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PARIS
GARRET

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PARIS
GARRIET

By
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

With an Introduction by
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



NEW YORK MCMXXXVI
IVES WASHBURN · PUBLISHER

First printing, April, 1936
Second printing, May, 1936

To

WILLIAM T. DEWART

TO WHOM I OWE THE OPPORTUNITY OF
WRITING THE FOLLOWING IMPRESSIONS
OF THE PARIS WE BOTH LOVE;
WITH ADMIRATION AND LONG FRIENDSHIP

PREFACE

THIS book has no settled plan. It is just a book to dip about in, to open anywhere you please. Obviously, it is not for the sophisticated lover of Paris; nor, on the other hand, is it a guide-book for the "innocent abroad"—though it is perhaps rather among such innocents that the writer would class himself. That is, he is of those for whom to live in Paris is a form of romance, something like living in Bagdad or Samarkand. For, Paris, while it is the capital of France, is still more the capital of dreamland. It is a symbolic city, a city not merely made with hands. It is a city where one can live one's everyday life more humanly, more entertainingly, than in any other. But it is more than that. The Holy Roman Emperor Charles V declared that "Paris is not merely a city. It is a world in itself." It is the masterpiece of the created spirit of humanity through the ages. It is a city with a universal, historic soul.

To live in Paris is not merely to live in one's particular day and generation, but to live with a feeling of living too in the exhilarating atmosphere of an ever-present, still animate and animating, Past. So much of the significant history of mankind has been made there, so many of its dreams have been dreamed there, so many men and women who lived greatly, beautifully, terribly, or amusingly, have been its citizens.

Also, Paris is the creation of so many great writers and artists. It is a city that, before we set foot in it, we have

PREFACE

already lived in through books. It is, therefore, only imperfectly inhabited by those who merely eat and sleep, and work and play there, those whose lives are not lived in the imagination as well. For Paris is above all a city of the imagination, and, if one has any imagination to appeal to, Paris cannot fail to appeal to it. It is for such readers that I have written the following desultory impressions of its varied life, past and present.

R. LE G.

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INTRODUCTION

IN his preface, Mr. Le Gallienne is modest enough to say that this volume is not a guide-book. And yet it is. Those who follow him while he rambles about Paris must know more of that delectable city than others not so fortunate as to traipse along. To move with a poet down those old, haunted streets—ah! what a privilege it will be to thousands of us; for we shall be bound to find vistas we may have missed before.

Mr. Le Gallienne's love of Paris is well known. It has come to be almost a sensational "affair" of the spirit which neither the loveliest city in the world nor the dreaming poet has ever wished to conceal. There is an enchantment in the very name by which the world calls the city on the Seine, and no one can utter it without a glow, an ecstasy.

The perfume and the sweetness of it are captured in these beautiful, leisurely pages; but likewise one will find here an old and almost forgotten city, full of vigor and strength, full of a humanity and a romantic history that warm the heart and cause the blood to run faster. I venture to say that no Frenchman could be more passionately fond of Paris than the English author of this living book; for to him, Paris is not, as it is to so many thoughtless visitors, merely a "light woman." To him it is—Home.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

from a
PARIS
GARIBOLDI

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from a
PARIS
GARRET

MY GARRET

A GARRET in Paris. In old Paris, of course, and in a very old street, narrow and winding, and filled with memories. *Au septième*, that is on the seventh floor, as high as one can get, with a practically boundless view of Paris from my numerous windows. This may not be everybody's dream, but many American friends who have climbed up my seven flights of stairs assure me that I am far from alone in dreaming it—and, in my opinion, though they may not know it themselves, Americans are the most romantic people in the world. Their proverbial love of Paris proves it.

Of course, there is more than one Paris. When I say "old Paris" I mean the Paris of the Left Bank, the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg Gardens, the "Boul' Mich'," the Musée de Cluny, Montparnasse, the Paris of the bookstalls on the "quais," of picture and old curiosity shops, of the Mazarin Library and the Odéon Théâtre, of the colleges and art schools, the Paris of scholars and painters, and students of every form of learning, of all the arts and all the sciences. Then there is the Paris of the Right Bank, the Paris of the

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Champs-Élysées, the Rue de Rivoli, the great cosmopolitan hotels, the smart, glittering shops, the "studios" of the great modistes—that is the Paris of the world of fashion, crowned heads—such as are left—millionaires, luxurious women, diamonds and bank accounts.

Though this division of Paris into two cities—the City of Luxury and the City of Learning—is broadly true, it is but a rough generalization indicating the prevailing character and interest of those living on the Right Bank and those living on the Left Bank. Obviously, it must not be taken as suggesting that one Paris is ancient and the other Paris modern. Actually, all Paris is Old Paris. Old streets and old buildings are to be found everywhere, and the history of Paris, need one say, was made as much on the Right Bank as on the Left, not to speak of the Cité, that little island in the Seine where stands Notre-Dame, and where, long before the days of Cæsar, the history of Paris began.

In spite of all her modern buildings, Paris preserves the homogeneity of an old city—as London, for instance, entirely fails to do. The moment we are off the great thoroughfares the streets we enter, however individual houses have been modernized, preserve a general old-world character. They wind about in mediæval fashion, and, with the varying heights of their roofs and gables, make quaint perspectives which some modern monstrosity can interrupt but cannot destroy. The streets still live up to the quaintness of their names, and this has come about from no sentimentality in the French character but from that practical common sense for which it is proverbial.

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The Frenchman—except he be a “communard”—never destroys anything old so long as it, or a portion of it, serves a purpose; and these strongly built old houses, however they may be transformed inside, are thus left standing because it would be a waste of good material and profitless expense to tear them down, probably to build something less strong and less attractive.

Now to return to my own garret. Situated, as I said, in a very ancient street, my roofscape of wavy russet tiles and chimneys stained with all the sepias and ochres and inky corruptions of Time, with here and there the tops of trees vividly emerging like green fountains from hidden gardens, is vast and endlessly various and whimsical. To have stretched out beneath you the roofs and windows, the towers and domes of the most human city in the world, the gayest and the saddest, the sanest and the maddest, the most tragic and most fantastic in its history, is to survey a scene at once strangely restful and exciting.

As Paris is, par excellence, the Symbolic City of human experience, its history may be said, too, to be practically the quintessence of European history; and, therefore, all these roofs and buildings and streets mean something, have a story to tell. Something happened wherever one's eye turns. Nothing is colourless, or without significance. And this is happily true of my garret, for there is little of Paris I cannot see from my windows, from Notre-Dame, through my eastern windows, to Les Invalides, where Napoleon lies in his tomb of red porphyry, and the Eiffel Tower, through my western windows. At the top of my street the trees of the Luxem-

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bourg Gardens fill the sky with their swaying green freshness, and at the bottom of my street loom the impressive towers of the church of Saint-Sulpice.

Anyone who knows Paris will realize, therefore, that my garret is in a quarter thronged with memories, and there is one memory I will just hint at, to develop later. As I step out on to my little balcony and look across the narrow street, my eye falls on an old gateway, the entrance to the courtyard of an old mansion. It bears the number "12," and there, I believe the reader will be as interested as I to know, Monsieur d'Artagnan of the King's Musketeers lodged when he first came to Paris! So they say, and so it is stated in the *Mémoires* of the original d'Artagnan, on whom Dumas founded his hero. "I had a little room," he writes, "in the Rue des Fossoyeurs, quite close to Saint-Sulpice"—so my street was called in this day, the street of the Grave-diggers! Now it is called Servandoni, after one of the architects of Saint-Sulpice.

MEMORIES OF MY GARRET

It will probably be news to some readers that there was a real d'Artagnan, that the other musketeers were real also, Milady real as well, and that Dumas found them all, together with their names and most of their adventures, in a volume entitled *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan, Capitaine Lieutenant de la première compagnie des Mousquetaires du Roi*, published at Cologne in 1700. This book was written by one Gatien Courtilz de Sandras, something of a novelist himself,

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who is supposed to have done some romancing with his original material, too, before Dumas discovered his volume in the Bibliothèque Nationale and transformed it into perhaps the best loved romance in literature.

In these memoirs d'Artagnan—whose full name was Charles de Batz-Castelmore, Comte d'Artagnan—says that he chose the Rue des Fossoyeurs to lodge in because it was near to the house of M. de Tréville, captain-general of the Musketeers, to whom his father had given him a letter. This house still stands at the corner of the Rue Tournon and the Rue Vaugirard, and is now well known to Americans as the Restaurant Foyot, where gourmets can eat one of the best and most expensive dinners in Paris.

The whole quarter is Musketeer ground, for Athos lived in the street to the west, the Rue Férou; Aramis in the Rue Vaugirard, just east of the Rue Cassette, and Porthos in the Rue Vieux-Colombier, leading west from the Place Saint-Sulpice.

There is reason to believe that Athos met his death near the Saint-Sulpice end of my street and that his ashes rest in some unidentified corner of the church. This is how the story goes. In the Place Saint-Sulpice there has been held, since 1176, the famous Fair of St. Germain. It is still held annually every May, and it was in full swing one late afternoon in 1643, when d'Artagnan, coming out from it, became aware that he was being followed by three ugly-looking fellows, whom he suspected of being assassins in the pay of Milady. He was soon left in little doubt, and presently found himself with his back to the wall defending himself as best he could

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against three swords. As these three were presently joined by four others, d'Artagnan thought it was about time to cry out, "A moi, Mousquetaires!" Luckily Athos, Aramis and Porthos were near by and heard their friend's cry, with the result that the would-be assassins were quickly put to flight, leaving two of their companions dead on the field. Athos, however, had received a sword thrust, which, it is believed, proved fatal. The only evidence of this is an entry made by the sexton in the death register of Saint-Sulpice, dated December 22, 1643, which, translated, runs: "Funeral service and interment of the deceased Armand Athos, musketeer of the King's Guard, gentleman of Béarn, taken near the Pré-aux-Clercs market."

According to the memoirs of the original d'Artagnan, No. 12 of this Street of the Grave-diggers where he lodged, and the great gateway of which I can see from my balcony, was then an inn with the sign of the "Gaillard Bois." It had a bowling green at the back, with a door opening into the Rue Férou, where, as I have said, Athos lived, so that the two friends were in easy reach of each other. Dumas makes d'Artagnan live with a mercer called Bonacieux at No. 11, with whose charming wife, spirited away by Milady, he was seriously in love, and I should like to think that this touching love affair actually had its setting in my street. But alas! the memoirs point to another landlady in the Rue Vieux-Colombier, where he lodged later, always surrounded by his friends, without whose company he seldom stirred abroad. "Perhaps it was the beauty of my hostess," he writes, "that attracted them there as much as their friendship for me."

If the Musketeers be regarded as partly the children of

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Dumas's fancy, my street has one stern heroic memory which belongs to veritable history. Over a little "charcuterie" shop, where I occasionally drop in to buy eggs and milk, fruit and so forth, and perhaps to wonder if d'Artagnan's Mme. Bonacieux was anything like so pretty as the young woman who keeps it, there is a medallion telling that the great philosopher Condorcet once lived there in the stormy years of the Revolution, a refugee from the death sentence of the Convention.

The house then belonged to Mme. Vernet, widow of the great sculptor, who, in spite of Condorcet's resistance, insisted on hiding him there. "I am outlawed," he said, "and if I am discovered you will meet the same sad end as myself." Mme. Vernet's sublime answer is historic: "The Convention, monsieur, has the right to put you beyond the law; it has not the power to put you outside humanity. Here you shall stay." And there Condorcet remained in safety for some months, writing, with the calm of a philosopher, his famous *Sketch of the Progress of the Human Spirit*. Meanwhile his generous hostess kept strict watch on him lest he should escape her, but at last, the pursuit growing too hot, he baffled her vigilance, to be arrested a few days later at a little inn outside Paris. He was disguised as a workman, but a workman who carried a Horace and, when asked how many eggs he wanted in his omelet, absent-mindedly answered "ten" was suspiciously like an "aristo." He was thereupon thrown into the village jail; but when his captors came to seek him for the guillotine he had eluded them, probably by poison.

To live in a street with such heroic memories seems to me worth while, and it is one of the charms of living in Paris that

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it is hardly possible to live anywhere where something has not happened to stir the imagination.

A FIRST DAY IN PARIS

ONE's first visit to Paris should be in the spring, and one should take one's first look at it in the morning sunshine. Paris is an early riser, and I know nothing more exhilarating than to sit over one's morning coffee and rolls—"café au lait" and "petit pain" or "croissant"—on the terrace of some large central café, somewhere near the Madeleine, for instance, watching the Parisians going to their day's work in blithe but very businesslike crowds. After that one should make for the Place de la Concorde. Here, planting oneself on a garden seat at the end of the Tuileries Gardens, one can drink one's fill of the spacious glitter of the great square, with its fountains playing like torrents of dew in the centre, and the green freshness of the Champs-Élysées stretching on and on in a forestlike perspective to the Arc de Triomphe dreamily far away.

The long vista and the sense of space are at once dazzling and uplifting, and there is an impression of illimitable, all-pervading light, giving such elation to one's spirits that one can hardly believe oneself in the heart of a great city.

At most seasons of the year, but particularly in the spring, there is something peculiarly lightsome in the Paris air, and one cannot but think that this at least partly accounts for the proverbial gaiety of the Parisian. "Gay Paree" has a natural joyousness inherent in its atmosphere, and only secondarily

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is it the creation of social habits of pleasure and luxury. In other words, Paris is "La Ville Lumière" by nature as well as by art. It was "La Ville Lumière" of the morning sunshine long before it was "La Ville Lumière" of the electric light; and there is no spot where one can realize that central truth of the spirit of Paris so fully as in the Place de la Concorde. There is something genuinely symbolic about it. As everyone who knows anything about the history of Paris is aware, there is also no spot in Paris so haunted with tragic memories, so drenched in blood. As someone wrote:

Place de la Concorde—
The fountains play;
They spouted blood
But yesterday.

Within a few yards of that rainbow spray stood the guillotine, and as Dickens so vividly phrased it in *A Tale of Two Cities*, the very earth there was once "a rotten red." Yet how is it possible to realize such memories in the sunshine of a Paris spring morning? All the fearful shadows of the past are absorbed and lost in these vortices of living light, and it is not fanciful to feel that, just in the same way, there is a central radiance in the Parisian nature which mercifully consumes and transmutes such fearful darkneses of experience, so that, as Shakespeare wrote, "the worst" always and invincibly "returns to laughter."

Having thus made our morning orisons, we are in a mood to stroll up the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, or its leafy side allées, gleaming here and there with statues—one of

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Alphonse Daudet—on past the Palais de Glace or skating rink, the old open-air Théâtre Marigny and the little Guignols or Punch and Judy shows of the children, till we come to the Rond Point, with its radiating avenues, its flower-beds and six fountains. Then we can walk on still farther till we stand under the Arc de Triomphe and salute the grave of the Unknown Soldier—and having afterwards lunched at one of the many good restaurants in the neighbourhood, one cannot do better with the afternoon than ramble in the Bois de Boulogne, which is at once the famous “Bois” of fashion, and an artfully preserved woodland for the dreamer. It is surprisingly close at hand. One has but to turn to the left down an avenue beyond the Arc de Triomphe, which used to be called the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne—but is now renamed the Avenue Foch—to the outspoken regret of many, who nonetheless admire the genius and character of that great French soldier.

Well, after a walk of about three-quarters of a mile down this fine avenue one comes to the Porte Dauphine, and the Bois is before us. Of course, there are other ways of entering it. One might have taken the other avenue radiating westward from the Arc, the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, till one came to the Porte Maillot, from which gate the broad Allée de Longchamp, running in a straight line for about two and a quarter miles, and traversing diagonally about two-thirds of the Bois, leads to the famous race course of Longchamp. But this route should be taken in an automobile, and for the pedestrian the Porte Dauphine is best, for here one at once encounters the two contrasting fascinations of the Bois startlingly

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side by side. One sees the "monde," the fashionable world, sweeping along the pleasing curve of the Route de Suresnes in swift and luxurious automobiles, in leisurely carriages, or on horseback, with prettily dressed nurses ("nou-nous") seated along the sidewalks with their infant charges, and one also sees the untouched woodland with its innumerable footpaths apparently leading into the heart of an ancient wood.

For the peculiar charm of the Bois de Boulogne comes of the fact that it is actually an ancient wood adapted by a great landscape gardener, Adolphe Alphand, in 1853, with a rare skill which has preserved much of its original wildness, side by side with the formal beauty of a park. It was known as the Forêt de Rouvray and covered, as it still does, nearly the whole of the peninsula formed by one of the many fantastic windings of the Seine. Here as far back as Roman days was a colony of prisoners employed in reclaiming the old forest. Later on princely châteaux, which survive still in name or in reconstruction, such as Madrid, La Muette and Bagatelle, and a monastery, the Abbaye de Longchamp, were built on its borders, but the forest itself, until Alphand transformed it into the Bois, was a wasteland, the haunt of robbers and wild boar, and a favourite resort of duellists. It takes its present name from the little village of Boulogne, at its southern end, notable for a beautiful church dating from the fifteenth century. It is more than two thousand acres in extent, and so artfully have the roads through it been planned that it creates the illusion of being much larger—an illusion increased by the rustic lanes and footpaths through woodland dense with underbrush and wild flowers.

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Resisting for a while the lure of these rural solitudes, one should follow on with the gay stream of vehicles along the Route de Suresnes for a third of a mile or so, till one comes to the Carrefour du Bout-des-Lacs, one of the most charming corners of the Bois, where the first of two pretty lakes begins. In this first lake, the Lac Inférieur, there are two islands, on one of which, amid a grove of poplars, is a café-restaurant reached by a ferry. At this point it is pleasant to take to the woods and wander along among elms and maples, lonely as if there were no such thing, a stone's throw away, as the great world of fashion and wealth. You seldom meet any living thing but a butterfly, a bird, or a pair of lovers, though sometimes you may come upon a pretty feature of Parisian life, a simple little bridal party, bride and bridegroom with papas and mammas and brothers and sisters, all in their Sunday best, the bride with her wreath and fluttering veil and her train held up by a tiny bridesmaid, dressed like a doll.

Rambling along, one strikes the Allée de Longchamp. Crossing this, one comes to the spacious lawns of the Château de Madrid, and soon the air grows sweet with the perfume of the acacia blossoms in the Allée des Acacias. By this time, if one feels like tea, there are two or three beautiful and fashionable places near by to take it in. There is the exquisite little Château de Bagatelle, built in 1780 by the Comte d'Artois, who later reigned as Charles X, at a cost of three million francs, and in sixty days, on a wager with Marie Antoinette. Here is one of the loveliest gardens in France, a masterpiece of elaborate garden architecture, with grottoes and brooks and bridges, and particularly famous for its roses

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and water lilies. Here is a dairy, where the cows are milked every afternoon at four o'clock, and here, too, is a café, the *Goûter de Bagatelle*, where it is the smart thing to take tea, though perhaps it is smarter still to take it at the *Restaurant du Château de Madrid*, which gets its name from a château built by François I and demolished during the Revolution. Here we are at once in an ancient wood and in the very pinkest pink of fashion. If we are interested in "the mode," we can watch the loveliest of ladies in the most exquisite of frocks, flirting with their aristocratically groomed escorts, and feel that if we our humble selves are not the rose, we are at least as near to it as it is possible to get.

After this we can wander over to the Seine, which is close by, and watch the fishermen with their patient rods and perhaps wish that we could live in one of the charming houseboats that line the river bank. Then we can stroll along to the famous race course of Longchamp, near to which are the mill, and two houses of the old *Abbaye de Longchamp*, founded in 1256 by a sister of St. Louis and disreputably notorious for the very unecclesiastical revels held there during Holy Week by the fashionable world of Paris at the end of the eighteenth century. There is still another famous race course, that of Auteuil, directly opposite Longchamp on the other side of the Bois, prettily situated along the bank of the *Lac Supérieur*. There are also all manner of sporting clubs, including one for the detestable "sport" of pigeon shooting, with a skating rink attached, and there is a fine polo ground adjoining the Longchamp race course. In fact, there is no end to the interesting things to see and do in the Bois—not

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forgetting the Jardin d'Acclimatation, home of foreign plants and animals. Merely to glance at them all is to marvel at the skill with which they have been got into so comparatively small an acreage, all artistically secluded amid lawns and gardens, with the sense of the wild woodland preserved as well. And probably for gourmets the gem of the Bois remains still unmentioned—namely, the restaurant Pré-Catelan, west of the Lac Inférieur, surrounded by broad meadows and lawns, with an outdoor theatre, charmingly named the Théâtre de Verdure, attached. Here one may well end one's first day in Paris by dining "en prince" and hang the expense!

LA VIE DE BOHÈME

As I was walking down the Rue de Seine the other day with a charming companion, she pointed to a humanly dingy hotel (most hotels nowadays are so inhumanly "brilliantined," so to say) and said, "That's where Taffy lived!" "Taffy?" I queried. "Yes! have you forgotten Trilby?" "Why, of course! Taffy, the Laird, Little Billee." Trilby herself and the mysterious hypnotic maestro Svengali. They all sprang to life as my friend spoke, though I haven't read *Trilby* for years. I determined to read the delightful old tale again, and, having done so, can confidently recommend anyone who is not too hopelessly, hard-heartedly and hard-headedly "modern" to follow my example.

"Sentimental!" "Melodramatic!" Of course! But so are most of the classics or near-classics in fiction, and in drama too. For life itself is incorrigibly sentimental and melodramatic.

FROM *LA PARIS GARRET*

Youth is certainly so, in all ages, however blasé and cynical it affects or believes itself to be.

The fashions of youth change with every generation, but the heart of youth remains the same. The "musketeers" of Dumas or these "musketeers" of Du Maurier, who were Trilby's faithful bodyguard, or those other "musketeers" of Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. Youth always goes "à la mousquetaire," whatever the fashion of its clothes or its opinions, and no one need fear that the present-day "realists" and "sur-realists" of Montparnasse are any exceptions to that law of young life, particularly in the Latin Quarter. The ancient kingdom of "Bohemia" is as flourishing as ever, and though Paris is its capital, you can find it, too, in New York or London or Munich, wherever youth and love and dreams and devil-may-careishness and impecuniosity are to be found dancing the farandole together.

One of the best definitions of Bohemianism I recall occurs in Claude Washburn's fascinating *Pages from the Book of Paris*: "Bohemianism as it is attempted by young artists, or more properly conceived by the Philistine (who is at bottom the most sentimental of creatures), stands vaguely for a radiant manner of life, the concomitants of which are poverty, ideals, ambitions, and an ignorance of money entailing a certain pleasant dishonesty in dealing with shopkeepers. The word has to the popular mind a kind of enchantment; it stands for what is left of romance. An existence fulfilling these requirements seems to us, for those fortunate ones who can lead it, an emancipation from weary formalities and rules of conduct."

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François Villon was, of course, one of the earliest Bohemians, but the Bohemia in which he lived was rather too grim and criminal an underworld to be so called, and Pierre Gringoire, a similar vagabond poet of the fifteenth century, whom one meets in Hugo's *Notre Dame*, is a better example, as the brotherhood of roistering students known as "Enfants sans Souci" (Children without a Care) who chose him for their Prince of Fools, sounds more like the real thing.

