A DREAMER IN PARIS

WILLIAM JASPER NICOLLS

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By William Jasper Nicolls

Author of "Graystone," etc.

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Illustrated by
Frank H. Taylor

Philadelphia
George W. Jacobs & Co.
Publishers

Avenue de l'Opéra

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Illustrations

"Tout homme a deux pays,
le sien, et puis la France."

A Dreamer in Paris

IF I should wait until my return to America to write my impressions of Paris, I am certain that the rosy afterglow of memory would so envelop my understanding that the description would not convey a true meaning. It would be a view of life as one sees it through the beautifying atmosphere of a hazy, crimson sunset. It would be a picture in which the soft, blending colors of romance would obscure the harsh lines of realism. It would make even the sordid and mean appear rich and harmonious.

Here in Paris, face to face with the things and the people of my imagination,—here, in the very heart of the city, I can feel the witchery, the glamour, and the seductiveness

of the crooked old streets. The echoes of the past come stealing into my hearing; my senses seem deadened to the present-day objects, and I am forced to turn my mind's eye ever backward along the extended vista of a

dim and uncertain past. And as one looks down a long avenue of trees, all planted at equal distances apart, and beholds those nearest to him to be in exact and symmetrical proportions and the two lines gradually coming together as they lengthen, until finally they merge into one confused mass; so the views of Paris lie distinctly before

me, but in the distance is a phantasmagoria filled with a multitudinous people.

I see a motley crowd of knights in armor, cavorting across the scene, accompanied by gentle dames with soft white skins and dark lustrous eyes,—these from the Midi. I have always imagined that the fighting men of France came from the South. I can see the "Reds of the Midi" as they are entering Paris after their long march from Marseilles, and I wonder if they spared their own flesh and blood,—the dark-skinned knights and ladies who had preceded them, by many centuries. When I dream of the frightful guillotine, it seems to be the fairest and the most beautiful, the golden-haired and blue-eyed, that are the victims,—and these are from the North.

Those wicked old streets! That labyrinth of narrow, dark, ill-ventilated thoroughfares,

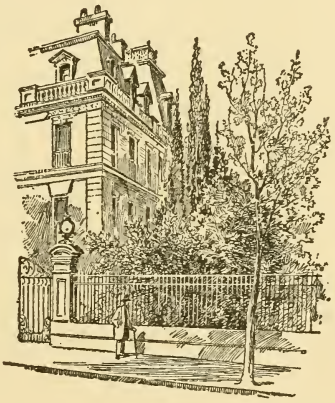
where the gutters ran down the middle, and where flickering oil lamps were suspended on cords over the centre, what deviltry was committed in those days!

And as the noblest and the best of men and women perished by the fury of Parisian mobs, so also the library of the Louvre, with its priceless contents, was reduced to ashes.

The horrors of the Commune and the possibility of a recurrence of the same terror, scattered many of the wealthy to other cities where life and property were more secure. To-day they are back again in increased numbers. Like the dwellers in the pathway of volcanic streams they fall asleep, and what has been is forgotten. But a stranger in Paris finds

his memory full of plots and counterplots, of tales of horror mixed with those of love and intrigue,—and all of the olden time.

Every garden of any size, or having any pretensions to age, is surrounded by tall spectral fences, through the panels of which I can see enormous trees. They seem to nod their stately heads in courtly response to the whispering winds. I often wonder what the rumor-laden breezes are telling them. A little while and again a little while and "the people" will come like a whirlwind. The people. Who are the people? I saw one of



them to-day hitched to a cart. He was harnessed between shafts like a beast of burden. I have seen hundreds of "the people" in the same condition. They are not permitted, like men, to use the sidewalks. They must walk in the streets with the animals. Not in the crooked, wicked old streets of the sixteenth century, but in the boulevards of Louis XIV, and in the broad and straight avenues of Napoleon III.

Poor Jacques! When he takes off his harness at night, and unwraps the rags from his swollen and blistered feet, of what is he thinking?

There are two sides to every question. In Paris there is the side of the haughty and the intolerant, that can be viewed from the following:

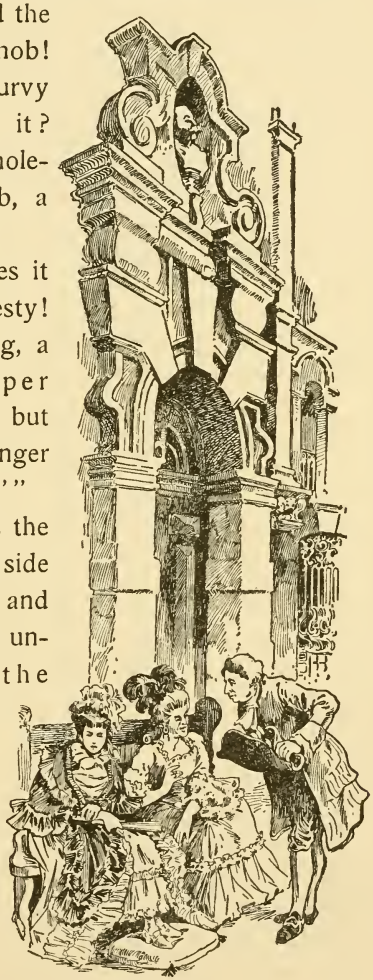
"'Paris rebellious?' replied the *maréchal,* bowing with his plumed hat beneath his arm. 'Your Majesty is pleased to jest.

I have surveyed the field. This mob! this shabby, scurvy mob!—what is it? A flea-bite, a mole-hill, a cobweb, a weed!

"'What! does it alarm Your Majesty! It is a plaything, a pop-gun, a paper pellet. I have but to snap my finger and it vanishes!'"

Then there is the other side,—the side of the hungry and starving, the unthinking and the desperate,—the side of the so-called patriot:

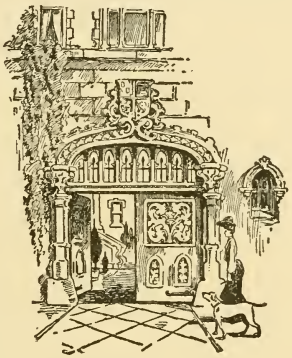
"The street



of Saint Honoré into which we turned, was wild with noise and confusion. Our two drums beat steadily. We sang the 'Marseillaise' with all our lungs. The wheels of our gun-carriages clanged on the pavement. Behind us the battalions of the Faubourg de Gloire were shouting the '*Ça ira*' to the rattle of their fourteen drums. All together we went on through the quarter of the aristocrats like a furious torrent, like a mighty wind."

I close the book, for it is now evening, and step around the corner into the Rue St.

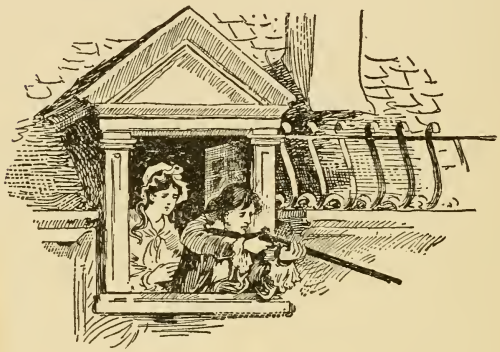
Honoré. It is quiet enough now. None but working men and women are seen, hurrying home to their dinners. Further down the street are large, fine-looking mansions, with enormous wooden doors. The carvings on these doors are said to represent a fortune. I know that their gardens can be seen from the rear, in the Rue de Rivoli. I listen at night until the last sighing breeze rustles the dark foliage of the gardens and then is lost in the dust of the Boulevard.



In the morning, with less excited nerves, I can continue my book of the night before and I read as follows:

"Now and then a high-up window would be opened and a shot fired down at us—but

we laughed and marched on. 'We can't stop for pop-gun work now,' cried long Samat, hoisting still higher his banner of the Rights of Man. 'We'll attend to them to-



morrow,' cried Margan. 'Then they shall swallow the same sort of plum-stones that we'll give the tyrant to-night!'

"As we drew closer to the castle the fire grew hotter. Shots kept popping out at us from cellar windows, from balconies, from the roofs. But nothing stopped us. On we

marched, faster and faster,—roaring louder and louder the 'Marseillaise.'"

The sombre cloud of unrest overhangs Paris. It is full of forked lightning. I never enter any of the old palaces on sight-seeing excursions, with any of the careless indifference which I notice in my companions. The grinning skull peers at me from every corner of the building, and I long to get away into the open.

I can see the Reds of the Midi as they "entered the king's apartment, all hung with white and blue. 'See, that's his portrait up there!' said Margan—and in a moment he had snatched it off the wall and flung it on the floor. We joined hands and danced a *farandole* around it, each of us as we passed spitting on the tyrant's face, and all of us roaring out:

> *'Danson la Carmagnole*
> *Vive le son du canon!'"*

How can one enjoy the costly collections at Versailles and Fountainebleau, with the following or similar lines ringing in one's memory?

"There all was gold and silk, and mirrors covering the walls to the very ceiling, and

pictures to take your breath away, and curtains and laces, and carpets as soft as down. And all had a sweet delightful smell. Margan caught hold of the bed and dragged it into the middle of the room: and as he tumbled and rolled on it we took up our crazy round again and danced about him singing the worst thing we could think of:

'Fai, fai, fai, te lou tegne blu, panturlo!
Fai, fai, fai, te lou tegne blu!'"

Besides the clouds of unrest are real clouds,

of a dull leaden hue, which overhang Paris from November until April and the ceaseless dripping of rain during this season is most depressing. It is so wet and sloppy to-day that I cannot go out, and I must perforce finish my book: it is about the *sans-culottes.*

"As we talked, we went into a great vaulted entrance-hall—filled with a shouting, yelling crowd—at the fore end of which went up a stairway to the floor above. Excepting a few women, with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows like hucksters, all the people about us were *sans-culottes;* and although they were armed in every sort of way—with swords and pikes and iron bars and even staves—they all were armed.

"Every one was pushing toward the stairway; and as we stood on tiptoe and looked over the heads of the crowd we saw that at the foot of the stairs was a little red table at which sat three *sans-culottes,* with red

caps on their heads looking as stern and serious as judges. A flickering candle stuck in a bottle stood on the table and lighted up the picture.

"While we stood watching, there was a movement up in the shadows at the head of the stairs; and then down came an old priest. He was as pale as death, his hands were bound, and he was between two jailors who pushed and jostled him to make him go faster. As soon as he stood in front of the table at which sat the stern-looking judges, a sharp voice cried out: 'He has refused to take the oath!' And then the judges all together cried: 'Death!'

"On the instant, two or three iron bars struck him down. Pikes and swords were thrust into him. He was dead. And then

two *sans-culottes* dragged out his body to throw it in the cart."

I must have fallen asleep and dreamed a "night-mare," for the cold perspiration stands out on my forehead like beads, as with a shaky hand I reach out for the matches and relight the stump of a candle which stands on a night table at the head of my bed. Outside, the rain is still falling in silent, mournful drops, and I can hear the clang of a horse's feet as his sleepy driver urges him over the stones of the narrow Rue la Boëtie. The miserable light from the candle is bad enough but I can read how "a young and beautiful lady was dragged down the stairs. She caught at the balusters, and when she was forced in front of the judges, she fell on her knees and her screams and prayers for mercy fairly broke my heart. Poor girl! I thought. Surely they won't dare to kill her. But in a moment three brutes of

women, three furies, flung themselves upon her; and while two of them scratched gashes in her face the third dragged down the waist of her dress and bit and tore her tender breasts. Saving her from this torture, a *sans-culotte* ran her through with his sword."

Thank God for the morning light!

With much effort I force back the impressions of the night and try to understand the Paris of to-day.

It is no easy task for an American, as there seems to be no common ground from which to start, no base line upon which to erect a parallel structure. My first impressions are uncertain and bewildering. Everything seems so absolutely different, so entirely unlike. My eyes refuse to transmit to the brain such an enormous mass of unusual detail. They become strained and tired, while the congested mind makes feeble

efforts to arrange and record all that one has seen.

Homesickness soon follows as a natural consequence, together with a feeling of unrest and irritability; often to such a degree that many Americans yield to the weakness and flee from Paris, carrying with them but a perplexing memory of undigested fancies and unfamiliar sights. These tourist impressions simply haunt the brain, but do not satisfy the understanding. Rest tranquil for awhile and the tired eyes grow stronger; the weary brain soon becomes active and eager to retain and classify the fascinating pictures that multiply on every side.

The French language, which at first appears to be a senseless jargon, becomes musical and in harmony with the surroundings. I have listened night after night to the cry of a street newsman—for some reason there are no newsboys in Paris—calling, as I

supposed, "The big flea!" at the top of his stout pair of lungs. It took me some weeks to harmonize this disquieting announcement with the common street cry: "*La Patrie! La Patrie!*" which is the name of a well-known evening journal.

The study of French and the love of it, is what first drew me to Paris, twenty years ago. In that time there have been many changes in this city and in myself, but I can recall the fact that I took the advice of those who should have known better, and came here with the idea of mastering the language in three weeks! I remember the dazed condition I was in at the end of the allotted period. I had mingled with the people; had taken lonely drives along unfrequented French highways, with a French companion; had learned the difference between *la maison*—

house—and *l'arbre*—tree—when they were pointed out to me, en route; and then I returned to America after having added to my French vocabulary a few words and phrases culled from a small conversation book. The French language cannot be "mastered" by an American in three weeks, in ten weeks, nor in ten years. In fact, I met a very intelligent gentleman the other evening, at a social gathering of "exiled Americans," who has been living in Paris for fifteen years, and yet is unable to speak but a few simple words in French. Mere association with the people will enable one to learn their manners and customs, but not the French language. And still there are thousands of my countrymen who, ignoring a law as old as civilization, insist upon finding "the royal road." Their assurance reminds me of the man who was asked if he could play on the fiddle. "I have never tried," he replied, "but I know I can!" I write from bitter experience, and for a warning to all who follow the false

teachers of the impossible. I have tried them all, and their "methods" and "systems" are but as snares to the unwary and as thorns in the side of the ambitious and the credulous.

A worthy ambition also, and one full of joyful promise; for it has been said: "To possess two languages, is to have two souls." This thought spurred me on to renewed efforts, and, long after my return to America, I followed the short-cuts and the by-ways to the acquisition of French, with varying experiences. One of my friends suggested a very easy way to learn French. He was a man of large influence amongst financiers, and his name at the bottom of a check was good for any amount under seven figures. "You have only to buy a French paper," he said, "and read *that* every morning instead reading English." The papers accumulated in my library, neatly folded as when they came

to me, until the pile grew to an embarrassing size. I never got beyond the title, *Journal des Débats*, and then I "flunked" ignominiously. To this day I am positive that my friend's French vocabulary is limited to very few words. I should like to have my revenge on him; to hear him explain to the voluble Parisian *blanchisseuse* that he had three white shirts in his washing list, instead of the skirts and flummery things that are in her basket!

There was another "easy" way—a tormenting system, the dregs of which hang in the wrinkles of my brain like the memory of

some undigested horror. The victim simply repeated a sentence, in French, ten, fifteen, twenty, a hundred, times daily, until that sentence became so graven upon the secret recesses of the mind that he could think of nothing else.

I tried it, and soon began to loathe myself. For weeks I had no peace of mind and felt like a jabbering idiot. I had such a surfeit of that one sentence, that my mind took on a severe mental derangement.

I remember once, when I was a boy at school, my teacher caught me in the act of eating a raw turnip. I was nibbling it, contentedly, secure, as I thought, behind the uplifted lid of my desk, when he descended on me. I had two very large, overgrown turnips, which he made me eat, standing up before all my class-mates. The smell of a raw turnip makes me ill to this day.

I was satiated with that "foundation sentence" in much the same manner in which I had overfed on raw turnips.

I realize the fact that one can have too much of a good thing.

One can acquire a very satisfactory knowledge of French and speak it more or less fluently by one method only. That is what I should call the "sensible method." Begin at the bottom and work up, and not at the top and work down. That is, begin at the beginning. This method is easy but not rapid, and whatever time is spent on it will bring more or less happiness.

To be more specific, buy a French primer and learn the alphabet and the rules of pronunciation. Then buy a child's first reader, and afterwards a second, third and fourth reader, until finally some polite Frenchman will say, as one remarked to me the other

day, "*Monsieur, vous parlez la langue Française comme Voltaire!*"

It was exaggerated politeness, of course, but how far merely being polite will carry one in Paris, is astonishing.

From the time of Louis XIV, who insisted upon the observance of politeness amongst his subjects, the custom is almost universal. From the highest to the lowest, it is the pass-word current everywhere in France.

I was reading one day of "an historical instance of a well-known aged nobleman, who, descending the stairway, meets a youth of twenty, mounting. The nobleman stops to let him go up, and the youth does the same, inviting the nobleman to pass down. The latter stands firm, and requests the youth to continue, who responds, '*Jamais!*' with hand on heart,—he knows too well what youth owes to age,—upon which the elder

commands him to mount; when the young man, with a bow, says, 'Youth owes obedience to age,' and passes,—thus saving the situation."

Here is another, which illustrates what is called in the vernacular, "a jolly."

"A street *gamin* opens a cab door to let a man out before a theatre. The latter asks him if the piece has begun yet.

"'*Pas encore, mon ambassadeur : on vous attend !*' was the ready reply, and the boy's equally ready hand closed over a merited franc."

In a cynical mood I started one morning to test this characteristic to a limit which I thought would be absurd.

At the foot of the stairs I raised my hat to the *concierge* and remarked that it was a fine day. The man's face was fairly illumined as he returned my salute, and hurried past to open the doors for my exit. "Ah ! truly it is a fine day," he remarked, "and if Monsieur will turn to the left and walk two

blocks, he will come to the Champs Elysées, where he will see many people, and enjoy such a fine promenade, that his health will be fully restored." It took three *bon jours* and four *au revoirs* before I could leave him, still bowing and talking.

"But he knows me," I ungraciously muttered to myself; "I will try it on a stranger."

At the corner, near the church St. Philippe du Roule, —a very busy corner where two lines of tram-cars and two omnibus routes intersect each other—I found an old man busily engaged roasting a huge pan of chestnuts over a charcoal fire. His hands were black and his face red from the efforts he was making, and he appeared too busy to notice any one in the crowd around him. To him I made my best bow

and prefacing my question with "*Pardonez-moi, Monsieur,*" I inquired the way to Boulevard Haussmann. Again I found the reply courteous. "If Monsieur desires to walk, it is but a short distance," he said, as he came from behind his little stall to show me the direction. Then, because I hesitated, he added encouragingly, "Or, if Monsieur prefers to ride, the tram-car just opposite will, for three *sous*, deposit him exactly at the corner." I looked over his shoulder and saw that his neglected chestnuts were burning. Here is the supreme test, I thought, and, pretending that I misunderstood his directions, I started in the wrong direction. In a moment he was at my side. "*Pardon, M'sieu,*" and he touched his hat as he gently but firmly turned my face in the right way.

I am convinced that his manners cost him a panful of chestnuts, more or less burned, but I have since then almost ruined my digestion by making liberal purchases of the

mealy nuts from him, so that he counts me among his best customers.

My promenade was not without its disagreeable features. It is "out of season" for the butterfly Americans, who come here during July and August, and who flit around from café to café in their aimless endeavor to kill time. One meets very few of these idlers now. It is the month of October, and the outside of the cafés presents a sad and deserted appearance. The little round tables and chairs still stand in their accustomed places on the pavement, but the carefully swept sawdust under foot has a damp and chilling look, which no amount of Benedictine—taken internally—can efface. Here and there—like bluebottle flies buzzing around the outside of a warm window-pane —there are a few inveterate old red noses —in most cases, solitary individuals—sipping their weak sugar and rum decoctions,

just outside of the warmer looking interior.

These old fellows are not to be classed amongst the disagreeable features of a winter in Paris. They are merely dreamers, like myself, and although the air is raw and cold, and the fell destroyer, rheumatism, is creeping up their legs from the damp pavements, they refuse to be turned from their habits, or aroused from their reveries.

