

came the flash of Gambetta's lip and eye, and the quenchless vigor of his hand. Again and again this fronted the foe and held them, tiger-like, at bay. Four great battles were fought on four successive days, if we remember right, about Beaugency, in which the French retired bit by bit, grappling to the death for every inch of soil, and the Duke of Mecklinburg confessed that he had got but bloody and fierce-won victories. These men became the wonder and admiration of Germany, and Gambetta her secret fear. But they were no longer fighting for an effete and selfish Empire, it was for their now "*Vive la République*," "*Vive la Patrie*," and that made much of the difference.

The old cry of *Vive la Roi*, once in days such as those of the sainted Louis, or Louis XII, "the people's King," or even of the Grand Monarch had had its power; *vive l'Empereur* had once been the resistless spell of a sort of terrible, misunderstood, part benignant, more than half malignant genie; but what were these, or what can they ever be to the sweet and loving power and pathos of that grand *Vive la Patrie*, live the Fatherland, that bursting in the hour of their great love and despair from ten thousand throats around the shattered mill of Valony, caused the multitude of their energies to vanish like the smoke of their own cannon; or the more triumphant and threatening *Vive la République*, which swept over the redoubts of Jenappe, and across the bridge of Lodi. "There is an Unconquerable in man when he stands on the rights of man." Gambetta gained one victory, that of Coulmiers, and out of the darkness of all that dishonor and defeat his countrymen remember it still, and remember, above all, the fiery spirit that gave it them. He was the living incarnation of the Marseillaise.

But the ancient spirit was well nigh dead for the time, in the greater part of France, and Gambetta could not be every where—the German occupying most. The heartless and narrow regime of Empire had done well its work, acting like a tourniquet on every limb of the nation, deadening all. Poor materialized Frenchmen, but dimly remember the time, when two hundred and fifty-eight forges went clanging through the autumn days in all the open places of Paris and shore, lurid-gleaming with their sooty Vulcans about them through the long nights, hammering musket barrels and tempering sabres hour by hour; when, to save time in bringing them down, the bells were shot from the steeples with heavy guns to make the patriots cannon, and every cellar was raked to get them saltpetre; when all souls that could hold a musket gathered in the towns and villages and wended away to the battlefield chanting the Marseillaise; when the bands of girls and old women grow weary scraping lint and sewing canvas night and day, and the old men sat like venerable Romans in the market places, giving benediction to the heroes that were to fight and die for *la Patrie*, when bread and fire-locks were deemed the only two requisites for victory—such old time they

remembered but dimly, for the spirit had left them long. The Germans spread themselves farther and farther: the sound of their cannon swept over the walls of Leman in the North West, crossed even the dark waters of the Loire, and the men of Lyons saw from their towers the gleam of Uhlan helmets plundering in the South. Paris was bound with a girdle of fire, and in the end fell. Gambetta would have carried on the war—the unconquerable hero that he was—to the last extremity, as in old days, but the people's hearts had died within them—only his followers, his army, remained true; and they could gain but their one poor victory of Coulmiers. "In a long conversation on the war," says Frederick Harrison, "I asked him, years after all was over, 'could then the defence have been continued in 1871?' 'Certainly,' he ground out bitterly, crunching his clasped hands, 'of course it could.' 'Then why did they give in?' said I, 'Because they were out of heart,' he roared out, bounding off his seat and his face purple with shame and rage. And I felt," says Mr. Harrison, "what Danton had been in '93."

This great and all-providing passion of patriotism which was the life of Gambetta's soul, was the leading and most admirable characteristic of his statesmanship. He was a noble and peculiar instance in our modern days of faction, of a politician who was not a party leader, but wholly and above all things a patriot. He looked not to the advancement of clique, but to general welfare of the state, and sought as means to that end, men of every shade of opinion, even sometimes his declared foes. "We differ in political creed," he would say, "but we have one common object, the prosperity and greatness of this country. Strive toward that object. I ask no more of you." Is there not in that a lesson, simple and beautiful, for those men in every state, who are ready to sacrifice daily the interest of their country to the triumph or chagrin of a selfish party? One of the facts which prove most conclusively not only Gambetta's supreme importance to France as her daring defender in time of need and the father of her Republic, but also his wider status as one of the most powerful of European statesmen, is that he has been regarded by the Germans ever since the war as the most formidable of her enemies and as Bismarck's most dreaded skeleton in the closet—the only man who might have undertaken a war of revenge with success. The circumstances attending and succeeding Gambetta's death have also shown, as nothing else could have done, the wonderful influence he had upon the affections and destinies of his country. His funeral, followed by a hundred thousand mourners, and witnessed by the millions of Paris, reminded every one of that other sadder day when all France had hung her head in lamentation and wept in bitter mourning for her nation's king and father in that time—the one of all that might have brought her, as a dauntless pilot, safe through the storm