Murger in the preface to his famous book, which is an admirable sketch of the history and psychology of Bohemia, gives an amusing picture of him on the hunt for a meal, "nose to the wind" like a hound, snuffing up the perfumes of the cookshops and "rôtisseries," so fierce a hunger in his eyes that the hams hanging up on the pork butcher's stalls visibly diminish as he gazes on them.

Each day's existence, for your true Bohemian, is, according to Murger, a work of genius, and the shifts to which his young artists and scholars, along with their pretty sweethearts, are put to feed and clothe and lodge themselves are described with a humour and pathos still fresh in his book, as in Puccini's famous opera, the lively gaiety of which is still infectious. Schaunard, painter and musician, who has developed the need of borrowing from, and scrupulously repaying his friends into a fine art, keeping regular account books, debit and credit, with records of dates when they are likely to be in funds, and the days and hours when they are likely to be good for a dinner.

Marcel, another painter, who when moving into a new lodging is asked by the landlord for his furniture, points to an

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easel and a series of screens on which are painted interiors of a palace provided with every comfort and luxury. These disposed around his room, he explains, will be all the furniture he needs. He and Schaunard agree to live together in this palace of illusion, and there one day comes a wealthy bourgeois to have his portrait painted in a hurry. At the moment, they have been wondering where Marcel is to get a decent coat for a ball that evening, and the entrance of the client solves the question, for the painter persuades him that it is the proper thing to be painted in a dressing gown, with the result that Marcel makes off with his discarded coat and dances in it all evening.

Of the many love episodes the prettiest is that called "Romeo et Juliette," in which Rodolphé the poet and his Mimi are so hungry in their garret that, with tears in their eyes, they are driven to eat their pet pigeon. The pigeon is cooing its last song, as the butter sings in the pan. A few moments after, "the butter still sings, but the pigeon sings no more!" It is a heartbreaking idyll of love in a garret, "in those brave days when we were twenty-one."

I have often seen Murger disparaged, because, I presume, he is not a Flaubert or a Mérimée, though he has been found very good to steal from. But it takes all kinds to make the world of literature, and the charming legend of Bohemia is none the less chiefly of his making. Musset was before him with his *Mimi Pinson*, the pretty blonde "with only one gown in the world," and Balzac contributed to the legend with his Lucien de Rubempré in *Lost Illusions*. In recent years Locke in *The Beloved Vagabond* carried it on attractively,

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as has Leonard Merrick in those Paris fantasies of his. It is a legend which can never die, and of which the future will doubtless bring us new chroniclers. One of the latest is Mr. Sisley Huddleston, with his *Mr. Paname*, which I recommend to all "Enfants sans Souci."

THE SACRED SOIL OF FRANCE

AN American lady who honours me with her friendship is very interested in the French character, and takes every opportunity of studying it. To this end, when possible, she cultivates chance acquaintances and draws them out with artful conversation. In this way she has made many a lucky find of anecdote, and here is one of a deep and touching significance, which she recently passed on to me.

She had been visiting the Degas exhibition in the Orangerie at the Place de la Concorde end of the Tuileries Gardens, an exhibition, by the way, particularly worth seeing, as it showed Degas in a less familiar side of his genius, that of a portrait painter and a sculptor. From the contemplation of that rather cynical master she passed out into those beautiful gardens, with their formal parterres, their vistas of sunlit foliage, statues and gay fountains, and presently sat herself down on a bench with but one other occupant, who gave promise of interesting human material—an elderly woman with a distinguished air, in mourning attire suggesting a refined poverty. After a while my friend contrived to fall into talk with the lonely woman, and by degrees she elicited from her her sad "histoire," a story she was glad to confide to a sympathetic listener.

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A few months ago she had lost a much-loved son, her only remaining link with life. He had been stricken with consumption, and it had proved impossible to save him. But she was somewhat consoled to think—she added with a sorrowful smile that lit up her worn face—that she had been able to bring him a great happiness at the last. My friend waited in silence to hear what that happiness might be. Yes, when she had seen that the end was near, she had reluctantly torn herself away from his bedside for an hour or two to carry out the idea she had conceived. They had once been quite wealthy, she explained, and her son had been brought up as a gentleman, in their own house, on their own lands. But misfortunes which had broken her husband's heart had swept everything away, and it was with almost all of the very little money they had left that she set out on her errand. When she returned, she brought to her son certain papers which represented the last gift she was able to make him. By them he became the absolute owner of a certain small parcel of land—enough to be buried in. In short, she had bought him a grave. Thus, he could die like a French gentleman, and be buried in his own plot of ground, the proud and happy possessor of a portion of the sacred soil of France, inalienably his own. So he died with a smile of joy on his face, and such was a French mother's last gift to a dearly loved son.

The sacred soil of France! All men, whether they realize it or not, have probably a love for the country in which they were born. But it is doubtful if that feeling for one's native soil goes so deep, or is so passionate, with any other people as that of a Frenchman for the actual earth, the "sweet land,"

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of France. In ancient times that sentiment was stronger among all peoples than it is in our "international" era, but it is no small part of the strength of France that it is still so deep-rooted an instinct in the French race.

Another striking illustration of that patriotic passion is to be found on a memorial tablet placed on a house in a little street a stone's throw from the garret where I write this. Across the Square of Saint-Sulpice is the Rue des Canettes, the Street of the Ducklings. It is a narrow, very ancient street of many other memories. At one end once stood the corner shop of the wig-maker, Caron, whom Balzac has immortalized in his romance of *César Birotteau*. The original Caron, in Napoleon's day, was famous for his giving shelter to proscribed royalists, and it was on his way to take refuge there that the redoubtable guerilla chieftain of "La Vendée," Georges Cadoudal, was captured by Napoleon's police, to end his life on the scaffold. But it is a more recent soldier that the tablet I have referred to commemorates. It is placed over a little drinking shop and runs thus, in translation:

The Poet Gabriel-Tristan Franconi,
"Someone in the French Army,"
Was born in this house May 17, 1887,
Killed in the Wood of Sauvilliers
(Somme)
July 23, 1918,
Defending against the Invader
His house, his street and the Place
Saint-Sulpice.

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Take particular notice that this soldier-poet died not only for France but for his own special corner of it, "his house, his street, and the Place Saint-Sulpice."

French patriotism attaches itself not only to France in general but even to a particular quarter, the "quartier" where one is born and in which his life is most intimately lived. Gabriel-Tristan Franconi, who was killed at the front, after receiving many honours for his courage, was the author of a volume of poems signed anonymously by *Un tel de l'Armée Française* (Someone in the French army). He also wrote a novel entitled *La Rue des Canettes*, in which the passionate love for the little street for which he gave his life finds touching expression.

"Of all the streets of the old quarter," he writes, "the most full of life is the Rue des Canettes. Small, it is true, but so joyous! People who live elsewhere do not know how happy one is there. On a fête day the Rue des Canettes is a delicious intoxication."

And this is still true of the little street, for, before I had read this, I had been struck on one or two festal occasions by its exceptional gaiety, the unusual vitality of its dancers, inspired by musicians playing with volcanic energy, high up on a little stand hard by the house of the dead poet who had loved it so well and had taken so vivid a part in its revels.

Surely Horace's famous line celebrating the joy and honour of dying for one's country has never found a more poignant commentary than that tablet in the Rue des Canettes.

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THE FRENCH CHARACTER

THE French character has always been a puzzle to its friends and foes alike. Never, surely, has there been such a concentration of contradictions. Its most loyal allies have been exasperated as well as mystified by it, yet, for all that, their affectionate admiration for the Frenchman remains—and, as with human beings who like each other in spite of diametrical differences of nature and opinion, so it is with France and her friends; a case of “I cannot understand, I love.”

Of course, France is not the only nation that thus surprises one. You have to know America pretty well before you realize that, with all her well-deserved reputation for “hard-boiled” business qualities, she is really the most idealistic, even sentimental, of nations. But the elements that compose the French character are even more diverse and startling. I was particularly reminded of these one January day more like spring than winter, as I took one of my favourite walks down the Rue de Seine, and loitered along the bookstalls of the quais till I came to the Pont-Neuf, crossing which I paused to salute that astute Gascon riding on horseback there, who, with all his faults (faults that were all very human), was probably the best, the wisest and the kindest king that France ever had.

The French people certainly made no mistake in loving their Henri Quatre—though, one must not forget that on Bartholomew's Eve they were ready enough to cut his Huguenot throat—and it says something both for him and for

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the fickle Parisian mob that he remains their hero to this day.

As for the thousandth time I looked up at his saucy, whimsical smile, eagle nose, jutting chin, shrewd eyes and the firm manly carriage of one who lived most of his life on horseback, I recalled a terrible tribute, which some years after his death that Parisian mob had paid him, just where I was standing at the foot of his statue. There had been a long delay in the erection of the statue, a delay the Parisians attributed to the Italian Minister, Concini, the favourite of Marie de Medici, Henri's widow. During the minority of Louis XIII Concini ruled France in his name, and ruled it so badly that nobles and people alike hated him, and rejoiced when the young King had him killed by his guards on the bridge of the Louvre.

Not till Concini's death was the statue of the great Gascon set in its place on the Pont-Neuf, and the Parisians celebrated its erection in their fearful fashion: Having exhumed the body of Concini from the grave, they offered it up to the shade of the most humane of French kings with rites the most sophisticated of cannibals could hardly have improved upon. Having torn out the heart, one of the mob roasted it on a charcoal brazier and ate it with relish. That was in 1617—and as I was reminded of this gruesome story, I thought of a day, a hundred and seventy years later, the day of the fall of the Bastille—and recalled how another Parisian mob (another and yet the same) is said to have served the old nobleman who had surrendered on the promise that his men should go unmolested. Within a few minutes of that surrender his lifeless body was being dismembered by an expert hand.

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Of course, mobs are mobs in all countries. The annals of every nation are stained with such bloody doings, but I do not think the peculiar savagery which we find in French history is to be found in the history of any other modern civilized country—except perhaps in Italy, from which, of course, at the Renaissance, France borrowed so much. And my point is that this quality is the more startling because it is found in company with so many other qualities so different, all those qualities which, *par excellence*, we call human.

There is no kinder people in the world than these Parisians—who ate the heart of Concini on the Pont-Neuf; none wiser, more “savant,” than these savages of St. Bartholomew and The Terror. The heart of man has never been warmer than here in France, nor has the intellect been more understanding, nor the spirit more soaring; all the kindly, simple human joys and sorrows are so much a part of French life that one might almost think of them as being peculiarly French; and the balance they observe in the regulation of their lives, the moderation and simplicity of their pleasures—in these particularly one finds what children Frenchmen are.

And if you would see how tranquil this excitable people can be, walk down the steps behind the great Henri's statue and enter the little triangular garden behind the central pier of the Pont-Neuf and watch the anglers tirelessly holding their rods over the stream. The patience of fishermen is proverbial, but the patience of these Paris fishermen is said to surpass that of all their tribe, and it is a stock joke that no one has ever seen a Seine angler catch a fish within living memory. With them, indeed, angling is what Izaak Walton

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called it, "the contemplative man's recreation." Like all true Waltonians, they fish not for the vulgar purpose of "the catch," but for the fun of the thing.

A HAUNTED TABLE

FRIENDS of mine who have sufficient breath to climb the seven flights of stairs to my garret—to be rewarded by certainly one of the most picturesque roofscapes and comprehensive sweeping views of old Paris—sometimes ask me about an old table there among my belongings. There is nothing conspicuous about it, and it can have no value to the collector of old furniture, for it is not beautiful, nor is it particularly old, or an example of any particular period.

It is nothing but an oldish oblong table of unpolished walnut, rather the worse for wear, but with a certain touch of simple elegance clinging to it, and I often wonder why it should attract any attention from those who know nothing of its history. Yet who knows but that its association has a mysterious way of, so to speak, psychically suggesting itself, after the manner of haunted things?

It came into my possession in this way. Several years ago my wife and I were sauntering along the bookstalls on the quais till we came to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at the corner of the Quai Malaquais and the Rue Bonaparte. We turned up this latter street, and stood awhile looking into the courtyard of the Ecole, with its fragments of ancient architecture and its picturesque gateway bearing the busts of Puget and Poussin. Immediately on our left opened out a short broad street, the

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Rue des Beaux-Arts, and there we noticed a small crowd in front of a small shabby-genteel hotel. The interest evidently centred on some workmen on ladders engaged in hoisting something white up against the façade of the hotel. We walked over to see what was going on. The something they were hoisting up was one of those plaques with which the French people, with gracious intelligence, dignify against oblivion the houses where famous men and women have lived and died. The name of the hotel, we observed, was the Hôtel d'Alsace, and the name on the plaque was "Oscar Wilde."

Yes! It was here that the tragic comedian, who wrote alike *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, had stolen away, like a defeated Mark Antony, to "die beyond my means." There were already three distinguished ghosts in that street when he came to join them, artists for whom, as we know, he had great respect. Corot had lived near by at No. 10, and Prosper Mérimée also in the same house. Thackeray had lodged in the same street while he was studying at the Beaux-Arts, and dreaming still of being the painter he was never, happily for us, to be. Besides, farther back in time, there were other ghosts haunting the neighbourhood even more to the taste of the playwright of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, of which more anon. If he had come there to die beyond his means, he was to die in good company.

Our first impulse had been to interview the landlord of the Hôtel d'Alsace, but we decided that it was better to wait till the excitement of the ceremony was over and the table was in its place. Meanwhile we strolled up the Rue Bonapart

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and took a seat at a café, Les Deux Magots, facing that beautiful, very ancient church of the Merovingian kings, Saint-Germain-des-Prés.

On the broad sunny space in front of us, all around where the motor buses stop at the corner to pick up fares, three hundred eighteen priests and other victims of the Terror, lodged in the Prison de l'Abbaye, had been barbarously murdered in September, 1792. To the imagination there are few bloodier corners in Paris than the spot where we sat quietly taking our tea, surrounded by gay Americans similarly engaged. But perhaps even more than by that historic horror, we were haunted by the distinguished figure of that large, flabby, brokenhearted man who was wont every morning to pass up the Rue Bonaparte to take his café au lait just where we were sitting.

The following day we called at the Hôtel d'Alsace and talked to the landlord and his wife, pleasant Normandy folk with two beautiful daughters. They were immensely interested in the story of Wilde, and proud of their plaque, and readily agreed to show us his rooms; but they explained that they had not been his hosts, having only come into possession of the place shortly after his death. However, they had heard all about him from the previous landlord. Naturally we entered the rooms with a queer, painful feeling.

There were two rooms, first the bedroom where he had died. . . . Without our saying anything, the landlady evidently divined our thoughts. . . . No, he had not died in that bed. All the furniture had been changed. Somehow this

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relieved our oppression, and when we entered the sitting room beyond, a comely room with a large bay window looking out onto an old garden with a high vine-covered wall, a broken column on the little lawn and bits of sculpture decoratively placed here and there, we felt happier to think that he had been so pleasantly situated at the last. In the bay window stood a table and on this the landlady, who was the spokesman, laid her hand.

"I forgot," she said. "All the furniture was sold but this table, and it was on this," she added, "that he used to write."

As I looked out on the little garden I realized that it was probably a remnant of the old gardens of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, whose hotel still exists, they say, in the Rue Visconti, running parallel near by, a street filled with memories of which "poor Oscar" must often have thought, leaning, pen in hand, on that little table and gazing out on that vine-trellised wall.

Racine had lived just beyond in the Rue Visconti, as had also his beautiful friend, the actress Hippolyte Clairon. The ill-fated Adrienne Lecouvreur had also dreamed there with her famous lover Marshal de Saxe. And here Balzac had worked like a Titan, his bed in one room and his printing press in another—rooms still to be visited to this day. And there were many other inspiring memories which may well have companioned the sad heart of the poet, whose last writing desk was that little table . . . and, without doubt, the reader has already guessed that that is the table my friends ask me about when they pay a visit to my garret.

FROM A PARIS GARRET

*A FANTASTIC GOURMET
AND LITTLE RESTAURANTS*

THOUGH I am ashamed to say that I am not a gourmet myself, and have but a few simple tastes such as stewed tripe, liver and bacon, finnan haddie, kippered herrings, beefsteak and kidney puddings and such vulgar dishes, yet I have known some distinguished gourmets and numbered one or two among my friends. They have always seemed to me a curious race. But, then, so do musicians. The reason, of course, is that I know as little about eating as I know about music.

I condemn neither gourmets nor musicians. Each man after his nature, and no criticism. One of the friends I speak of I met at Nassau in the Bahamas. He arrived there in his yacht, which was bigger and, need I say, more beautiful than the Ward Line boat then in the harbour. I met him at dinner. He was a very likable millionaire and quite intelligent. We took to each other and he invited me to tour the seven seas with him in his yacht.

That, just then, I could not do, much to my regret. We were lunching together on board as he spoke, and he said, with impressiveness: "I can promise you the best eating in the world." "This lunch," I answered, "is assurance of that" . . . but he interrupted me with contempt. "Oh, this is nothing," he said; "my chef is all right," (I afterward learned that he was one of the best in Paris, whose dislike of the sea had been overcome by a ridiculous salary), "but I am not speaking

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of that. . . ." Then he added: "I am a little early for the trip. . . . I must stay a few days longer, and then you shall have something worth eating. . . ."

As we continued talking, I realized that I was in the presence of the most fantastic gourmet I had ever heard of. My friend's one ambition in life was good—nay, superlative—eating; the delicacy of his palate could rival the tongue of any wine taster, and the purpose of that wonderful yacht of his was to carry him to certain places on the earth famous for certain dishes, just at the one exquisite moment when they were at, so to say, the very bridal bloom of the season. To be at Nassau for the turtle, at Miami for the swordfish, at Marseilles for the bouillabaisse, at Capri for the lobsters, at some Mediterranean island whose name I forget for the octopus (I shuddered—have you seen them in the aquarium at Monaco?), and so on. It seemed to me a strange way of spending his life and his money, but, then, many men do worse with both.

My friend, it goes without saying, knew all the famous restaurants in Paris, and they knew him so well that, so to say, the very architecture trembled with respect as he entered and a thrill passed through the kitchens. But, strange as it may sound, he seldom ate much in these famous places. He was of too kindly a nature to say anything against them, and he was always courtly to the maître d'hôtel and sent down a large tip to the chef with his compliments.

But, one evening after we had dined together, he confided to me that the real places to eat in Paris were not those where the gilded ignoramuses of food followed the fashion set by

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other ignoramuses, but curious little out-of-the-way places where you paid ten francs at the most—"vin compris," wine included, which, of course you didn't drink, though it wasn't always so bad—and he promised to take me to two or three of these places.

He kept his promise, and it was curious to think as I sat opposite to him, at the simple tables, along with the simple company, of the great yacht that was waiting for him at Havre.

I had the pleasure of sailing with him once or twice, and I never made more agreeable voyages. For these reasons: There was no orchestra on his yacht, and no women, except his very charming distinguished mother, with whom I had many opportunities of smiling—affectionate smiles on both sides—in regard to the harmless passion of her son.

"Think," she used to say, "what horrible things he might have done with his money!" And we both looked over at him, pretending to read a new novel which no one with the real intelligence he possessed could possibly read, but thinking all the while of the moment when his boat would round the cape, beyond which was the strange little town where they cooked scorpions as they cook them in no other place in the world.

But I do not forget that I promised to write of the little workmen's restaurants in Paris, where they, too, have their "spécialité de la maison," which all kinds of great gentlemen and ladies in automobiles come to eat, but especially my wonderful gourmet friend, who could detect the slightest nuance in a sauce or a salad dressing, and for whose sake, were the

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times different, chefs would have fallen upon their swords in despair, as did the famous chef of the Prince de Condé, whose guest on the occasion was Louis XIV.

My friend took me to many places, and it would fill a book to tell of them all. One of the quaintest and most primitive is on the Ile Saint-Louis, that strange little island under the shadow of Notre-Dame, with little docks and bargemen and fishermen all around it. It is called the *Rendezvous des Mariniers*. We entered by the usual zinc bar and sat at the long narrow table close to the kitchen, where the high priestess of the establishment, Mme. Leconte, presided. It was evident in a moment that madame and my friend were cordially acquainted.

Said she—for he had announced his coming by telegram—she had kept two superlative chickens in reserve for him: I should have said that the reputation of her house is due to her skill in roasting chickens. “A wonderful woman!” exclaimed my friend, turning to me; “the best roast chicken in Paris!”

Meanwhile bargemen came up lumbering from the Seine and drank their leisurely drinks at the zinc bar.

“How is the chicken?” asked madame. My friend rose and, making a courtly bow over her hand, answered: “If only it were in my power, madame, to present you with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour!”

In the course of our friendship my friend has taken me to several places where they cook the best something or other in Paris, and curiously enough none of these places are the restaurants with great reputations, but usually some little

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hole-in-a-corner, some humble "buvette" or café, which you would scarcely think of entering without some such learned gastronomic guide as my friend.

There is, for example, a rather forbidding-looking "joint" among the trees of the charming little Place Dauphine, just back of the Palais de Justice, where you get "the best ragoût in Paris." I have forgotten its name, but you can easily find it by the string of expensive cars at the door. Some of the places are, of course, better known than this, though modest in appearance.

If you have a taste for young wild boar ("marcassin") the best place to get it is at the Bœuf à la Mode, in the Rue de Valois; the best sole is to be had at Marguery's, Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle; the best beefsteaks, broiled over grapevine shoots, at Dagorno's, Avenue Jean-Jaurès, appropriately near the slaughterhouses.

Indeed, some of the restaurants affected by my friend are in this quarter—the "Quatre Sergents de la Rochelle," for instance; and in the neighbourhood of the great markets,—*"les Halles."*

Always at the end of our meal my friend would say: "We won't take our coffee here," and we would speed off in his car to *Le Chien qui Fume* (The Dog That Smokes), a little tavern frequented by huge men and huger women of the markets. "The best coffee in Paris!" my friend would say, with that Buddha-like smile of complete satisfaction and absolute knowledge which you only find on the face of the gourmet.

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RESTAURANT OF LA PETITE CHAISE

WITH one and another of the old Paris restaurants vanishing, those that remain become the more precious, and one of the oldest and most charming of these, small and cozy and exquisite, is La Petite Chaise, on the Left Bank. One is glad to know that this little restaurant is far from decadent, and that, while retaining its cachet of quiet distinction, it is more prosperous than ever, and is in growing request by those who love to dine daintily in peace with their friends, in enjoyment of conversation as well as food, undisturbed by jazz bands, or the general hubbub of the larger fashionable restaurants on the Right Bank.

Only the finer spirits of the world of fashion are to be found there, and of these there was a distinguished rally on the occasion of its reopening, after being closed for a short time for a redecoration which has left its antique character unimpaired. Fortunately it has been rendered immune from serious change, as the Ministry of Fine Arts has taken it under its protection, and classified as historic monuments the miniature chair in the left-hand window which once hung outside as its sign, the Louis XIV ironwork grille, and the quaint lanterns at the door, the mirror framed in clustering grapes over the bar to the right of the entrance, and the beams and rafters nearly three centuries old.