The unalloyed misery of the Paris streets in winter is mud, from *Lutum* or Lutetia, the name by which Paris was first known. Where it comes from no one seems to know

but it is almost always present. I have walked in the streets of Paris under the brightest of skies, and in the clear moonlight,

when the roadway and the pavements were covered with a pasty, sticky mud of an indescribable character. It may be fancy, but it seems to me that this compound exhales a peculiar sour smell, a faint memory of the

odor which nearly a thousand years ago "rose above the house-tops and spread itself beyond the farthest environs." During that period when the narrow streets of Paris were still unpaved, "it was said that, on the darkest night of the year, the traveler out of his course might know by the scent whether he were within a league or two leagues of Paris."

Of course, it is not always muddy, nor is it always raining even in winter. One day in November we had the thermometer at four degrees centigrade, with a bright sun overhead and hard dry pavements under foot. It was delightfully bracing, and to an American exactly the temperature conducive to physical exercise and mental exhilaration. But the poor Parisians simply curled up with "the terrible cold" and became dormant. "*Il fait froid*" was the prevailing phrase and the few who braved exposure in the streets hurried past to places of refuge. One

reason for this lies in the fact that the generality of houses in Paris are not built to withstand cold weather.

We live in a house in the Rue la Boëtie, the like of which can be found in every street in the city. It is built of brick and plaster—after the manner of our old-fashioned pebble-dashed houses—the plaster on the outside being smooth and of a grayish, cement color. It is five stories in height, and fronts right on the street line. In the centre, on the ground floor is a wide main entrance flanked on both sides by small shops, occupying all of the street floor. Should one pass through this hallway, and open the door at the rear, one would see an enclosed courtyard surrounded by stables and carriage houses. These stables are full of horses, and the rear windows of our *étage* look out upon a noisy stable-yard, usually full of loud-talking hostlers, and more or less redolent with the odors arising from such places.

It is difficult to accustom oneself to living with a stable in the centre of the dwelling, but the houses in Paris are almost invariably built that way.

On the right of the hallway is the room of the *concierge*, a character corresponding somewhat with the janitor in our city apartment houses. In a French house the *concierge* is supreme, and no one has the courage to question his authority, excepting, perhaps, his wife, who is always more in evidence. I have noticed whenever I have been in France, that the woman is always paramount. Under the guise of *l'amour* the Frenchmen worship and idolize, to the point of effeminancy, a pretty young woman; and

when she grows old, they defer to her and obey her wishes.

The powers of the *concierges* are unlimited. They can make one's stay in Paris agreeable and pleasant, or extremely disagreeable, as it may please them. They can hold one's letters until hope deferred makes one homesick again, and they can tell one's friends, who vainly call, that "Monsieur is not in." They can do all this with a smiling face and a lying tongue. Or they can have the morning paper at one's door as regularly as the clock strikes nine; and at night the front door will open, on the mere touch of the bell, to admit one's shivering form, or one may be kept standing in the wintry blast with the doors closed and locked like the portals of the past. They can do more, for even though one may have gained admittance and begun the weary climb of ninety-two steps to the fourth floor—I count them now, and darkness has no terror for me—they can turn on the lights of the stair-

case, and illumine the triumphal return to one's cozy fireside, or they can put them out at nine o'clock and make one creep up to bed like a thief.

Our house is not heated by any central appliance, such as a furnace in the cellar,

and when the thermometer begins to fall, the halls are colder than a refrigerator.

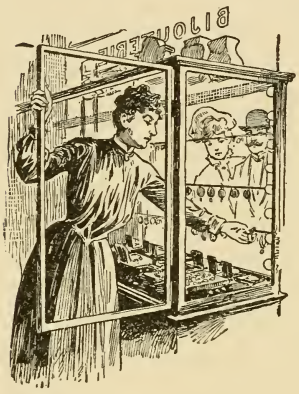
Inside the front door of our apartments, however, the conditions are better. In the *anti-chambre* there is fixed in the wall, be-

tween this room and the dining-room, an apparatus called a *calorifére*, which contains a small receptacle for coal. It will hold probably one little fire-shovel full of that extravagantly expensive mineral which in Paris costs twelve to fifteen dollars a ton—not for anthracite, such as we have for domestic use, but for a very inferior quality of semi-bituminous coal which retails with us at about three dollars. In the *calorifére* are four diminutive openings,—each large enough to thrust one's fist through. Two of these open into the *anti-chambre*, and two into the dining-room, and from them come gentle zephyrs of warm air in occasional intermittent puffs. The bedrooms and the *salon* are generally not heated at all, although, in the latter, I have occasionally noticed a transitory difference in temperature produced by an armful of fagots or a panful of coals. With these insufficient appliances for keeping warm, an American in Parisian apartments finds himself exposed to frigid surroundings

to which he is unaccustomed, and to get relief there is only one recourse,—the universal *promenade.*

By the way, every form of outdoor locomotion in France is called a *promenade.* If one calls a cab and takes a drive, it is called a *promenade en voiture,* or should one go on horseback one is taking a *promenade à cheval.* Even a sail is a *promenade en bateau.* My *promenade* is usually on foot, in the evening, from four or five o'clock until seven. During these hours I like to join the throngs of people surging up and down the Rue de Rivoli, under the arcades, which for a mile or more cover the sidewalk. Then, plunging into the living stream of humanity, I drift idly along with the crowd on the Avenue de l'Opéra, or stand gazing at the priceless exhibitions of jewelry in the beautiful windows of the shops in the Rue de la Paix. It is difficult for me to imagine the class of people that buy such

expensive articles of mere adornment; and yet these shops must have customers, for their proprietors thrive and wax richer, and their windows grow more brilliant and more gorgeous year by year. Out of mere curiosity, I stepped inside the door of one of the least pretentious of these shops and inquired the price of a beautiful scarf pin which had attracted my attention. I have forgotten the exact price, but it was greater than the total amount of my hard-earned letter of credit which I brought with me from home.

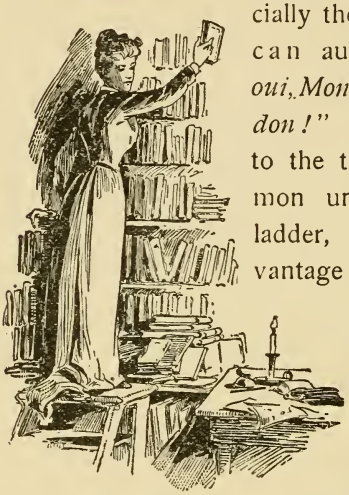


The subsequent happy possessor of that pin is welcome to have it—at the price. As

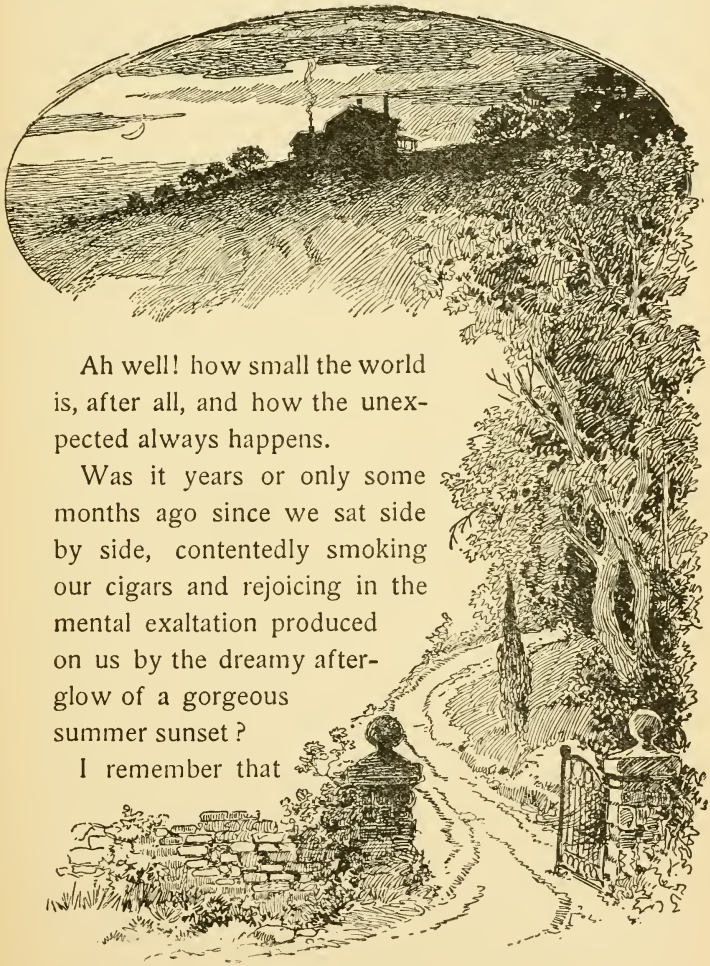
for me, I found more keen enjoyment, a few days later, in running against an old French *bibliothèque* in one of the quaint narrow streets, than any number of scarf pins could have given me. The *bibliothécaire* was not a musty, ill-natured, old mummy, such as usually conceal their ignorance of books under a mask of mysterious monosyllables; but a tall, serious-looking girl, with large earnest eyes, black hair, and a sensitive mouth which contained twin rows of regular white teeth. Her forehead was slightly wrinkled with study-lines, and, when I entered the dark room, they deepened as she gazed at me and tried to bring back her thoughts from the atmosphere of the dead past, in the book she was reading, to the customer standing before her.

The evening was far advanced and the only light in the room was cast on the surrounding shelves of books, from a single candle that stood on the table at which she was seated.

I was a little tired of reading French books and signs, of hearing French spoken, of eating French dishes—and I enquired of her whether she had any English books, especially those by American authors. "*Ah! oui, Monsieur*"—"*Pardon!*" She mounted to the top of a common unpainted step-ladder, from which vantage point she could reach the top row of shelves, near the ceiling. "*Voila, Monsieur!*"



From the dusty recesses of that ancient library she drew forth one of the earlier copies of "Helen's Babies," and I held in my hand one of the brain products of my friend John Habberton!



Ah well! how small the world is, after all, and how the unexpected always happens.

Was it years or only some months ago since we sat side by side, contentedly smoking our cigars and rejoicing in the mental exaltation produced on us by the dreamy afterglow of a gorgeous summer sunset?

I remember that

we were riding along the old York Road and had just swept around the base of an obstructing hill when we were suddenly enveloped in a crimson haze which had the property of making the rather commonplace surroundings, things of beauty. An old gray house, far up on the hillside, stood out in bold relief against the deep-red sky, and we both exclaimed at the marvelous transformation that had taken place in so short a time. While we gazed toward the horizon, a few fleecy clouds floated serenely across the heavens and disclosed to us the silvery crescent of the new moon.

Was it years or only some months ago since we clasped hands "good-night," and is that the same silvery moon just topping the thousands of twinkling lights of the Place de la Concorde?

I usually finish my *promenade* at this point. From the sidewalk of the Rue de Rivoli one

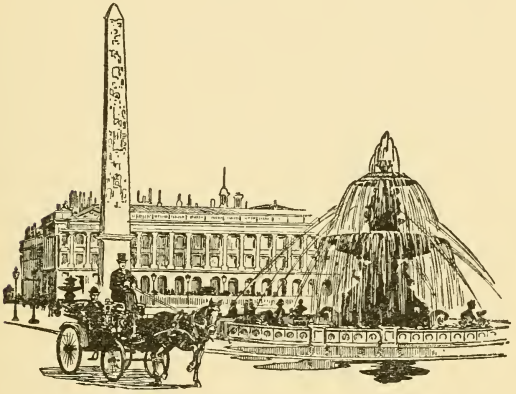
Avenue des Champs Elysées

we were riding along the old Ferry Road and had just swept around the bend of an obstructing hill which we were suddenly enveloped in a radiance here which had the property of making the tints of the surroundings things of beauty. An old gray house, far up on the hillside, stood out in bold relief against the deep sky, and we both exclaimed at the marvelous transformation that had taken place in so short a time. While we gazed toward the horizon, a few fleecy clouds floated slowly across the heavens and disclosed the silvery crescent of the new moon.

Was it years or only some months ago since we clasped hands "good-night" and is that the same silvery moon just rising o'er the thousands of twinkling lights of the Place de la Concorde?

I usually finish my promenade at this point. From the sidewalk of the Rue de Rivoli one

can take in at a glance the noble proportions of the scheme, the wide expanse of square and avenue, the sumptuous magnificence of design, that makes the Avenue des Champs

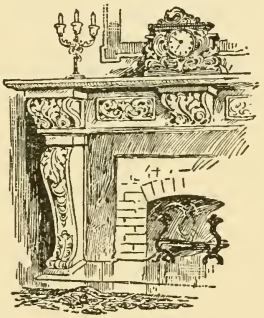


Elysées, and its intersecting streets, the most beautiful of any thoroughfare on earth. Conceive the regal beauty of the place endowed with all the loveliness that the artistic sense of man can produce, and frame the picture with a purple golden sky!

At seven o'clock in the evening we have dinner. This is an important event in our French household. From the time of the *Grand Monarque* the French people have been *sans pareil* at table. That amiable sovereign goes down into history as a gormandizer of the first order. It is said of him that he ate at one meal "four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a great plate of salad, two great slices of ham, a plate of mutton seasoned with garlic, pastry, and after that fruit and hard boiled eggs!" There is no such gluttony now in France. From the *chefs* of the wealthy, who have made the *cuisine* the most exquisite in the world, to the more humble *bonne*, who first buys our food and then cooks it, there is but a short step to the general result. The meals are all well-cooked, savory, and of good repute.

My room is in the house of *un bon bourgeois*,

facing the street. It is a square apartment, carpeted, and papered with a flower design of orange and green on a brown background. On one side of the room is a large mantel and fireplace of cold white marble. With the hottest wood-fire that I can build in that fireplace, the chill of the mantel and of the facings, hangs over the blaze like the dampness surrounding the entrance to a tomb. On one side of the fireplace is a secret closet, built into the wall and papered over, so that a small keyhole is the only evidence of its position. The French delight in this sort of thing. The locks on my bureau drawers are all at the bottom of the drawers and not at the top, and to open them one must turn the key around twice, while in the case of our front door, the key



must be turned three times. Whether this is done from pure love of practical joking, or from mere gaiety of temperament, is as yet, to me, an unsolved problem. My windows are large casement structures reaching from the floor to the ceiling and opening upon a small balcony. They are loose jointed and admit the cold air in winter faster than any heating apparatus could possibly raise it to a comfortable temperature. As for the French *calorifère* and the marble fireplaces, they merely aggravate the situation.

The French are about two thousand years behind us in the matter of warming their houses in the winter season, and they do not seem to care how much they suffer, but bear their misery with a fortitude that would be heroic were it not so supremely ridiculous. When I wring my benumbed hands and remark to my landlady, "*Il fait froid, Madame,*" she crosses her arms, looks re-

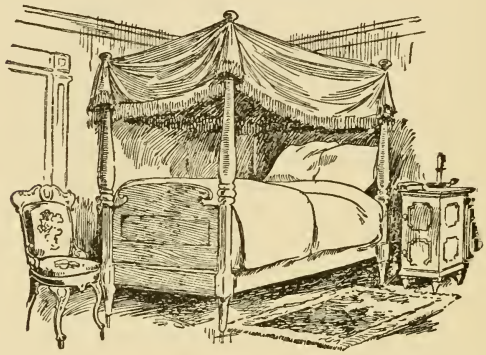
signed, and answers, "*Ah! oui, Monsieur, il ne fait pas chaud,*" while she grudgingly sends the *bonne* to the nearest *marchand de bois* for another apronful of dead fagots.

During the winter one would be more comfortable in the wigwam of an Indian, than in a French apartment house! *Voila tout.*

My window is hung with heavy woolen curtains which I draw close at night to exclude the penetrating cold.

Over the marble fireplace is an enormous mirror, and on the mantel is a large Louis XIV clock, flanked by two candlesticks, each carrying three green candles. These are not supposed to be lighted, although my

room boasts neither gas nor electricity. A small *bougie* on the night table by my bed furnishes the only light which I have at night. As a great favor I could have an ill-smelling *pétrole* lamp with an antiquated burner, but I prefer the candle.



The bed, a massive mahogany affair, fills the half of my room between the fireplace and the inner wall. It is the masterpiece, *chef-d'œuvre*, of my apartment. There can be no fault-finding with that wonderful piece of construction. Standing by its side, the top of the mattress comes above my

waist line, and at night, when I climb into its lofty security, a sublime feeling of rest fills my soul, and I fall asleep in the midst of an unfinished prayer for those nearest my heart.

In the morning my eyes first rest upon a voluminous overhanging canopy and then upon a large framed design, with the legend beneath, *Oraison à la Ste Vierge.* In the middle of this picture is a square red surface upon which is engraved the following:

"Mere du sauveur des hommes
Priez pour les Pecheurs."

The simple couplet often eases my troubled mind, and soothes my restless spirit, like the benediction that follows prayer.

The first meal of the day is *petit dejeuner*, which is taken at any hour one likes, be-

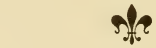
tween 7 A. M., when the *bonne* awakes, and 10 A. M., when she begins to get cross. It consists of coffee or chocolate, and *petit pain* (rolls). If one is a particular favorite of the family, one may ask for a boiled egg—nothing more. This must satisfy one's internal cravings until noon, when everybody stops work for *dejeuner*, a much more substantial feast of broiled steak, mutton chops, or a meat stew. An after course consists of one vegetable, and occasionally a sweet omelette and prunes are added for a dessert.

But the principal repast is the dinner at seven o'clock in the evening. A great many preliminary drinks are indulged in called *apératifs*, which I never take, however, as the ingredients of these decoctions are unknown to me—and Paris water is fairly palatable and wholesome when taken in small quantities.

At this point in my French experience another false idea, bred in ignorance and fostered by intolerance, has been forever expelled from my mind.

I was taught to believe that in the matter of drinking, the French people surpassed all other nations, and I expected to find Paris full of intoxicated persons of both sexes. My wanderings in the city have not been in the secluded avenues of the select, and to the houses of the rich, and I have not examined the various phases of Parisian life through the goggles of an automobilist. From the

top of an omnibus, or the *impériale* of a tram, and on foot, I have penetrated the highways and byways of the city from the Bois de Vincennes on the east to the Bois de Bologne on the west, and from Aubervilliers on the north to Montrouge on the south. And during these perigrinations I have sat for hours in the cafés of the people, "the plain people," as Lincoln called them, and I have yet to see a single intoxicated French man or woman, either in the cafés or on the streets!



The dinner of my host is not elaborate, but it takes a long time to get through with it. A regular course, in the beginning of which nothing but radishes was served, warned me that much was expected in the way of conversation, and I plunged headlong into my first French talk—*en famille*, with a vociferousness born of desperation. It must have been an awful experience to the sensitive

French folk who were seated around the table, but "the most polite people in the world" never showed, by word or action, the slightest sign of weariness, on the contrary, urging me on, with smiles and bows, to renewed exertions.

In the centre of the dining table was an elevated, square table-piece of porcelain upon which was placed the principal dish, *pièce de viande*, and this was served to us without any vegetables. Each of these was served as a separate course, and the time consumed in changing the dishes seemed endless.

Paris at table in the sixteenth century is burlesqued by Rabelais: "At the first course, six sorts of carbonadoes, nine sorts of fricasees, cold loins of veal, gravy, soup, hotch-pots, marrow-bones, hashes and *béatille* pies,—with 'eternal drink intermixed.'" The fourteenth dish of the second course in-

cluded chitterlings, hog's haslets, neat's tongue, chines and peas, brawn heads, powdered venison, puddings and pickled olives; and "all this associated with sempiternal liquor." Next they "housed within his muzzle" a third course of ninety-five separate dishes, beginning with legs of mutton, lumber pies with hot sauce, dwarf-herons and ribs of pork, and finishing with dry and wet sweetmeats, "seventy-eight sorts," and cream cheese: and "perpetuity of soaking with the whole."

"If when he had crammed all this down his guttural trap-door, he did not immediately make the fish swim again in his paunch, death would pack him off in a thrice."

Tighe Hopkins remarks, "Prodigious feasting was the rule where the cost was not in question. At the banquet given to Catherine de Medicis by the town of Paris in June, 1549, there were served, amid

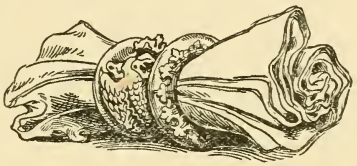
other delicacies, thirty peacocks, thirty-three pheasants, twenty-one swans, nine cranes, thirty-three egrets, sixty-six turkeys, thirty kids, six hogs, thirty capons, ninety-nine pullets, thirty-three hares, ninety-nine pigeons, ninety-nine turtle-doves and thirteen geese, a *menu* not ungrateful to Catherine, who was a gross feeder and subject to indigestion. During the reign of Charles IX, sumptuary laws were passed against extravagant living, and it was made a civil offense to give a guest a dinner of more than three courses."

