De Girardin into his Cabinet.

The opposition into which the unsuccessful office-seeker threw himself was confined to a small group of which he was the nucleus, but it gradually grew and became, according to one of the journals of the time, "the nightmare of Guizot." The "Presse" was indefatigably aggressive; every morning it fired its broadside into the flanks of the party in power with damaging effect, and it grew weaker as the opposition grew stronger. Under the auspices of the government a journal double the size was started with a capital of \$400,000, called "L'Epoque," as a semi-official organ of the Ministry, in order if possible to ruin the "Presse." The capital melted away, and with it the "Epoque," leaving the "Presse" stronger than ever, and its editor with increased reputation. In 1847 the friends of the Ministry made another effort to stifle the "Presse" in starting the "Conservateur," and it was unsuccessful as before. De Girardin was the Cassandra of the Guizot Min-

istry, for he kept repeating in the columns of the "Presse" and the tribunal of the Chamber—he was again a deputy—that the Prime Minister was conducting the July monarchy to its ruin, and all his talking and writing was unheeded. Disgusted at this, and seeing what was coming to pass, he resigned his seat in the Chamber, and tried to open the eyes of the old King to the real state of things, but in vain. A few days afterward Louis Philippe was overthrown and the republic proclaimed, De Girardin having personally received from him his act of abdication. The day before the revolution of the 24th of February the "Presse" had a circulation of 30,000. One month afterward it had 70,000, which was unprecedented in French journalism; and during this period it did much good and patriotic work in restoring the confidence of the people. Indeed, this may be regarded as the brightest page in the life of De Girardin. Afterward he chopped and changed so much as to lose the merit of his action following the revolution of February. Besides, he became vindictive, for which, however, there was some provocation, the "Presse" having been suspended for six weeks, and its editor thrown into prison for several days, by authority of Cavaignac.

When the paper reappeared, the journalist turned upon Cavaignac with venomous and personal invective every day, in a way that was condemned by even his friends. He was aided in this warfare by his wife with incisive verse. His hatred of Cavaignac drove him to the support of Louis Napoleon as a candidate for the presidency, but he afterward withdrew from him, some allege because the candidate whom he helped to elect would not give him a portfolio in his Cabinet. In fact, the reason of his separation is not known. After the death of his wife, Delphine Gay, he endeavored to retire to private life, and sold the "Presse," which declined in influence and circulation soon after he left it. After an abstinence of five years, he became editor

and proprietor of the "Liberté," and advocated the opinions of the socialistic democracy. There was a blare of trumpets all over the country announcing his proprietorship of this journal, and illustrious Gaudissarts solicited subscriptions and advertisements for it in every direction. The editor furnished an idea every day. The Baron Brisse daily gave a new bill of fare. In a word, there was the usual ra-ta-tah and boom-boom.

Before his time, only men of comparative wealth were subscribers to papers. The old "Quotidienne" and the "Débats" were the sheets of the aristocracy, and even the Republican organ, the "National," was only received by the upper rank of the party it represented. He popularized the press, and also lowered it in its art feature, for the style and substance of matter in the old journals is superior to that of the new.

His personality in a paper is remarkable. The organization and drill in the office of the New York "Tribune" were so good, that when Mr. Greeley disappeared his personality remained in the paper. Girardin is so eccentric and changeable, it seems impossible to form men after his model, and this was shown when he left the "Presse." Every effort was made to conserve his personality in the sheet, but without success; and later, when he took charge of the "Liberté," the readers of the "Presse" in great part abandoned it, and followed him.

He was jealous of his reputation as a journalist, and would have no one with him who was his equal in political leaders. Alexandre Weil wrote a couple of letters in the "Presse" when Girardin had it, which elicited general comment and some praise. A third was written by the same author, but was not published. Weil asked Girardin who was responsible for the failure to print, and the latter answered, "It was I," which brought an exclamation from the letter-writer. "Que voulez-vous, mon cher?" added

the editor of the "Presse"; "you have talent, and I want the readers of the journal to read me only."

He is one of the very few French journalists who keep their eyes on the English and American press. The advertising feature which he inaugurated was borrowed from his more advanced neighbors, but he knew how to adapt it to the taste of his countrymen; yet only partially, for it never has taken the proportions of English and American journalism. M. de Girardin admits that French journalism is far behind that of the English-speaking countries in multiplicity and variety of news, and his opinion is interesting as being that of the foremost journalist of France; but he thinks it is superior in the elaboration of ideas and the serious study of a question, and that the level of discussion in it is higher. According to him, restrictive laws in France prevent it from being as powerful a moral agent as in the countries named, where its cheapness brings it within the reach of the poorest, and the father reads it by his own fireside in the midst of his wife and children; while in France its price places it beyond the reach of the poor, and the father desirous of instruction in news and politics seeks the journal in the cafés and taverns. Hence, across the Channel and the Atlantic, the journal is an organizing element of society, and in France it is often the contrary. In speaking thus, he was arguing his own case, naturally. There is one feature to which he did not refer—the untrustworthiness of the French journals in what little news they do furnish. Little reliance can be placed on their dates, names, and facts, especially if the information concerns a foreign country. As to cheap journalism, they have it at one sou, two daily papers being published in Paris at this price. Girardin of course spoke of the political journal, for to him no other deserves the name of newspaper, and there is little or no political news or discussion in the cheapest papers.