The Cabaret de la Petite Chaise (to give it its full name) opened its doors for voyagers in the stagecoaches from Havre and Calais as far back as 1681, and one of its earliest pa-

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trons was that Philippe d'Orléans who was the guardian of Louis XV. Here he would talk over affairs of state and, oftener perhaps, affairs of gallantry, with the Prime Minister, the sly and dissolute Cardinal Dubois; and, later on, Louis XV himself must also have been one of its patrons, if the legend be true that His Majesty, observing that the cabaret lacked a sign in accordance with its name, presented the host with the little chair above referred to, made by his own cabinetmaker.

From then on it has been a favourite haunt of fashion and fame. Napoleon's secretary, Louis de Bourrienne, and Junot, his aide-de-camp, were often there, and in recent times writers and artists have claimed it for their own, the most notable being the mystic novelist Huysmans who wrote so wonderfully of Chartres Cathedral in *La Cathédrale*, and whose strange novel *A Rebours*, was the favourite textbook of the "decadents" in the nineties, and the inspiration of Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray*. A simpler and more lovable memory of La Petite Chaise is that of François Coppée, the poet of natural emotions and the charm of common everyday things.

The proprietors of La Petite Chaise are wise in not taking advantage of the famous memories of their little restaurant, to charge those hair-raising prices which close the doors of some other historic temples of gastronomy to the ordinary mortal. In fact, one's bill at La Petite Chaise is as refined as the menu, one favourite item of which is an omelet prepared according to the directions of the famous Brillat-Savarin, whose *Physiologie du Goût* is, of course, the classic work on the art of dining. Here is the recipe for the omelet referred to,

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for six persons: "Take the soft roe of two carp blanched in slightly salted boiling water, a piece of fresh 'thon' (tuna fish) the size of a hen's egg, and minced échalote (shallot). This should simmer in the casserole until the butter put with it has melted. The dish to receive the omelet is smeared with a mixture of butter, parsley and 'ciboulette' (chives) spread with lemon juice and set on hot ashes. Twelve eggs are beaten up with the sauté of carp roe and tuna, and the omelet is then cooked."

BRILLAT-SAVARIN IN AMERICA

IN writing of that charming little restaurant, La Petite Chaise, I referred to that arch-priest of gourmets, Brillat-Savarin, whose book *Physiologie du Goût* is the "holy writ" of gastronomy, much in the same way as Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* is the Bible of fishermen. I confess that I had but a nodding acquaintance with Brillat-Savarin till I had the good fortune to pick up a beautiful little edition on the Quai Malaquais, and I have had such a good time dipping about in it that I should like to share it with the "gentle reader"—a genus I have reason to think not entirely extinct in these days of violent literary fashions.

The book has particular interest for Americans because during the French Revolution Brillat-Savarin, who was a nobleman "of the robe"—"a law lord," we would say nowadays—and sat in the Convention as a deputy from his native town of Belley, in Savoy, took refuge from The Terror in the United States, and for a time played in the orchestra of a New York

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theatre. No dish of the many for which he gives us so lovingly the meticulous recipes is so delicately compounded of such a variety of ingredients as the literary dish by which he is immortal. For, of course, it is far from being a mere cookery book. Indeed, I know nothing to compare it with in English except *The Compleat Angler* which, it is unnecessary to say, is not entirely occupied with fish.

So with Brillat-Savarin: while gastronomy, the science of good eating, is his central theme, of which he never loses sight, he plays upon it with so many variations, following so many bypaths, falling into so many moods of reflection, indulging in so many meditations, philosophic and historic, and, above all, he draws so delightfully on his own store of memories, which he so whimsically, wittily, and sometimes even wistfully, recalls, that though one cared as little for eating as Napoleon or Balzac (who was one of the book's greatest admirers) one would be fascinated by him as a raconteur alone.

His recollections of his sojourn in America are among the most delightful. Here is a memory of New York which brings him very near to us: "During my stay in New York, I used sometimes to pass the evening in a kind of café-tavern kept by a Mr. Little, where, of a morning, one would find turtle soup, and of an evening all the dishes and refreshments usual in the United States. I very often used to take with me there the Vicomte de la Massue and Jean-Rodolphe Fehr, an old merchant from Marseilles, both emigrants like myself; I used to regale them on a 'Welsh Rabbit,' which we washed down with ale and cider, and the evening would pass pleasantly talk-

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ing of our misfortunes, our pleasures and our hopes." I was hoping that he would give us one of his wonderful recipes for a "Welsh Rabbit," but he contents himself with a footnote to the effect that "the English epigrammatically give the name of 'Welsh Rabbit' (*Lapin gaulois*) to a morsel of cheese toasted on a slice of bread. Certainly, this concoction is not as substantial as a rabbit, but it encourages one to drink, makes the wine taste good, and has its place in the dessert of an informal little dinner among friends."

One of Brillat-Savarin's reminiscences of his stay in America has quite an idyllic quality, and is one of the best examples of his method. He begins by a dissertation on the turkey, tells us that according to some authorities it was known to the ancient Romans, and was served up at the feasts of Charlemagne. He himself, however, is of opinion that it was introduced into Europe from India toward the end of the seventeenth century by the Jesuit fathers, who raised it in large numbers on a farm near Bourges, whence it spread all over France, where for a long time it was humorously referred to as a "Jesuit." In his time, however, he goes on to say, America is the only place where it is found in a wild state, and he thanks his exile for the fact that during a visit to Hartford, Connecticut, he had the good luck to shoot a wild turkey—"an exploit worthy of being handed on to posterity, and one which I celebrate with the more satisfaction because I myself was the hero of the occasion."

A certain American farmer had invited him to stay at his country place near Hartford, and to bring a friend or two with him. Consequently, one beautiful October day in

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1794, he and a Mr. King took horse from Hartford and travelled "five mortal leagues" to the farm of his friend, a Mr. Bulow, who evidently had quite an extensive estate, and who with his "quatre beaux brins de filles" (four fine-looking daughters) received them at the close of the day with a most hearty welcome. Of these girls he gives a charming description—one of the earliest, I imagine, of the typical American girl.

"Their ages," he says, "ran from sixteen to twenty, they radiated freshness and health, and they had about them such simplicity, suppleness and abandon that their simplest movement gave them a thousand charms."

After a substantial dinner—"a superb piece of corned beef, a stewed goose, a magnificent leg of mutton, and at each end of the table enormous jugs of excellent cider"—the young ladies served tea, of which the Frenchman and his friend drank many cups, and then followed a delicious night's rest, in preparation for a hunt on the morrow. The girls joined in the hunt, becomingly dressed in hunting costumes, and for the first time in his life M. Brillat-Savarin found himself in a virgin forest with one of Mr. Bulow's daughters as his prospective Diana, taking his arm through the wilderness in a comradely fashion, just as if she owned him, for all the world as if she had been his wife. After a vast dinner that evening, to which all came "hungry as hunters," with a bowl of punch to wash it down, they talked of the War of Independence, of M. de La Fayette, "who grows bigger all the time in the memory of Americans," and of "that dear France, which I love still more since I have been forced to leave it." Then,

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in a lull of the conversation, Mr. Bulow called to his eldest daughter: "Maria, give us a song!" "And she sang without being further pressed, but with a charming shyness, the national song 'Yankee Doodle,' the plaint of Queen Marie, and that of Major André, which are very popular in that country."

It was with an ache at his heart that Brillat-Savarin said good-by to his host and those four daughters, who could use guns as well as their father and were generally those comrades of men for being which American girls were even then famous, and who all together had welcomed him, a sad stranger in a strange land, with that hospitality which other sad strangers have since found there too.

Mr. Bulow bade him farewell in a little speech which seems to me to have a sort of historic importance. It describes a condition kindly and prosperous which has today a suggestion of Utopia.

"You see in me, my dear sir," he said, "a happy man, if there is one under the sky; all that surrounds you, and everything you have seen in my house, grows or is made here, on my own estates. These stockings have been knitted by my daughters; my shoes and my clothes are provided by my flocks and herds; they contribute also, with my vegetable garden and my poultry yard, to supply me with simple and substantial nourishment; and this which alone is sufficient testimony to our good Government is the reason why there are thousands of farmers in Connecticut content as I am, and whose doors, like mine, need no locks. The taxes here are almost nothing; and so long as they are paid we can sleep on

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both our ears. Congress favours with all its power our growing industries. . . .”

If the State of Connecticut ever smiles it must certainly smile at this description of its early innocence.

Naturally M. Brillat-Savarin's eyes were filled with tears as he and his friend rode side by side on their horses back to New York; but M. Brillat-Savarin's comment is delightfully characteristic.

“During the whole time,” says he, “of our journey back, I was abstracted in manner as a man might well be in deep thought of the friends he had left behind him. My friend indeed attributed my silence to my reflections on that last fine speech of Mr. Bulow. Alas! I have to confess that I was really pondering how I should cook the wild turkey which I had promised to my friends in New York. I had learned nothing in Hartford as to the best way of cooking it. . . . So my friend and I jogged along in silence all the way. However, when we did arrive in New York, I gave my friends a dinner so good that they forgot the turkey—for it consisted of partridges ‘en papillote’ and another favourite Connecticut dish—gray squirrels boiled in Madeira wine.” So concludes Brillat-Savarin, in that English which Frenchmen love to use on occasion: “All the guests around my table cried—very good! exceedingly good! Oh! dear sir, what a glorious bit!”

How valuable the knowledge of good cooking may be to any man in sore straits is proved by many stories which Brillat-Savarin tells of the exiled noblemen of France. One of them is particularly good.

There was once, says Brillat-Savarin, an exiled nobleman

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from Limousin, who preferred to eat one well-cooked dish in a good restaurant than to fill his aristocratic belly with the east wind, or the even worse food which the cheap eating-houses provided. So, it chanced one evening, as he was sitting alone in a modish restaurant eating the one delicate dish he could afford, that six young English gentlemen were eating near by. From Brillat-Savarin's account, they seem to have been nice young fellows, and one of them presently stepped over to the gentleman from Limousin, apologizing for interrupting his meal, with this explanation: that he and his friends had realized that he was a gentleman of France, and that France was the only country in the world in which the art of the salad was known. Of course, he continued, he quite understood that no gentleman made his own salads, though there were many English gentlemen who wished they could: in short, it was the hope of himself and his friends that the French gentleman with whom he was speaking might be willing to give them an idea or two on the subject.

The gentleman from Limousin, whose name was d'Aubignac, consented, and very soon his salads became the fashion in London, so that he was invited to so many great houses that it was necessary for him to hire a cabriolet and a little negro boy to take around with him the mahogany cabinet in which he placed the various ingredients and sauces necessary for his masterpieces. Before long d'Aubignac had made quite a little fortune out of his salad-making, so that when Robespierre had looked through the little window, and it was safe for French gentlemen to return to France, M. d'Aubignac carried over there his 80,000 francs, quite a sum of

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money in those days, invested sixty thousand of it in the funds, and with the rest bought a small estate in his native province of Limousin and lived there happy for ever after.

It is a fairy-tale of food, and Brillat-Savarin is one of those magicians of the pen who can make of the apparently material and commonplace things of life "a dream and a forgetting"—which is merely to say that he was a good writer.

THE RUE DES SAINTS-PÈRES AND OLD BOOKSHOPS

THE Rue des Saints-Pères and the Rue de Seine are specially dear to lovers of old Paris, the former for its bookstores and curiosity shops, the latter for its picture shops and that general stir of vociferous market life still so mediæval in its robustious gaiety. It is more "of the people" than the Rue des Saints-Pères, which has an aristocratic, scholarly air.

There is hardly any quarter of old Paris where you will not come upon a "bouquiniste," or a curiosity shop with a window filled with the fascinating wreckage of Time; but no street concentrates so many of them, one after another, as the Rue des Saints-Pères. One wonders how they all manage to make a living, for none of them are inexpensive, as you will find out if you have any idea of picking up a bargain. You may at once abandon all hope founded on the possible ignorance of the shopkeepers, for they are learned individuals, well aware of the value of their treasures.

They are often interesting to talk to, some of them being passionate antiquaries, anxious to gossip with a sympathetic

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listener about the history of this or that object, and apparently careless whether you buy anything or not. You may easily conceive them reluctant to part with their wares, as if their stock was there rather for their private pleasure than for sale. No, "finds" are out of the question, and unless you have a well-filled purse you must be content to listen to their entertaining discourse and go away empty-handed, or to gaze wistfully into one window after another with an ache in your heart which only a collector can understand. To indulge in such a Barmecide feast from one end of the Rue des Saints-Pères to the other might easily make a whole long day go by like a dream, and to give any idea of the multifarious variety of the relics and curios in those storied windows would take a volume. But Balzac, with that passion for accumulated details which nothing could tire or satiate, has done this for us in page after page of *La Peau de Chagrin*. Never was there a more fascinating catalogue for the collector, so filled with the romance of mortal bric-à-brac. It was in this neighbourhood—somewhere on the Quai Voltaire—that his hero found the fatal skin.

"Certainly, monsieur, look about you," said the youth in the front of the shop. "We keep only the common things down here, but if you will take the trouble to go upstairs I can show you some fine mummies from Cairo, various inlaid potteries and a few carved ebonies, true Renaissance, of exquisite beauty, and just received."

The youth led the customer on through room after room, floor above floor, until at last he introduced him to a mysterious old man, lean and shrunken, wearing a black velvet

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robe, with long white hair falling from a velvet skull cap; and presently the old man showed him the strange piece of shagreen marked with talismanic Arabic script, which was to grant all his wishes and shrink, like his life, with every granted wish. There is in the Rue des Saints-Pères a shop into which I chanced one day, where I could easily have imagined that I had met that old man. The coincidence was the more striking because all the ancient books—mostly vast ribbed folios bound in vellum—dealt entirely with those subjects popularly called “occult.” They were books on magic, alchemy, astrology and the like. The old man dealt—deals—in no other literature, and if you should happen to be looking for a “grimoire” to raise the dead or a treatise on the philosopher’s stone, I can give you his address.

Guy de Maupassant was another great collector, and I never look into the windows of the antique furniture shops without thinking of his weird and beautiful story called *Chevelure*, in which he tells of buying an old cabinet and finding in a secret drawer the golden hair of some unknown woman, dead long ago—with his evocation of whom, of course, he falls in love.

Balzac—to return to him—must have done much rambling about this quarter, and there still survives, at the river end of the Rue de Seine, the house which was the scene of his romance of *La Rabouilleuse*, also known as *The Two Brothers*. It stands just as he described it, only more dreary and down at heel than ever, at the angle made by the meeting of the Rue de Seine and the Rue Mazarine, darkened by the high walls of the Institut de France. Here, on the third floor, the poor

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widow Bridau strove to bring up her two sons, one of whom became an egregious Napoleonic bully and marshal, and the other a famous painter, gentle and charming. Around the corner, by the way, in a small square in front of the Institut, one finds a statue of Condorcet, and there once stood the famous Tour de Nesle, from which Marguerite of Burgundy, wife of Louis X, used to have her lovers thrown into the river, as is recalled in Villon's famous ballads:

And where, I pray you, is the queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine?
Where are the snows of yester year?

Another amorous queen, Marguerite of Valois, wife of Henri Quatre, once lived close by, at 6 Rue de Seine. Her palace no longer exists, but on its site is an eighteenth-century house with a lofty façade and an inner court, so that this has fared better than most historic sites in Paris, for usually one finds them occupied by a garage and a gasoline station.

A "FOOL OF GOD"

To suffer fools gladly, in the customary use of that expression, is certainly not a French characteristic. The French are too intellectual and too common-sense a race to put up with the ordinary boor or "moron," for whom in fact they have ready and merciless contempt. But for the one who is not mad enough for an asylum, but only a little "touched in the upper story," only mad, as Hamlet said, "nor'-nor'-east," harmlessly and pathetically "simple," often with strange

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flashes of wisdom—for them the French show a curious protective tenderness, which seems to date from the time when a certain sacredness was held to attach to such innocent, half-witted creatures.

One of these will be well known to those Americans who take their early café au lait at Les Deux Magots café, facing the Church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, at the corner of the Rue Bonaparte and the Boulevard Saint-Germain. Doubtless this café takes its name from the two baboons who danced surprising attendance on two ladies in Voltaire's *Candide*, and here, it will be recalled, Oscar Wilde, when he had assumed the grandiose pseudonym of "Sebastian Melmoth," used to stroll up from the Rue des Beaux-Arts for his morning coffee and rolls. The "God's fool" I am referring to would have interested him greatly, but as he is supposed to be a mental victim of the great war, he had not commenced to go his rounds in Oscar's time. I am told that he has his regular morning "beat," which he punctually follows every day, arriving at Les Deux Magots precisely at eight o'clock.

I first became aware of him by a clear musical yodelling and, looking up from my newspaper, I realized that it proceeded from a tall, smartly dressed man of middle age, with an iron-gray moustache and severe profile. He was erect and soldierly in his bearing, and looked like a distinguished elderly military man out for a stroll. One could not believe at first that it was he who was yodelling. But sure enough it was, and there he stood right in the roadway, heedless of the traffic, which fell away on each side of him as from a privileged person, as apparently he was, for no one made any attempt

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to interfere with him, while he continued his morning demonstration, with which the smiling waiters and many of their customers were evidently familiar. His yodelling finished, he raised a smart soft hat and bowed ceremoniously to the café and its cosmopolitan clientele. Next he bowed to the old church, and then, with a fine gesture, he stretched forth his right arm up toward the sun in dramatic salutation—beginning at once to address that luminary in an impassioned speech.

I could catch only a little of what he said, but I gathered that the sun shone with especial effulgence and benediction upon France, and with particular force and favour on French women, of whom his address then became a fervent panegyric: Jeanne d'Arc and St. Genevieve coming in for especial reverence—while the whole address was no mean flight of rhetoric and in truth it sounded no madder than many such flights I have listened to from political platforms. It was only in the postscript to his oration that his mental condition positively revealed itself. Addressing his audience at the café tables, he begged to assure them of his readiness to transact any commission for them, entirely free of charge. For he had plenty of money, he said. All that he needed was supplied to him by the sun, with whom he had a secret understanding and through whom he brought good luck to everyone he talked to.

"I myself am good fortune," he added—as, by the way, Walt Whitman once wrote in *Leaves of Grass* and was not accounted a madman.

Then once more he bowed to the church, the café and the

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sun, and as a herald who has finished his announcement gives a final flourish on his bugle, he crowed lustily three times—doubtless identifying himself with the national Gallic rooster—drew himself to his full height, turned to the right-about, like a soldier, and marched away. Two gendarmes stood by, smiling. Neither they nor anyone else thought of interfering with him, but kind looks followed him on his way.

“Poor gentleman! It was the war!” I heard on all sides. “He is quite harmless,” and so “gentil.”

There is another quaint “innocent” I have seen in various parts of the town. He is a little workman and carries a small stepladder, he himself walking beside it. From the ladder hangs a pail and on the top of the ladder there is always a bunch of flowers and a French flag. The little man wears flowers in his hat and while he walks on rapidly as though on an important errand, he rings a bell. His apparatus is apparently for cleaning windows and his manner evidently implies that certain windows need cleaning in great haste, for he hurries on as one whose business brooks no delay. He suffers no traffic to hinder him a moment, but plunges right across the busiest thoroughfare, heedless of taxi or motor bus, ringing his little bell. He, again, is a privileged character. “Bon jour, monsieur,” call the passers-by as he jostles them aside.

But won't he get run over? “Pas du tout” (not at all). He is an “original” and not at all dangerous. No one makes fun of him, not even the street gamins, but all smile kindly on him as on a child—or on “the village fool,” and every “quartier,” like every village, seems to have one. *Le bon Dieu* takes

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care of all such innocents! Such is the kindly French attitude toward them.

PARIS STREET NAMES

WHEN Kemal Pasha came to power he decreed a wholesale change in the names of all Turkish towns, villages, streets and squares, so that not even a place name shall be left to recall the old Turkey dear to lovers of the *Arabian Nights*. This is one of those iconoclastic gestures commonly indulged in by the dictators of new régimes.

In France, fortunately, the revolutionary régime did not last long enough for its leaders to have their way with Paris, and they were only able to make an unimportant beginning. Of course, the names of many ancient streets have gone with the streets themselves, and changes continue to be made to do honour to contemporary heroes; but most Paris streets retain the old names which embody so much of the history of France, as well as recalling with charming quaintness the life and conditions of its past.

Many of these names have a picturesque oddity attractive for its own sake, regardless of their meaning, which often sets one guessing. Such, for example, is the Rue du Cherche-Midi, which runs through the district between the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Boulevard du Montparnasse. What can its name mean, we ask ourselves, this street where, to translate literally, one goes looking for midday? There are several explanations. One is that it comes from a fifteenth-century tavern sign, of which an eighteenth-century repro-

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duction is still to be seen at No. 19. In this two astronomers are represented studying a sundial, looking for midday at two o'clock—"chercher midi a quatorze heures." According to another explanation, however, it has nothing to do with noon, "midi" having reference to the south of France, the Midi, and "cherche" being a corruption of "chasse." It appears that in the sixteenth century there was a house there called the Maison de la Chasse, from which the street was called "Chasse Midi," an abbreviation of "la rue qui va de la Chasse au Midi"—the street which goes from the Chasse to the south. Authorities still disagree, so one may take one's choice. Admirers of Victor Hugo will be interested to know that much of his early life was spent there in the house of his parents, on the site of which now stands a gloomy military prison.

Again, the Rue des Mauvais-Garçons—the Street of the Bad Boys—a tiny street in the Temple quarter, turning out of the Rue de Rivoli behind the Hôtel de Ville, tickles one's curiosity. Here the origin of the name is something very different from its suggestion of the pranks of mischievous school-boys, for "bad boys" is a thirteenth-century euphemism for a band of assassins, hired by a nobleman who had a house near by to murder the famous soldier Olivier de Clisson. Clisson was a comrade in arms of the great Bertrand du Guesclin, and as constable of France, in 1389, made an unsuccessful attempt to invade England. The attempt on his life by the "bad boys" was also unsuccessful.

A house in the neighbouring Rue de Moussy has a more romantic story. It is a café bearing the sign "A Gabrielle

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d'Estrées," and over the bar is a painting in which Henri Quatre is represented flirting with his beautiful sweetheart. This commemorates the tradition that the famous lovers used to meet clandestinely in a cellar beneath the café, which had two subterranean entrances approached from two different streets, the king keeping tryst by one and Gabrielle by the other.

Another street, some short distance away in the Bastille quarter, bearing the pretty name of the Rue de la Cerisaie, or Street of the Cherry Orchard, commemorates a sadder chapter, the last, in this famous love story. The orchard was attached to the Hôtel Saint-Paul, and here that sinister character Zamet, who was at once clown and financier to the king, had a little place which was another meeting-place of the lovers. It was the spring of 1599, and Henri was seriously contemplating divorcing Marguerite of Valois and marrying Gabrielle—a step by no means to the taste of the Medici family, who wished the king to marry a princess of their house. Henri was away at Fontainebleau, and Gabrielle awaited his return at the little palace in the cherry orchard. One evening Zamet served her one of his famous dinners, into which he had evidently slipped some of the potent Medici condiments, for, after eating it, she fell suddenly ill, and the swiftest messengers to Fontainebleau were too late to bring the king back to her side before she died.