I wish that those laws were now in force, for we frequently sit for two hours over a

very frugal meal so far as cost is concerned, but extravagantly served in the measure of time. An American is forced to notice the French liberality in napkins. Mine is as large as a towel, and is made of coarse linen, bordered with a fringe, and ornamented with two blood-red bands at each end. It is called a *serviette*, and as the same word is used for a towel, I frequently get mixed in my mind as to which of the two articles is across my knees at table. Hopkins dates the table-napkin in France from about the middle of the fifteenth century: "During the Renaissance napery in rich houses was becoming very dainty; somewhat later, the *serviette* was usually perfumed; and in 1639, one Matthias Giegher, in the flower of his genius, wrote a treatise in Italian upon the twenty-seven ways in which it might be folded. Here it took the form of a shell, here of a mitre, here of a dog with a collar, here of a cross of Lorraine, and here of a sucking pig, as the pantler's taste inspired him.

"Louis XIV, whose taste was most correct when simplest, had his napkin rolled in the form of a *bâton*."

A large bone ring is provided, by mine host, for the purpose of identifying each napkin and for preserving them inviolate during the intervals between meals; but I have never been able to roll mine, like Louis XIV, into a sufficiently small compass to go inside of the ring.



It is hard for me to realize that all those whom I see around me are in their own country and that I am the "foreigner."

In the "pursuit of happiness," which is guaranteed to every American under "The Constitution," I ran across a most galling

form of imperialism and tyrannical interference by the French Government, which upsets my equilibrium at frequent intervals and makes me long to utter a forcible protest. I cannot understand the patient submission of the Frenchman who smokes and who is compelled by law to purchase the universally poor quality of cigars and tobacco which is distributed by the innumerable government stations called *bureaus de tabac*. One's individual taste and preference count for nothing, and one must smoke the tobacco given by the government, or go without. Each time that I buy a cigar the polite woman behind the desk assures me that it is delicious, and, encouraged by her positive manner, I usually invest in a package

of four, or in a small box, with a glass top, containing six. The result is uniformly discouraging. It really does not seem to make any difference how much I pay for them, the cigars are invariably bad. For *quinze centimes* (three cents) one buys a wretched little cigar called a *demi-Londres*, while for *cinquante centimes* (ten cents) one gets a much larger cigar and a proportionate amount of wretchedness. The quality of the tobacco is all the same, and by paying more money one simply gets more of it.

The manner in which the government tobacco is forced upon a reluctant public reminds me of the ancient French method by which the king disposed of his wine:

"When the king sends his wine to market, the innkeepers must at once cease from selling, and all the criers must cry the king's wine morning and evening at the

crossways of Paris. Having entered the business, the king pushed his advantage to the end. His right in the wine market was called the *ban le roy*, and the king's *ban* was notified in the neighborhood of every tavern in the town.

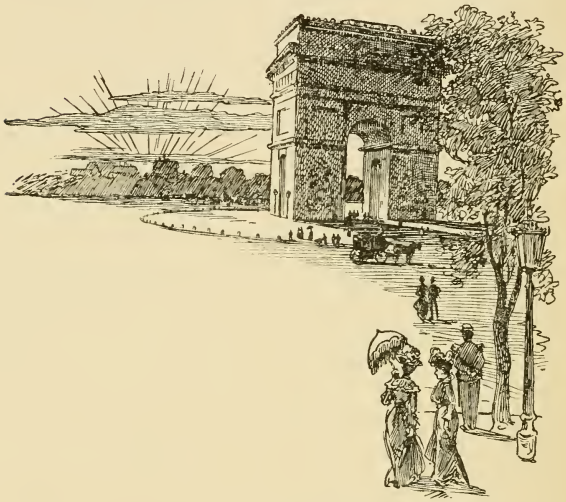
"The king's wine was sold wholesale and retail, in a quarter of Paris affected to the commerce. What came to be known as King's-Wine-Street, Rue Vin-le-Roy, was a narrow thoroughfare abutting on the Rue des Lombards, which was the wine merchant's mart and centre." In the same arbitrary manner by which the present French Government excludes all dealers in tobacco, the former king, by force of feudal privilege, carried his barrels of wine within the market

doors, and kept the trade outside until he had sold them. In those days the French subject drank the king's wine or nothing, in much the same spirit of discontent, I imagine, in which the French citizen of to-day smokes the government tobacco or nothing.

Many Americans—particularly the young—get their ideas of the French people and their manners from books written by British authors. Unfortunately these books are usually tinctured with British prejudice and are full of insular pride and offensive superiority. They give to the American reader a picture of France as seen through alien eyes, and in many cases the picture is ruined.

I purchased a book recently at a fashionable bookstore on the Avenue L'Opéra, which, the obliging clerk assured me, gave to the inquiring stranger full information regarding French life in town and country. It was

written by a woman who informs the reader that she is from Dublin, and she modestly adds that "the women of Dublin dress with far greater taste than their sisters of Paris." In the same delicate manner she continues:



"I am assured that the dresses of the girls and women of Dublin leave Paris nowhere!" The heroic efforts of the first Napoleon to make his beloved France the imperial mistress

of the world,—a task at which the most idle dreamer must admit he nearly succeeded,—is dismissed by this writer in one sentence: "Two tomes to prove that what France wants is another Napoleon—the very *thing* that nearly ruined her." Napoleon, a "thing"!

She also writes of the "Parisianized, ennobled American *subject* who wants to see her admirable and chivalrous husband, Court Chamberlain, or something of the sort."

The Irish in the author's nature crops out in the following: "Even a British ass, with time on his hands and millions to squander, can discover an original method of going to the dogs and casting his millions into the bottomless pit. But what can the French idiot do after he has sent his shirts to London to be washed, and invested in an automobile?" What indeed can he do? Even Parisian society has its limitations and I am satisfied that the poor fellow would not be permitted in the *salons* of the *beau-monde*,

without a shirt to his back. France has had her experience with the *sans-culottes*, but the *sans-chemise* party is as yet unknown.

But when this Celtic critic describes "the French idiot," she actually loses breath: "He is such a superlative dandy and hum-

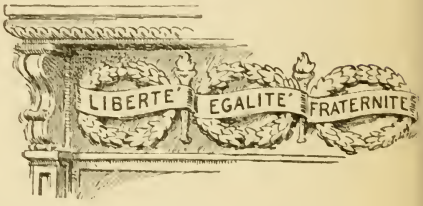
bug—I would fain use a hideous word, which describes him still better in three letters, if it were not for its inexcusable offensiveness—that he cannot bring sincerity to bear upon

his imaginary passion for sport, and looks ten times more absurd when he is playing the athlete than when he is contentedly playing the fool. He is the 'sedulous ape,' not to literature, like Stevenson in his young days, but to the Anglo-Saxon: and the folly lasts on to the brink of age."

This book may have a large circulation, or a very small one. I sincerely hope that it may rest in a state of "innocuous desuetude," for it serves no purpose beyond that of fomenting a hatred of the English which in France, it seems to me, already amounts to a national creed.

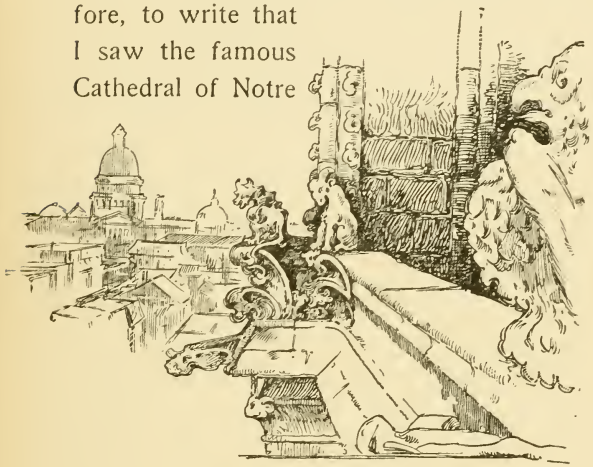
I should advise Americans to study France through original sources, and draw their own conclusions. It would surprise many of my countrymen to read the life of Benjamin Franklin, and learn from that how much we are indebted to Frenchmen for our national independence. It would surprise them also to see a statue of Washington in a Paris

square, and another statue erected by American women in this city "in grateful acknowledgment of the assistance given to us by France in our War for Independence." But above all things Americans should know and understand that France is a prosperous and successful Republic, and that the three words which one sees in Paris at every turn in the road: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*" are very near relations to our own "Virtue, Liberty, Independence." I have never seen a more happy or a more industrious community, and have never experienced a more cordial reception than I received at the hands of the French *citoyen*.



These thoughts must be truthful or they had best not be written. When one starts out to write a romance the plot may be in

part or altogether the work of the imagination, but a supposed record of events and observations, if falsely recorded, is nothing more than a tissue of lies. I am bound, therefore, to write that I saw the famous Cathedral of Notre



Dame, and was grievously disappointed. The pile of dilapidated, weather-gnawed gray stone aroused no emotion in my breast, and when I paused on the step upon which Napoleon stood when he crowned Josephine, I was unable to clothe the hard

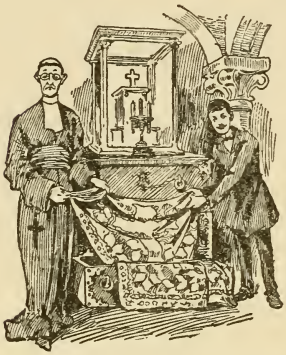
impoverished-looking surroundings with the mantle of imagination. To my mind everything was bleak, bare, and foreboding. The past stood before me, like an old man, naked and deformed; and on either side there was neither loveliness nor symmetry. The pillars supporting the roof are all out of line, as though put there by chance, and the oddly placed windows have no connection with any continuous design. The Cathedral stands on an island in the River Seine which separates Paris into two parts. "In the Middle Ages Paris was divided into three distinct parts: La Cité on the island, La Ville on the right bank, and the Quartier Latin, or University, on the left bank of the river." The little islet known as L'Ile de la Cité was supposed to have included all of Lutetia, the original home of the tribe of the Parisii or Gauls, and "Notre Dame stands on a site successively occupied by a Pagan temple and a Christian basilica of the time of the Merovingian kings." The present build-

ing was constructed between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries.

The little guide, who speaks English with a decidedly cockney accent, and who dropped his H's like a native Londoner, gave me all of the foregoing information, and much more besides; but I was not impressed or soul-stirred by his glib descriptions of this, "one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture." I forgot the beautiful description by Victor Hugo, and was lost in melancholy reverie at the sight of the musket ball which killed Mgr. Affre during the insurrection of 1848. The ball and two vertebræ are kept in the sacristy. Here also are some relics; a piece of the cross on which Christ was crucified, and a collection of vestments and robes worn by the priests. I have my doubts about the bit of wood, and the other things seemed like tawdry tinsel.

As I passed down the aisle a marriage ceremony was being solemnized in one of the

small adjoining chapels. I pitied the bride—a sallow-faced woman of middle age—who sat patiently during the ceremony that united her to a man of most unpleasant appearance. Scarcely a hundred of the faithful now attend the regular services of Notre Dame and these are culled from amongst the poorer classes of the surrounding district; the other attendants are chiefly drawn thither out of curiosity, and their offerings in the matter of fees help to defray the expenses of an impoverished parish. The glory of Notre Dame has departed. To me its old gray walls seem to be but a mile-stone marking the advance of civilization and forever pointing backward to a remote and dismal past.



I find more pleasure in the curious old book-stalls which line the left bank of the Seine just across the bridge. I love to lounge along the walls when the winter's sun gives us an occasional fine day and, at mine ease,

fish out the rare bits from an ocean of mediocrity. The sport is quite as exciting, and the reward much more generous, than can ever fall to the lot of a disciple of Walton. My hook first baited with a generous slice of politeness, I approach the old woman in charge and make some trivial purchase of the value, perhaps, of one *sou*. This keeper of the fish pond having been

won over, the sport is mine for an uninterrupted hour, or the whole afternoon, if I so choose. From one end to the other and from top to bottom, I can drag and rake and fish for the musty books to my heart's content. Like a true sportsman, when I catch a sprat or a minnow, I toss it back and fish again. One day I pulled out an old copy of *Les Amours de Telémaque*, with the imprint 1802. Hastily I examined the pages and found them perfect. The book was a quaint little 12 mo. and the print was large and distinct. The binding was in the original calf.

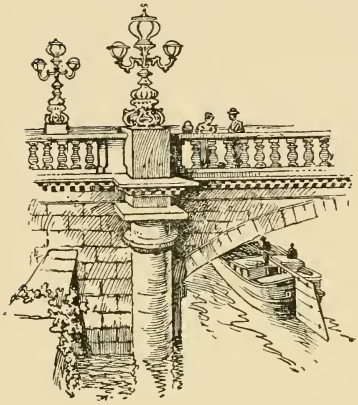
It required some courage to approach Madame and assume a careless air while she took the treasure in her grimy hands and gazed at me through her large round spectacles. I remember how I wished that I had not been so well-dressed—for the price is al-

ways made to suit your personal appearance. However, my hands were soiled from handling the books, and my linen not too clean. I remember also that two days' growth of a grayish beard adorned my chin. This was in my favor, but I gasped when she said: "*Ah oui, Monsieur, cinq sous!*" Joyously I paid the coppers and hurried away. I have been afraid to return to that particular fish pond. In fact, I imagine that my feelings are those of a receiver of stolen goods.

The Seine, which divides Paris into two parts, is crossed by beautiful broad bridges; some of solid stone arches, and others of graceful iron construction. I am surprised at the magnificence and the harmonious beauty of the approaches to these bridges. There is no crowding or massing of ugly utilitarian details; no confusion at either end.

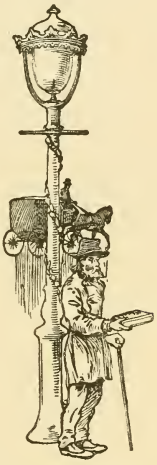
I can recall the impression made upon me when I first saw the East River bridge,

which connects the cities of Brooklyn and New York. It appeared to me as if the bridge had been made some distance away, and then had been lifted in its entirety and set down without any apparent design or reason upon the tops of the houses which border the river in both cities. Here, in Paris, the broad sweep of boulevard and squares serves as an exact and perfect base line from which the eye can start in restful anticipation and follow the noble outlines of pillar and statue, of massive square blocks, and of graceful hanging ornamentation, without let or hindrance.



In no other country is there such a universal adaptation of the principles of grace

and beauty to the common things of every-day surroundings. The houses are of a general uniformity in style, color, and design and the hand of the *artiste* is visible in every direction. The ordinary lamp-posts are models of curving elegance.



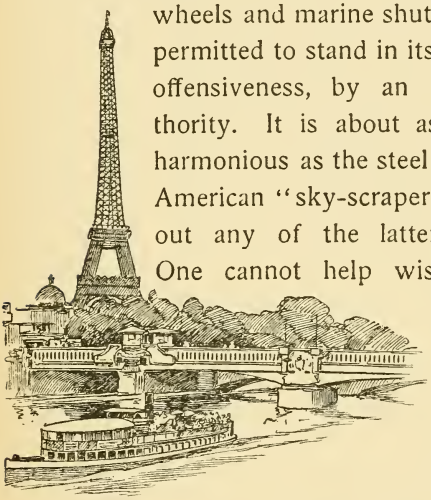
I miss, with much relief, the unsightly telegraph poles, and the ugly network of dangerous telephone and electric wires of my native land. In Paris all of these necessary adjuncts to modern civilization are put safely beneath the surface, together with the most perfect system of underground transportation it has been my good fortune to see.

The Metropolitan Railway, operated by electricity, conveys me, with extraordinary comfort and facility, from one part of the city to another for the small sum of three

sous. It is marvelous, and, to a dreamer, enchanting, to disappear into the earth at the end of a weary promenade to the Place de l'Etoile, and in a few moments appear again at the Hotel de Ville at the other end of the city. What need have I for the enchanted carpet of the oriental romance? I have only to drop into the bowels of old Paris, and presto! I am at the place where I would be.

There is one huge monstrosity in this beautiful city that stands in its defiant ugliness like an enormous scaffolding in the midst of a garden. Every day my eye is offended and my anger is aroused by that hideous structure called the Eiffel Tower. Originally built for the Exposition and as an

attraction for the motley crowd of tourists who delight in scenic railways, revolving wheels and marine shutes, it has been permitted to stand in its overtowering offensiveness, by an indulgent authority. It is about as graceful and harmonious as the steel skeleton of an American "sky-scraper," and is without any of the latter's usefulness. One cannot help wishing that the same fate had overtaken the builders of the Eiffel Tower as that which interrupted the work on the Tower of Babel.



Oh! for a bath-room! The large apartment house in which I am living in Paris, contains upwards of forty rooms, divided into suites, containing *salons, salle-a-mangers, cham-*

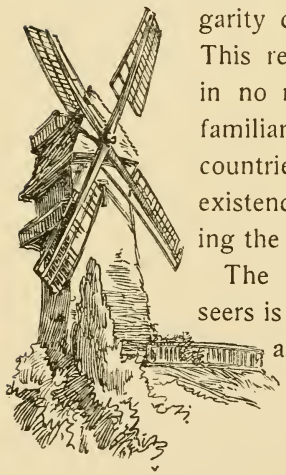
bres, anti-chambres and *cuisines,* but there is not a single bath-room, or a bath-tub, in the entire building! I can go further and assert with confidence that there is not a bath-tub to be found in the length of our block, which contains more than a dozen five-story, brown-stone buildings. In a despondent mood, I asked a friend where such luxuries could be obtained by a stranger in Paris. He advised me to go to the Elysée Palace Hôtel, situated, within four blocks of my apartments, on the Avenue Champs Elysées. Upon further inquiry, I found that this hotel was advertised as "the most beautiful and fashionable hotel and restaurant in the world, occupying the finest site in Europe," and I became cautious and wary. Further investigation revealed the information that this hotel is "patronized by Kings, Princes, Peers, Potentates of the East, and the Élite of American and European society."

With my foot on the threshold of this magnificence, within a few feet of a bath-

tub, my experience in the Rue de la Paix recurred to my memory, and sorrowfully counting the cost, I turned my back on the pile of regal sumptuousness, and walked sadly away. "Cleanliness is next to godliness"—if the cost is not too great. In this case the difference in cost is too much to admit of comparison.

To a man of quiet tastes, and one who loves contemplation from the safe vantage ground of an unnoticed corner, there is more or less offensiveness in the exuberance of the average American tourist whom he is bound to meet in Paris. Some of these examples of concentrated energy might be described as locomotives in trousers, so

great is their propelling power. When one of these human machines arrives in this city he proceeds to "take in the whole town," in one day. Of course, he is not successful, but the number of places that he inspects with his national thoroughness is surprising. Those who furnish "places of interest and amusement" for the entertainment of the tourist are taxed to their limit in providing new sensations and experiences. There is a wide range to cover, from the list now given in an up-to-date guide-book, and the male tourist usually begins with that stale vulgarity called the *Moulin Rouge*. This resort of foreigners differs in no manner from any of the familiar "variety" shows of all countries and has no reason for existence—beyond that of amusing the tourist.



The capacity of these sight-seers is unlimited. One of them assured me that in a two

weeks' residence in Paris he had seen all of the public buildings and palaces, the churches, the theatres, the museums, the gardens, and even the Morgue, "a place built to receive the unknown dead, picked up in the street or fished up from the river; placed in a room of exceedingly low temperature, and exhibited for identification behind large panes of glass." He had also visited the Catacombes, "an underground city of the dead, where the streets or vaults down below bear the same names as the streets above. Here he was 'treated' to an exhibition of untold millions of human bones and skulls, brought there from the Paris cemeteries for generations past." He also visited Les Egouts—the sewers—and he looked down on me with a fine contempt, when I told him of the time I had wasted dreaming the hours away, in the warm corner of an old café on the Rue St. Honoré.