The death of Gabrielle was a real tragedy for Henri, for theirs was no common liaison, but a case of true love on both sides, and certainly the deepest attachment in Henri's philandering life. Gabrielle was a lady of noble birth, and, as well as

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her beauty, she brought the king a rare mind and much wisdom in the conduct of affairs, about which he constantly consulted her. She was far more his real wife than the flighty Marguerite, who, of course, no more dreamed of being faithful to Henri than he to her. Although Gabrielle was but twenty-six when she died, she had already borne him several children, of whom César became the head of the great house of Vendôme; and there is little doubt that, but for Zamet's poisoned dinner, their union would have been regularized by the church, and she would have become Queen of France. Henri, who was a good lyric poet as well as a great soldier, offered her his crown in two songs, one of which, "Charmente Gabrielle," lives still with an exquisite musical setting. One of its verses runs:

Partagez ma couronne,
Le prix de ma valeur;
Je la tiens de Bellone—
Tenez-la de mon cœur.

This may be prosaically rendered: "Share my crown, the prize of my valour; I hold it from the goddess of war; do thou hold it as the gift of my heart."

Another street, in the same district, like the Rue de la Cerisaie, owes its pretty, country-sounding name, the Rue de Beautreillis—Street of the Beautiful Trellis—to another great house included in the vast royal domain surrounding the Hôtel de Saint-Paul. This Hôtel Beautreillis was famous for its rich grapevines, from which the esteemed wine of St. Paul was made. Tradition says that the ancient vine still to be seen in the courtyard of a very old house, No. 7 Rue de Beautreillis,

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a building of the Henri Quatre period, was a slip from the original royal vine of the Hôtel de Saint-Paul. The name of another near-by street, Rue Charles V, recalls Charles the Wise (1337-1380), who built that famous palace which was a world in itself, inclosing within its surrounding domain the châteaux of nobles, farms, orchards, meadows, fish ponds, and an immense menagerie. With the wild beasts of this last his poor half-wit son Charles VI, known as Charles the Silly, came afterward to divert himself, when, neglected by his haughty Queen Elizabeth of Bavaria and his courtiers, he lived there in filthy rags and tatters, his only companion a kindly young Burgundian lady, Odette de Champdivers, with whom he used to play cards when he was not playing with the lions. These lions have given its name to a neighbouring street, the Rue des Lions, on the southern side of which fragments of the stone walls of their cages are still to be traced. Those were the days when Paris was given up to the butcheries of those human brutes the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, whose corpses, strewing the streets, were eaten by wolves stealing into the city at nightfall. Wolves were familiar visitors in mediæval Paris, as Villon tells us, particularly in the cemeteries, and there used to be a hair-raising legend of a little girl eaten by them in the Place aux Chats, a vanished square near the Halles.

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The names of many old Paris streets have a picturesque charm, irrespective of their history and sometimes even of their meaning. The French have, or had, a genius for this

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form of nomenclature. Often one feels that an unknown poet must have been at work, or a local humourist. Certainly it must have been a poet who gave the name of Rue Gît-le-Cœur—Street Where the Heart Lies—to the tiny thoroughfare that runs up from the Quai des Grands-Augustins to the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts; just as it must have been a humourist who named the Rue du Chat-qui-Pêche, or Street of the Fishing Cat.

Doubtless such clever animals sometimes began as tavern signs—which reminds one that there is also a street where a fox used to fish, the Rue du Renard-qui-Pêche; but he fishes no more, for the street is nowadays called simply Rue du Renard. Neither poetry nor humour is typical of the municipal authorities today, or, if they must demolish some old streets, they would at least spare us the picturesque names of those that remain.

To cite another instance, they have barbarously truncated into the Rue du Puits one of the loveliest names a street ever had—the Rue du Puits-qui-Parle, or Street of the Talking Well, in the Belleville quarter. It must surely have been a poet who invented that, with its exquisite suggestion of the silvery clash and echo of water as it drips from the bucket at the bottom of a well, and how it breathes of that country freshness which so many other street names in Paris recall. Such country wells are still to be found in the heart of the city. There is one in the Cour de Rohan, off the Cour de Commerce, another in the Rue Cassette, and other in many a hidden courtyard throughout Paris. There used to be one with a romantic history near to the Rue Française, appropri-

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ately called the Puits-d'Amour; for a beautiful girl who had been crossed in love, Agnès Hellébie, drowned herself in it as long ago as the reign of Philip Augustus; but it is no longer available for lovelorn damsels.

Returning to streets with the names of animals, the bears have a street in the Rue Saint-Denis quarter, the Rue aux Ours, where, as readers of *The Three Musketeers* will recall, lived the mysterious "princess" who provided Porthos with his gorgeous equipment. "A princess who lives in the Rue aux Ours!" mocked his impish lackey, Mousqueton. Actually, of course, she was a Mme. Coquenard, elderly wife of a miserly lawyer, whose strong box she pillaged in return for poor Porthos's reluctant love-making. So curiously have some Paris street names become corrupted in popular usage, there never were any bears in the Rue aux Ours. Its real name was that of a very different animal, and originally ran "aux Oies," the Street of the Geese. That was an abbreviation, for the full name was no less quaint than Rue où l'on Cuit des Oies—the Street Where They Cook Geese. The street was known all over Paris for its cookshops, and the speciality of its "rôtisseurs" was roast goose. So powerfully pervasive was the fragrance of roast goose in the Rue aux Oies that there was a proverbial phrase for a gourmet: "Vous avez le nez tourné à la friandise, comme la façade de l'Hôpital Saint-Jacques"—"Your nose is turned toward dainty things to eat like the façade of St. Jacques Hospital"—the reference being to a church of that name which stood at the end of the street.

Watson White retells the story of a characteristically mediæval happening in the Rue aux Oies. Midway in it was

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a statue of the Virgin; and on July 3, 1410, a drunken Swiss soldier, in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, ran his sword into the holy figure and drew it out miraculously streaming with blood. For the sacrilege the poor drunken fellow was condemned to be whipped from six in the morning till six in the evening, and so thoroughly was the sentence carried out "that the entrails left his body." His tongue was then bored with a red-hot iron, and the judicial spectacle ended with his being burned alive. So impressed was the neighbourhood by the miracle of the bloody sword that for nearly four hundred years—up to the Revolution—on the anniversary of the sacrilege an effigy of the Swiss soldier, with a wooden sword stained red, was paraded through the streets to the sound of drums, and finally was burned before the statue, the grotesque ceremony ending with a display of fireworks. Mr. White thinks that the tavern of the *Epée de Bois*, still existing in the Rue Quincampoix, took its name from the wooden sword in the hand of the effigy. There is, however, a street called Rue de l'*Epée-de-Bois*, running into the Rue Mouffetard, which probably has another explanation.

Monkeys are not unrepresented on the map of Paris. Near the prettily named Rue des Rosiers, or Street of the Rosebushes, now a Jewish district, in the old Temple quarter, there is a *Passage des Singes*, which takes its name from a tavern sign in the vanished Rue des Singes. In the Gobelins quarter there is an *Ile des Singes*, a slice of an island made by two arms of the little dye-stained River Bièvre. Here also is a Rue des Marmousets, or Street of the Young Monkeys: but the monkeys in both cases have a slang political meaning,

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being the nicknames given to the famous Olivier de Clisson, Constable of France under Charles V and Charles VI, and his fellow counsellors. In the Rue des Marmousets, wedged in among dyeworks and tall factory chimneys, is a beautiful fragment of an old palace, called the Pavillon of Queen Blanche, that Blanche of Castile who was the mother of the sainted Louis IX, and who lived here in white mourning for her husband, Louis VIII.

Among a people so fond of birds—the humblest street in Paris is vocal with caged birds—there are, of course, many streets with ornithological names. Instances are the Rue des Oiseaux, or Street of the Birds, in the Temple quarter; the Rue de l'Hirondelle, or Street of the Swallow, running into Place Saint-Michel, the Rue du Cygne, or Street of the Swan, off the Boulevard Sébastopol. Again there is the Rue du Paon-Blanc, or Street of the White Peacock, said to be named after a showman's exhibition in that spot, so long ago as the thirteenth century, of two wonders—a white peacock and a unicorn, from which latter the vanished Rue de la Licorne, now covered by the flower stalls of the Cité, took its name. The Rue du Paon-Blanc, near by, is said to be the narrowest street in Paris, measuring fifty-two inches across. There is a Rue des Alouettes, or Street of the Larks, in the dreary region of the Buttes-Chaumont; and there still exists, near the factory of the Gobelins, behind a gateway in the wall of the Rue du Champ-de-l'Alouette, or Street of the Field of the Lark, the meadow where Valjean, in *Les Misérables*, used to take the little Cosette by the hand, and where she and Marius used to wander in the moonlight.

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*ANGLO-SAXON MISCONCEPTIONS
OF THE FRENCH*

THE Great War, among the many evils it has brought upon mankind, has this good at least to its credit: it has done much to correct the Anglo-Saxon misconception of Frenchmen. The American lads who fought side by side with them in that gigantic struggle must have returned home with a very different story to tell of their French comrades.

Perhaps the only good of war is that it causes nations who have thus mocked each other, out of ignorance, to know each other better, not merely those who fought as allies but those, too, who fought as enemies. It is certain even that Germans and Frenchmen understand, and even like each other today far more than they did before the war. Of this the respectful and generous comments by German newspapers on the death of Marshal Joffre provide surprising evidence. That his one-time enemies should thus send laurels for his bier is a fact, it seems to me, of unusual and encouraging significance.

No less than the Frenchman, the Frenchwoman has been misrepresented and maligned—only, of course, by those who have never been in France and know nothing whatever about her. By such she has long been regarded, with puritanical horror, as the typical “light woman,” a beautiful evil creature, diaphanously garbed and expert in all the allurements that seduce and generally lead the pure souls of young men to the devil. Her life from girlhood has been a series of amours and the one interest and business of her existence is the ensnar-

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ing and corruption of the male sex. She is, of course, becoming better understood, but I am sure that there are still thousands of Englishmen and Americans who, on their first visit to Paris, have the idea that every French girl they meet in the streets needs only the raising of a finger to become their "mistress." If they have any such idea they must be singularly bad observers, and will soon find out their mistake. For, as a matter of fact, the French girl or woman is, of all feminine creatures, the most disappointing to masculine hopes of the kind indicated.

Grotesque as is the usual libel on Frenchmen, the usual libel on Frenchwomen is even still more preposterous. To begin with, as with Frenchmen, her physical type has been entirely misrepresented. As a rule she is far from being fragile, or "spirituelle." On the contrary, she is strongly built, deep-breasted and sturdy-limbed. Her walk, instead of being languorous or seductive, is more of the athletic order, vigorous and quick, and her whole figure, from her rather hard brown eyes to her very competent feet, is almost disconcertingly businesslike and purposeful. A female form divine more unflirtatious is not possible to imagine. In fact, her compact self-reliance and cold disregard of masculine pedestrians seems almost inhuman. ✓

I speak of the average French woman or girl one passes in the streets, or meets in stores or other public places. As for French society women—well, society women in all countries are very much the same. The Frenchwomen I mean are those who make such admirable wives and mothers, full of common sense and with a deep knowledge of human nature, who often

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help their husbands in their businesses, and are themselves probably the best business women in the world. These latter, whether they are presiding over stores, or are vendeuses (shop-girls) in stores belonging to others, combine efficiency with a charming courtesy unknown in other lands. Such "manners" once more! No wonder the foreign customer can hardly believe them real.

And such "style," too, even in the humblest little market lass, who sells you your butter and eggs, or carries her basket of long French loaves—flûtes—through the streets of a morning. Of all French girls these have often seemed to me the most charming. Such are my simple tastes!

AN AMERICAN LOVER OF THE "VICTORY"

DINING alone recently at the excellent Comète restaurant at the top of my street—the name of which has a history to which I will sometime return—I fell into conversation with another lonely diner, who proved to be an American journalist, not unknown to the brotherhood, and one of the most enthusiastic "fans" for Paris I ever met. As we smoked our pipes—both corncobs, by the way, another friendly bond—at the end of the meal, he confided to me one particular reason he had for living in Paris. He was not only in love with Paris on general principles, but he confessed to a mad passion for a certain lady, a white lady of antiquity dwelling in the Louvre. In short he was wildly in love with the "Victory" of Samothrace, that headless, overwhelming goddess who unfolds her beautiful armlike wings at the head of the

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main staircase, and whose very draperies seem swept with the breath of triumph. Yes! He lived in Paris that he might live with the "Victory"—and scarcely a day went by, he said, that he did not repair to the foot of that staircase to raise his eyes to her in admiring awe.

This American Pygmalion was a good talker, and I wish I could remember the words of rhapsody in which he celebrated his marble lady-love. A day or two afterwards, calling at the Louvre myself to pay my respects to another immortal marble lady, I was witness of an amusing incident which illustrated a perhaps more usual kind of admiration. I found the Venus de Milo surrounded by a little group of tourists who were listening to a guide telling them all about her. As he talked, a rather bewildered, excited lady rushed up to him, explaining that, although she was in a great hurry, she could not leave Paris without seeing the Venus de Milo. Could he tell her in what gallery of the Louvre she was to be found?

"She is here before you, madame," answered the lecturer.

"This!" she exclaimed in evident astonishment. "Why, she has no arms!" Then she added: "This, the famous Venus de Milo! Oh, I *am* disappointed!"

"Why are you disappointed?" asked the lecturer with a smile.

"Well, well," she hesitated. "Well—I thought she would be much bigger."

At this the little crowd burst into laughter, before which the discomfited pilgrim fled, calling back once more: "I never was so disappointed in my life!"

I recalled my Pygmalion. What would our excited lady

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have thought of a man who worshipped that other woman who had no head? Of course, she would have thought him crazy, and probably she would not be alone in her opinion. If one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, certainly there is a half of the world that cannot understand why the other half loves. There is no arguing about such matters—no arguing with those who do not love Paris, and cannot for the life of them see why anyone should prefer to live there when they might live, say, in Chicago or Kalamazoo. So, doubtless, many of his fellow Huguenots wondered at the great Henri when he declared that Paris was worth a mass. Such wrong-headed disloyalty, such incomprehensible craziness! Well, what's the use! The only way is for us all to be tolerant of each other's peculiar tastes, to love and to let love.

Thank heaven! there are no few who will understand my satisfaction on waking up of a morning and seeing the towers of Notre-Dame through one of my windows, and Les Invalides through another. To live in the same city with these inspiring symbols of the history of a great people. To have it in one's power at any moment to drop in at the Louvre, for an uplifting glance at that great winged woman without a head, or to heal one's distracted modern eyes with the serene loveliness of the other white lady without arms . . . Oh, yes, Paris is decidedly worth a mass!

As one thinks of those two good reasons, out of the thousand and one good reasons for living in Paris, one recalls that saying of Oscar Wilde's, so profound when one ponders it, as so many of Wilde's apparently trivial mots are, when ex-

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pressing the hope for international peace which he based on international sympathies in the great things of art, he said that the day must surely come when all the other nations would say: "We cannot go to war with France, because her prose is perfect."

Just now, when the storm-clouds seem once more gathering over Europe, is a good time to remember that deep saying. When a nation, whatever it be—Germany, Italy, England or America, has given to the rest of the world something of beauty or wisdom of inestimable value to the spiritual or intellectual life of all, or something that has merely added "to the gaiety of nations"—nations that need gaiety so much—how can we think of building battleships or air flotillas to destroy them? Who, for instance, can think of going to war with a nation that has given us Mark Twain and *Huckleberry Finn*?

FRENCH WORKMEN

I HAVE always got on well with workmen. I like them, and I flatter myself that they usually like me—though the time has gone by when, in New York, I used to put my hand on their shoulders and say "For the Revolution, brother!"

Yes! the time has gone by for that. The necessity for such comradely gestures exists no longer. We have all the revolution nowadays that any reasonable being can desire, and perhaps our ideas of the necessity, or efficacy, of revolutions have been revised. At all events, when I occasionally come into contact with the French workman I no longer sport the red

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flag—the one I used to carry in my pocket having, I fear, long since faded to a very pale pink!—and I am no authority upon his political opinions. What has recently interested me in the two or three samples of workmen with whom I have been transiently acquainted has been their opinions upon art, and particularly, to me, the surprising discovery that they have any at all. American and English workmen may have their opinions on art, but, so far as I am concerned, they have always kept them to themselves.

French workmen, however, seem to have in their composition some share of that intellectual and artistic leaven with which the French race is generally credited. Recently several heavy cases of books arrived for me from America, and three husky young Frenchmen of the piano-moving variety were engaged in carrying them up my seven flights of stairs—for, fortunately, my old building is without an elevator; I say fortunately, because my solitude is thus the more assured. I did not envy them their job, for it was a very hot day and, strong as they were, these consignments of learning brought out the perspiration.

Why, I wonder, are books the heaviest things in the world—irrespective of who wrote them?

In the intervals of their exertions they paused to mop their brows, and the youngest of them stepped out on my balcony to cool off and look across the old roofs. He pointed to the dome of the Invalides. "Napoleon," he said, with a smile; and added: "It's a pity he's there. France could make use of him just now." From which I gathered that he was no communist.

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Meanwhile, the other two had been glancing over my shelves, and most of my books being English, they had shaken their heads. "Anglais!" Alas, they couldn't read English, they said. But one of them noticed a copy of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* in French, pointed it out to the other, and both looked at me with approval. It is wonderful how that old yarn has reached all classes. And when I told them that d'Artagnan had lived in this street, they swarmed out onto the balcony to look it up and down with eager boyish interest. Then they noticed two or three volumes of Zola. "A great man!" one of them exclaimed. Then they looked at me again. Was I myself an "écrivain"?

And, when I confessed to being a humble member of the writing fraternity, I saw that I had won their respect—that respect which the French people have always had for the "homme de lettres," particularly since the French Revolution, and perhaps not entirely to the advantage of their politics. I was sorry that I hadn't a drink in the place to offer them, but I gave them wherewith to quench their well-earned thirst, and so we parted with mutual goodwill.

A day or two afterwards there came a carpenter to put up some shelves to house the new learning. He was an intelligent, middle-aged man who had done the like for me before, and he smiled sympathetically on my growing library. He could talk books also, but what chiefly interested him this time was a mirror set in an old carved frame. I am not well up on periods, and I tentatively murmured, "Louis Seize." But he begged leave to suggest "Louis Quinze," and pointed out some peculiarities in the carving in support of his opin-

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ion. Then he caught sight of an old chair, and made me realize that it was more valuable than I had suspected. Finally he told me all about an old copper box, with a curious double lock, which I have had by me for some time, because I like the looks of it. Then he went on with his shelves.

When he had finished them, two young fellows came to paint them, and here again I was to continue my education. On one of my walls hangs a portrait of my wife, an oil painting. I saw my young workmen examining it. They, too, had worked for me before. A portrait of "madame"? they queried. And they pronounced it an excellent likeness. But, then, to my surprise, they fell to praising the treatment of the background, the management of certain blue tones and the general handling. I know as little of technical values as I know of periods. So I sat at their feet. And I have to thank them, too, for suggestions as to "refreshing" certain shadows, which, owing to the quality of the paint used, are in danger of turning black. They talked appreciatively also of one or two other paintings and sketches hung around, and one of them spied and admired two bronze figures made for book-ends.

"I like painting," he said, "but I prefer sculpture."

I looked at him in his workman's overalls, and thought to myself of other "painters and decorators" I had met. Now, these French workmen I have mentioned may have been exceptions, but I think not, and certainly it was curious that I should have thus found six of them one after another who took so intelligent an interest in books, old furniture, paintings and sculpture, and admired my old Paris roofscape as

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well. One thing about French workmen I like, too: their wearing of long white smocks, like sculptors' "aprons." As you see them garbed thus, splashed with mortar and paint, trooping into their cafés and bistros for their café noir, or white wine, at their eleven o'clock déjeuner, they add no little picturesqueness to the French scene. And many shopkeepers, too, particularly chemists and opticians, wear these long white smocks, usually, among the older men, with a béret cap, which seems to give them a learned mediæval touch. Once more—Vive la France!

G. A. SALA ON PARIS

THE manner in which France has recovered from the Great War is a constant theme of admiration among her friends; and her enemies share the same sentiment, though with them, naturally, admiration wears the disguise of envy. Yet it cannot have astonished anyone even superficially acquainted with her history, for her Antæan power of recuperation has been one of her characteristic gifts since she first became a nation. Probably no other nation has so often come up smiling, before the count, after apparently knock-out blows. And her own self-inflicted wounds, after numberless civil wars, have always healed themselves with a rapidity which has borne witness to the toughness of the national health and the superabundance of her racial vitality. The only bearable aspect of the Terror of her great Revolution is the way in which her ragged regiments faced and overwhelmed the at-

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tempts of the allied armies on all her frontiers to destroy the new-born republic and reinstall the "ancien régime."

Anatole France, in his otherwise cynical romance of *The Gods Are Thirst*, dramatically brings out this instinctive capacity, as she sends to the guillotine one general after another who have failed, or betrayed, her, while her sans-culottes melt her church bells for cannon, and dig down into Parisian cellars to find saltpetre for the gunpowder.

The manner in which after Sedan she paid up the vast indemnity demanded by the conquering Germans, long before it seemed possible, surprised the Germans no less than the rest of the world. And an oldish book which I have been reading gives a picture, by an unusually equipped observer, of the gay recovery she had made no more than eight years after her resounding "debacle," when all Europe, no longer her foes, swarmed into Paris to make holiday with her at that famous International Exhibition, of the glories and gaieties of which, when we were children, our grandfathers told us.

The book I mean is *Paris Herself Again, in 1878-9*, by the famous English journalist, George Augustus Sala, the protégé of Charles Dickens, for long one of the pillars of the *Daily Telegraph*, the founder of the English magazine *Temple Bar*, the celebrated "G. A. S." of those "Echoes of the Week," a column which he wrote weekly for nearly thirty years, and by which I think he may be declared as the father of all subsequent columnists.

The book was deservedly popular in his day, and, though

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naturally it contained some ephemeral material, it deserves to be reviewed, not merely for its vivid description of the tumultuous phantasmagoria of the moment, but for its insight and understanding of the permanent characteristics and aspects of the French people. Sala was qualified to know them thoroughly, for he had been educated in Paris and had written a tragedy *Frédégonde*, in the French language, before he was ten. Here from his preface is his own account of his graduation as a Parisian:

"I have known the French capital intimately for forty years. I was taken there to school in August, 1839, and there at school I remained until the French language had become as familiar to me as my own. I was in Paris during the revolution of 1848, during the coup d'état of 1851, when I nearly got shot; during the exhibition years of 1855 and 1867. I was in Paris on the fourth of September, 1870, when I nearly got murdered as a Prussian spy, and, apart from the journalistic errands which have taken me to Paris, I have lived for months together in all parts of the city over and over again . . . the city which I have seen 'knocked into a cocked hat' over and over again—barricaded, bombarded, beleaguered, dragooned and all but sacked, but which is now 'Paris Herself Again'—comelier, richer, gayer, more fascinating than ever. And happier? *Que sais-je?*"

The year 1878, when Sala found Paris "herself again," was a year of exceptional tranquillity in her political annals. Marshal MacMahon was the popular President of the Third Republic, which we still have with us, and the exhibition prosperously and vivaciously impressed Europe with the fact,

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as perhaps it made it clear to France herself as never before, that the secret of her recuperative power lay in the industry and artistic instinct of the nation.

Reading Sala's book fifty years after its publication, one realizes that Paris was not only herself again at the time when he wrote, but that she is always herself, "yesterday, today, and forever," for she remains essentially in 1936 what she was in 1880. Electricity, then in its sputtering infancy, has taken the place of gas, aeroplanes have supplanted balloons, radio, talking cinemas and other doubtful blessings of science have added to the noise and nervousness of the world, but these are but superficial conveniences or annoyances, and, while making expert use of them all, the indestructible French character and French institutions founded upon it remain unchanged. Kipling, with his unrivalled gift for hitting the nail on the head, has written the tersest appreciation of the French character in these lines:

Terrible with strength that draws from her tireless soil,
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of men's mind,
First to follow truth and last to leave old truths behind.

Always changing, yet always the same, in spite of her penchant for revolutions, France thriftily retains anything that seems serviceable in the past, just as she preserves all that is useful in the old buildings she prefers to make over rather than destroy, nearly always keeping the old foundations; and, similarly, even now under the so-called democratic Third Republic there is far more remaining and vital of the ancien régime than is acknowledged or perhaps even realized.

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If the surviving scion of the old monarchy possessed any ruling capacity, a successful coup d'état would find the old machinery ready to hand not half so rusted as it may seem.

At all events, the fifty years since Sala wrote have not essentially changed the Parisian scene. Could he revisit it, he would smile to find Paris still "herself again," hardly changed at all from the Paris he knew; the same old concierges, most of the old restaurants he loved, nearly all the old streets—with the same after-war mania for giving them new names; the same press, the same politicians, the same old bookstalls on the quais where he picked up many a treasure; the same wonderful old women, the same glorious viragoes of the markets, the same smart, pretty market girls; the same curiously-gay, serious, abstemious, industrious, early-rising French people; in short, to quote Kipling again, the same "France beloved of every soul that loves its fellow kind." I may add that, even without Sala, the book is valuable for its many spirited sketches by well-known French artists of the period.

SPRING AND THE QUAIS

SPRING is already flirting with Paris, and Paris, the Tragic Flirt of Europe, is flirting back. It has been a hard winter here, as it appears to have been everywhere, and spring, when she really arrives, is sure of the warmest welcome she has received for many years.

Yet winter in Paris has had for some its imaginative alleviations. To French children, I may say, it has given the rare opportunity of playing snowball; for snow seldom falls in

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Paris, so seldom that their elders who are foolish enough to care for literature have sometimes wondered where François Villon, who seems to have left Paris as frequently as a cockney leaves Whitechapel, gained the knowledge that inspired his most famous line of "the snows of yester-year." Similarly, one has wondered why the Louvre, as, of course, its name implies, was built as a sort of fortress against the wolves, who in those far-off mediæval winters used to invade the dark old streets in search of warmth and of those succulent roisterers who were out too late. This winter that has almost gone has given us some idea of what winter was in Paris when the towers of Notre-Dame were being built, the kind of winters of which Stevenson, apropos Villon, has written so graphically in *A Lodging for the Night*.

And talking of wolves, the elemental wildness that seems to survive in France—in spite of every square inch of it being tilled with uncommon skill and industry—is dramatically illustrated in the fact that the wild boar is still hunted in the outskirts of Paris, and that his bristly head glares at you from butchers' shops, and "marcassin" is to be found in bills of fare at restaurants, "en saison." One of the great charms of France is this persistence of elemental force and character, side by side with the most sophisticated knowledge and the easy handling of those lesser mechanical forms of cleverness which are called "science"—aeronautics and so forth.

It was an American book collector, an old friend of mine, who is responsible for these wandering remarks, for he had never been in Paris before and he had been asking me about the "quais," those Seine-side bookstalls, which are one of the

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unique and most charming features of Paris—as well as one of the most ancient. These open-air libraries, fluttered over by green leaves and flecked with sunlight, with the Seine gliding innocently by under her broad bridges—who would think how often she has been red with blood and wild with torches, this spring morning?—these open-air libraries provide one more example of the continuity of the history and habits of Paris. For books have been here and in the adjoining streets since the days of Abélard.

While still there were houses on the Pont-Neuf, where Henri Quatre rides in bronze, the bookshops were concentrated there, at the foot of the Rue Saint-Michel, as the birdshops, filled with innumerable twitterings, and many other happy sounds, were there too. The birdshops are now at the end of the bridge on the Right Bank, as the bookstalls stretch along from the end of the bridge on the Left. Bird fanciers and scholars are to be found there as of old. If some ghostly lady from the fifteenth century should seek a hawk for her wrist, or a parakeet for her boudoir, she would find them today in the same place as long ago; just as some shadowy scholar, seeking a copy of Scaliger or Erasmus, would just as surely find it today where he found it four centuries ago. Then, as now, the book hunter went prowling along the quais in the hope of buried treasure, just as in Andrew Lang's ballade:

In torrid heats of late July,
In search, beneath the bitter *bise*,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly—
He book-hunts, through December freeze;

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In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

“But,” said my book-hunting friend from Minneapolis, “I understand that there is nothing worth finding on these stalls nowadays.”

“Of course,” I answered, “good things are hard to find, for the business of book hunting has become so specialized, and more and more, as Lang says farther on in his ballade, ‘in rich men’s shelves they take their ease.’ . . .

“Yet, after all,” I continued, “it is only a matter of broader knowledge and keener scent. Something always escapes the dealer. . . .”

Then I added: “When you come back to my garret I will show you something that I picked up here for five francs!”

FRENCH LOVE OF ANIMALS

A DISTINGUISHED Frenchman visiting New York is said to have had but one criticism to make of it. Odd as it may sound to New Yorkers, he found that animated city sad—“triste” because he saw so few animals there. No dogs and cats!

A very short stay in Paris would explain his remark, for there is hardly a windowsill in Paris without its cat, or a doorstep, particularly the doorsteps of the innumerable little bistros, or wineshops, and the doorsteps of concierges’ lodges, without dogs and cats both. Nor do Frenchmen or Frenchwomen ever seem too busy to stop and play with the puppies

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and kittens, which, particularly in old streets like mine, increase and multiply for the gaiety of the most human of nations. A frequent sight, too, in the windows of antiquity shops is a luxurious feline sultana curled up fast asleep among old-world laces, ancient blunderbusses and such like bric-à-brac.

I presume that French officialdom, with all its passion for statistics, has no census made of its cat and dog population. My street would certainly make a considerable contribution to such a census, from the Siamese cat with her kittens at the top, well known to American patrons of the admirable Comète restaurant at the corner—where there is no harm in saying that the gourmet will get one of the best dinners in Paris for the least money—to the mongrel little Scotch terriers who control the workmen's bistro at its foot, and occasionally steal into the solemn portals of Saint-Sulpice to hear mass. Only an hour ago I saw the tiniest of them flying down the sacred steps pursued by a magnificent beadle in full pontificals, who was laughing in spite of himself and his office.

Michelet somewhere traces the Frenchman's love of dogs to his Gallic ancestors. With the Gauls, dogs were something like divine animals, and on certain occasions they were accustomed to crown them with laurel. The dogs of Paris, of course, have their own Père La Chaise—the "Dog's Cemetery" on the Ile de la Recette, down the Seine beyond Clichy. There the unforgotten faithful sleep with grandiose inscriptions from great writers on their tombs—such as Pascal's proverbial "Plus je vois les hommes, plus j'aime mon chien" (The more I see of men, the more I love my dog). Cats, I

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understand, are also granted sepulture in the Dog's Cemetery.

Of course, a Frenchman's "pets" are not confined to dogs and cats. As I write, there comes into my window a soft cooing. It is the doves of my neighbour on the floor below, a burly painter, with a bayonet wound through his right hand from the Marne. But you should see how tenderly he talks to his doves, out there in his painter's smock on his veranda among his geraniums. Birdshops are one of the quaint features of Paris, and it is curious to find most of them in the same neighbourhood where they have been for centuries. On Sunday mornings, too, they occupy the *Marché des Fleurs*, near *Notre-Dame*, and the air, usually filled with fragrance, is prettily alive with their warblings.

The French love for their domestic "pets" is not incompatible with a curious cold-bloodedness of which my wife recalls to me an amusing example. The concierge of an apartment we rented for some time had a beautiful gray rabbit to which she was very devoted. It lived in a roomy cage outside her door, and, all through one winter, my wife would stop and watch the concierge and her husband playing with it, for they both loved it alike and had taught it little tricks. Under their petting it waxed fat and grew to be a very handsome, enormous animal. In the spring we were absent for a week or two, and on our return at Easter my wife inquired about the family darling. Its cage was there, with a litter of lettuce leaves, but otherwise it was empty.

"But where is your rabbit?" my wife asked of the concierge, the kindest and most motherly of women. With a smile, she pointed to her prosperous stomach:

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"*C'est ici, madame!*" was the answer—"It is here, madame!"

"What! You have eaten your rabbit!" exclaimed my wife, with Anglo-Saxon horror.

"*Oh, mais c'était délicieux!*" answered she who had loved it so well, and played with its as though it had been a child. "Oh, but it was delicious!" Such is French common sense, that strange mixture of sentiment and materialism, kindness and cruelty, sometimes so hard to understand.

THE "LATIN QUARTER"

I AM sometimes asked by American visitors to Paris whose lives have been wisely given to the pursuit of wealth rather than to the pursuit of learning: What is meant by the Latin Quarter? Is it a real place? or is it merely a symbol for that happy period of life when youth kicks up its heels, keeps late uproarious hours with wit and loveliness for company, and generally behaves as though Time were an elderly invention?

The answer, of course, is that the Latin Quarter is both. Technically, according to Baedeker, it is a section of Paris, situated on the Left Bank, to the south of the Cité, originally inclosed by the walls of Philip Augustus and now comprising the Fifth Arrondissement (Panthéon) and the east part of the Sixth (Luxembourg). It is, of course, on the Left Bank, and should your hostelry be on the Right, say, at the Crillon or George V, your easiest way to find it is to take a taxi over

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the Pont Saint-Michel, from which you have a fine view of Notre-Dame, and then have yourself set down at the foot of the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the famous "Boul' Mich'."

This boulevard is the main artery of the Latin Quarter. To right and left of it is concentrated probably more learning than is to be found in a like space in the rest of the world, and the term Latin Quarter may generally be held to signify "the learned quarter." For close by are the Sorbonne and the Ecole de Médecine, and on the height to the left is the Church of Sainte-Geneviève, to the cloisters of which Abélard led his students from those cloisters of Notre-Dame, where he had at first taught and fought the battle against scholasticism. How his students swarmed and laughed and rioted after him, and behaved generally as Paris students still behave—for it is one of the delights of Paris to the imagination that whatever happened eight centuries or more ago is still happening in the same places, with those variations, of course, necessary to any vital tradition.

How serious those students of Abélard's were, and how gay! And how serious still and how gay are the students of Paris—to whatever school they belong, whatever their study. How gay—and how serious! Let us emphasize that for the benefit of that friend of mine who asked the meaning of the Latin Quarter. A serious love for their particular art or science, combined with the hilarity of young blood, combined also with the only poverty that can laugh at itself, hand in hand with sweethearts who laugh at poverty with them as only French girls can. . . . Edinburgh and Heidelberg and Sala-

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manca have known student life of the same devil-may-care charm and indifference to life, death and money; yet, owing, maybe, to one or two writers such as Murger and Du Maurier, not to speak of Villon, when we think of *La Vie de Bohème*, we think of Paris.

This serious, laughing, student life no longer throngs the cloisters of Notre-Dame or Sainte-Genève; but it has merely exchanged the cloister for the café. If one follows the Boulevard Saint-Michel till it stops at the top of the Luxembourg Gardens, leaving on its left the Bal Bullier, now sacred to dancers of the negro race, and turning to one's right, past the Café des Lilas, at the corner of the Boulevard du Montparnasse, and pursuing one's way, one comes to those resounding centres of light and talk—the Dôme, the Rotonde, the Sélect.

These polyglot centres of mixed races and mixed drinks may not be always to one's taste, but there is no denying that these wildly-lit cafés, turbulent and tumultuous, are the direct descendants of the cloisters of Notre-Dame and Sainte-Genève, and that among the many bearded, unwashed talkers are to be found the masters of modern thought and the representatives of modern dreams and modern art. There, too, will be found all that modern nonsense which is as inseparable from "modernity" nowadays as it was in the days of Abélard. There, too, will be found Love and Poverty, happy as ever they were in Murger or Du Maurier. Life never changes. It merely changes its clothes. Paris has changed its clothes many times, but merely to emphasize that youth is eternal—eternal as France.

Apropos these remarks, read a delightful up-to-date *La*

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Vie de Bohème called the *Quartier Latin*, by Marina Bousquet, after the scenario of Maurice Dekobra.

PARIS IN REVOLUTION AS SEEN BY A DOCTOR

I RECENTLY picked up on an old bookstall on the Quai Voltaire an English translation of a volume of French memoirs which deserves to be better known, though, of course, it may be more famous than I know. It is entitled *Recollections of a Parisian—Docteur Poumiès de la Siboutie—Under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions and a Republic (1789–1863)*. These recollections were edited by the doctor's daughters, translated by Lady Theodora Davidson and published in England by John Murray in 1911.

I don't know how it is with other people, but that period of French history from Waterloo to the German occupation of Paris in 1870 has always been vague and unrealized for me, particularly in regard to the "restorations" of those Bourbon kings who "had forgot nothing and learned nothing," Louis XVIII, Charles X and Louis Philippe (though it is hardly fair to include him with the two foregoing), whom somehow one has never been able to take seriously as kings, and whose undignified exits in hired cabs or by back doors had little even of the drama of "abdication" about them. Nor have the "revolutions" that brought about those exits seemed like real revolutions to our imaginations, vividly possessed with pictures of *the* Revolution, with its titanic, demoniac personalities such as Danton, Robespierre and Marat, and its

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culminating drama of "The Terror." Of course, whole libraries have been written about them, if one had only had time enough to read them. However, I, for one, hadn't, and therefore these quiet, all-in-the-day's-work notes of a doctor practising in Paris during those nonetheless important, exciting years bring with them a sense of reality just because of their informal, almost casual quality.

Dr. La Siboutie came of an old bourgeois stock in the old city of Périgueux in Périgord, once included in the provinces of Guienne and Gascony. His father was a justice of the peace, highly respected for his wisdom, which carried his family safely through the storms of the Revolution, and he himself came to Paris in 1810, when he was twenty-one, to study medicine. He became a qualified practitioner in 1815, when Paris was in the hands of "the Allies," and he makes one feel in a few simple words what that "occupation" meant:

"The Bois de Boulogne was laid bare, the statues of the Luxembourg mutilated with sabre cuts; our hearths and homes were overrun by soldiers who spoke to us as masters. Such are the rights of war. Our own soldiers had probably abused them on more than one occasion."

From then on he followed his profession through all the various changes of government, with all their tumults, and his practice often brought him strange acquaintances and grim and bloody experiences. One day he was called upon to attend "the widow Marat," otherwise Marat's old mistress. "She was extremely plain and could never have had any good looks. She assured me that in the whole course of

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her 'married life' Marat had never given her a single cause for complaint; that he was all gentleness and consideration in his home relations." An interesting sidelight on the famous monster!

Here is an anecdote of another of them: One of Dr. La Siboutie's patients, a Norman gentleman, with his wife and children, had lived in the same house with Robespierre and he had been touched by the "Incorruptible's" fondness for children. He never failed to speak tenderly to his two little ones whenever he met them.

And here is still another curious reminiscence: "I was passing through the Place du Palais de Justice one day when I saw a good-looking young fellow, smartly but quietly dressed in black, standing on the scaffold presiding over the execution of several criminals. I asked one of the crowd who he was. 'Young Sanson,' was the reply. 'His father handed the business over to him a year ago. I saw him perform his first execution; he trembled like an aspen leaf. You see, Charlot is not a bad boy at heart, neither was his father before him.'" The father before him was the executioner of Marie Antoinette and other heads, crowned and otherwise, of the Revolution.

The doctor's daily avocations made him very well acquainted with barricades and mobs, and his professional calls were often made in the bloody streets. I wish I had space to quote his description of a mob at work sacking the Palais Royal on the abdication of Louis Philippe. The doctor was a true patriot, but his opinion of the "proletariat" is worth reading

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just now. Here is a description of the streets during the revolt against Charles X, the most incompetent fool-king who ever had an undeserved opportunity:

“Paris wore a curious aspect. The boulevards were obstructed by felled trees, dead horses, hastily constructed barricades, overturned carriages and carts, barrels full of earth, torn up paving stones. Putrefaction, which sets in more rapidly in bodies which have not been gradually wasted by disease, especially in midsummer heat, made such terrible strides that in twenty-four hours the stench was absolutely insupportable. There were a great many corpses on the Place de Grève, and the neighbouring streets. The majority were blackened, swollen, unrecognizable, in full process of decomposition.”

But perhaps this is the most curious story in the book: Charles X's Swiss guards were making their last stand on the terraces of the Louvre, and shooting at everyone in sight. Suddenly, “a well-dressed, middle-aged man came slowly on to the Quai Voltaire, from the Rue de Beaune, reading a book; he strolled leisurely across the road, stepped on to the pavement, and continued his way toward the Pont des Arts, without once raising his eyes. Of course, he was instantly made the target of the Suisses, who fired at least a couple of hundred shots at him. Nothing diverted his attention from his book; he was as deaf to the warning shouts of the crowd as to the bullets spattering round him. We watched him breathlessly as he made his slow way along, turning the corner into the Rue de Seine, and disappeared unharmed from

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our view." It was on that Quai Voltaire where that reader with the charmed life passed unscathed among the bullets that I found Dr. La Siboutie's delightful book, which I hope the reader may be able to get hold of for himself.

THE MARTYRS OF "LES CARMES"

JUNE the Ninth is St. Medard's Day, the St. Swithin's Day of France. If it rains on St. Medard's, it will rain for forty days. So runs the ancient prophecy. But this year it has already failed of fulfilment. Instead of rain, Paris has been deluged with an almost tropic sunshine, and sudden summer has burst upon us with an intoxicating ardour which makes it hard to stay indoors or keep at one's job. Everyone who can is out in the Luxembourg Gardens, the leafy rustle and freshness of which pervade my fortunate neighbourhood, and everywhere

The gay, gay people
Are out in the sun, in the sun;

and all the cafés are doing a thriving business in "citrons pressés," otherwise lemonades.

Yesterday I was unable to resist the call of the holiday atmosphere, and I left my roofs and books and wandered forth along the Rue de Vaugirard, passing by the Luxembourg Art Gallery at the top of my street, where great sightseeing cars were depositing their freights of American pilgrims. I loitered along, leaving the gardens behind me, till, at a short distance

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on the right, between the Rue Bonaparte and the Rue de Rennes, I came to the railed-in courtyard, sad and grass-grown, of the old convent of the Carmelites.

There is an entrance to one side of the cloisters, bearing the legend "Les Cryptes des Martyrs." I had often passed it by, meaning some day to pay it a visit. It is one of the tragic show-places of Paris, for "the martyrs" of Les Carmes are those priests who were so vilely butchered here on September 2, 1792, by an already blood-drunken mob of "the sovereign people," red-handed from the murders at the Abbey of Saint-Germain—facing the Deux Magots Café! There being no more priests to kill there, their leader Maillard, "hero" of the women's march from Versailles, led his horde of assassins to Les Carmes, where more than a hundred priests were imprisoned in the convent church. Some of these were walking in the beautiful garden, which remains much as it was that fearful afternoon, and on these part of the mob, breaking in, set at once to work. The Abbé Girault was quietly reading his breviary, by the liliated pond—on which the lilies still float. A sabre-stroke across his head brought him down, and several pikes finished the work. Today an old sundial marks the spot where he fell. The butt end of a musket laid low the Abbé Salins who was running to his assistance. The venerable Archbishop of Arles, Monseigneur Dulau, was the next to be similarly hacked with sabres and pierced with pikes.

Then the voice of the ineffable "Judge" Maillard was heard calling: "Don't kill them so fast; we must try them first!" So such priests as were left alive in the garden were

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dragged indoors, and these, with those who were saying the prayers for the dying within the church, were brought two by two before "Judge" Maillard, whose "revolutionary tribunal" was a small table set up in the narrow passage just inside the doorway leading to the two or three steps into the garden. Here the mock trial proceeded, and, as sentence was pronounced, the victims were pushed out on to those steps, where sabres, pikes, muskets and bludgeons awaited them. Said an onlooker: "They went to their deaths as if they were going to a feast." Maillard made a record in speed even for a revolutionary tribunal. In two hours the "justice of the people" was completed and the corpses of one hundred and fourteen priests were heaped there in the garden—almost one a minute—at the foot of the little staircase at the bottom of which, cut in the stone, one now reads: *Hic ceciderunt* (Here they fell).

To pass out of the hot summer day into this haunted Golgotha of Les Carmes may well seem a strange way of spending a holiday, but, as I paid my three francs admission to the intelligent verger, and followed him as he took me step by step through the dark chapels and vaults and corridors and garden paths, once running with blood and shrieking with fury, and now so still, I felt that the very contrast between it and the gay living world without provided just that tragic emphasis to quicken one's imagination and make one realize the fearful thing that had, almost unbelievably, happened in this place. No one who cares to picture for himself what the revolutionary Terror actually was can come so shudderingly near to it as by visiting Les Carmes; and certainly the genius

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of the Catholic Church for dramatic presentation was never exerted so strikingly and, to my thinking, so justifiably, as in this monument which it has made of Les Carmes to its "September" martyrs.

"Golgotha," I called it, and as one enters into one of the vaults, one realizes that it is literally a place of skulls; for here in curious pigeon-holes ("columbaria," they are literally called) are arranged a large number of skulls, exhumed from the garden, on which the guide shows you the indentations made by sabres and the holes made by bullets. Also there are several curious reliquaries in which skulls, crossbones and many small pieces of bone are decoratively arranged in the manner of a mosaic—a piece of mortuary art perhaps a little too gruesomely fantastic. Still, nothing that brings home to one's imagination the calculated wickedness of those "September massacres," which we know now were not genuine popular manifestations, but engineered by professional "patriots" for their own ends, can be too blood-curdingly and, one may add, too warningly dramatic. Still, it is that *Hic ceciderunt* at the foot of those worn, once blood-stained steps leading into the garden that brings the ancient agony most poignantly before us; that and the little column marking the spot by the lilled pond where the Abbé Girault was reading his breviary when they fell upon him with sabre and pike that September day in 1792. There are stone benches circling the pond still, and on one of these a young priest was seated reading his breviary, as I stood in the garden and thought of it all.

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THE PARIS CONCIERGE

PROBABLY the best hated and, to my thinking, the most maligned, misrepresented functionary in Paris is the concierge. She, or he, is the dragon guarding the gate of the Parisian Earthly Paradise. The concierge is usually a she, and the common report of her is that she is a she-dragon indeed. I don't remember hearing or reading a good word for her. She has become something like a stereotyped character in the old comedies, a figure for traditional contumely. The mere fact of being a concierge is enough to condemn her unheard.