I was attracted thither, one very cold day,

by the cheerful glow of a modern-looking stove. Such an abundance of heat, in this city of small economies, thought I, denotes a generous host, so I took possession, forth-

with, of an out-of-the-way corner from where I could observe the "little people," of the Rue St. Honoré, "the busy working Rue St. Honoré," as described by Hare, "lined by the tall, many-windowed houses which have witnessed so many Revolutions. They

have all the picturesqueness of innumerable balconies, high slated roofs with dormer windows, window-boxes full of carnations and bright with crimson flowers" through the summer, and they overlook an ever-changing crowd, in great part composed of men in blouses and women in white aprons and caps.

Ever since the fourteenth century the Rue St. Honoré has been one of the busiest streets in Paris. It was the gate leading into this street which was attacked by Jeanne D'Arc in 1429. It was the fact that the Cardinal de Bourbon and the Duc de Guise had been seen walking together at the Porte St. Honoré that was said to have turned half the moustache of Henri of Navarre suddenly white, from a presentiment of the crime which has become known as the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Here, in 1648, the barricade was raised which gave the signal for all the troubles of the Fronde. It was at No. 3—then called L'Auberge des Trois Pigeons—

that Ravaillac was lodging when he was waiting to murder Henri IV. Here at No. 211, now the Hotel St. James, was the old Hôtel of the Noailles family, which suffered so terribly in the great Revolution. At No. 96 a plaque marks the house where Molière was born. It was in the Rue St. Honoré that the first gun was fired in the Revolution of July, 1830, which overturned Charles X: and here, in the Revolution of 1848 a bloody combat took place between the insurgents and the military. Throughout the Rue St. Honoré, as Marie Antoinette was first entering Paris, the *poissardes* brought her bouquets, singing —

> "*La rose est la reine des fleurs,*
> *Antoinette est la reine des cœurs;*"

and here, as she was being taken to the scaffold, they crowded round her execution-cart and shouted:

> "*Madame Veto avait promis*
> *De faire égorger tout Paris,*

Mais son coup a manqué
Grâce à nos cannoniers ;
Dansons la carmagnole
Au bruit du son
Du canon !"

O wicked Paris, charming Paris, Hell to-day, and Paradise to-morrow!

"Paris vit, Paris a un visage, des gestes, des habitudes, des tics, des manies. Paris, quand on le connaît, n'est pas une ville, c'est un être animé, une personne naturelle, qui a ses moments de fureur, de folie, de bêtise, d'enthousiasme, d'honnêteté et de lucideté : comme un homme qui est parfois charmant et parfois insupportable, mais jamais indifférent."

From my corner in the *café* which is also a *bureau de tabac* I can watch the "little people" as they come in from the terrible cold. A poor old woman whose face is yellow and wrinkled with age, has drawn a low stool close to the fire, and her long bony arms are

extended around its genial warmth, as if she would embrace it close to her flattened chest. But she bows to me with quiet dignity, and says: "*Bon jour, M'sieu,*" and I quickly raise my hat in acknowledgment, and reply,

"*Bon jour, Madame. Il fait froid.*" She makes the universal rejoinder, "*Ah! oui, il ne fait pas chaud,*" and smiles contentedly as *Madame*, who presides over the counter, measures out a sou's worth of tobacco. Then enters a long robed priest with clean-shaven face, and I notice an expression of guarded politeness on the face of *Madame*

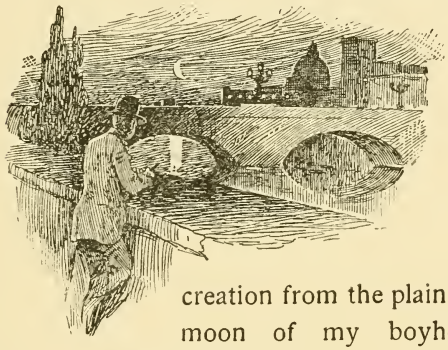
while she listens to his rapidly spoken appeal *pour les pauvres.* Our *café* and *bureau de tabac* is also a sub-station of the postal department, and *Madame* is kept busy selling stamps to every kind and condition of people. The little *bonne* trips in, with red cheeks and cold fingers, to mail a letter for her mistress, and is succeeded by a fat *cocher*, his full bloated face purple with the unusual cold.

I am astonished to see the latter politely raise his high glazed hat to *Madame* before he lights his cigarette at the tiny jet of gas, and then to notice the exchange of civilities,—the "*Merci, Madame*" and the "*Bon jour, M'sieu,*"—as he opens the door to depart.

It is getting late in the day and the *café* is becoming uncomfortably full of people who take an *aperitif* before dinner : men in wide bow-shaped trousers, working men and small shop-keepers, who look at me politely but with evident curiosity. I think that *Madame* has whispered to one or two that the stranger is an American, for they appear to regard me with friendliness. But I am a foreigner and feel I am a restraint upon their conversation; so, making my bow to *Madame*, I am again jostling with the crowd on the busy streets.

This evening my promenade extended to the banks of the Seine, and while I leaned over the stone parapet and idly watched the dark current of the river, a thousand lights began to twinkle and glimmer in the reddish-gray atmosphere, and then hundreds more, until my entire surroundings flashed and sparkled with miniature stars. Then, low down in the firmament hung the yellow moon

and it seemed strange and artificial amid the queer French environment. Had I burst into poetry, it must have been in the *langue français* because it seemed to me like a different



creation from the plain old moon of my boyhood days. A different moon, but by no means a better, a dearer, or a more beautiful, object than when it appeared to me, as it tipped the rippling waters of the broad Susquehanna, and clothed each dark islet with a silvery robe of mystery and enchantment. *Ah! oui.* But it is not characteristic of the French people to look mournfully into the past. I never hear a Parisian expressing

himself in the language of, "it might have been." His proud nature scorns to reveal the agony of loss, or the anguish of remorse. If he feels these emotions he never speaks of them. "But are you *never* sad?" I asked of a native who by his genial manners and evident culture appeared to me the best fitted to answer the question. "Sometimes, *to myself*," he replied in broken English, and it seemed to me to be all sufficient, and truly Parisian.

From my corner in the Rue St. Honoré I watched the celebration of "*Réveillon*" on the night before Christmas. Only in Paris is the day ushered in with such joyous and noisy ceremony. Early in the evening the streets and the principal boulevards began to fill with excited men and women, good-naturedly jostling each other from the sidewalk even to the middle of the pavement.

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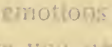

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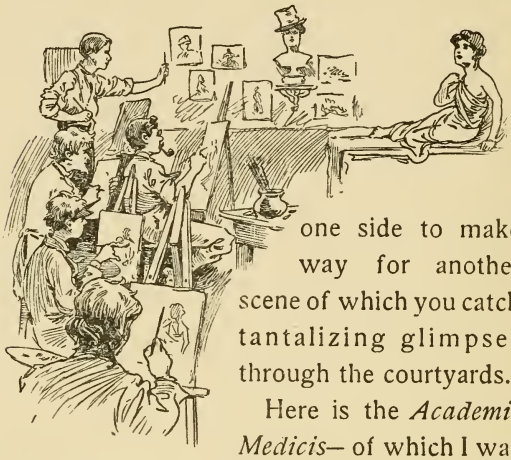
Those who found seats outside of the

cafés were fortunate and they held them with a tenacity born of experience, for *Réveillon* lasts all night.

From midnight until nearly dawn there was a universal demand for *boudin* and there was much feasting and merriment. The more serious-minded attended services at the churches during the midnight hour. Here high mass was celebrated, and delightful music announced the advent of *Noél*.

Over in the Quartier Latin there is a narrow winding street called the Rue de Dragon. The sidewalk is so narrow that there is scarcely room for one pedestrian to pass another. On both sides of the street are old-fashioned *boutiques* or small shops, *cafés*, and restaurants. A general view of the street gives one the impression of being in a theatre, and one expects to see the curtain fall over a quaint and charming bit of scenery, or to see the houses suddenly shifted to



one side to make way for another scene of which you catch tantalizing glimpses through the courtyards.

Here is the *Academie Medicis*— of which I was duly elected an honorary member, upon the payment of an entrance fee consisting of a varied assortment of drinks, the names and origins of which "no man knoweth." The *personnel* of the class was as varied and foreign as the drinks; but I was impressed with the fact that other nationalities were more in evidence than the French. The few who were there were very young—and very noisy. They did most of the talking and

singing, while the others worked. One enters the *Academie* across a roughly paved courtyard. A swinging door on the first floor admits one to a large *atelier* in which perhaps thirty or forty students of all ages and nationalities are working from daylight to darkness. Some of the more ambitious work also at night.

During my first visit I was fortunate to enter the room unobserved by the class, and, removing my hat—a very necessary action which one is cautioned to take by a prominent notice in four languages—I took a humble seat against the wall and quietly absorbed the atmosphere of which I had heard so much said, both for and against it. I was in a large, very dirty room lighted by slanting sky-lights in the roof. Around the walls there hung a nondescript collection of crude half-finished paintings—invariably of the nude—all bearing evidence of hasty, slovenly work, but each one possessing some feature of skill which if properly and patiently

trained might have produced better results. There were other rude pictures on the walls which can only be described as indecent. Two slight *barrières*,—single rails laid on posts about three feet high—divided the room into three classes. In the centre of one, on a small elevated platform, stood the female model—the most uncommonly ugly creature that I have ever seen. She was entirely nude and posed in hour periods with intervals of fifteen minutes for rest. When I looked at her, I forgave the artists for their ill-digested work that appeared on the walls.

There was another dream which had a painful awakening in the famous Quartier Latin. Who has not heard of the *grisette?* a fascinating creature, all smiles and bows, a bewitching, irresponsible, coquettish little person, full of airs and graces, of dimples and laughter. Who has not seen her foot—on canvas—her dainty ankle, and the encircling *frou-frou* of her skirts?

Away with the thought! There is no such person in Paris. Day by day I haunt the *academies* in quest of the type *grisette* and my student friends tell me that to-morrow, and again to-morrow eve shall see a specimen of this *rara avis*. Once they assured me that a genuine type of the genus Trilby was safely caged in a certain studio, and thither I went to see—a flat-chested, unkempt child of the streets; brazen and ignorant, unwashed and disgusting.

Great artists come from these places, no doubt, in much the same manner as an exquisite flower will grow from rotten soil. I can explain it in no other way.

There are a great many cases where this kind of soil produces more weeds than

flowers. Paris is full of artistic weeds: men and women who toil all day, and half of the night, in the laborious effort of trying to make "a silk purse out of a sow's ear." If these misguided male enthusiasts would devote one-half of their so-called genius—a word, by the way, that has been defined as "the indefinite power of taking pains" or the power of taking indefinite pains,—to the less glorious but the more certain labor of digging a garden with a short handled spade they would be known by the fruits of their toil, and not by the squalor of their surroundings. The female artistic weeds in the Latin Quarter are even more numerous than the male variety. They are to be seen everywhere, and are of all kinds and conditions. There is the young and clinging, the

teary-eyed and imaginative creature who worships, afar off, the lofty and unattainable; and there is the solid and grimly-determined woman of middle age with enough concentrated energy—bottled up, like a storage battery—to conquer fate at every encounter.

From one point of view, it is fortunate that these women have chosen this kind of life rather than the old-fashioned, dull, monotony called housekeeping; from the men's point of view, who might have been their husbands, it may be called Providential.

These men, who would be better employed in cultivating the soil, and these women who would, with proper training, make good dressmakers or milliners, are constantly using the word "Bohemian." This term, like a mantle, covers such a multitude of sins and uncleanliness, that it is best not to lift it and expose the ugliness beneath.

If a man wears baggy corduroy trousers,

and a flannel shirt which he changes once a month, and if he lives in a dirty garret which the most wretched in America would hesitate to occupy, his mode of living is called Bohemian. If a woman lives in the same manner—excepting the shirt and trousers—she can adopt the same excuse for her degeneracy.

But there are many grades of Bohemia. The most elevated and advanced condition is to live in a bedroom, and wash the dishes in the bath-tub!

Accursed be he who invented "*Table d'hote!*" I first came under its baneful influence in England—merrie England!—but my digestion was unimpaired, and a healthy stomach wrestled with the torment in such a vigorous American way that, like Christian, I passed by unharmed. But the dragon held me fast in Paris—beautiful Paris—where the horny claws of *Table d'hote* are buried so

deeply in the bowels of the nation that nothing can save it from a lingering and miserable end.

It is sad to contemplate the ravages made amongst the Latin races by this frightful habit of *Table d'hote.* In Italy it has depopulated cities, decimated villages, and ruined

the country. Hollow-cheeked Venetians, calm in their misery and hopeless in the chains of a habit which has totally enslaved them, whispered to me a tale of woe which aroused my indignation and claimed my profound pity. "It was the English tourist," they said, "who first brought this curse upon our country"—and a far-away look of cold-

storage indigestion swept across their fine Italian noses—and other features,—"or was it the Greeks"—and then they would subside into a profound lethargy while the waiters changed their plates and gave them double sets of knives, forks, and spoons for the eighth course of their never-ending dinner. It was bad in Italy. It is still worse in France, for here the cunning ingenuity of a race of gourmands finds ample scope in the exercise of a passion before which all other human emotions sink into complete oblivion.

This monstrosity of appetite, this nightmare of feasts, begins with a collection of leather and marble dishes,—covered with sauces made of various colored paints,—called *Hors d'œuvres.* In the preparation of these dishes the stomach of an ostrich is first examined to ascertain what kind of food remains in it undigested, and this food is carefully removed and fried for several days in sour *vin ordinaire* until it looks like mud. It is then mixed with burnt leather and marble

dust, and thickened with iron filings. A light coating of ready-mixed paint of various colors tempts the unwary to taste these soul-destroyers and then—oh! my suffering body! —the dreadful habit begins. How shall I describe the slow, long-drawn-out interval preceding the tablespoonful of watery soup, —served in enormous stone cold dishes,— followed by an interminable period of time during which one stares in stony silence at his opposite neighbor,—for hours and hours —until a tormenting shadow of relief comes in the shape of a small portion of green beans. Then ages of time and a rattle of dishes, knives and forks prefacing a course of green peas. And so on and so forth, until the weary end comes at last and the waiters cease from troubling while the travelers are at rest.

Everywhere in Paris, at all hours of the day and night, and upon every occasion, can

be heard the blowing of horns. With Americans the impulse to make a noise finds vent and expression in the ringing of bells and the clanging of gongs, but here the horn is almost universal. The conductor blew a horn to start the engine that brought us to Paris from Boulogne. Women with horns stood at every road crossing along the entire route. Horns are used on the tram-cars; horns on the busses; horns on the automobiles, on the bicycles, on the fire engines, all tooting, tooting, tooting, from early morn till dewy eve. There is something infantile about it, something childish and silly it seemed to me, and yet I don't know that the ringing of bells and the clanging of gongs is any better. The Chinese, I believe, originated both of these for destroying repose, and imperiling the soul.

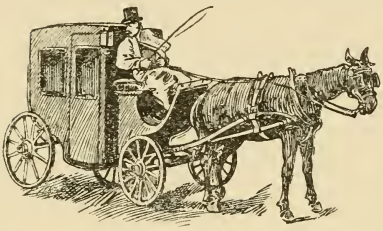
Of the fifteen thousand cab drivers in Paris, I made the acquaintance of but one. His stand is on the Avenue d'Antin and his

number is 9999. It was his number that first attracted me toward him; for, I thought, if there is any luck in odd numbers four nines must have a large share. For one franc, fifty centimes, No. 9999 will take me to any part of Paris, inside of the fortifications, while for two francs he is my obedient *cocher* and will drive me during an entire hour wherever I would go.

There is a law which limits the charges made by cab drivers, but No. 9999 and I have a mutual understanding that quarter hours, and even halves, do not count in the final settlement, if I desire to dream a little over an old book-stall, or wish the horse to go no faster than a walk through the narrow streets of the Quartier Latin.

We are great friends,—we three: the tall *cocher* with his bronzed face and small light-colored, sandy moustache; the wiry little black horse with a chopped-off tail; and myself. The *cocher* wears a brown overcoat with a big circular cape, that flaps in the

wind like the wings of an immense bird. On his head is a tall stove-pipe hat, made of glazed oil-cloth, and his feet, clothed with woolen stockings, fit loosely in two great wooden *sabots.*



When I come around the corner of the Avenue d'Antin the little black horse catches the first sight of me, and throws up his head, champs his bit, and looks friendly all over his poor little body. I never before realized how much expression is contained in a horse's face, and especially in the face of a horse which has suffered. This creature with its bones protruding from every inch of its anatomy,—an old "skate" of a horse,—would recognize me as soon as I turned the corner; and I imagined, at times, that he would think, in his horse way: "Here

comes Easymark. Thank God! it will be a walk-over for me this morning." Then I would go up to him and look into his great sorrowful brown eyes, while I stroked the tip of his velvety soft nose. "Poor horse, poor old fellow," I would say. "And *you*, also, are one of the army of cripples!" I had imagined that it was only women and occasionally men who could hug sorrow and suffering so closely to their hearts that it became part of them and, forever afterward, shone through their eyes. I remember, on an occasion like this, the embarrassed, shame-faced manner in which I cautioned Pierre, the *cocher*, to drive slowly; saying that I was not in a hurry and that I would pay him by the hour. The admonition was unnecessary for never was there a driver so careful of his beast.

If we stopped for only a few moments, the little horse was carefully covered with the well-worn and frayed blanket, while Pierre would pace up and down on the cold

sidewalk, his wooden shoes clicking at each step like castinets.

While we three were good friends and had a great many things in common, we were, each one, by nature and circumstances, totally unlike.

There was no sign of suffering about Pierre. He was one of those healthy individuals with a smile that disclosed firm white teeth, and an expression of good-nature on his features which attracted a steady run of customers into his shabby old *voiture.* The poor little black horse was going all the time, from morning till evening, and that is the reason why its bones protruded and also why it became more sad and leg-weary, until finally one day it died, and I never saw the sad brown eyes again. Pierre's good-natured disposition had killed it!

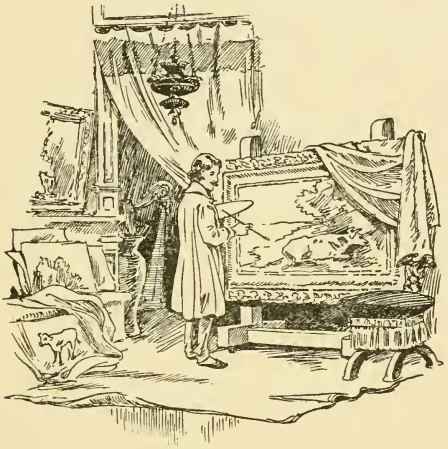
I don't like the new horse that No. 9999 has. He is a big, long-legged sorrel with a vicious red eye and he has the pride of a

horse of the Garde Municipal. Ill-temper and a wicked disposition are discernible in every movement of his body. I am not afraid of him, because he is a coward and shies at every turn and shadow on the road. He would not have the courage to run away, with Pierre on the box, but he is full of conceit and "cussedness," and I fear that it will tax Pierre's good-nature to the utmost limit to retain his customers. Our drives are no longer the placid, dreamy wanderings they used to be. This ungainly brute of a horse destroys all chances of reverie. From the moment we start until our return the beast seems to be hunting trouble. He generally finds it, on the slippery pavements of Paris, and it takes all of Pierre's good-

nature and ingenuity, and most of my patience, to get him on his feet again. There, too, when he falls down, he kicks and struggles, like a wild ass at the end of a rope, so that none dare go near him. At first I used to assist Pierre when these accidents occurred but the experience became so embarrassing by reason of the crowd of onlookers—all offering their pity and suggestions—that now I usually slink into the nearest café and pretend that it is no concern of mine.

The days are becoming more bearable. We have had three months of cloudy weather and incessant rains, but now the sun will, occasionally, break through the clouds. The temptation is therefore great to go afoot, and in my rambles to get closer to the earth and the people. The grass is becoming green along the broad sweep of the Champs Elysées, and the spouting fountains in the circles are no longer incrusted with

ice. I spent an hour to-day in the studio of a French artist. He is a painter, the son and the grandson of a painter. They were all born under the same roof in which is located



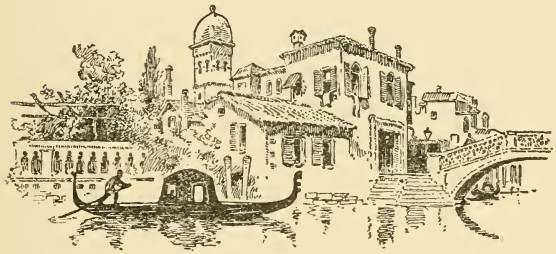
the studio and therefore I had the opportunity of conversing with one "to the manner born."