That her position gives a naturally cross-grained and malicious individual unmatched opportunities for venting her spleen on mankind goes without saying, and that there are concierges who live up to the traditional pattern as the most thoroughly disagreeable of so-called human beings is doubtless true. But it would seem that my experience has been fortunate, for, though I have lived in Paris for several years and changed my "garret" several times, I have yet to find in a concierge the tyrant, spy and general villain or vixen, I was originally warned against. No, all the concierges I have known have been courteous, kindly, conscientious, very hard-working women of a superior type in intelligence and manners, and I count my present concierge one of the best friends I have. Of course, if you begin by treating a concierge as a natural enemy—well, I have never done that, and perhaps that is one reason for my good luck in concierges!

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What exactly is a "concierge"? The dictionary will tell you: A hall porter, doorkeeper, janitor. But this is a very inadequate description. She is all that and ever so much more. The janitor, as we know him in America, is a poor unauthoritative being compared with her, with far more keys than the outdoor key at her girdle.

The learned are at odds as to the precise derivation of the word "concierge," but the history of its application gives us an interesting example of the romantic decline and fall of words from an original high estate to humble uses, just as picturesque costumes and uniforms, once the mark of great gentlemen and soldiers, only survive nowadays in the garb of beadles, lackeys and undertakers.

Take the case of the word "janitor" itself. Certainly it is a far cry from a New York janitor in his overalls to that august Roman deity Janus, who was the solemn guardian of doorways. Similarly, a "concierge" was originally the guardian of a house or castle, and in the Middle Ages he was a court official who was the custodian of a royal palace. The grim Conciergerie in Paris, once the prison of Marie Antoinette and other unfortunate ladies and gentlemen during The Terror, derives its name from having been the residence of the "concierge," the chief executive officer, of the Parlement, that held its sessions in the Palais de Justice, of which it is the basement on the north side. The word has evidently something to do with candles—"cierge," of course, being the French for candle—and "concierge" has been defined as "the keeper of the candles," which office, possibly, the castellan of the Middle Ages combined with his other duties.

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Though the word nowadays has less magnificent associations, its application, curiously enough, retains practically its mediæval significance, for what is the modern concierge but a kind of humble (not always so very humble) castellan?

The old saying goes that every Englishman's house is his castle. Not so the Frenchman's; and one might truly say that every Frenchman's house, or flat at all events, is his landlord's castle, of which the concierge is still the castellan. For nearly all Frenchmen are locked in at night, after nine-thirty. They have no street-door key—the present writer has none—and when you want to go in or out after nine-thirty you must ring the concierge's bell, call out your name, and wait till the concierge, usually in bed at that hour, opens the door for you by pulling at some unseen contrivance which she works from her pillow.

This is hard on a free citizen, you may say, and it is a nuisance, no doubt, though it is a nuisance that so well protects you against burglars that the burglary business is one of the least flourishing in Paris. But, hard as it is on you, if you have any heart you cannot help feeling that it is still harder on the concierge, for all through the night she is at the mercy of your exits and your entrances; and, at whatever "small hour" you may choose to return from your revels, your remorseless bell sounds at her bedside, and, however deep and sweet her hard-earned slumbers, she must work that pulley and give you entrance as you shout your accursed name in her somnolent ear.

You can imagine, therefore, how much beauty sleep, poor thing, she is likely to enjoy. And, should she be lax in keeping

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the door securely closed, the police are immediately on her track, for it is the business of the night-patrolling gendarme to try every door on his beat, as he goes his rounds. Then she has to keep all those flights of stairs well broomed every day, and thoroughly scrubbed once a week. She is responsible, too, for the character of all visitors, day and night, who, if unknown to her, have to state their business. All the mail goes through her hands, and she is expected to make petty disbursements on behalf of the tenants. She looks after gas men, electricians and so forth, and collects the rents for the landlord, on whose behalf, also, she is supposed to keep her eye on the tenants.

For all this multifarious work and responsibility she receives a miserable pittance (seldom more than 100 francs) from the landlord, who leaves her to make what she can out of the tenants, whom she is allowed to mulct of a varying sum on their taking possession, and from whom she naturally expects an occasional "pourboire," and a substantial Christmas box. For the rest she is given two dark holes to live in, which, however poor, she contrives to brighten with flowers on her windowsill and a canary.

THE VITALITY OF THE SAINTS IN FRANCE

FOR those who are not too young and serious, one of the charms of living in France or any old Catholic country is the part that the saints and their festivals still continue to play in human life, in spite of that determined anti-religious propaganda which has been in the program of all revolutions since,

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during The Terror, a girl from the Paris Opéra was enthroned as the Goddess of Reason in the choir of Notre-Dame.

Probably one explanation of their obstinate survival is that they were symbols of the life of man upon the earth long before Christianity took them over from Greek mythology, or from the Druids, or from other prehistoric religious systems, giving them new names, and generally adapting them to the Christian hierarchy. Such festivals are Hallowe'en, or All Saints' Day, known in France as "Toussaint," and All Souls' Day, known as the Day of the Dead, November 1 and 2 respectively.

The first is associated in our minds with children's games and general junketing. But the "jour des morts" is still kept in very solemn fashion by the decoration of the graves of the dead—an instance of that reverence for their dead—ancestor-worship, if you like—which contributes largely to the strength of French solidarity. Even in Protestant Germany, too, the same custom obtains of decorating their graves with flowers, in spite of Luther's attempt to abolish the festival. But, prompted by the unusual stretch of "Indian summer" which we are at the moment enjoying, the more gratefully because the season usually known as summer was so dismal a failure, I am thinking of four weather saints who have this year conspicuously lived up to their traditional reputations.

The place of St. Swithin is taken in France by three saints, St. Medard (June 8), St. Gervais and St. Protais (June 19). The manner in which these three rainy-day saints have continued to give us the wettest summer on record should, if the skeptical mind is at all amenable to evidence, have resulted

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in the conversion to the old faith of many wavering souls. And now similar, but more joyous, evidence is being provided by that most human of saints, St. Martin, who is engaged in consoling us for the inhumanity of his three pluvial brethren by the loveliest "St. Martin's summer" one remembers. Said Jeanne d'Arc—Joan la Pucelle—in Shakespeare's *King Henry VI*—as she joined the French forces, before Orléans:

"Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars."

St. Martin's Day is not till November 11, but he usually begins his summer on October 23, when, the astronomers tell us, "the sun enters Scorpio." His summer is also known as "All Saints' summer," or "All Hallowe'en summer"; as in *King Henry IV*. Prince Hal, bidding good-by to Falstaff, says, "Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallow summer!" a humourous tribute to Sir John's incorrigible youthfulness.

St. Martin might well have been Honest Jack's patron saint, for the good saint was reputed to keep a kindly eye on drunkards, to save them from the many dangers incident on their potations, dangers which, proverbially, they have a singular way of evading, as though indeed under the protection of the heavenly powers. St. Martin, we are told, inherited his kindly office from the great god Bacchus himself, whose feast day of the "Vinalia," November 11, the Christian

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calendar makers transferred to him. St. Martin, too, seems to have been somewhat of a gourmand, for he is said to have died of a surfeit of roast goose, for which reason November 11 is specially set apart in France for the eating of goose, sometimes still called "St. Martin's bird."

So St. Martin, of whom there are other friendly legends, seems to have been very much of a human being, and has come naturally to be associated with the kindly good things of the earth, such as good eating and drinking, and the sudden enchantment of returning summer when we are hopelessly resigned to going into winter quarters.

FRENCH HOME LIFE

I WAS talking of France and things French recently with a certain well-known good American who has lived many years in France, and knows and loves it well, a man at present in charge of an important American institution. In the course of our talk he dropped a remark which I let pass at the time, but which I found myself thinking about afterwards. He was congratulating me on my choice of a city to live in. "At our time of life," he said, "and with our interests and sympathies, it is the one place for us. But," he added, "it is not so good for young people."

With sad philosophy I allowed the distinction to pass, with its implication that we who, in Dante's phrase, had reached "the midway of our mortal life," were protected by the accumulated wisdom of our years from these dangers of an unpuritanic city, which it would seem still loom unjustly

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large in the minds even of such intelligent Franco-Americans as the man with whom I was talking.

“Gay Paree” once more! As if this hard-working, serious city were given up to nothing but the pursuit of pleasure, and the eating of forbidden fruit. Such a misconception so persistent in the Anglo-Saxon mind is really a reflection on the Anglo-Saxon himself rather than on the Frenchman whom it grievously misrepresents. The “young people” of whom my friend was thinking were, of course, young Americans. Probably some Englishmen might say the same, though English youths are perhaps more inured to the dangers inherent in human life wherever lived.

However that be, the opinion may certainly be held that, if Paris is “not so good” for the young Anglo-Saxon, the fault may be not so much with Paris or the French as with a system of training which hides instead of accepting certain aspects of existence, and which weakens the moral fibre by repression, instead of strengthening it by the discipline of knowledge and reasonable freedom.

Some old philosopher says that that which we dare not look at will end by conquering us. Nature will out, and bottling it up is no safe way. Explosive excesses are the inevitable result. If young Americans in Paris succumb to its “temptations,” and generally run amuck, it is because they have not been allowed a natural liberty at home, have not known what it was to breathe in a free atmosphere, but have been brought up under a régime of suppressions and denials, which, however well-meant, is anti-human, and, in its working, necessarily hypocritical.

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How about the French "young people"? I could not help asking myself. The "dangerous" air of Paris does not seem to have any demoralizing effect on them. Far from running amuck, they often seem almost too serious, and their gaieties are certainly innocent enough. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, an American observer, once said after a month in Europe. "Young Frenchmen I saw in Paris are smart and very well set up, as a result of their military training, and they look better than the young men of the same age in England. Discipline is a good thing for everyone. I wish we had some kind of system here that would benefit our young men of the big cities."

But it is not only their military training that accounts for that "fitness" of French youth which the Colonel admired. No, news as it may be to Americans who know nothing about France, it is his home training, the discipline of the family life which keeps the young Frenchman straight and early endows him with the wisdom of a man of the world, in the best sense of the term.

On this question of French home life I am going to quote from the Englishman who probably knows and understands France better than any other living writer, Sisley Huddleston. In his admirable little book, *France and the French*, he writes: "The cult of the family is the foundation of French life. It is customary in newspaper articles to write that the French have not even the word 'home' or its precise equivalent in their language, and the deduction is that the French differ entirely from the Anglo-Saxon peoples in their disregard of family life. It is amazing how such absurdities can prevail.

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If the French differ from the Anglo-Saxons in one thing more than another it is in their far greater regard for the home. France is built upon the home: the whole system of society is constructed on the 'foyer' — "foyer," of course, meaning hearth first, and only secondarily the green room of a theatre — "and the hearth is really a family centre from which the Frenchman rarely drifts."

Then, in regard to the discipline of French youth, hear Mr. Huddleston again: "As for the French father himself, his authority and power are truly surprising to Anglo-Saxons. He is in supreme command, his children cannot even leave the house without his permission. The father may have his child corrected and sent to a house of detention if he has grave reasons for so acting; but apart from the legal rights of the father, the Roman tradition gives him an authority which is rarely disputed. There is obedience to parents such as one could hardly find elsewhere, and not only obedience but real affection."

In illustration of Mr. Huddleston's remarks, here is a passage from Balzac's *The Magic Skin*, in which the stern father of the hero thus addresses his son: "My son, you are now twenty years old. I am satisfied with you. You must have an allowance, if only to teach you economy and give you a knowledge of the things of life. . . . You are now a man, my child. . . . If I have a right to your gratitude, Raphael," he continued in a gentler tone, "it is because I have saved your youth from the evils which beset young men. In future we will be a pair of friends. You will take your degree in the course of a year. You have, not without some annoyance and

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certain privations, gained sterling friends and a love of work which is necessary to men who are to take part in the government of the country. . . .”

Such is the way of French fathers with their sons, and so their moral fibre is strengthened to resist those “evils which beset young men,” evils which are to be found in every great city—in New York, Chicago and London not a whit less than in Paris—with the difference only that in the Anglo-Saxon cities they are driven from sight underground, and so made the more dangerously seductive to the curiosity of the young. The French idea is that of Pope’s old lines:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;

and is best combated by being known rather than by being hidden away and thus given the additional allurements of mystery.

IN A SIGHTSEEING CAR

ONE day we took it into our heads, my wife and I, that it would be amusing to “see” Paris in a sightseeing car, as if we saw it for the first time. We promised ourselves various forms of entertainment, to be whisked around from point to point as part of a herd of sightseeing cattle. To be taken to the Place de la Concorde, to Napoleon’s Tomb, to the Champs-Élysées, the Bois de Boulogne, the Arc de Triomphe, and, of course, the grave of the Unknown Soldier. To look on all these and other Paris sights with innocent eyes, and to

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listen gravely while the "competent lecturer" told us all about them. This we thought would be good fun. Particularly we had hopes of seeing human nature as well as Paris in the persons of our fellow tourists. As we had often seen carloads of them sweep past us as we walked the streets, they had seemed promising material, sometimes portentously solemn, like jurymen on the way to the courthouse; sometimes a gay lot, well supplied with pretty girls, and evidently out for the fun of it.

Then, too, we had hopes of the "lecturer." Would he be solemnly professional, or would he be a humourist, like the wag of whom Mr. Michael Monahan tells in his entertaining travel book, *The Road to Paris*? They were at the Louvre, in the Roman Antiquities section, and they were gathered round a huge marble sarcophagus, and the guide was handling a crowd of unusually unresponsive, ignorant human material. This, he said, was an old Roman bathtub, and he drew attention to its great size. Yes! he continued, this was the bathtub of Julius Cæsar. Then he unblushingly added that Julius Cæsar was an exceptionally tall man, quite a giant, fully seven feet high. As Mr. Monahan looked at him in natural surprise, he emphasized this novel historical information with a huge wink for his private benefit. He had recognized in Mr. Monahan a fellow humourist, a veritable godsend to him, poor fellow, in the dreary "bunch" he was addressing.

Well, to return to our own adventure, I may as well say at once that it was a flat failure, a "flop" and a "frost," if ever there was one. It cost us sixty francs, and we got only one laugh out of it. This was provided by a pretty golden-haired

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child, an incessantly active little girl from Chicago, who must have walked over everyone in the car before she had done with us, and whose father and mother, stodgy, sullen, massive, aggressive lumps, weighing together, I should say, some five hundred pounds, only half tried to subdue her.

Her uncle, a man a little more genial and "genteel" than his companions, took the energetic young lady on his knee and, among other blandishments, told her to blow her nose. "Blow your own first," was her quick-firing answer, and, of course, she got a laugh, almost the only sign of animation in an audience which the poor lecturer was struggling in vain to magnetize.

We were at that moment in the Place de la Concorde, and the lecturer was pointing out the place where the guillotine once stood. It evidently needed more than a guillotine to get a rise out of our phlegmatic companions. One would have said that either they were deaf or that they didn't understand a word the lecturer said, though he spoke fluently in excellent English. Perhaps, in the business man's phrase, they were simply "not interested." At all events, they scarcely turned their heads or showed any sign of intelligence, and from all accounts it is certain that a tumbril of "aristos" bound for the guillotine would have presented a far more animated appearance than our tourist tumbril of gloomy, stupid, sight-seers. "Aristos" they certainly were not, but rather more than usually "ordinary" folk of the lower middle class, German, French, American and English, and by no means ornaments of their respective countries. We said to ourselves that we were in bad luck, and that other sightseeing cars were prob-

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ably more brilliantly freighted. But when we alighted at Les Invalides and the Trocadéro, and watched the other human streams from the other cars, we realized that our particular carload was no worse than the rest. Where were all the vivacious Americans gone, and where were all the pretty, giddy-pated girls? We recalled two we had seen one day at the Conciergerie, lighting up the melancholy prison cells of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre. "Who was Marie Antoinette?" we overheard one ask the other. "Why, don't you know?—she was the wife of Napoleon," was the answer.

But we had no such pretty dunces to lighten our darkness. There is, of course, no need to know who Marie Antoinette was. Probably there is no need to know anything today but how to run a business and how to run an automobile. But what we asked ourselves, as we listened to our intelligent lecturer working so hard in English, French and German, which he spoke alternately with equal ease, to get his admirable "lecture" across, was, why such people as he was addressing, people who evidently know or care nothing about any country but their own—and probably know little enough of that—should ever go travelling at all. One half-conscious reason may be the wish to gratify their sense of superiority over all other nations. But, also, it perhaps comes of that restless ennui in human nature which prompts it to go out and see something, whether that something interests it or not; to go somewhere else, without any particular reason, just as people go listlessly to concerts and picture galleries without caring anything about music or painting.

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Yes, probably people travel—because other people travel. And, after all, that is why most people do most things.

One useful moral, at all events, I drew from our trip, that even though the worst should come to the worst, I shall never take on the job of "lecturer" to a sightseeing car. Our lecturer was a distinguished, rather world-weary, well-set-up Frenchman between thirty-five and forty, who looked as though he might be both a soldier and a literary man; a man who had travelled everywhere, and who was evidently cultured and something of a dreamer.

A little aside he put in apropos the ever-burning flame over the grave of the Unknown Soldier, in regard to the Persian worship of fire, and flame as a symbol of the soul, and so forth, ending with a whimsical "here we have but gas—but it is the best we can do," seemed to flash a touching insight into a lonely being doomed to lead the dog's life in which we found him courageously engaged.

IN THE HAUNTS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON

MASTER FRANÇOIS VILLON, as we all know, had a haunting way of asking the whereabouts of vanished things and vanished folk. Where are the beautiful ladies of old time? Where is the mighty Charlemagne? Where are the holy apostles gone? The answer, he tells us, is with the wind and the snow.

Certainly last year's snow has not vanished more completely than the footsteps of Villon in Paris—footsteps which took him out of Paris, banished from the good city forever in

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1463, never more to be heard of. The manner and date of his death are alike unknown, and if, in his own fashion, we inquire concerning his whereabouts this present year of grace, probably the answer of the pious would not be doubtful.

Had any choice been given him, his answer would surely have been that of Aucassin, who, it will be remembered, asked not Paradise, but that other place, where one has for company "the goodly clerkes and the goodly knights, the sweet ladies and courteous, the gold and the silver and cloth of vair, the harpers and makers and the prince of this world."

However that be, there are few examples among famous men of their place knowing them no more forever so absolutely as that of "François Villon, scholar." Still, in an idle hour one afternoon, it occurred to me to go in search of last year's snow. In other words, I took a stroll up to the Panthéon and rambled about the old neighbouring streets, where Villon's lost footsteps once certainly went to and fro. It was somewhere in the back of the Panthéon that Guillaume de Villon—the kindly foster-father from whom François took his name, and to whom, in words at least, he seemed to have been grateful—had his comfortable dwelling. Guillaume was a canon of the cathedral church of Saint-Benoît le Bétourné, and his house was situated in the cloisters, being known as the "Hôtel de la Porte Rouge."

It is in vain, however, that one looks today for those once flourishing ecclesiastical buildings. The wind has carried away even their very names. Probably the comparatively modern Rue Clovis, and recently built apartment houses, cover the ground where they once stood. In spite of modern depreda-

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tions, there must be houses in some of the strange and sinister mediæval streets thereabouts which Villon's eyes once looked on, and in some of their dark cavelike dens it is not unlikely that he drank and sang and plotted burglaries with his rake-hell companions.

But there is only one building still extant with portions of which Villon must certainly have been acquainted. In the Rue Descartes, behind the beautiful old church of Saint-Etienne, is the Ecole Polytechnique, for the education of artillery engineers and officers, built in 1794 by the mathematician Monge. Now in this revolutionary "Ecole" is included part of the buildings of the Collège de Navarre, founded by Jeanne de Navarre in 1304, and it is believed that it was in this college that Villon did all the studying he was ever to do. But the college has a still more serious association with him, for it was because of the robbery of five or six hundred crowns from the college strong-box by Villon and four of his companions that, after being sentenced to death, he was finally banished from Paris. Readers interested will find a spirited and circumstantial narrative of this escapade in Stevenson's famous essay on Villon.

Of however great or small account had been Villon's studies at the College of Navarre, his careful studies of its interior made him an invaluable accomplice on this occasion—for which three of his companions took a last sorrowful journey to the gallows of Montfaucon; an occasion commemorated by anticipation in that tremendous ballade "Made for Himself and His Companions, Expecting to Be Hanged Along With Them." It is significant and appropriate that

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the only trace of Villon's footsteps should be found in that old College of Navarre, where he got sufficient learning to make fun of learning and with which to decorate his cynical, sordid and beautiful poems, and for awhile a sufficiency of golden crowns.

There is, by the way, a bronze statue of him by Etcheto in the rather forlorn little park of the Square Monge, not far off, near the Boulevard Saint-Germain, but it strikes one as being too dainty, too much like a saucy page, for its subject; and after all, Villon is hardly a subject for a statue.

"The sorriest figure on the rolls of fame," Stevenson calls him, and I hope I shall not be considered too respectable if I found other memories on the "Montagne-Sainte-Genève," that French Parnassus, more appealing to the imagination, and stirring to the heart. Some of them are to be found within the church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont, not there in Villon's day, for it was not started till 1517.

There is the impressive shrine of St. Genevieve, for whose body, where the Panthéon now stands, King Clovis built a chapel. Her ashes were scattered during the Revolution, but the stone sarcophagus which contained them is now in the church of Saint-Etienne, beautifully incased in carved brass-work and ablaze with a forest of candles. Not far away are the tombs of Racine and Pascal.

Abélard once taught his scholars on that sacred hill, and Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas and John Calvin did the same. Rousseau, Voltaire, Hugo and Zola have their tombs in the Panthéon, and, though they are there no longer, Mira-

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beau and Marat were once buried there with resounding pomp.

Surely it is a great air that blows about that vast building, with that inspiring inscription along its pediment in letters of gold: *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*. The "Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève" seems a grandiose name to have given to a hill only 197 feet above sea-level, but it shows how small and how great Paris was in those days, and, modest as is its altitude in fact, there is no spot in Paris, and few others in the world, which gives us such a sense of being on the heights, and breathing the spacious, rarefied ether of "the immortals."

I may add for the benefit of those who may wish to breathe that air for a day or two that there is to the right of the Panthéon, facing a colossal statue of Rousseau, a hotel appropriately named for the purpose: "Hôtel des Grands Hommes." What a delightful address!

ETIENNE DOLET, AND THE MARKET OF CIGARETTE ENDS

THE Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève drops down directly into the Boulevard Saint-Germain, where that devastating thoroughfare crosses what is left of the old Place Maubert, one of the most interesting of the "carrefours"—or circuses, as they say in London—of Paris.

Let us try to forget the roar of its converging traffic and imagine what it once was, though little remains to help the

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imagination. A modern statue of a man in sixteenth-century costume, with his hands bound, carries us back, however, to one of its most dramatic memories. The sculptured figure is that of Etienne Dolet, a famous scholar of the Renaissance, the friend of Rabelais and Erasmus, who was burned alive on this spot for the crime of introducing into France learned books forbidden by the church.