The studio was located on the sixth floor of a roomy old-fashioned house, and it taxed my heart and lungs to accomplish the task of

climbing the apparently interminable stairs to it. Once inside, however, I was amply repaid for my labor, for the room was full of costly collections of paintings and curios, from little nothings and bits of color to the housings of a Venetian gondola which stood in the centre of the room in all its pristine ugliness.

I shall never forget the acute feeling of disgust and disappointment which came over me when I took my first gondola ride in Venice. It began at the Railroad Station at the upper end of the Grand Canal and ended at the Grand Hotel. Our gondolier, habited as much like a New York stevedore as though they were brothers—he wore a very much soiled blue flannel shirt, nondescript trousers, tucked in his boots, and broken suspenders—led us to his black hearse-like boat and, with much poling and sculling, took us through the vilest, worst smelling sewer—one of the smaller branch

canals, foul with floating garbage and worse —for nearly a mile, until we again entered the Grand Canal and proceeded to our destination. We were not allowed to land, however, until this pirate of a gondolier had



extorted from us a substantial gratuity in addition to his regular fare.

Oh! the dreams of our youth all silently fled. This canal, this reeking sluice and pool of corruption, is spanned by the "Bridge of Sighs" and its poisonous flood stains the walls of the "Doge's Palace!"

In those boyhood years I owned a few books and one in particular I treasured because it contained numerous softly lined

plates, engravings of Venice, beautiful Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic. In later years I added another book to my library by Howells, and I used to dream over the page:—

"The slumberous bells murmur to each other in the lagoons: the white sail faints into the white distance; the gondola slides athwart the sheeted silver of the bay——" I dreamed and longed to see Venice.

When I awoke the sun was shining pitilessly overhead and I was standing on the stone-paved Piazza of St. Mark's in the heart of Venice. Not a tree or a plant of any kind; no green shrub or flower tempered the merciless stoniness of the place. There, at one end of the square, was the gaudy façade of the Cathedral, and on both sides the arching arcades.

A few hundred tourists of all nationalities drifted aimlessly back and forth across this

stony waste, and some English girls were feeding a flock of tame pigeons. Then, I turned again, with an enlightened vision, to "Venetian Life" and read, with a clearer understanding, the soul's cry of the author:—

"As I remember, we spent by far the greater part of our time in going to the Piazza. We went every evening to the Piazza as a matter of course: if the morning was long we went to the Piazza: if we did not know what to do in the afternoon, we went to the Piazza: if we had friends with us we went to the Piazza. If we were alone we went to the Piazza ——"

Then, while I pitied him for the sufferings that he had endured, I was in a measure

comforted for I knew that Howells had been punished.

My friend, the French painter, is a gentleman of culture and refinement, but I am surprised to find how narrow is his horizon, and with what a carefully cultivated shortsightedness he views the outside world and the United States in particular.

He has traveled in Italy and Spain in search of the romantic and the picturesque, and his studio is filled with sweet little "bits" of meadow lands, with cows; rivulets, with cows; hillsides, with cows; and occasionally a barnyard full of cows. When I asked him why he did not extend his travels across the ocean, and go to the United States for his scenic studies, he at once became *blasé sur tout* and assumed a lofty condescension. He had been everywhere. What could he find in the States excepting a vast wilderness? and pictures of vast wildernesses would not sell in

Paris! No doubt he is still painting meadows and streamlets, and dear little "bits" of cozy-corner scenery—to sell to rich Americans.

I don't blame him. He takes his cue from the hundreds of American artists who are "abroad" every year, doing the same thing. I ran across one at Nice, one hot day last month. Carrying a camp-stool, he had walked about two miles out on the road to Ville-Franche, to paint a picture of a very modern and ordinary-looking villa.

I looked over his shoulder and saw nothing in his study that would localize the scene, nothing different from a dozen similar villas

which one sees every day in the suburbs of any large American city. But he will catalogue that painting "On the Road to Ville-Franche," or some similar foreign title, and Americans will bid for it until the price is sufficiently high to pay his expenses "abroad."

These "bits" of things tire me; they are so scrappy. They are generally produced by artists who imagine that they have genius and who never did a day's hard work in their entire lives. If that artist on the road to Ville-Franche had turned his back toward the rear end of that very commonplace looking villa, and gazed out, over the harbor of Nice at sunset, he would have viewed a scene that is worth a whole season's painting—a scene that is worth while.

On my return from my friend's studio, or *atelier* as it is called here, I came suddenly upon a mournful procession, the like of which can be seen every day in the streets of

Paris,—a funeral. In this final ceremony the French people can teach much to the careless Americans. It is always more or less of a shock to me, at home, to see the indifferent, hustling way in which one's friends are hurried along the streets to the cemetery. I have frequently observed the free-born American driver of a carriage forming one of a funeral procession with his feet up on the dashboard and a cigar or a pipe in his mouth. A feeble attempt is made to dignify his bearing by putting on his head an antiquated high hat: but the effect is more ridiculous than seemly.

Here, the *cortège* is marked by a decent observance of formalities, both by the drivers and the attendants. A distinctive garment or regalia is worn by the men; and the horses are caparisoned in fitting cloths indicative of mourning.

Not only the attendants and the mourners pay respect to the dead, but the street traffic is stopped, and the pedestrian stands on the

sidewalk with uncovered head, until the sad little company has passed him.

It was not always so in Paris. In the sixteenth century one reads that "the dead were buried wherever it pleased the survivors to lay them. If you had a bit of garden or a courtyard attached to your house, you might make that your private burial-ground: if you had none, you might dig up six feet of the public thoroughfare; or, if it were a better solace to give your dead the shelter of the dwelling he had been used to, there was nothing to prevent you from bestowing him in the cellar.

"The era of burial in churches or in cemeteries came with the finding of a treatise by St. Augustine, in which the Father maintained that the dead derived much satisfaction and benefit from interment in the shadow of some sacred building, or in the near neighborhood of bones renowned for their sanctity. Hereupon, every one sought to be buried, if not beneath the flagstones of his favorite church, at least within its pious umbra: and so the cemetry grew up around the more famous temples of Paris."

As the funeral procession passed me, I began to wonder by what route the poor dead body would reach its final resting-place; for in this particular there is a wide range of selection governed in most instances by the amount of earthly goods which it possessed when its spirit departed. If these were sufficiently numerous the *cortège* might take the road to Père Lachaise where "all the tombs are hideous, all have exactly the same charac-

teristics, and the chief of these is weight;" where "it is as if every family tried to pile as much stone, granite or marble as possible upon their lost relatives." If the corpse is the body of a poor man, his relatives can, for 500 francs, purchase a space of twenty-two and a half feet—square feet—not quite four feet by six feet, called a *concession à perpétuité*, in which to dig a grave, that will remain undisturbed—until a new boulevard is built. One hundred and fifty francs is paid for a *concession temporaire*, which provides that the grave shall be undisturbed for a period of ten years.

Père Lachaise, was the Jesuit Superior in the time of Louis XIV, and the land now occupied by the cemetery formerly belonged to his order. It was sold and converted into a public cemetery in 1804.

"*Le Père Lachaise, à la bonne heure! être enterré au Père Lachaise, c'est comme avoir les meubles en acajou. L'élégance se reconnaît là.*"

On the other side,—outside the city walls, at St. Ouen and Ivry,—the very poor are buried gratuitously and are laid in *Fosses Communes,* containing forty or fifty coffins each.

It is comforting to think that the rich in Père Lachaise with their *meubles en acajou* and the poor in Ivry laid in the *Fosses Communes* know nothing, feel nothing, care nothing, one way or the other.

For a city that is supposed to be given up to playfulness and gaiety, a city that amuses itself by day and by night, I have yet to see a place where there are so few idlers. In Paris, industry is a religion. There is no squalor or slums, no such frightful contrasts as between the rich who live on Fifth Avenue in New York, and the poor who live in the "east side" tenements. The nervous energy of the French is never exhausted in ceaseless endeavor. They seem to have a passion for

occupation, for work of some kind. I have never seen the type "loafer" in Paris. The inane creature who hangs around street corners, staring at passing women and chewing tobacco, belongs to the English and the American cities. In even the poorest quarters of Paris there is constant activity and movement. The men are always at work and so are the women. The *bonne* watching her infant charge in the public gardens is always knitting. The nearest approach to a loafer is the red-legged soldier who is her constant attendant. I can forgive this fellow his idle hours for I know that his lines are laid in rough places and that his discipline is severe. He is only a boy—this member of the Garde Nationale—and, boy-like, he is always in evidence. One can see

him in the gardens, in the streets, in the omnibuses and street cars; one tumbles over him on every corner, at all hours of the day and night. He is like the historic yellow dog at a circus, chased from one side of the ring to the other. Some day he will join his brother Jacques and turn on his masters with bristling teeth—as the yellow dog has been known to do,—and then Jacques will upset his cart in the middle of the street—to help in the formation of a barricade—and he will take off his collar and play, roughly, for awhile,—until he is coaxed back into harness.

I like to know what Frenchmen think of Paris. We have the ideas of the English and the Irish, who generally take themselves too seriously; and we also have the rosy vaporings of immature youths who conceive Paris to be an immense merry-go-round, a vast pleasure-house filled with cheap fun and concert saloons.

There is more or less of this sort of thing

in summer—too much, in fact. Paris in July turns itself loose because the fashionable and the exclusive are no longer in evidence. At this time of the year "all Paris" is sea-bathing, "all Paris" is watering. The *habitués* of first night orchestra chairs, have heard the mandate to pack their baggage. The well known residents of the boulevards and most of the official set have left the city. Perhaps three or four thousand in "all Paris" have gone. That leaves a boisterous remnant of probably three million souls who are determined to make the best of it!

A member of the "can't-get-away" club laments:—"If only our poor city had the monopoly of, it makes no difference what, drink; of a specific so odious and so hurtful that it imbibes to exist, as saith Geoffroy in the *Panache*, of 'a water that stinks,' whatever it be, they would come there from one end of the world to the other, and what a wonderful watering place we would have here, without being condemned to live in those lit-

tle wooden boxes, imprisoned between two mountains, broiled by a pitiless sun, or at some little seaside resort, where one listens regularly, twice a day to the cornet soloist who plays the variations on Hayden! What mortals!

"Even at this period condemned by the chronical elegant, one is not wearied, there is not yet too many in Paris, and the evening passes at least as easily as at some unimportant town on the coast of Normandy.

"Toward seven o'clock one goes to dine at Ambassadeur's. Down below, on the platform of the Champs Elysées, the serious stomachs; up above, on the terraces, the gay stomachs. One chooses without hesitation the terraces.

"The little tables, pressing closely one against the other bring together unexpected neighbors. One finds there, almost daily, what we call the pleasure-seeking public.

"A few of all in this public, who meet at every moment, are known to one another by name. They are never out of one another's sight for twenty-four hours since they follow, step by step, the restaurants, concerts, reunions of every kind which to them are indicative of the Parisian god which is called,—Fête.

"There are within, there, the sons of families and of comedians out of employment, the gentlemen of great houses and the jobber in chestnuts, the short story writer and the scion of a noble name; an intermingling of all the singular types, special fruits of the boulevard, who live dear, who love dear and who play dear, without having any well defined revenue or profession.

"As a background to the picture, several of

these good strangers—there they are, the rich foreigners!—the correctly dressed Englishman in his everlasting gray suit, the American all sparkling with jewelry, because there is one thing remarkable, and that is, when the Parisian pretends to leave Paris, the foreigners enter there. Most of these gentlemanly exotics understand nothing of the merry jests which are repeated below but still they applaud boldly, while they accompany,—with loud laughter, and noisy clicking of knife on plate,—keeping time to the refrains of a polka de Fahrbach!"

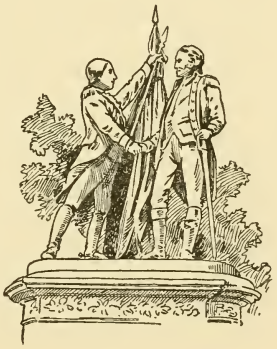
It is well to see ourselves as Frenchmen see us. It is the better way to learn about France

through French authors. Taine says:—"To find a people with a grand and complete literature is rare: there are few nations who have, during their whole existence, really thought and written. Among the ancients, the Latin literature was worth nothing at the outset, then it borrowed and became imitative. Among the moderns, German literature does not exist for nearly two centuries —1550 to 1750; Italian literature and Spanish literature end at the middle of the seventeenth century. Only ancient Greece, modern France and England, offer a complete series of great significant monuments."

From the beginning the French writers have moulded history and events with a force more powerful than the belching of cannon or musketry. The incisive attacks, on the church and nobles by the French authors,—made toward the close of the eighteenth century—cut deeper than the swords of the National Guard. Such writers

as Voltaire, Didérot, Montesquieu, Rousseau, D'Alembert, all contributed in an extraordinary degree toward the calling together of the States General, the formation of the National Assembly and the subsequent Revolution.

How many Americans know that Lafayette was chosen first Captain of the National Guard? How many realize the fact that the French nation was suffering from the crushing evils of arbitrary and unfair taxation from which they revolted almost simultaneously with the American Colonies? How many remember the fact that in seventeen hundred and eighty-nine was inaugu-



rated our first President, George Washington?

Seventeen hundred and eighty-nine—the year that "ushers in all modern thought, life and action,"—the year in which the Bastille was stormed and destroyed, and Paris was in the hands of the people!

From my corner in the café, in the Rue St. Honoré, I watch the people, the courteous good-natured French people, and I want to shake hands with them, and call them brothers—when I think of the year 1789. And then a flood of thought comes over me, and I mentally shrink from contact with natures that are at times so amiable, so cat-like, so ferocious.

"On Friday, July 17th, the king—Louis XVI—set out from Versailles, at nine o'clock in the morning. His guard was composed only of the *bourgeois* militia of Versailles. The National Assembly went to meet His Majesty before the hall, and the deputation

appointed to accompany him prepared to follow. A very considerable number of the members of the Assembly, consulting only their zeal and fidelity, came to increase still more the *cortége*, and weakened a little the lively alarm with which the queen and the royal family were tormented. This alarm was doubtless very natural: no one could think without shuddering of the dangers the king ran, carried by his confidence and love for his people into the midst of a mad multitude, stained with so many crimes, and already accustomed to blood."

And then Bertrand de Moleville adds: "Even its joy was so ferocious." He knew his countrymen only too well.

"The Horse-guards led the way: they were followed by the French guards, preceded by the cannons and the flag of the Bastille; the members of the Assembly, filing off two and two, and forming a double column, followed, and after them the infantry of the *bourgeois* militia. A numer-

ous detachment of volunteer cavalry preceded M. de la Fayette, who, as commander, was on horseback in the middle of the *cortége*, with a naked sword in his hand. The Paris guards, the band of the town-guard, the fish-women, clothed in white, adorned with ribbons of the colors of the national cockade, and carrying in their hands flowers and branches of laurel, took part in this escort up to the king's carriage.

Louis XVI

"The king was received at the barrier of the Conference by the municipal body. M. Bailly as mayor, performing the functions of provost, presented the keys of the town to His Majesty in a silver bason, and addressed this speech to him:—

"'Sire,—I bring Your Majesty the keys of your good town of Paris; they are the same as were presented to Henry IV; he had reconquered his people; here, it is the people who have reconquered their king.

Your Majesty comes to rejoice in the peace that you have reëstablished in your capital; you come to rejoice in the love of your faithful subjects; it is for their happiness that Your Majesty has assembled around you the representatives of the nation, and that, with them, you are about to occupy yourself in laying the foundations of liberty and public prosperity. What a memorable day is this, when Your Majesty has come to preside in person in the midst of this united family, when you have been led back to your palace by the whole National Assembly, guarded by the representatives of the nation thronged by an immense multitude!

"'Sire, neither your people, nor Your Majesty, will ever forget this great day: it is the grandest of the monarchy: it is the epoch of an august and eternal alliance between the monarch and the people. I have seen this grand day: and, as if all happiness were made for me, the first duty of the office to which the vote of my fellow-citizens has ap-

pointed me is to bear to you the expression of their respect and love.'"

The velvet paw of the Parisian tiger was caressing its victim. Its devilish insincerity was so manifest that the king was nearly overcome with grief. De Moleville says:—

"The sadness that so revolting a reception produced in the heart of this unhappy monarch was depicted on his countenance in so touching a manner, that no one could look at him without emotion."

When the king departed from Paris "the Parisians, beside themselves with gratitude and love, were not contented with surrounding the king's carriage; they climbed up in crowds behind, on the coachman's seat, on the steps, and even on the top. Still some cries of 'Long live the Nation and Liberty!' were heard. But the cries of 'Long live our King, our Friend, our Father!' were a thousand times more numerous."

These playful Parisian children could not

contain themselves for joy; they bubbled over with happiness and innocent merriment.

Barante gives us the sequel: "Such a story can have no other historian than the only witness who has survived for a long succession of miseries. 'We found my father—the king—much changed. He wept over us from grief, but not from fear of death; he described his trial to my mother, excusing the ruffians who were causing his death, . . . he replied: "Farewell!" He pronounced this farewell in such a touching tone that the sobs increased and Madame Royale fainted at the king's feet. He pressed them again to his heart, and tore himself from their embraces. "Farewell! farewell!" he said, as he returned to his room. "Ah, monsieur, what an interview," said he, as he met the Abbé Edgeworth. "Why must I love so much, and be so tenderly loved?" . . . The morning after the king exclaimed, "My God, how happy I am

in having preserved my religion. What should I be now without it? With it death seems sweet to me. Yes, there is an incorruptible Judge on high, who will grant me the justice that men refuse me here below." . . . The day began to dawn; they heard the drums beat to call the men to arms. "It is doubtless the National Guard assembling," said the king. Soon he distinguished the feet of horses in the court. "They are coming near," he said, with the same composure. . . . At nine o'clock the doors were opened with a great noise: Santerre entered, followed by a numerous train. "You come for me?" said the king. "Yes," replied Santerre. . . . The day was foggy, dark, and cold: a gloomy silence reigned as the carriage passed along. The shops were closed; nobody appeared at the windows. The king was reading the prayers for the dying.'"

An hour later the Parisian tiger was lapping the blood of its latest victim.

With the story of the unfortunate Louis XVI crowding my memory, I visited the palace of Versailles, which was his constant abode until he was taken to Paris, and stood in the bed-chamber in which M. de Brézé came to announce the refusal of the deputies to disperse, and the memorable words of Mirabeau, "We are here by the will of the people, and we will disperse only at the point of the bayonet." Adjoining the bed-chamber is the little ante-chamber where Louis XVI and his queen Marie Antoinette used to dine in public on Sundays. "The public dinner was an old tradition of the French court. The people had the privilege of strolling through the palace pretty much as they pleased at the dinner hour, and of staring at majesty as it fed. The custom was a nuisance or otherwise, according to the view that majesty might take." Marie Antoinette, often as she dined in public, de-

Mirabeau

tested it cordially, and ate but a mouthful until she had retired to her own apartments.

"Anybody decently dressed was allowed in," says Madame Campan, "and at dinner-time you would find the stairs crowded with honest folk, who, when they had seen the Dauphine eat her soup, would go to watch the princes at their *bouilli*, and then hurry off to see *mesdames* at dessert. It is a spectacle which particularly delights the country cousin."

"Casanova was a privileged spectator on an occasion when the queen dined alone. As she took her seat, a dozen courtiers ranged themselves in a semicircle some ten paces from the table. Her Majesty ate with her eyes fixed on her plate, and took no notice of any one until a dish was brought on which seemed to please her. Then she looked up for a moment, and glanced around the circle, apparently seeking some one to whom she might communicate her satisfaction. Presently she found him and said:

"'M. de Lowenthal!'

"A very grand-looking man stepped from the circle, bowed, and said:

"'Madame?'

"'I believe, Monsieur,' said Her Majesty, 'that this is a fricassée of chicken.'

"'I believe so, Your Majesty.'

Marie Antoinette

"This response uttered in the gravest tone imaginable, M. de Lowenthal stepped backward into the circle, and the queen finished her dinner without another word." Was it any wonder that this young queen broke loose occasionally from such intolerable stupidity and, after the manner of her sex, pretended to more gaiety than she was permitted to enjoy.

What was the cause of the French Revolution? In the "Story of a Peasant," Erckmann-Chatrain makes Chauvel say:—

"In 1789 France was divided into three orders—the nobility, the clergy, and the people, or the Third Estate. The first two orders possessed all the property, all the benefices, and all the honors, and you, the last order—a hundred times more numerous than both the others together—you had all the expenses and all the distress; you can recollect what you endured in those times; the taxes which weighed you down, the outrages you had to suffer, and the horrors of famine which reduced you to despair."

I wish to remember all of that; to paste it in my mental scrap-book, to refer to, occasionally, when I find myself getting maudlin over the last hours of kings and queens, princes and nobles.

The thought occurs to me at such times it was fortunate for George III of England that three thousand miles of the stormy Atlantic Ocean rolled between him and the American "rebels," during the year of grace 1782. That was a turbulent period for "the peo-

ple" on both sides of the globe, and the taste for kingly blood became omnivorous. That was the time when the spirit of liberty in France drew close to its affinity independence in America—when Mercy and Truth kissed each other, and friendship first began.

I desire to be on good terms with the English people. I should like to forget the abominable and revolting features of the war in which they ravaged us by the use of mercenaries and Indians. The "young giant of the West," as Bismarck called us, can afford to forgive a past injustice, but may we cease to be a nation of freemen when we forget the time "the French Government recognized the United States as an independent nation;" when, "by a treaty offensive and defensive, the two nations bound themselves to fight together for that independence, neither to conclude a separate peace."

I grew eloquent as we discussed this subject in the corner of a café, opposite the Gare Montparnesse. What a curious company we were. How oddly assorted. An Englishman, an Australian, a German freethinker, a French *artiste*, an ex-cowboy from our own breezy plains, a man from Ohio, and a dreamer from Philadelphia.

The Australian with his colonial fidelity to Great Britain asserted that England was involved in four wars at the same time, and that the French Government simply revenged itself on England by lending us money and supplies. The Englishman thought so too, but the German freethinker was most exasperating when he lighted a cigarette, and, bending over the little table, puffed the smoke in my face, and asked me if I knew that there was a map still in existence, on which the representatives of Spain and France had marked our western boundary at —Pittsburg!

The Frenchman politely shrugged his

shoulders. "*Mon Dieu!* we did not want ze countree. It is too many miles afar off——"

I urged him to go on.

"M. Lafayette put ze M. Cornwallis in ze *cul-de-sac* at Yorktown, all vis ze Frenchman *soldats;* and ven he come out by ze vater he could not, for ze Frenchman ships, vis M. De Grasse, he vas in ze *riviére Saint Jacques —Hein!*"

We all laughed. The cowboy grasped the *artiste* by the hand with a grip that made him wince.

"You're damned right!" he said, cordially. "I remember reading about that,—out on the ranch. Let me think for a moment. It was in a geography book, or history, or something!"

In my heart I think that Benjamin Franklin landed in France when the time was propitious, a time when Paris was ready for a new sensation. In those days "the name of a

man was a recommendation. In these days success depends upon the names of things."

Franklin

Franklin, the American politician, scientific discoverer, and author, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, became popular in much the same fashion as did Mesmer a few years later. For a period of time the Parisians were captivated by the genial old man, of whom Madame de Crégny said: "That which I saw most remarkable in him was his mode of eating eggs. He emptied five or six into a goblet, mingling salt, pepper and butter, and thus made a *joli ragoût philadelphique.* He cut with his knife the pieces of melon he wished to eat; and he bit the asparagus, in place of cutting off the point with his knife on the plate, and eating it properly with a fork. You perceive it was the mode of a savage!" Rich and poor alike lived in an atmosphere *à la* Frank-

lin, which the French Government was in a measure compelled to breathe also. The result was an imposing "Treaty of Peace," signed, for England, by David Hartley, and, for the United States, by John Adams, B. Franklin, and John Jay.

This was "Done at Paris this third day of September. In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three."

Then Paris was ready for the next sensation. "They had lost all interest in questions of national import, and a new opera was to them of more moment than a treaty of peace with England or the recognition of the independence of the United States. War had formerly been a serious occupation for the French people; but now the only war in which they were engaged was in America, where the people fought for what they called 'independence,' and what the French call by the more abstract word 'liberty.' And even

this distant war—this war carried on not only in another country, but in another world—had come to an end. All things considered, was it not better worth while to give attention to Mesmer—that German doctor,

Mesmer

who, for the second time within six years, created an excitement in France—than to Lord Cornwallis or Monsieur Washington who were so far away that probably the people of Paris would never see either of them? Mesmer was there; they could see him, touch him, and—supreme ambition of three quarters of Paris—could be touched by him.

"And so this man, who on his arrival in Paris had not been sustained by any one, not even by the queen, his compatriot, who aided so willingly those who came from her country; this man, who but for Doctor Deslon who betrayed him would have remained in obscurity,—this man reigned supremely over public opinion, leaving far

behind the king, of whom the public had never talked, Monsieur de Lafayette, of whom they did not yet talk, and Monsieur Necker, of whom they talked no longer."

I closed the book impatiently, and blew out the light of my tallow candle. "Bah! Friendship indeed!" I muttered from beneath my ample bed-coverings, "Franklinism and Mesmerism! Suppose that the latter had arrived first in Paris. Then Franklin would have been too late, the American Revolution might have failed! Think of it. If Franklin had not reached Paris ahead of Doctor Mesmer we might all have been born British 'subjects'—like the Canadians!"

I pass by the Tomb of Napoleon day by day, and seldom enter it. The place is so profoundly depressing and my spirit is so antagonistic to the memory of the departed

"genius" that I hesitate and pause on the threshold of the old church.

At the entrance to the crypt is a bronze door, above which, on a tablet, is the following extract from Napoleon's will: "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

I recall the remark of the Irish author: "The very *thing* that nearly ruined her,"—and am silent.

From the sunny side of the Hotel des Invalides I can lazily view the majestic edifice with its wide frontage and enormous gilded dome: and I feel that the French people whom Napoleon said he "loved so well," have been very generous and forgiving.

I do not know a subject on which the usually talkative French people—at least all I have met—are so uniformly and studiously silent. The present generation of those whom Napoleon designated as "crack-brained Royalists" are equally reserved

as are the descendants of the "Jacobins." I understand that under the Restoration the words Emperor, Empire, and Bonaparte were no longer uttered in good society, but France is now a Republic and men can talk freely. To be sure, there is a regular army of from forty to fifty thousand troops within easy distance of Paris, that can be called upon in case the talking becomes too strenuous,—but one never thinks of that.

The sun shines brightly to-day and the air is fresh and invigorating. Across the broad square are passing vehicles of every description. A corporal's guard of soldiers comes marching down the avenue at a quickstep. They are exercising in the genial warmth of the rare sunshine. Just opposite, in solemn state, rest the ashes of Napoleon!

I can see him through the eyes of Madame de Rémusat. "Low statured and ill pro-

portioned. Thin chestnut hair. Eyes of grayish blue. Skin a dead white without any color. Mouth thin-lipped. Teeth regular. Chin short and his jaws heavy and square.

Napoleon

"In his youth he was a dreamer; later in life he became moody, and later still an habitually ill-tempered man. He was deficient in education and manners. He did not know how either to enter or to leave a room: he did not know how to make a bow, how to rise, or how to sit down. He had an habitual slight stoop."

That was Napoleon Bonaparte the man.

"At a fête given by the city of Paris to Napoleon the Emperor, the repertory of laudatory inscriptions being exhausted, a brilliant device was resorted to. Over the throne which he was to occupy were placed

the following words from the Holy Scriptures, in letters of gold:

"'I AM THAT I AM,'

and no one seemed to be scandalized!"

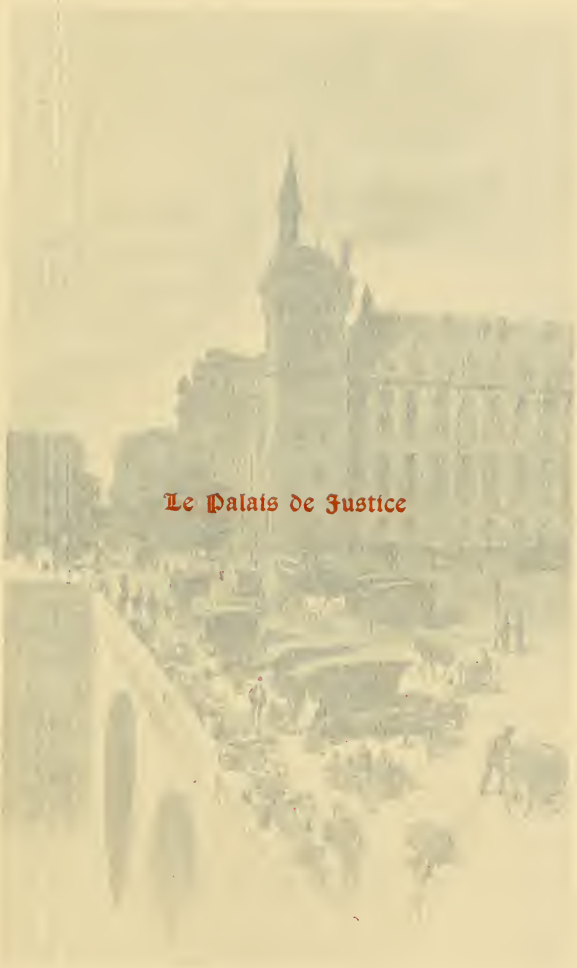
To-day my promenade took me through the Jardin des Tuileries and I tried to rebuild the palace in my imagination; but a crowd of youths at play jostled and surged around me, under the direction of a mild-looking tutor, and I continued across the bridge and along the banks of the Seine. A cold north wind was blowing and I noticed two old book-lovers intently absorbed over a purchase

from the book-stalls. Further down the river I crossed again and stood in front of Notre Dame.

The old pile was dreary and deserted, and I was benumbed with the cold, but I had an object in visiting Notre Dame, this second of December; for on this day—nearly one hundred years ago—and at this same hour the coronation of Napoleon took place.

Even the weather to-day is as it was then, "cold, but dry and bright," and I can imagine the Christian fortitude of the Pope, who had preceded the emperor by several hours, and who sat in the penetrating cold of Notre Dame awaiting his arrival. I was in the atmosphere of the place and absorbed the local coloring until my teeth chattered and warning twinges of rheumatism interfered with the pleasure of my day-dream.

It is so much easier and more comfortable to read of events from the vantage ground of one's own library that I often wonder



Le Palais de Justice

from the book-stalls. Further down the river I crossed again and stood in front of Notre Dame.

The old pile was dreary and deserted, and I was benumbed with the cold, but I had an object in visiting Notre Dame this second of December; for on this day—nearly one hundred years ago—and at this same hour the coronation of Napoleon took place.

Even the weather to-day is as it was then, cold, but dry [illegible] and I can imagine the Christian fortitude of the Pope who had preceded the emperor by several hours, and who sat in the penetrating cold of Notre Dame awaiting his arrival. I was in the atmosphere of the place and absorbed the local coloring until my teeth chattered and warning twinges of rheumatism interfered with the pleasure of my day-dream.

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what demon of unrest compelled me to wander three thousand miles away from it. These thoughts possessed me as I stood in front of Notre Dame and gazed down the street anxiously expecting the emperor's carriage.

"It was a magnificent affair—it had seven glasses and was gorgeously gilded—and in it were the Emperor with his wife and his two brothers Joseph and Louis." It was followed by other carriages containing the "court" that had been created by "Citizen Bonaparte." "There was no lack of shouting as the *cortége* proceeded at a foot-pace to Notre Dame; and, although the acclamations of the people had not that ring of enthusiasm which a sovereign jealous of his people's love longs to recognize, they suffice to gratify the vanity of a haughty master, but one who was not sensitive."

We are told by an eye-witness that Napoleon wore "a French coat of red velvet

embroidered in gold, a white sash, a short cloak sewn with bees, a plumed hat turned up in front with a diamond buckle, and the collar of the Legion of Honor in diamonds."

"On his arrival at Notre Dame the emperor entered the archiepiscopal palace, and there assumed his robes of state made of purple velvet sewn with golden bees. They seemed almost to crush him : his slight frame collapsed under the enormous mantle of ermine. A simple laurel wreath of gold, like that of the Cæsars, encircled his head ; he looked like an antique medallion, but he was extremely pale and genuinely affected. The expression of his countenance was stern and somewhat distressed."

On the corner opposite is a small café and I entered it to obtain something hot ; the cold was most penetrating.

It was a very little room, barely large enough to accommodate four or five persons comfortably. A diminutive counter faced

me, as I entered the door, and behind that sat the always present "Madame," who presided over the establishment. At a table in the corner were four men who were smoking cigarettes and sipping a weak solution of peppermint. There was barely room for me to open the door and squeeze my bulky form between the counter and the table.

I wanted a glass of whiskey but I knew at a glance that there was none in the place. One can obtain that stimulant only at the most pretentious cafés of the boulevards,—and even there the raw Canadian stuff is generally offered for American whiskey.

I often wondered where the Canadians secured a market for their whiskey, and found it in France and Italy. It is always sold under the enticing sign, "American Bar." I advise my countrymen to beware of all such.

I found myself facing madame and vainly searching the labels on the rows of bottles behind her for some familiar brand. There was nothing in sight but Benedictine, and for

five sous she filled for me a glass somewhat larger than a thimble. It was sweet and spicy, but not particularly invigorating, and I went away feeling as though I had taken a spoonful of medicated syrup.

Returning to Notre Dame I entered the door and waving aside the officious little English guide I dropped a handful of coppers into the emaciated hand of an old priest, and moved on into the shadow of one of the ancient pillars.

They say that the coronation ceremony was grand and impressive.

"A general movement of admiration was noticeable at the moment when the empress was crowned. She was so unaffected, so graceful, as she advanced toward the altar; she knelt down with such simple elegance, that all eyes were delighted with the picture she presented."

I walked over to the central isle and stood on the exact spot where Josephine had knelt.

"When she had to walk from the altar to the throne, there was a slight altercation with her sisters-in-law, who carried her mantle with such an ill grace that I observed at one moment the new-made empress could not advance a step. The emperor perceived this, and spoke a few short sharp words to his sisters, which speedily brought them to reason.

"During the ceremony, the Pope bore an air of resignation of a noble sort, the result of his own will, and for a purpose of great utility.

"It was between two and three o'clock when the *cortége* left Notre Dame, and we did not reach the Tuileries until the short December day had closed in."

At the same hour, on the same day of the

month but nearly a hundred years afterward, I followed the route taken by the *cortége* back to the Tuileries, and from there to the lofty height of my little room in the Rue la Boëtie.

The first idea was that the Pope should place the diadem upon the head of the emperor: but Bonaparte refused to receive the crown from any hand but his own, and uttered on that occasion the sentence which Mme. de Staël has quoted in her work: "I found the crown of France upon the ground, and I picked it up."

Mme. de Staël

Last night, while I was still breathing the Napoleonic atmosphere I picked up a book by the authors Erckmann-Chatrain and read about the "poor devils from Mayence! poor generals of the army of the North, of the

Sambre and the Meuse, of the Rhine and the Moselle, of the Pyrenees, of La Vendée, of everywhere, how many actions, how many battles did you fight in '92, '93, '94, '95 under much more serious and more terribly dangerous circumstances than those fought in Italy! But, nevertheless, it was you, yes, and all of us, who might boast of having saved the country several times by having saved it through the greatest sufferings, without coats, without shoes, almost without bread, and not one among us, not one of our leaders, brave, steadfast and honest as they were, ever received a thousandth part of the honors bestowed upon Bonaparte. The country had no worship, no enthusiasm but for one man. It is not enough to do one's duty, the great affair is to call out, and to make a hundred gazettes call out—'I have done this! I have done that! I said so and so! I am such a one!

Kléber

I am the clever man! It is I who send you colors, millions, pictures, etc.!' And then a list is made out of what has been sent of guns and trophies: and then again to repeat to one's soldiers, 'You are the finest soldiers in the world!' which of course makes men add mentally, 'And you the greatest general.' Ah, what a comedy it all is!—the big drum, the fifes, gold lace and plumes, fine means to catch Frenchmen."

Jourdan

My stump of a candle spluttered feebly and went out. Perforce I closed the book and fell asleep humming the lines:

I am the Captain of the Pinafore.

Chorus: And a right good captain too.

You're very, very good and be it understood, I command a right good crew.

Chorus: We're very, very good and be it understood, he commands a right good crew.

"Bonaparte always filled the newspapers! He was a man who well knew what it was to advertise! With his solitary Italian campaign he made more stir than all our other generals together, with their campaigns of the North, the South, of Germany, Champagne Vendée, and Holland, since the beginning of the Revolution."

Hoche

"Glory was to be found under the Republic when Jourdan, Hoche, Kléber, and Marceau sacrificed themselves with thousands of others for liberty, equality, and fraternity. They asked neither for titles, nor decorations, nor great pensions, nor gratifications."

Marceau

I will extend my promenade to-day to the Place des Invalides and take another look at Napoleon's tomb—from the outside.

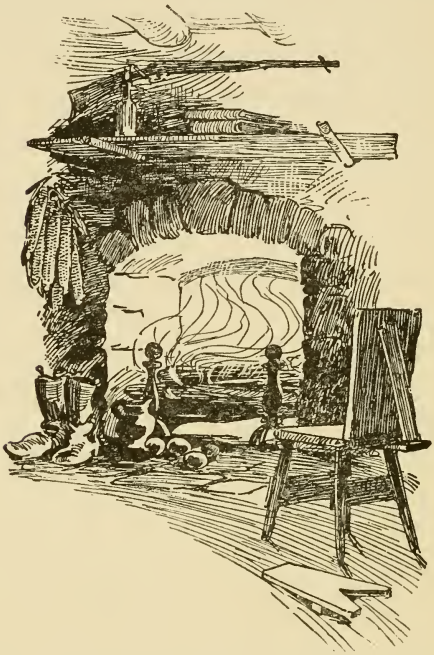
In the evening I began to read the conclusion of the whole matter.

"I must bring this long story to an end. I pass over the peace of Amiens, which was only a suspension of arms, as was every peace under Bonaparte: over the concordat, where the First Consul reëstablished bishops, religious orders, taxes for the church, everything that the Revolution had abolished, and which was worth, to him, his coronation by Pie VII at Paris. Then he really believed himself Charlemagne! Nor will we mention the terrible struggle between France and England, in which Bonaparte, in trying to ruin England, reduced us all, us and our allies, to the greatest distress; nor of the battles which followed one another, week after week, without ever ending; nor of the Te Deums for Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, the Moskowa, etc. Napoleon Bonaparte was master; he took two or three hundred thousand men every year; he returned to our former conscriptions, he levied taxes, estab-

lished monopolies, made proclamations, calling us 'his people!' he wrote articles for the newspapers, issued decrees from the depths of Russia to organize the Théâtre-Français—in fact, it was one great comedy!"

There seems to be an unwritten law in Paris that all fires must be extinguished before one retires for the night. No one dreams of keeping a fire alive over night and this custom often deprives me of the enjoyment of those dreamy hours around midnight when the household settles down to slumber. Have I performed a generous action during the day, it is then that my approving conscience gently urges me to renewed benevolence. Has a thought of the mysterious Being filled my anxious soul, distracting my mind with ceaseless questioning, it is then that the veil is partly drawn aside, and on my knees I can thank Him for the Hope that is within me. Or have I been unjust, or

done an injury to one of my fellow mortals, the grief is less poignant, my remorse less



keen under the softening glow of a midnight fire.

In Paris I am deprived of these hours, by

my landlady, who leaves me a bare shovelful of coal, which is all consumed before ten o'clock. There is then nothing to do but to go to bed and keep warm, or to sit brooding over a cold fireplace, which is death to all manner of cheerfulness.

In the morning I finished my book on Napoleon.