An inscription on the statue reminds us that the intrepid humanist had the courage to make a pun with almost his last breath. Noticing that the crowd which had come to see him die seemed to be sorry for him, he cried out: "Non dolet ipse Dolet, sed pia turba dolet"—"It is not Dolet himself that mourns, but the sympathetic crowd that mourns him." And then the fagots were lit, as they were often lit in the Place Maubert for humanists and other heretics in those days: it was a favourite place for public executions. But, apart from such gruesome spectacles, it was always a lively and crowded square, surrounded by inns and eating-houses, thronged with market women and pushcart men, and affected by rogues and vagabonds of every kind—including university students—whose turbulent gaiety was proverbial. Rabelais has given a vivid description of the life.

"Dancing was always going on there," he says, "to the merry sound of flageolets and bagpipes; everyone leading a jolly life, drinking and making good cheer, tossing off Burgundy and claret, and swallowing down bowlfuls of delicious tripe. The flagons kept coming and going, the hams trotted around, and the goblets were always on the wing."

There is nothing in the Place Maubert nowadays to re-

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mind us of that robustious, amusing past, but a curious market is held there twice a week, called the *Marché aux Mégots*, or Market of Cigarette Ends, perhaps the oddest thing of its kind in the world. The American visitor to Paris cafés will often have noticed poor tatterdemalion men stooping here and there among the tables with a little stick with a pin at the end, and picking up the cigarette ends that fall from the lordly lips of the "consommateurs." Doubtless he has felt sorry for the poor fellows, and perhaps a generous impulse has prompted him to offer one of them a real cigarette out of his own case. Naturally he hasn't realized that it was not a case of a man being too poor to buy a smoke for himself, and that the collector was not making this forlorn harvest for his own pleasure. Actually, however, these fellows are engaged in one of the strangest and humblest of trades. Though they do not look it, they are employees of a small capitalist who buys the stubs and sells them again, at a good profit, at the bi-weekly *Marché aux Mégots*. Here they are purchased by horticulturists who use them for the destruction of plant lice, and, it is said, by café waiters who skillfully trim them up into smart-looking cigarettes for innocent victims. The old saying that one-half of the world knows nothing of how the other half lives was never more quaintly and cynically illustrated. Here, surely, we touch bottom in human industries.

Across the Boulevard Saint-Germain, slightly to the left, lies that nest of old streets of which Balzac speaks, beginning with the Rue des Anglais, which is as old as Philip Augustus (1180 to 1223). It got its name because the English students

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at the University of Paris made it their centre. Nearer our time it was known for the famous Cabaret du Père Lunette, which began as a resort for literary men, among them Thackeray. Later the cabaret earned a very different reputation as a dangerous den of thieves and assassins, such as we read of in Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*, and there used to be an underground passage leading from it into the sewers, for the convenience of its special clientele. Now it leads a quiet life as a wineshop, the Caves de la Bourgogne.

From the Rue des Anglais we turn into the Rue Galande, a charming old curving street of mediæval aspect, with tall gabled houses that still suggest their former aristocratic occupants. It took its name from the Garlande family, whose vineyards spread around it in the twelfth century, and I cannot help wondering if the ancestors of our Hamlin Garland may have hailed from that Paris street. Here are several houses with fine sculptured fronts, No. 65 and No. 31 in particular. In this last, one of the most picturesque of rascals, Cartouche, once lived. He was a dandy highwayman of the Claude Duval type, who mixed in good society when he felt like it, dancing with great ladies and playing for high stakes with the men, the wittiest and most gallant of them all. He had many hiding places in Paris, furnished with mysterious ways of escape. I have read of one at 306 Rue de Charenton, where an underground passage started from the side of a well and led out into the country, although I don't know whether it still exists; but there is a long, dark passage beginning at 41 Rue Galande and tunnelling its way under overhanging houses

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until it comes out in another street, which may well have proved handy for him.

The Rue Galande crosses two streets with very different memories—the Rue Dante, a modern thoroughfare with nothing Dantesque about it but its name, and the Rue du Fouarre, an old street which the feet of the great Italian poet certainly trod; for in the *Paradiso* he refers to it as the street where he went to hear the lectures of the schoolman Sigier de Brabant:

The light eternal of Sigier,
Who, reading lectures in the Street of Straw,
Did syllogize invidious verities.

It was called the Rue du Fouarre, or Street of Straw, because the students sat on straw to hear the lectures, being forbidden the luxury of benches by an austere decree of Pope Urban V. Rabelais, too, in his account of the education of Pantagruel, tells how "first in the Rue du Fouarre he held his own with all the professors, masters and orators, and stood them all upside down." Nowadays the street is an insignificant one, but to some of us it will seem worth while to stop there for a moment and recall that Dante and Rabelais once went to and fro where we stand. That is more than one can say for the fashionable Rue de la Paix or the busy Boulevard Haussmann.

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THE OBSERVATOIRE: A CLOISTER OF ASTRONOMERS

I HAVE always wanted to visit the Paris Observatoire, to be allowed to step inside the beautiful tranquillity of that monastery of astronomical science, the low domes of which dreamily end the long, leafy perspective of the Luxembourg Gardens. I have often looked wistfully through the tall railings of the quiet fore-court, where in front of the severely plain old buildings stands Urbain Leverrier, whose calculations led to the discovery of the planet Neptune on September 23, 1846, one of those many wonderful mathematicians of the sky (Arago of the dreary boulevard near by being another), of whom the old observatory boasts.

But the Observatoire is open to the lay visitor only on the first Saturday of each month, and one must write for a permit to the director, which, however, is readily given, and the formula for which is to be found in the pages of that friend of the Paris pilgrim, Karl Baedeker.

Armed with this permit, I finally made my way up through the pleached alleys and garden-beds, magnificent with chrysanthemums, of the Luxembourg Gardens, and found myself one of a serious throng, almost entirely French, who, when we had entered the building, listened with deep attention to the discourse of the learned gentleman who explained to us the meaning of the various mysterious and complicated apparatus for wresting its secret from the sky with which the rooms were bewilderingly crowded.

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Though in my youth, like Scott's Guy Mannering, I dabbled in astrology and was even able to cast a friend's horoscope, I must confess that the rust is so thick nowadays on my knowledge of astronomy that I was unable to benefit from our cicerone's discourse as I should have liked, apart from the fact that his voice was so low and gentle as to be largely inaudible to me, placed as I was on the outer edge of the eager, listening crowd.

So, after awhile, I gave it up, and humbly surrendered myself to the historical memories of the place, looking at the things within the grasp of my mind. Such was an awe-inspiring painting of Louis XIV in his most regal habiliments, his portrait being there because it was at his command that the Observatoire was built in 1667-1672 by Charles Perrault of the same family as he who gave us the fairy-tales.

I examined, too, the "lorgnette" of Napoleon, a telescope six feet long, through which, when he meditated the invasion of Great Britain, he used to survey the English coast from Boulogne, with that all-devouring ambitious eye of his—an instrument certainly stirring to one's imagination, and one not unprovocative of irony when one recalls the roll of his conquests inscribed on his triumphal arch in the Carrousel of the Louvre, from which, if one did not know different, one would gain the impression that he did actually achieve the conquest of that "perfidious Albion" at which he so often glared through that lorgnette. All one sees through it today are the tree-shaded alleys and flower-beds of those wide and deep Observatoire gardens which surround it as with green cloisters of country peace.

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At one side of this large circular room is a statue of Laplace, looking the great marquis he was, "the Newton of France," whose name is written across the heavens in company with those of Galileo, Herschel and the other illustrious star-gazers into whose brotherhood M. Piccard has been welcomed with such acclaim.

When our guide had finished his discourse, he led us out through the garden walks across to another small domed building, where was housed a giant celestial camera which moved this way and that to the gentlest touch of a gentleman who explained to us how, through its great lenses, they photograph the stars, and particularly the moon, for photographs of which the Paris Observatoire is famous, its situation being especially favourable for lunar observation.

Attached to this domed chamber were other low buildings, at the windows of which, as one looked in from outside, one caught sight of great ledgerlike books in which the astronomers at present working there record their observations. There was a sort of family feeling about these buildings, something almost domestic, suggesting that men lived and died within this hushed green inclosure, knowing nothing of the great modern city outside; and, in fact, one of the most romantic associations of the place is the story of the Cassinis, four generations, no less, of whom lived here, and where three members of the family were born.

When Louis XIV looked around for an astronomer to take charge of his newly built observatory, he was able to persuade Pope Clement IX to part with Giovanni Cassini, already famous for his astral discoveries, and here Cassini settled in

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1669, living there until his death in 1712, having to his credit the discovery of four satellites of Saturn. His son Jacques, who succeeded him, was born in that garden, to be succeeded by his son César, who again was succeeded by his son Jacques. So from 1669 to the latter's death, in 1845, a family of hereditary astronomers, a sort of celestial priesthood of the stars, read the lore of the skies from this old garden.

After we had inspected the stellar camera, we mounted a long winding stone staircase to the great dome where is housed the famous Observatoire telescope, through which some of the most important astronomical discoveries have been made—a telescope which our guide told us is still very much up to date—and from the leads outside we were faced with a panorama of the whole of Paris, north, south, east and west, with all its outlying suburbs, like a gigantic map, a panorama so vast and multitudinous that Notre-Dame and even the Eiffel Tower were little more than specks in the chaotic whole. So flattened out, every great city loses its identity, and the beauty of Paris one loves was lost in its conglomerate magnitude.

Therefore, one was glad to climb down again into the old garden, with its ancient peace and its memories of the men who had dreamed there, with only their feet on the earth, and their heads hidden in "a crowd of stars."

THE PONT-NEUF

IF a Parisian acquaintance asks after your health, and if you wish to inform him that you are as fit as a fiddle, and at the same time to impress him with your knowledge of French

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colloquialisms, you will say that you are feeling as fine as the Pont-Neuf—"Je me porte comme le Pont-Neuf."

The seven miles of the Seine which flow through Paris are crossed by thirty-one bridges, but to the true Parisian there is only one bridge that counts even today—the Pont-Neuf. This is the bridge that crosses the narrow western end of the Ile de la Cité (the original city of Paris) at the eastern end of which towers Notre-Dame. It begins at the Rue Dauphine, a little above the Institut on the Left Bank, and ends a little above the Louvre on the Right Bank.

About its centre on the eastern side stands a striking bronze statue of Henri IV, "Le Vert Galant," the only King of France the Frenchman cares to remember. Behind the statue some steps take one down to a tiny triangular Square Henri IV, a charming gardenlike place, the peaceful haunt of anglers and meditative tramps.

It has been said that Paris has been built around the Pont-Neuf, and it is still the very heart of historic Paris, as it was once the centre of its many-coloured dramatic life. It was begun by Henri III, but carried through by Henri IV, with whom it has always been associated. Henri further increased his popularity by building on it a famous pump, which forced water to the Louvre and the Tuileries. It was called the "Samaritaine" (the well-known department store on the Right Bank perpetuates its name) and was housed in a picturesque building, decorated with statues and carvings and crowned by a clock tower and a chime of bells. Very little made an excitement in those days, and this pump had its share in attracting the monde to the Pont-Neuf.

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But the first great impetus to its vogue was given by the famous Tabarin, an unusually gifted clown, who, in partnership with a comical quack doctor named Mondor, set up a booth for the sale of quack medicines. They were both such good comedians, and their dialogue was so amusing, that all Paris, including the nobility and the literati, came to listen to them. Tabarin's share in it was so brilliant that such great persons as Molière and La Fontaine, Boileau and Voltaire were to be found in the audience, and were not above praising him and even stealing his thunder. And certainly his talent must have seemed something more than ephemeral, for his dialogues and little farces soon came to be printed, and two rival editions of them were published as late as 1858. That he is said to have influenced both Molière and La Fontaine certainly implies that he was considerably more than a buffoon.

Following Tabarin, the Pont-Neuf became the centre for every kind of mountebank, and the happy hunting ground of all rogues and vagabonds. A seventeenth-century writer named Berthod, who has described "La Ville de Paris" in amusing doggerel, deals at length with "the Rascalities of the Pont-Neuf" in very vivid and amusing fashion. Here are a few of his lines:

O, you Pont-Neuf, rendezvous of charlatans,
Of rascals, of confederates,
Pont-Neuf, customary field
For sellers of paint, both face and wall,
Resort of tooth-pullers,
Of old clo'men, booksellers, pedants,

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Of singers of new songs,
Of lovers' go-betweens,
Of cut-purses, of slang-users,
Of masters of dirty trades,
Of quacks and of nostrum makers,
And of spagiric physicians,
Of clever jugglers
And of chicken venders.
"I've a splendid remedy, monsieur,"
One of them says to you,
"For what ails you . . .
Look, it smells of sweetest scents,
Is compounded of lively drugs,
And never did Ambroise Paré
Make up a like remedy."
"Here's a pretty song,"
Says another, "for a sou."
"Hi, there, my cloak, you rascal!
Stop thief. Pickpocket."

It is from these hucksters of the Pont-Neuf that the "bouquinistes," the bookstall men of the quais, are descended. Likewise the birdshops, the dealers in dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs and such small animals, and the fishing tackle men, all had their beginning once on the Pont-Neuf. It must have been a joyous hurly-burly of humanity, that old Pont-Neuf. Even now one feels, or imagines, that something of that old warm, noisy life still clings about it, and, at all events, among bridges it seems companionable compared to the others, perhaps because they are of cold-blooded steel, and it still preserves its warm old stone; for the rebuilders have strengthened

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but not changed it since the gayest of kings first rode over it on horseback, as he rides there still.

As Henri Quatre rides with characteristic nonchalance he gazes with his gamin smile toward Notre-Dame, but he is too near to have as good a view of it as one gets a little lower down the river. Probably the best view of Notre-Dame and the Cité generally, at anchor there like a boat between the two arms of the Seine, is that from the Pont du Carrousel, as one crosses over to or from the Louvre—and surely it is one of the loveliest views in the world. One has but to stand there and let it sink in, and, if susceptible at all to such impressions, one will surely see dreaming there the romantic soul of France in its mystic delicate strength, as one will find it in no book or in no other symbol.

THE MUMMY OF THAÏS

ONE is always finding something new in Paris, new to oneself, of course, that is, though it may be an old story to others who know their Paris better. Still, since I made its discovery, I have found that there are a good many Americans who, like myself, are ignorant of one of the most interesting museums in Paris, the Musée Guimet; though it is not very far from the fashionable Avenue George V, where the American Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, presided over by that most popular of American divines, Dr. Beekman, is situated. It stands at the intersection of the Avenue Président-Wilson

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and the Place d'Iena, and close by, to make Americans feel thoroughly at home, is Daniel French's striking statue of George Washington, erected in 1900 by the women of America, in gratitude for French aid during the War of Independence.

The Musée was presented to the French nation in 1885 by Emile Guimet, a rich chemical manufacturer of Lyons, who was commissioned by the Minister of Public Instruction to study the religions of the Far East, and who returned from his travels with probably one of the finest collections of Oriental antiquities and objects of art, chiefly connected with religion, in existence, gathered by him in China, Japan, India and Egypt. Those who care for such things will be glad to know of this museum; and most impressive, indeed, and stirring to the imagination are the rooms peopled with Buddhas, Sivas, Vishnus, Thoths, dog-faced Anubises and other mysteriously smiling deities, together with a sinister population of grim and grotesque demons, the cruel and often wickedly humorous diablerie, that throng with nightmares and a weird vampire loveliness the dreaming Oriental mind.

All museums are haunted places, but the Musée Guimet at nightfall must demand particularly strong nerves, or an unusual lack of imagination, in its custodians. To spend a night there alone! . . . Besides, there is something else in that museum calculated to raise the hair of the lonely watcher at midnight. It was that, I must confess, rather than a general interest in Oriental art, that led my steps in that direction.

I chanced to have in my hand a copy of Anatole France's *Thaïs*, that well-known romance in which an anchorite of

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the Egyptian desert fell in love with a beautiful courtesan of Alexandria, converted her to Christianity and lost his own soul in saving hers. The friend with whom I was talking at the time noticed the book and said:

“By the way, have you ever seen her mummy?”

“The mummy of Thais! No! Where is it?”

“Why, here in Paris.”

Then I learned the present address of Thais, and it was to meet her that I made my way to the Musée Guimet. Yes, there she is, and if you want a macabre thrill you should go and see her. She lives, yes! uncannily lives still, on the second floor in a room containing antiquities excavated in 1895-1903, in the necropolis of Antinoe or Antinopolis, a town built by the Emperor Hadrian in A. D. 130, near the spot where his favourite Antinoüs, drowned herself. Thais was found in her sarcophagus, and now she lies at the Musée Guimet, in a glass case, in rather frivolous chiffonlike draperies, her tiny mouldering feet half out of little gold embroidered shoes, themselves mouldering away. Her dainty ankles are now worm-eaten bone, with a suggestion of flesh upon them, but her figure, swathed in cerecloths beneath her muslins, has still a suggestion of voluptuousness, and her face, though it is now a skull, surrounded by wisps of reddish-gold hair stealing from beneath her headdress, has still a ghostly coquetry about it.

I have seen old women walking the streets that seemed more dead than this poor Thais, who has now been a mummy for nearly two thousand years. Nor must one forget that she has a companion in her glass case, a grim monk in his rough

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robe, with iron rings on his arms, legs and waist, his skull half hidden in his cowl. "The Anchorite Serapion" they call him in the catalogue, and he, too, seems gloomily alive by the side of the woman whom he perhaps loved.

There is an Abbot Serapion in Anatole France's romance, but the monk who loved her was named Paphnutius. Of course, Anatole France must have seen these two, but whether or not it was this Thaïs who inspired him I do not know. One would like to think she did, though the date of the first publication of his book, 1890, is rather against us. Still, let us forget that prosaic fact and indulge our fancy by thinking that Master Anatole was inspired by her, a sort of imaginative necrophilia such as he imputes to his anchorite in the story. Théophile Gautier, one remembers, once wrote *The Romance of a Mummy*. Perhaps in writing *Thaïs* Anatole France was similarly possessed. What is the use of having an imagination if one isn't allowed to use it—and who knows but that George Washington, outside her window, sometimes leaves his pedestal at midnight, like another Don Giovanni, to mount the stairs with his bronze feet, for a little nocturnal flirtation with the beautiful Greek courtesan of long ago?

PARIS STREET CRIES

I HAVE yet to make the acquaintance of the Paris prefect of police, but I wish that some American who has his confidence and loves Paris would "put him wise" to the danger he is running, by certain overstringent regulations, of robbing Paris of certain time-honoured characteristics and picturesque fea-

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tures, which are a part of her attractiveness for all Americans and other visitors worth considering, and whom, erroneously perhaps, he is seeking to please.

These do not come here to find a "standardized" modern city such as they can find by the hundred in their own country. They come to find *Paris*, a city like no other city in the world, but if M. Chiappe continues to follow his drill sergeant bent there will soon be no Paris to come to. That he has done nobly in the regulation of the traffic, for example, which is far better managed here than that of New York, no fair-minded observer will deny. But to that end there was no earthly reason to banish those two or three herds of goats, which, with the goat-herd playing his Pan's pipe, struck so pastoral a note amid the stream of smart automobiles. His interference, too, with those impressive funeral processions in which all the mourners follow the hearse on foot, one of the most solemn and touching spectacles of French life, deserves absolute condemnation and should be stoutly resisted. That it is still tacitly ignored to a considerable extent I am glad to observe.

M. Chiappe, also, is credited with the intention of making Paris "moral"—as if Paris is actually more "immoral" than any other of the great cosmopolitan cities of the world. Doubtless, she has been accustomed to carry her naughtiness more gaily, with less hypocrisy than those Anglo-Saxon cities who rot inwardly with a more dangerous rottenness, from surface suppression—a method the success of which has recently been so edifyingly exhibited by certain investigations of the police and magistrates of New York.

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M. Chiappe's latest concern is with the noise of Paris. Anti-noise crusades are fashionable just now, and certainly, unless the human race is to become permanently deaf, something has got to be done about steam drills, klaxon horns, aeroplane motors, and the general jazz band of modern life. But here again it is not modern Paris, which certainly makes ninety-nine per cent of the noise, that is first of all to be disciplined, but old Paris, with what is left of the quaint street cries of its itinerant craftsmen and vendors. The picturesque, often sad and musical, noise made by these survivors from the Middle Ages is merely sporadic, and, were it extinguished, would make no appreciable diminution in the sum total of Paris noise, in the roar of which it is entirely submerged.

I am not referring to the glorious dramatic vitality of old-world noise which is confined to certain ancient market streets such as the Rue de Seine, the Rue de Buci, and particularly the Rue Mouffetard, down behind the Panthéon. These are off the main thoroughfares and keep their noise to themselves, like vast secluded beehives of trade, being composed entirely of shops for the purveyance of food, butchers, tripe dealers, fruit and vegetable stores, cheese, eggs and butter sellers, and so on, with their stalls overflowing the sidewalks, and all vocal with rival "barkers," vigorous young men and buxom, red-cheeked girls, calling out their wares with lusty lungs at the top of their voices, with laughing rivalry, one against the other. So (if anyone remembers Scott's *The Fortunes of Nigel*) the London prentices used to bellow their "what-do-ye-lack" in the ears of the passers-by. The noise of these market streets is immensely invigorating, like a bath in warm,

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ruddy, full-blooded human nature. Anyone who would silence this joyous pandemonium is a sickly, anæmic soul, who should have been born with ear-clips and is not properly to be called a human being.

M. Chiappe's objection, however, is probably not so much against these prosperous noise-makers, but rather against the poor devils who charmingly violate the respectable silence of residential quarters with those sad musical cries of which I have spoken. Among these is the "vitrier," the glazier, with panes of glass in a frame on his back. He usually rings a bell or plays a dirgelike tune on a mouth organ, a welcome sound to housekeepers with broken windows. Certainly a useful citizen. Then there is the "marchande de fleurs," usually a poor bedraggled female who has navigated her pushcart all the way from the distant "halles." Who would willingly miss her deep voice intoning:

"Mesdames et messieurs,
Venez voir mes fleurs . . ."

Then there is the marchand of vegetables—how delightfully grandiose the word "marchand" for these poor peddlers of "haricots verts," whose chant, like other Parisian street cries, sounds like a bar or two of church music. The most numerous and matutinal of these marchands is the old-clothes man or woman, and most vociferous is their cry of "habilles et chiffons." Very flourishing, too, still seems their ancient trade.

Sometimes at street corners one comes on a little crowd, mostly children, surrounding a man dressed like a cook with

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a huge white cylindrical cap. He is selling chocolate to this refrain:

“Venez, venez, voir
Mon petit chocolat!
C'est bon pour le bébé,
C'est bon pour la mère,
Et bon pour les enfants,
Et bon pour le père.”

But most picturesque of all perhaps is the chair-mender, with his little cart in the front of which are fixed two miniature chairs. He, too, usually plays a mouth organ, but once I heard an approaching trumpet in the narrow turn where the Rue de Seine ends by the Mazarin Library, and suddenly the dark old corner was irradiated by the dazzling golden hair and blue eyes of a young woman seated on a cart—as on a throne—drawn by a donkey. There were tiny chairs in front of her cart, and she it was who was blowing the trumpet. She must have been the Princess of the Guild of Chair-menders. Surely M. Chiappe would not have the heart . . .