"You know the end of it all—how all people, indignant at being plundered, fell on us together—Russians, Germans, English, Swedes, Italians, and Spaniards,—and that we were obliged to disgorge pictures, provinces, and crowns, with an indemnity of a *milliard*, or a thousand millions. These people held garrisons among us, they remained in our fortresses till we had paid up the last centime; they took all the conquests of the Republic away from us—these were real conquests: Austria and Prussia had attacked us unjustly: we had conquered them, and

the Austrian possessions in the Low Countries, and all the left bank of the Rhine, had become French by treaty. Well, they took these from us too, the best of our conquests; that is what the genius of Bonaparte had done for us."

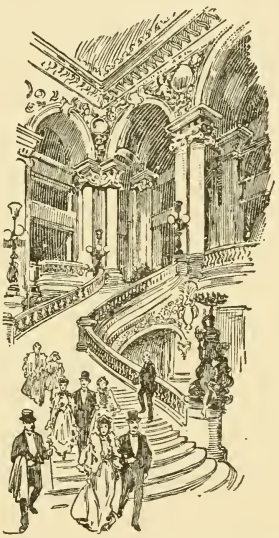
In the afternoon I passed by the tomb of Napoleon, again, and the thought came to my mind that if I was a Frenchman, and a citizen of the present-day Republic, I should be glad that Napoleon Bonaparte was dead.

Requiescat in pace.

Parisians take one thing seriously; the magnificent opera. All streets lead to the Place de l'Opéra. The present building as recent as 1875, from designs of Charles Garnier is truly sumptuous and is above adverse criticism. The grand staircase of marble arrests the wandering eyes of the merest

dreamer, by its imposing and stately magnificence, and compels his attention.

Into the corridors of this superb structure I wandered aimlessly one morning, and found myself in line before the ticket window. A *gendarme* took charge of me at this point and observing my evident struggles with the idiomatic French and the idiotic old woman who presided over the box office affairs, he kindly purchased for me the very worst seat in the whole building. It was on the extreme right of the second *galerie*, and in the rear of a box already occupied by three others who had secured the front



seats. I could see nothing but the backs of my companions and a confused mass of faces in the opposite rows of seats.

The opera rendered was "Delilah," and as the music rose in its entrancing harmony I forgot my uncomfortable quarters in the exquisite melody.

At the first opportunity, however, during an intermission I determined to change my seat, and right here is where I ran against the unbending front of French officialdom.

The house was not full and there were many vacant seats on the first floor. Toward one of these I cast a covetous eye and began my attack by regular approaches. First I bribed the woman usher who had charge of my box. She introduced me to the favorable notice of the "special," we should call him —the man in charge of the lobby, who in turn escorted me to the floor below and introduced me—for a consideration—to the gentlemanly usher on that floor; and so on by easy descending grades of stairways, but with in-

creasing dignity and importance on the part of the ushers, until I stood in the presence of the man who I imagined by a single nod of his head could change my seat of misery into a throne of happiness. To him I poured out my tale of disappointment; and he listened with the air of a wise physician who knows that it is not good for the child, but who is willing to humor him.

It cost me two francs to find that this dignitary was only a thirty-second degree usher and that I had not, as yet, reached the director. By this time I had a following of attendants equally imposing as those who followed the ancient senators, when they went to an official audience. It had already cost me so much silver that I felt a wild spirit of reckless extravagance come over me as I approached the great Finality.

"There is but one seat in the house," remarked His Excellency,—and I held my breath as he added—"on the first floor;" that monsieur could have for the trifling difference

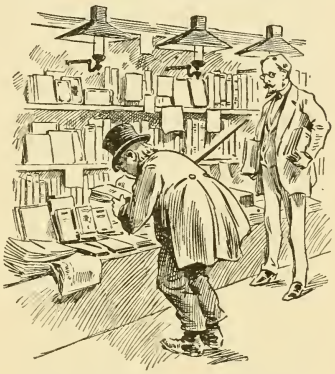
in cost between that and the one monsieur had purchased.

I have since learned that this is the usual formula and that it is generally most effective. With me it was contrariwise. I plunged ahead in a whirl of financial abandon and soon found myself sitting at the feet of the very elect—on a *strapoutin*, or bracket-seat hung to one of the end seats!

I know what that change cost me, but I shan't mention it. For weeks I have been haunting the cheap restaurants conducting my perigrinations on foot. By economizing in other directions I hope to restore that nice equilibrium between expenditure and income the disturbance of which is madness.

I would as soon fish in a well regulated aquarium, and catch the fat and lazy imprisoned goldfish, as to buy books at the Odéon book-stalls. There is no sport in either effort. The familiar names of modern French

writers are ranged in endless rows of their works,—generally in sets—resplendent in coverings of purple and fine linen. There is none of the excitement of the search for lost treasures in the Odéon. It has the appearance of a market; and the keen-visaged stall owners know to the last sous the exact value of each book or pamphlet. They watch one from the corners of their eyes and resent any examination or handling of their wares. They even tie the books with strings—to prevent the idle and curious from opening them.



I felt like asking the sharp-nosed fellow, who was watching me, to please give me a pound of Hugo, one-half a pound of Daudet, a yard of Halévy and one quart of Dumas!

They appear to handle books, at the Odéon stalls, like meat and groceries, or dry goods at retail.

Near by is the Musée de Luxembourg which receives such works of living artists as are acquired by the government. From the Luxembourg the works of each artist are removed to the Louvre ten years after his death. One can dream over the beautiful paintings and marbles, without let or hindrance. But it is in the Gardens of the Luxembourg that the clouds of reverie envelop and make sad the heart of a dreamer. I am in the shadow of the old Palace of the Luxembourg built by Marie de Medicis. It is still winter although according to the French calendar we should have spring. The sun is shining brightly, but the trees are bare of leaves, and the graveled walks are wet and soggy. A man and woman have chosen the driest and barest spot in the garden for their Punch and Judy

show, and a group of half-frozen children with their nurses are shivering with cold and nervous excitement, on the outer edge of the rope barrier, waiting for the performance to commence. I have selected the most sheltered spot I can find, to absorb the heat from the sun's rays, and recall the Pitti Palace in Florence, where Marie de Medicis was born,—because I am told that the old Palace of the Luxembourg was designed in a style which was intended to convey a reminiscence of the Florentine Palazzo Pitti.

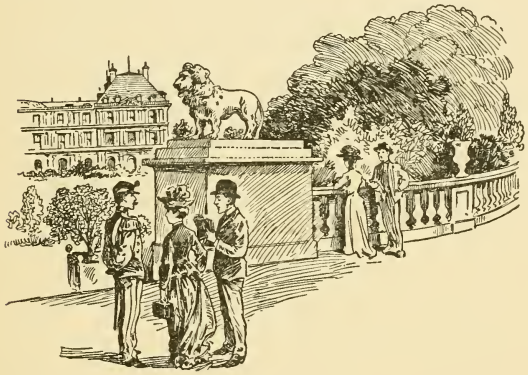
It was only the other day, so to speak, that I wandered through the Pitti Palace in Florence, and I am almost ashamed to confess that the works of Raphael and Titian, of Velasquez and Murillo, had no such charm for me as I derived from my imagination, while idly gazing from a window that overlooked the River Arno. The canvas was but a dead thing, and I soon tired of the seemingly endless five hundred or more master-pieces covering yards of it upon the walls; but there was the river, itself, the same River Arno.

And the Medicis who gazed upon it from this very window! I could think of them, and bring them back, in my imagination, so that they became real and I was in their midst and was one of them.

Although I know it is pure paganism and contrary to all the rules governing a polite education, nevertheless I am restless, and find myself growing irritable, whenever I hear the name of Michael (pronounced "Mickle") Angelo.

One can have too much even of the old masters.

The shrill screams of laughter, from the direction of the Punch and Judy show, remind me that I am still in the Garden of the Luxembourg.



I am in the company of marble statues of Marguerite de Valois, of Sainte Clotilde, of Joan of Arc and Marie Stuart, of Sainte Geneviève—and a real Punch and Judy show!

And then I remember the Luxembourg as a prison, during the Reign of Terror;—a

prison that contained amongst others the Vicomte de Beauharnais and his wife Josephine, afterward Empress of the French.

Where I am now standing, under the benign influence of the sun's warming rays, the people used to come in 1793, and stand for hours "in the hope of being able to have a last sight of their friends, when they were allowed to show themselves at the windows."

"*De quoi se plaignent donc, ces damnés aristocrates? Nous les logeons dans les châteaux royaux!*"

Of what, indeed? the miserable grumblers. Happiness enough for them to dwell for even so brief a period in the house of royalty. It must have been depressing, however, to hear the paid scoundrel who paced to and fro under their windows calling in a sepulchral voice:

"*La liste des soixante ou quatre-vingts gagnants à la loterie de la sainte guillotine!*"

But where are the children? I have stayed

too long in this damp old garden. The twinges of cold are racking my extremities, and I shall have to pay for an hour's indulgence in March sunshine with several days of prudence, indoors.

My landlady does not think much of the Aristocracy, judging by the contemptuous toss of her head, the upward shrug of her shoulders, and the glance of her beady black eyes, whenever I speak of the marquis who occupies the first floor of our apartment house. I was congratulating her upon having so distinguished a lodger, when she informed me that she would much prefer renting all her rooms to Americans.

"But, why?" I naturally enquired.

"Ah! monsieur, Americans are all rich." She rolled her eyes coquettishly, and rubbed her hands together with such unction that it made me shiver. I expect to have trouble with that woman before she will let me

leave her house. It's an easy matter to rent apartments in Paris, but to go away from them is an entirely different experience. Supposing that you have the courage, first of all, to say that you contemplate leaving, it will require much greater bravery to face the innumerable charges that will be made against you before your moving has been concluded. An exact and minute account has been kept of the daily condition of your room and contents, a missing tumbler, or candle from the mantelpiece, a scratch on the wall paper, a loose leg in a chair, a knob broken from the bureau, an old bottle from the closet, a dilapidated whisk-broom, or feather duster. Things which you never knew were in the room are now missing and to be accounted for in francs and centimes.

The day preceding the one fixed for my departure my landlady arrived, early in the morning, and proceeded to check off from an inventory the various articles which furnished my room. The *bonne* accompanied

her and the pair went through the list with a detailed accuracy that filled me with wonder and dismay. They counted the rungs in the chairs, and the legs on each table. I think that they checked off each tack in the carpet, and each flower pattern on the wall paper.

The result to her seemed appalling. I had lost, broken, or stolen:—

One lamp chimney. I remember the night when I had risked the lamp, and had fallen asleep and nearly suffocated with the smoke from that rickety old *petrole* burner.

Three glass tumblers. Oh, yes! that was on New Year's Eve. I had a few Americans "celebrating" in my room.

Two colored candles. "I won't pay for those," I said, "if you sue me,"—but the old lady did not understand a word of English, and kept grimly at work on her inventory.

One worsted tassel. "But, madame," I pleaded, "what under the seven stars which composed the constellation at my birth, what"—I implored her—"could an honor-

able gentleman find in his heart that would tempt him to steal a worsted tassel!" The dignity of my reproach, uttered in the choicest interlined French, seemed to touch my landlady for a moment as she stood, arms akimbo.

"Ah, monsieur," she replied, "it was there. It is now no more." She shrugged her shoulders and pointed with a pathetic gesture of loss to a short string which dangled limply from the edge of a much faded curtain. Then she smiled again; and I knew that her heart was hardened, and that she would not let me go.

What is this subtle fascination that permeates the air of Paris, and insinuates itself into one's inmost soul? What mysterious and occult forces are at work in our unknown surroundings, in the movement of which the pagan goddess Isis seems to rule? Isis, "the universal mother nature, mistress of all

elements, first-born of the ages, supreme of goddesses, queen of names, ruler of the gods, sole manifestation of all gods and goddesses, whose glance makes awful silence in the shining heights of heaven, in the depths of the sea, and of the world beneath, whose unchanging being is worshipped under many forms, with many rites, and under various names, as mother of the gods, as the Cecropian Minerva, Paphian Venus, Dictynnian Diana, Stygian Proserpina, the ancient goddess Ceres, as Juno, Bellona, Hecate, Rhammesia"—but whose true name is Queen Isis.

With arms extended across a stone parapet I hold fast to the solid earth while my soul takes wing and soars to the feet of Isis. "I am that which is, has been, and shall be. My veil no one has lifted. The fruit I bore was the sun."

Beneath me the dark waters of the Seine flow silently through the city, the city of Julian who here erected an altar to Isis,—the

favorite goddess of the Parisians. The twinkling stars of the dark firmament above me meet the thousands of the city's lights and are lost in numbers. I can imagine the sacred ship of Isis, launched from the shore of the Ile de la Cité in memory of the goddess who sought in the sea the body of her spouse. In the arms of Paris, and in old carvings is the ship of Isis. "Pagan Paris believed in Isis, Christian Paris continued to believe in her even after her temple had been razed to the ground to make way for the cathedral of Notre Dame: for as late as the reign of Louis XIII a statue of Isis was worshipped by the old women in the church of Saint Germain des Prés until one day the Bishop of Meaux, Guillaume Briçonnet, caused the idol to be broken in the public street, and a red cross to be erected, in token of wrath and of purification —*La Croix Rouge*—which has remained in the street nomenclature of modern Paris."

For the moment I am at the feet of Isis. I

eagerly inhale the breeze that fills my lungs with the mystery, the witchery, the fascination of Pagan Paris. Beneath my feet flows the treacherous river whose lurking depths conceal the unknown. Above, are the stars, the everlasting stars, and beyond are the lights of the city.

Perhaps the spirit of Isis still moves on the surface of this dangerous river, still hovers over and mingles with those eternal stars and the midnight lights. Perhaps that is the mystery, the secret, the inscrutable charm, that envelops Paris, Pagan Paris, the midnight Paris of today.

For Isis was the goddess above all others who represented the feminine, and whether for good or evil it is the feminine that rules Paris. In the service of Isis there must have

been a peculiar attractiveness, a lofty and religious enthusiasm which lay in the denial of feasting and of sensual pleasures. Through expiations and purifications it promised to lead its votaries to sanctification of life, and to a truer perception of the life divine.

Hail! O Isis!—the goddess of the receptive and producing principle in Nature, the goddess of procreation and birth, the goddess who called to herself her select circle of worshipers in a dream—the goddess of the dreamers in Paris.

The French have no equivalent for our word "Home." This is easily demonstrated by taking the soul cry of an exiled American: "Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home" and translating it into French: "*Coin du feu, Coin du feu, joli, jolie Coin du feu,*" which at its best would mean: "Fireside, Fireside, beautiful, beautiful Fireside!" In this equivalent the overpowering, all-pervading at-

mosphere of longing which permeates the word "Home" is condensed and localized into a single spot—into one of innumerable memories. When I dream of Home, it is not of one particular *coin du feu*—although my heart yearns for a certain little den, "a nook that's in a boudoir, out of the way, where one may sit like small Jack Horner, and let the Babel run 'round as it may,"—but through that, and over and around it, there cluster visions of the Schuylkill River winding its peaceful way through a valley of infinite charm and repose. I can feel again the thrill of awakening life when, as a boy, I discovered the first bunch of mountain pinks, along the banks of that river. Then, I knew that the hard, dreary winter had passed, and was gone. Then, I knew that the wild honeysuckles and the daisies, the dandelions and the snapdragons, the buttercups and bluebells, would follow the mountain pinks and that we should soon be in the midst of flowers and of sunshine, of balmy

air and sweet-smelling foliage—of glorious, living summer!

Lazily extended in the shade of some wide-spreading tree, my head upon the lap of Mother Earth—of Isis—I can see through half-closed eyelids the contented kine leisurely chewing their cud, and enjoying the cool waters of the river. Beyond is an island, and on the other side of this mysterious bit of land—for to a boy, what island is not mysterious?—there is a swimming pool whose waters are of more wonderful properties and temperature than any upon the known globe. Not even the *aquæ Gratianæ* of the Romans at Aix-les-Bains, or the waters of Carlsbad can revive my sinking spirits as do the thoughts of that swimming pool in the River Schuylkill.

As the day advances the sun rises higher in the heavens and the fructifying earth warms into life the flowers and fruit, while arising from its surface is a quivering atmosphere, full of the multitudinous *infusoria*

and the *ephemera*. Of the latter Aristotle said: "Those among them which die at eight in the morning die in their youth; those which live to see five in the afternoon, in their old age." With them Time must be indeed precious and still they buzz around in ceaseless enjoyment—those minute atoms of that profound enigma we so flippantly embrace in one little word—Life. They are around me everywhere, but with my human eyes I can see only the larger, and hear the more noisy of the myriads in action. An angular grasshopper jumps across my leg, and looks, comically, proud of the achievement. A heavy honey-bee hangs suspended in the perfumed air above my head—its wings in buzzing action,—and then darts away as I make a pass for it with my old straw hat. It is of the species we call "black head" and no boy will tolerate a black head in such close proximity for a second. For they carry

a "stinger" with the same reckless indifference to its use as did D'Artagnan his sword. But whereas that Gascon adventurer wielded his weapon with an indiscriminate and a joyous hilarity, this busy bee is studiously and offensively intrusive. I know that it "improves each shining hour" and I feel that it resents the presence of the dreamer.

Go to! busy bee. "Gather honey all the day from every open flower." For me the lazy life of the yellow and black butterfly flitting hither and yon over the tall tops of the waving corn.

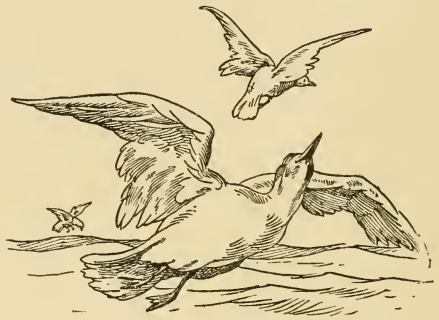
In the evening—the placid, peaceful closing of life—we go home, I and the busy bee. The butterfly is dead. The dancing, vivacious

ephemera are dead, all dead, and the cricket, the locust, and the frogs keep up a mournful requiem, all through the night.

When, in Paris I dream of Home, it is not of one particular *coin du feu* but of all those things that hang in the inmost recesses of the brain; that infinite panorama of joyous moments, the memory of which is a yearning akin to pain.

The sea is between us,—separating the dreamer from his beloved home,—and that thought constantly intruding its ghastly terror upon my mind clouds my understanding and bitters the pleasure of my strange surroundings. I have no love for the sea, and in that respect I am different from most Americans, and more alike to the French.

I remember reading about Cato, who repented of three things: first, of letting a day pass without doing some good; second, of having confided a secret to a woman; third, of having gone in a boat when he might have gone by land. Horace agreed with



Cato, that only madmen would trust themselves to the mercy of the stormy ocean, and it was Byron who thought it the limit of rashness to venture upon the deep, and defy all four of the elements at once. And yet six times have I crossed "the pond" inwardly resolving—as now I do again—that

La Porte Saint-Martin

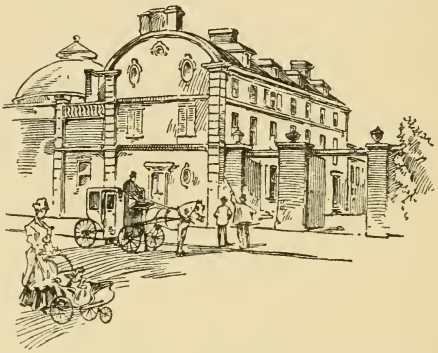
I remember reading about Cato, who repented of three things: that of letting a day pass without doing some good; second of having confided a secret to a woman; third of having gone by a boat when he might have gone by land. Horace agreed with

Cato, that only madmen would trust themselves to the mercy of the storm's caprice, and it was Byron who thought it was [illegible] to address to mortals upon the deep, and beg all four of the [illegible] at once. And yet as often [illegible] I crossed the pond in windy weather—as now I do again—the

nothing shall ever tempt me to undertake another such hazardous adventure. In this respect, Americans are leading all others in their yearly invasion of Paris. To many of them the annual voyage to the French capital is of as little moment as would be a trip to the seashore. A French writer says: "For the American, life is a voyage, the earth is a hostelry: while for the Frenchman, life is an everlasting habit of always doing the same thing. They establish themselves on the earth as if they were never going to leave it."

It was a Chinese *savant* who said: "Pigs are the only true gentlemen, because they do nothing." I feel the grunting satisfaction of the pig in my idleness this bright sunny morning, for I have absolutely no sensation, —on the south side of this wall,—excepting the animal delight of feeling comfortably warm, and of doing nothing. On the north side of my wall is the site of Balzac's former

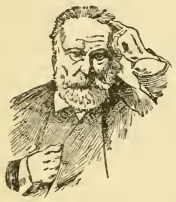
home, and the street into which I have strolled is the Rue Balzac. Pierre, my *cocher*, pronounces it "Bal-*zack*," putting the accent on the last syllable, and at the name my imagination conjures up that giant of



letters who in life had only two desires—"to be famous, and to be loved"; that gentle master "who was never heard to say an evil word of any one."

He reached his desires, poor human; for he was famous and also loved,—and then close upon the fruition of his cherished plans came—Death.

It was right here, just over the garden wall, that Victor Hugo rang the bell of Balzac's door. He had been informed that his friend was dying.



Hugo

"I rang," says Hugo; "the moon was veiled by clouds; the street deserted. No one came. I rang again. The gate opened; a woman came forward, weeping. I gave my name, and was told to enter the *salon*, which was on the ground floor. . . . We passed along a corridor, and up a staircase carpeted in red, and crowded with works of art of all kinds—vases, pictures, statues, paintings, brackets bearing porcelains. I heard a loud and difficult breathing. I was in M. de Balzac's bedroom.

"The bed was in the middle of the room. M. de Balzac lay in it, his head supported by a mound of pillows. His face was purple, almost black. The hair was gray, and cut rather short. His eyes were open and fixed.

His side face was like Napoleon. . . . I raised the coverlet and took Balzac's hand. It was moist with perspiration. I pressed it; he made no answer to the pressure. . . . He died in the night." His premonition of early years written to his friend Dablin had proven true. "I foresee the darkest of destinies for myself; that will be to die when all that now I wish for shall be about to come to me."

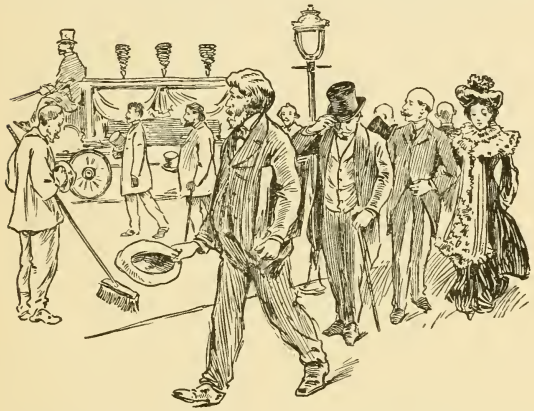
I have written his life's motto across the portals of my heart:

"*All happiness depends on courage and work.*"

Therein lies the secret of living.

"He died in the night," continues Hugo. ". . . The funeral service took place at Saint-Philippe-du-Roule. The procession crossed Paris and went by the way of the boulevards to Père-Lachaise. Rain was falling as we left the church, and when we reached the cemetery. It was one of those days when the heavens seemed to weep. We walked the

whole distance. I was at the head of the coffin on the right, holding one of the silver tassels of the pall. Alexander Dumas was on the other side. . . . When we reached the grave, which was on the brow of the hill, the



crowd was immense. . . . The coffin was lowered into the grave. The priest said a last prayer and I a few words. While I was speaking the sun went down. All Paris lay before me, afar off, in the splendid mists of the sinking orb, the glow of which seemed to fall into the grave at my feet, as the dull

sounds of the sods dropping on the coffin broke in upon my last words."

Hugo, Dumas, and Balzac—these three; but the greatest of these was Balzac.

I pass much of my time in the search for the makers of French literature. From my youth up I have had a more or less hazy

knowledge of the authors who now welcome me from their shelves at the booksellers in Paris. It is my pleasure to become better acquainted with them, and to arrange them in my mind, chronologically.

Joinville

There is Joinville, the historian who reached the age of ninety-five years, and who witnessed the reigns of no fewer than six kings.

Froissart

Froissart, whose writings are more frequently quoted than are those of any other chronicler.

Philippe de Comines, unquestionably the first authority on the history of the times of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, and of King Louis XI. I have him in quaint little 12mo.

Comines

Rabelais, the father of ridicule, a witty and a learned man,—and likewise so bad and profane that the kernels of wisdom in his writings are lost in their rough coverings.

Rabelais

Blaise de Montluc, the cruel old soldier, who became an author at the age of seventy-five. His *Commentaries* was called by Henry IV, "The soldier's breviary."

Montluc

Montaigne, the essayist, and friend of La Boëtie, — the gentle old writer who stoutly refused to believe that all learning began and ended with the so-called classical writers. "Truth and reason are common to all, and are no more proper unto him that spoke them heretofore than unto him that shall speak them hereafter. And it is no

Montaigne

more according to Plato's opinion than to mine since both he and I understand and see alike. The bees do here and there suck this and cull that flower, but afterward they produce the honey which is peculiarly their own; then is it no more thyme or marjoram."

Balzac

Then there was François Malherbe, who might be called a "poet laureate" at the court of Henry IV, and Sully, who is authority for the events that occurred in France from 1570 to 1610.

Sully

Balzac—not the author I have previously mentioned—one of the first members of the French Academy. He wrote *Le Prince* and several volumes of *Letters.*

Patin

Guy Patin, celebrated for his *Letters,* which furnish a

picture of the history of medicine for about fifty years. Guy Patin, "satirical from head to foot."

Mlle. Scudéry

Mademoiselle Scudéry, who began to write her many-volumed romances about the year 1637. There is not much in them either of interest or amusement to my generation, and yet the old lady—she lived to be ninety-four—was called "The Tenth Muse."

La Rochefoucauld, the friend of King Louis XIV. What did he write? Why, one little maxim amongst a lot of others, which in itself is the concentrated essence of wisdom:—

Rochefoucauld

"One is never so happy nor so unhappy as one imagines."

Together with such household words as:

"There is nothing men give so liberally as their advice,"

and the equally common saying:

"There is no fool like an old fool."

Go to! old dreamer. "Few people know how to be old." Remember that, and think not to say, "I am as old as I feel," for there is no truth in such philosophy, and a kittenish old age is foolishness.

Pascal

Pascal, who during his short life of thirty-nine years endured twenty years of pain and suffering. He was a Jansenist and his *Lettres Provinciales*, contain a satirical exposure of the system of the Jesuits.

Bossuet

Bossuet, the "Eagle of Meaux." He was a member of the Academy. Here is an arrow from his quiver. May it reach the vitals of some sneering cynic:—

"Kind actions are the bond of public and private peace. He who acknowledges favors

loves to do them, and, by banishing ingratitude, the pleasure of doing good remains so pure, that it is impossible to be insensible to it any longer."

And old La Bruyère? No one seems to know much about him. By the way, he was not so very old either when he died; about fifty-two. And fifty-two does not seem as old in a man's allotted period as it did thirty years ago—La Bruyère has been in my library every day of that time. I remember the *Caractères.*

Bruyère

"Ruffin is beginning to grow gray; but he is healthy, and his fresh complexion and lively eye promise him still some twenty years of life: he is gay, jovial, familiar, indifferent: he laughs with all his heart, and he laughs all alone, without any reason; he is pleased with himself, his family, his little fortune; he says he is happy. He loses his only son, a very hopeful young man, who

might have been one day the honor of his family; he surrenders to others the trouble of lamenting for him, saying, 'My son is dead; it will kill his mother;' and he is comforted. He has no passions, he has neither friends nor foes, he dislikes nobody, everybody pleases him; everything suits him; he speaks to any one whom he sees for the first time with the same freedom and confidence as he does to those whom he calls his old friends, and he soon imparts to him his puns and his little stories. You may come up to him, and you may leave him without his paying any attention to the fact, and the same story that he has begun to tell to one person he will finish to the person who takes his place."

Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, appeared to me in my quaint little volume of *Les Amours de Télémaque*, which I fished out of the rubbish in the book-stalls along the Seine. The volume cost me five cents; and for some unknown reason I treasure it more

than the beautiful London edition,—extra illustrated, and sumptuously bound in two volumes,—that shines, in gorgeous red morocco, behind the glass doors of my bookcase.

Here is an author who practiced what he preached. Here is a Frenchman whose life was an exemplification of the moral lessons which his works contained.

"The *Telemachus* of Fénélon is distinguished by every ornament which the pen of taste and elegance could bestow on the language of virtue; while it captivates the heart, it improves the understanding."

Fénélon

I shall keep *Telemachus* on the little shelf at my bedside, in neighborly proximity to the *Resolves* of Owen Felltham. A perusal of such writings is, to the sin-laden mind, as refreshing spring water to the feverish body.

Alain René Le Sage! Dear me! I must be a hundred years old; so many things have happened since I became the happy owner of *Gil Blas of Santillane.* And yet it seems but yesterday, for I can smell the apple blossoms, and the fragrant hay; the lilacs that grew against a neighboring wall,—the first to blossom in the awakening spring. There was an old-fashioned garden in a country town, just a plain square enclosure, full of all sorts and varieties of plants and flowers. In the spring the vigorous rhubarb seemed to grow and expand into full leaf in one night, and there was an asparagus bed, surrounded by tangled raspberry bushes; a wonderful growth, a sort of "cut-and-come-again," that required no attention beyond an occasional sprinkling of salt!

Le Sage

Along the fences were astonishing masses of gooseberry and currant bushes; and in the

cool dark corners were clusters of lilies of the valley.

I remember that garden; and here in Paris the memory brings a pang of homesickness, and a feeling of sadness that my soul struggles against in vain.

There is no garden like that one, in Paris.

Where shall I go in this artistic land to find such sweet disorder, such intertwining of fruits and flowers, such entangling foliage?

In a corner of that garden grew an old wide-spreading apple-tree; and far up in its branches I had constructed a comfortable seat. In the depths of that shady retreat I was secure from interruption and there I first met Alain René Le Sage.

Is *Gil Blas* a good book? I will take the answer to that question from Saintsbury: "When a book has actually been read by half-a-dozen successive sets of the inhabitants of the earth, when its most remarkable incidents and characters have become part of the common stock of furniture possessed even

by a very modest housekeeper in things literary, then there is not much reason for questioning the value."

I know little of Montesquieu; of all the French authors he is perhaps the least known to Americans, and yet he had the most varied fortune of all writers of his own or any other age. "Now extolled to the clouds as the master of political science, as the man of genius who had rediscovered the title-deeds of the human race; now denounced as *laudator temporis acti*, the apostle of privilege, and the defender of abuses."

Montesquieu

I have three small volumes of his "Persian Letters" and I must confess that the correspondence that passed between Usbek and his friend Rustan, "at Ispahan, during the second of the moon of Rhamazan," is as uninteresting as that of Usbek, and his

old complaining wife Zachi, or his new one Roxana.

I imagine they are not of interest to me because I dislike the kind of framework upon which is hung scraps of moral reflections and maxims cut from the works of serious writers. I like a play and I often need a sermon, but an indiscriminate mixture of both gives me mental dyspepsia.

I dislike Voltaire. I don't like any of the writers who deliberately attack virtue and the Christian religion. My reason for this is based upon very simple, but to me entirely conclusive, lines: They attempt to destroy and pull down a structure of belief founded upon the best and noblest thought and feelings of humanity, and then these cowardly authors run away!—like thieves or incendiaries.

Voltaire

They maliciously set fire to the Temple and leave it a blackened mass of ruins and desolation. If these pusillanimous cravens could give me something better than that which they take from me, I could find it in my heart to admire their genius.

The "apostle of Epicurean deism" is not welcome to my library. I do not wish to possess any of Voltaire's malevolence or ill-will.

Buffon is gladly received amongst my friends. I know him only through a dilapidated copy of his "Natural History"—a single volume with old wood-cuts, two on a page.

Buffon

I was not much over ten years old when I found that book, and rescued it from the bats and the dusty oblivion of a country garret.

Rousseau

Rousseau, "his strange character, his morbid sensibility, his insane vanity, his shameless depravity, the singular genius and extensive influence of his writings."

Saint Pierre. I know him through the medium of a small book called "Paul and Virginia." I don't want any better introduction. If he had never written his "Voyage à l'Ile de France," or his more famous "Etudes de la Nature," I should admire him for "Paul and Virginia." It sounds almost banal and commonplace to hear a man of years discourse on the beauties of "Robinson Crusoe," of "Rasselas," of "The Epicurean," of "Vattiek," of "Gulliver's Travels," of "The Arabian Nights,"—of "Paul and Virginia."

St. Pierre

And yet, what is there, in life, including the hope of immortality, more keen and soul-absorbing than the memory of childhood?

How thought fills the brain. How tears flood the eyes. How laughter follows close, —before the tear can be dried. Memory!— Grant to me, dear Lord, the spirit of youth so that though my body is worn with the lapse of years and continuous effort, my mind will still be that of a boy.

"It is the natural instinct of the unhappy, to seek to recall visions of happiness by the remembrance of their past pleasures. When I feel tired of my life, when I feel my heart dried up by intercourse with other men I involuntarily turn my head away, and heave a sigh of regret over the past."

Lamartine

Chateaubriand

That is from Chateaubriand, the author of *Le Génie du Christianisme.* He spent some time in the United States, and paid a visit to General Washington. I don't know much about him. I should like to know more.

I have Guizot the statesman and historian, and Lamartine the poet, but nothing by Thiers, who wrote the *History of the French Revolution*—

Guizot

Thiers

which only goes to show the poverty of my collection of French authors, for Thiers was one of the greatest writers of the age.

When I dream of modern French fiction I have a nightmare, and awake thanking Fortune that there is so little of it in my library.

The small amount I possess is, however, so superlatively good, I can understand why there is not more. Like rare bits of gold washed from the muddy stream, or a few exquisite lilies culled from a stagnant pond, my few treasures are more precious when removed from their polluted surroundings.

I like to float in the unused channels of my mind and, with memory for a guide, cruise around the old familiar coves and inlets into the sea of forgetfulness. In these moods I often meet my old friends L'Abbé Constantin and Jean Reynaud, the brave lieutenant of artillery, also Madame Scott and the adorable Bettina. I form part of their company in the Château de Longueval and go with them to *le presbytère* of the old priest where the one room, on the ground floor, served for parlor and dining-room, and communicated directly with the kitchen, by a door

always wide open. I know the old *bonne* Pauline. I can see her at the kitchen window, and hear the lieutenant with his hearty:—

"*Bonjour, ma bonne Pauline, ça va bien? —Tres bien—Je m'occupe de ton dîner— Veux-tu savoir ce que tu auras? De la soupe aux pommes de terre, un gigot et des œufs au lait,—c'est admirable! J'adore tout cela et je meurs de faim.*"

When I would read "L'Abbé Constantin" with my French professor he was wont to describe, most minutely, the various ingredients forming Pauline's "*soupe aux pommes de terre.*" "You take a nice big potato, and slice it so"—It was an object lesson, and he would perform the slicing process with a paper knife. "Then you take carrots, and a turnip, so"—I lost interest at the turnip period—"a few juicy young onions, and some white celery, mixing in, so"—Round went the paper knife and, so vivid was my imagination, I could see the steam hissing

and fuming from under the pot lid, and could even smell the delightful aroma arising from the boiling mess. Added to this it was my lunch hour. I had no other spare time in those days, and I frequently took fifty minutes of French conversation and the remaining ten minutes for a hasty sandwich. I was dying with hunger, and I rushed off to the nearest restaurant for a plate of vegetable soup.

Somehow it never tasted nearly so delicious in the reality as it did in my imagination.

Was there ever a more delightful character in the fiction of any nation than L'Abbé Constantin? When Madame Scott and Bettina poured the gold into his hands for the poor of his parish: —

"*Deux mille francs! deux mille francs pour mes pauvres!*

"*Pauline fit brusquement une nouvelle apparition.*

"*Deux mille francs! deux mille francs!*

"Il paraît, dit le curé, il paraît—Tenez Pauline, serrez cet argent et faites attention. —Elle était bien des choses au logis, la vieille Pauline, servante, cuisinière, pharmacienne trésorière. Ses mains reçurent avec un tremblement respectneux ces deux petits rouleaux d'or qui représentaient tant de misères adoucies, tant de douleurs dimmuées.

"Ce n'est pas tout, monsieur le Curé, dit Madame Scott, je vous donnerai cinq cents francs tous les mois.

"Et je ferai comme ma sœur.

"Mille francs par mois! Mais alors il n'y aura plus de pauvres dans le pays."

When the *curé* receives an invitation to dine at the château he remembers his weakness—sleeping after dinner—and he makes Jean promise, "If you see that I begin to snore, pinch me gently on the arm." Jean makes the promise, but alas:—

"The coffee was served on the terrace in front of the château. One heard afar off the faint sound of the old village clock striking

nine. The fields and woods were sleeping. The lawn appeared to be but undulating wavy lines. The moon slowly emerging shone above the great trees, . . . *L'abbé se perdit dans une trés agréable rêverie: il se retrouvait chez lui: ses idées peu à peu se confondirent et s'embrouillèrent. La rêverie devint de l'engourdissement, l'engourdissement de la somnolence; le désastre fut bientot complet, irréparable, Le curé s'endormit profondément, Ce dîner merveilleux et les deux ou trois verres de vin de Champagne étaient bien pour quelque chose dans la catastrophe.*"

It is not fair to translate a French romance into English—not fair to the author. It loses nearly everything. But I may have readers —nearly every author has a few—and some of mine may not have read Halévy and his "simple anodyne novel," which had such a phenomenal success in Paris and across the Channel. For these I will translate:—

"John had perceived nothing. He had

forgotten the promise made to his godfather. And why had he forgotten? Because Madame Scott and Miss Percival had put their feet on the tabarets placed before their great cushioned wicker chairs. Then they had lazily leaned back and their petticoats had lifted, a little—very little, but enough however to exhibit four little feet. They appeared very shapely, distinct and neat under two pretty fringes of white lace lighted by the moon. John regarded them,—these little feet,—and asked himself the question:—

"'Which are the smallest?'

"They awoke the old *curé*, by singing, first softly and then gradually louder, without offending his dignity."

I should like to have written "L'Abbé Constantin." When it appeared, "Paris gorged with morbid realism and materialism, drank greedily at the pure crystalline well; surprised and gratified to find itself ac-

cessible to idyllic emotions, proud of white-washing its record for ever so brief a time, it made a loud demonstration of candor and innocent enjoyment."

It would be well for Paris if more writers like Halévy would appear; if more Frenchmen would describe the healthy, human being as he is at most times instead of the beast which he is, occasionally. For of all languages and of all peoples the French can portray character with the keenest and the most subtle touch. Witness Daudet. Of his writings I possess all that can be bought,—of Guy de Maupassant and Zola, nothing. If such women exist in this world as some of those created by Maupassant, thank God! I have never seen them—not even in Paris. Anent women, he declared that he would never marry "because it is impossible to foresee what idiocy a woman may induce you to perpetrate"—and no man had such a following of the gentler sex!

I have a few other friends in my library of

modern French fiction—Georges Ohnet, Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrain, and Pierre Loti. I am willing to make room for others of the same class when I can find them.

My exile is drawing to a termination. I find myself peering into the windows of steamship companies, and paying more attention to the chart in my hotel which is placed there every morning for the benefit of those timid ones who are waiting for a "smooth sea" before crossing the Channel. My friends talk of the beauty of summer at Aix-le-Bains, and try to persuade me to spend a month or two at that fashionable watering place—a certain cure for all the ills of the flesh.

I feel that my complaint lies deeper than the waters of Aix. I am becoming morose, peevish, sullen, and reply to their entreaties, "Are not the waters of my own country better, more abundant and life-giving?" They

talk of the dangers of the sea, at this time of the year, and I riddle their arguments with facts and statistics. At night I dream of the mountains and glorious sunsets; of shady lanes and babbling trout streams; of daisies and tiger lilies; of goldenrod and butterflies, and awake—in Paris! Seething, tumultuous, restless Paris! Wicked, artificial, insincere Paris!

My complaint lies deeper than the waters of Aix,—of Carlsbad. There is no cure for it this side of the Atlantic Ocean—I am homesick as a schoolboy.

I went farther than the windows of the steamship office to-day and procured a list of sailings. I must stay a whole week longer.

I leave for Philadelphia in the morning.