THE MUSÉE DE CLUNY

I CHANCED to be standing in a little knot of people waiting to cross the street at the junction of the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Boulevard Saint-Michel, facing the Musée de Cluny. There was a great deal of traffic, noise and confusion, and workmen busy mending the street added to the confusion. Presently a familiar accent, for which, from long acquaintance, I will not disown a certain affection, fell on

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my ears. Two American ladies, mature alike in years and proportions, were consulting a Baedeker.

"Yes," said one of them, "for sure that's the place!"—looking across the street as she spoke.

"Goodness gracious, is that it?" said the other, following her friend's eyes.

"That's it, for sure," repeated the first.

"Then I'll tell you one thing," said the other. "I'm not going to cross the street for those dirty old ruins."

They both were silent for a moment, gazing their mutual disgust at one of the most famous relics in northern Europe.

"Well," said the lady with the Baedeker, "we've seen it anyhow. Let's mark it down"—she made a mark with her pencil—"and now for the next!"

Then the gendarme, with his white bâton, made a pause in the traffic, and I crossed over and saw my American ladies no more.

Now, I need hardly say that I do not instance these ladies as typical of the American tourist in France. Far from it. The historic monuments of France find no more understanding and sympathetic appreciation than the average American pilgrim, and certain French antiquities owe no little for their preservation to American money. No, tourists like my ladies with the Baedeker belong to all nationalities, and I have referred to them merely because, in common, doubtless, with many of my readers, I have often wondered why so many "tourists" travel so far from home, and spend so much money, to visit places, and to gaze at all manner of objects, grimy old paintings, battered old statuary, without arms, legs or even

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heads, and all the various "dirty old ruins" with which the face of Europe is littered, when they have neither the temperament nor the education necessary for interest in such things. No one is obliged to have a taste for "dirty old ruins," and the romance of the Past does not appeal to everyone. There are some, far from uncultivated, whom the Past depresses and even saddens. Thus a learned friend of mine recently looking over the old roofs from my garret window, shook his head, and said:

"Well, if they'd only tear down some of these old things, or at least freshen them up, it wouldn't be so depressing." Coming from him, I was surprised. But what's the use? "De gustibus . . ."! There is no good in arguing about a difference in taste.

These old roofs that depressed my friend, invigorate me, constantly stirring my imagination, and while the Eiffel Tower, particularly when it is illuminated at twilight with the electric jewels of the Citroën motor-car advertisement, has no more childlike gazer; the dome of Les Invalides, where Napoleon sleeps in his tomb of red porphyry, naturally means more to me, as the towers of Notre-Dame through my other windows mean still more. The experimental Present, the dreaming, prophetic Future, are surely made all the more significant for us as we read in the book of the Past; and it is because Paris has so vividly lived its past, continues so vividly to live its present, and is so vividly engaged in dreaming its future, that it is the most significant city in the world—the city most saturated with human history and most animated by human

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aspirations. Perhaps there is no one spot on the earth where Past, Present and Future so dramatically meet as they do at those "dirty old ruins" in the Boulevard Saint-Michel. These ruins, known as the Thermes, form a part of the Roman baths belonging to the vast Roman palace which once stood here, with gardens spreading down to the Seine from the Petit Pont to the Rue Bonaparte. The palace the good Emperor Constantine Chlorus made his headquarters from 292 to 306, and it was also the favourite abode of the young Julian the Apostate, so beloved by his soldiers that, being threatened by his cousin Constantius, with whom he shared the empire, the legions stormed their way into his presence, proclaiming him sole emperor and offering him the choice of that honour or instant death.

This great vaulted chamber of the Thermes, or "Julian's Baths," is all that remains of the palace where Julian's legions thrust upon him that tremendous alternative. It lies open to the boulevard like a vast cavern of mouldering brick and stone, with trees and vines growing in its interstices, soaring above and plunging deep beneath the sidewalk immensely stirring to the imagination. There is a roar of traffic and a murmur of the human multitudes always about it, and, as one gazes into its silent haunted abyss, one can easily dream that it is the hoarse din of the Roman soldiery offering Julian the empire—or death. But it is the noise of the students streaming from the Sorbonne near by—another link of the present with the past—as Abélard's students streamed with their loud youthful vociferations long ago from his lectures up there on the hill

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of Sainte-Geneviève. The Merovingian King Clovis—who built the church of Sainte-Geneviève—also chose Julian's palace for his residence.

That was in 508. Then eight centuries later, when the palace had fallen into decay, the abbots of Cluny built their town-house here, and the present building was erected by Abbot Jacques d'Amboise between 1485 and 1498—a lovely survival of Gothic-Renaissance architecture, which escaped by a miracle the storm of the Revolution. Now it is a museum, containing a most fascinating collection of mediæval arts and crafts. Its gateway and courtyard are among the loveliest things in architecture.

DRINKING IN FRANCE

"*Why* cannot you drink like a happy Frenchman?" So smilingly spoke a kindly, though rather stern, French doctor to an American friend of mine. The truth is that the Anglo-Saxon, English or American, as a race, cannot drink "like a happy Frenchman." Whether or not they inherit their thirst from their Viking ancestors, whose main idea of blessedness in the Hereafter was drinking mead from the skulls of their enemies, the fact seems to be that their nature, for all their external phlegm, is excessive, liable to run to extremes, either in self-indulgence or self-abnegation—and particularly in this matter of alcoholic refreshments.

They have been growing steadily, even rapidly, wiser in this respect, as anyone who recalls a novel by Charles Dickens can easily judge; and if only fanatic busybodies, knowing

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nothing of the complex psychology of drink—usually hypocritical politicians, who

Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to

had kept their hands off, they might by this time have more closely approximated to that ideal of "the happy Frenchman," which is to drink wisely and gaily—but not too much.

Frenchmen know well enough how to "faire la noce," to have a good time on occasion, to get warmed up and witty and innocently foolish. No other race knows so well, as the red wine circulates, how to extract from "the grape" those good gifts to humanity which are rightly claimed for it—that casting off of care in genial companionship, that restoration of generous feelings, that quickening of human interests, too apt to flag, to fall "below par," in the daily grind of existence. The kindness, the laughter, the wit and the song that inhere in "the grape," and have never yet been found in "grape juice," Frenchmen instinctively and harmlessly evoke. But that is the extent of their alcoholic "excesses."

They seldom "get drunk" on these occasions, and a drunken man is so rarely seen in the streets that, when he does occur, he creates a sensation of mingled curiosity and amusement such as it is hard to convey to an Anglo-Saxon. Everyone runs to have a look at him, as though he were an animal escaped from the Jardin des Plantes, or some freak from a travelling circus. I wondered what was happening one day as I descended from my seventh floor into the narrow old street, for there was quite a little crowd hurrying in the direction of

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the Square of Saint-Sulpice near by; men and women, and children dragged by their mothers to see an unusual sight—a sight they might seldom see again in a lifetime—a drunken man!

In many French cafés or cabarets there is posted an imposing square yard of small print headed "Loi." It is the law for "the suppression of public drunkenness." It is usually placed so high up that I have never been able to read it. Some day I shall do so, and master its main contents for the benefit of my readers. Usually, too, it is very fly-blown and has that neglected look of all public notices that are unnecessary and taken for granted. And certainly if ever a public notice was unnecessary, this particular notice is unnecessary in France.

I have lived here now for some years, and I have seen only three Frenchmen to whom this law would apply. I say Frenchmen advisedly. Naturally I except from my survey the habitats of the visiting smart set on the Right Bank, or those haunts of genius on the Left, such as the Dôme and other poetic and artistic shrines on Montparnasse, where latterday disciples of Villon and Verlaine and Toulouse-Lautrec loyally emulate their masters, by strenuously subjecting themselves to one well-advertised first principle of their artistic training. The two other Frenchmen I only heard of at second-hand, while summering one winter at Menton, that famous English colony on the Riviera which runs up to the Italian border, and the native population of which is more Italian than French.

"Did you hear what happened last night, madame?" said our maid-of-all-work to my wife, as she arrived at her usual time, eight o'clock in the morning. She was a young married

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woman of thirty, clever and pretty, whom one would have credited with some knowledge of the world. The astonishing news was that there had been two drunken men in the town the previous night, and that the police had had to be called. She had only caught a glimpse of them in a near-by café, and she wished she had had time to run home for her "petite" (a little girl of three), so that she might have shown them to her, for she herself had seen only one drunken man, long ago when she was a mere child.

One of the men had been stubborn and quarrelsome and had refused to move from his seat in the café. (It sounded natural!) The other was gay and kept on singing, and wanted to kiss everyone. They all said that he must be an American!! But no! they were both Frenchmen . . . no one could believe it. Perhaps it was because it was around Carnival time. . . . If only her "petite" could have seen them! Such a *rara avis* is a drunken man in France.

SPRING IN PARIS—THE FOIRE SAINT-GERMAIN

It is hard luck to be ill in Paris in the spring, for Paris is especially a spring city, and she is never so much herself as in April and in May. Even spring rain in Paris is gay as it is nowhere else in the world, for it is more than half sunshine, and, as in my enforced idleness I have listened to its music on my garret roof—though it was inevitable that Paul Verlaine's famous lines:

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville,

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ran through my head—for me the rain seemed to fall to a happy rather than a sad tune, and Verlaine's friend, Arthur Rimbaud's line, "Il pleut doucement sur la ville," better to express my feeling about it. There are two charming features of Paris life which come with every spring, punctually as the horse chestnut blossoms in the Luxembourg Gardens.

Everywhere among the crowds of grown-up folk, going about their business or pleasures in every part of the city, one's eye is attracted by little fairylike, girlish figures all arrayed in long, white muslin dresses down to their white satin slippers and veiled with long, white veils from head to foot. They look like little brides, and brides they are, baby brides of the church, for they are on their way to take their first communion. They are indescribably sweet and touching to the heart, and it would be impossible to conceive pictures of a more sacred innocence than these little girls, with their serious baby faces, fluttering along like white flowers to lay their pure child hearts at the foot of God's altar.

The other perennial feature I have referred to is the Foire Saint-Germain, certainly a hardy annual, if ever there was one: Fairs such as the Colonial Exposition, the exposition of 1870, the World's Fair and suchlike, however colossal and spectacular, are only nine days' wonders, but the Fair of St. Germain is close on to a nine centuries' wonder, for it was founded in the year 1176, under the auspices of the powerful abbots of St. Germain, and with two or three brief interruptions, such as the Revolution and the Great War, there has hardly been a spring which has not seen its booths set up in the Place Saint-Sulpice, exactly as they are now at the moment

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of my writing. In fact, the fair is older than the great towered church, the façade of which is its impressive background, and within a few yards of which the stage of its immemorial outdoor theatre is set up as in the days of mystery and miracle plays.

The mayor of the quarter, who has always had the fair much at heart, has made a special effort to make it significant, and his idea and that of the artists working with him has been to reconstruct that district of mediæval Paris, the Cour des Miracles, the famous stronghold of thieves and vagabonds (originally situated in the Rue Mouffetard—still one of the most mediæval spots of Paris) so dramatically described by Victor Hugo in *Notre Dame de Paris*.

Thus one's first sight of the fair, as one approaches the Square Saint-Sulpice, is a castellated wall encircling towers and gables, with an embattled, portcullis gateway, where one pays one's four francs and enters into the narrow winding streets of Villon's Paris, lined with the booths of merchants, jewellers, dealers in rugs and tapestries, booksellers, picture dealers, tradesmen of all sorts of curious wares, mixed in with artisans plying their trades, troubadours singing the songs of old France, acrobats, jugglers, fortunetellers, a motley scene of indescribably human variety and vitality. And those booths of various merchandise were kept by no petty tradesmen, but represent some of the most distinguished commercial houses in France.

To return to the open-air theatre, this is no mere affair of the usual strolling players one associates with village fairs (dear as they are to folk with the right kind of hearts in their

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bodies), but some of the most distinguished theatrical talent of Paris is proud to tread its boards.

After all, there is a historical fitness in this, for several of the most famous Paris theatres were actually born in this Fair; no less than the Opéra-Comique, the Ambigu, the Gaîté, the Variétés, the Vaudeville and the Théâtre de Marionnettes. Another typical French institution also begun here—the café; the first café in Paris, according to one version, being founded here by a Sicilian, François Procope—who gave it a more permanent habitation in the famous Café Procope, still existing in name in the Rue de l’Ancienne-Comédie, and the haunt of men of letters from Voltaire to Verlaine. But the truer version seems to be that Procope began his career at the Fair as the seller of the best ices ever eaten in Paris—a sufficient distinction surely for one man—and that the honours of the first café must go to an Armenian named Pascal. Pascal opened a coffee stall after the fashion of those in Constantinople, and eventually sent boys all over Paris peddling the strange new drink, without which nowadays it is impossible to think of Paris at all, the drink to which one might almost say we owe the genius of Balzac, the drink par excellence of French men-of-letters, not forgetting absinthe. Among the many booths where merchants from all over the world displayed their beautiful exotic wares one is incidentally famous from having been kept by an upholsterer named Jean Poquelin, the grandfather of Molière.

For seven centuries after its foundation, from 1076 to 1789, the Foire Saint-Germain was regarded as “the epitome of all the wonders of the world.” Kings, princes, nobles and the

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wealthy bourgeois flocked there to buy precious stones, tapestries, velvets and laces, paintings, carriages, Venetian glass, all manner of works of art, as well as perfumes, tropical fruits and every kind of luxury from "your delicious East."

For centuries it was a haunt of the world of fashion. Henri III, with his painted "mignons," was one of its earliest patrons, and the gay Henri Quatre seldom missed a night of its various fun, establishing there, for the amusement of his queen "Margot," one of the first gaming tables in Paris. One of the earliest wild beast shows, so dear to the eternally young French heart, was installed here, the first rhinoceros seen in France being an astonishing exhibit in 1749. Here much earlier the antics of the famous monkey Fagotin, who was dressed in silks and satins like a great lord, and was an expert with the rapier, drew delighted crowds of spectators. So skillful was this monkey nobleman with his weapon that the famous swordsman, Cyrano de Bergerac, considering himself endangered by him, spitted the poor animal with his celebrated duelling tool; surely an unworthy triumph for Rostand's redoubtable hero. Whence followed a lawsuit by Fagotin's outraged owner, a suit, however, which one regrets to read that he lost, the great Cyrano ignobly pleading self-defense against his monkey antagonist.

Among the many "wonders of the world," electricity made perhaps its earliest Parisian bow at the Fair when in 1747 the Italian physician Paulini thrilled its visitors by his experiments in that mysterious "fluid" which is now "the common drudge 'twixt man and man." Alas! for those days of innocence when it would have been impossible to make the most intelligent

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realize that a time could arrive when so magical a force as "radio" would cease to be a wonder and become an insufferable bore. To such base uses!

Needless to say that the Fair was the happy hunting ground of every kind of entertaining charlatan and faker. The memory of one of these in particular has been preserved because he attracted the august attention of that tiresome pomposity—"Le Roi Soleil." He was an organist named Raisin, who exhibited a spinet which he called "the Obedient Spinet," because it would play any air you asked for, untouched by human hands, just like a modern victrola. All you had to do was to say "Play, Spinet," and it played; to say "Stop, Spinet," and it stopped. This remarkable instrument created such a sensation that Raisin narrowly escaped being tried for sorcery. However, Louis XIV, hearing of it, commanded its owner to bring it down to Versailles. There he had it played before Maria Theresa, who was so terrified by it that the King ordered the spinet to be opened—when the sorcery of it was revealed in the form of a little child, "beautiful as an angel, who was caressed by all the court."

THE FOIRE DU PORC

ACCORDING to the calendar, March 20th is the official beginning of spring, which sounds prettier as "printemps" or perhaps even prettier in Italian, "primavera," and one of its earliest and most ancient manifestations is the "Foire du Porc," or Pig Fair. No one who happens to be in Paris during

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March should miss this glorification of perhaps the most variously useful of all animals.

It impresses one, to start with, with its extent, beginning at the Place de la République, and taking up the whole length of the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir till it ends at the Place de la Bastille, facing the top of the Rue Saint-Antoine. This long thoroughfare (roughly equal to the Rue de Rivoli) is lined with booths from end to end entirely devoted to the apotheosis of pig in every conceivable and inconceivable form, commencing with live porkers of gigantic, good-natured obesity, terribly human in their resemblance to certain types of successful bourgeois; huge sleepy mothers lying on their sides like stranded two-deckers for the nutritive convenience of a flotilla of voracious youngsters, surely the most fascinating of all the miniatures of young life—how had that gentlest of men, Charles Lamb, the heart to eat them!—and then begins the long array of waxen white carcasses, so smug and smooth and well-groomed and silkily smiling, still oddly human, and, if the suggestion be not profane, something curiously ecclesiastical in the subtle placidity of their expression.

If this be fanciful, it is hardly possible for the most prosaic visitor to this Musée de Porc not to be imaginatively affected at once by the cumulative impressiveness of this world made out of nothing but pig, and the way pork-butchers and pork-butcheresses themselves often become so uncannily, and not unbecomingly, porcine. And what artists they are, these artists in pork! How charmingly they decorate their stalls with festoons of sausages and flowers made out of pork fat,

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not to speak of châteaux, battleships and aeroplanes wrought in the same immaculate material. As for sausages, the sausage-lover (and who isn't?) is in danger of losing his mind over the variety, the delicacy, as well as the magnificence of such sausage displays as are surely not to be matched anywhere else in the world.

Particularly impressive are those sausages almost as big as the air-bag of a dirigible, one slice of the tessellated marble of which would make a meal for Gargantua. Some learned gourmet should write a book on sausage. It would be like writing the history of Europe, and particularly of Italy and France, the two great sausage-producing countries. What a chapter could be written for instance on the "saucisson d'Arles," for I don't know which that ancient city is most proud of, its sausage or its beautiful women. And, by the way, apropos of Charles Lamb and his famous essay on roast pig, there is a restaurant by the side of the Odéon Théâtre entirely devoted to that succulent dish. It is called *Le Cochon de Lait* (The Suckling Pig).

To return to the "Foire du Porc," by the time one has come to the end of it at the Place de la Bastille, one comes away not merely impressed by the great and manifold usefulness to man of his humble friend the pig, or by the skilled variations on pig major and minor executed by those wonderful pork-butcher artists; one is horribly impressed, too, by the carnivorous, not to say cannibalistic, nature of man.

The thought was morbid, of course, but it was natural enough in the quarter where the Fair is held, the quarter of the men who took the Bastille, the cutthroats and mænads of

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The Terror, the quarter of Saint-Antoine, and La Roquette (famous in the apache songs of Yvette Guilbert), the quarter still of the most ferocious population of Paris. They are jostling all around one, powerful men and vast women, grim and sinister even in their laughter, the men and women of St. Bartholomew, of the guillotine, and the Commune.

FRENCH SERVANTS

ONE of the great comforts, not to say joys, of living in Paris is the absence of any "servant question." We all know what a real question it is in America, but in England it is still more painful. In both these countries a delicate, almost superhuman, tact is necessary to camouflage the fact that certain persons who are graciously consenting to do for us a minimum of work for a maximum of wages are what used to be called "servants" but who nowadays are to be regarded as, at the very least, our equals.

In America, of course, we have long been obliged to call them "help"—particularly in the case of negroes—but in England they must be called "lady help" and addressed as "miss" or they give notice at once.

The French "working classes" have no such pitiful, artificial pride, and their racial common sense safeguards them against any such childish travesty of democracy. Because the word "servant" happens to be derived from "servus"—a slave—it does not, in their minds, so long has it been dissociated from its derivation, imply servitude.

We are all, rich and poor alike, servants of someone, or

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something, servants of His Majesty, servants of the Republic, servants of an idea, and so on. Why, then, should household, domestic servants be so sensitive to the far-away derivation of a word that has long since shed its original meaning?

England speaks of "the services," including "the diplomatic service," and the gentlemen engaged in those "services" are surely not slaves!

Democracy is a real thing in France, and though the sacred slogan "liberté, égalité, fraternité," has long been saved from those absurdities of application natural at its revolutionary birth, it still represents a truth jealously guarded in the hearts of Frenchmen.

But it is a truth that does not deny the facts of life, or the laws of nature. It includes within it the natural fact that, though all men are brothers, there are grades of development and condition among them, and that "classes" among mankind are as natural as various species among animals or plants.

Thus, for example, a "gentleman" or a "lady" is no artificial product, but as natural an evolution of human society as a plumber or bricklayer. Even rich men, capitalists, within reason, are natural evolutions of society, too, and to work for them in any honourable fashion, however humble, is nothing to be ashamed of, and carries no implications of slavery.

In recognizing these natural social distinctions, French common sense sees no incompatibility with democracy, nor does it desire any confusion among these classes.

The workman is content to be a workman, the "femme de ménage" to be a charwoman. They make no pretensions to be taken for other than they are. They have their appointed

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station in life and, like sensible folk, they are not ashamed of it. Far from it. Thus they preserve a self-respect, a real dignity, far more real than the spurious, affected, democratic pride of the "lady help" of England or the patronizing domestic "service" of America.

The terrible work of the guillotine was perhaps necessary to do away with many injustices no less terrible—let us hope it may not be forced into action again!—but one object it failed in, for the reason that that object was against nature: it could not abolish the natural differences and degrees among mankind.

To this extent the ancien régime still survives in France, which, as in the case of a battleship, realizes that in the social economy everyone has his place to fill or his duty to perform.

There must be a captain, there must be officers, but equally necessary are "oilers" in the engine-room and swabbers on the decks.

So in a country which created democracy, and so fearfully asserted "the Rights of Man," there is no anomaly in the survival of a class virtually extinct in Anglo-Saxon countries far less practically democratic, the class of "domestic servants." Far from wishing to be treated with patronizing pretence as though they belonged to another "higher" class than their own, they resent any attempt in that direction.

A curious example of this was recently brought to my notice by an American lady who, accustomed to American "help," well-meaningly referred to a friend of her "femme de ménage" (charwoman), who had brought her a message, as "the lady who brought me the message." "Pardon me,

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madame," corrected the femme de ménage, a very dignified peasant woman, with charming manners, "but she is not a lady—she is, like myself, a femme du peuple—a woman of the people!" She said it almost sternly, not in the least bit subserviently, but making it clear that her mistress belonged to one class and she to another. Thus her mistress caught a glimpse of real pride, contrasted with that silly spurious pride which characterizes the "help" and "service" of her own country.

There is no need in France to be uncomfortably on guard against "liberties" on the part of servants, or to hold yourself inhumanly aloof from them, for fear some friendly familiarity should result in their calling you "dearie" or "sweetheart." No, the boot is on the other leg in France. French servants insist on their masters and mistresses "keeping their place," and lose respect for them whenever they forget it; as, for example, should they do some little thing for themselves which it is a servant's business to do. But, along with this proud recognition of their relative places in the social economy, there is no class hostility on the part of the servant. Quite the contrary, and it is this fact that makes the relation between master or mistress and servant in France so humanly satisfactory.

Far from being your secret enemies, jealous of your being better placed and better off in the world than they are, from the moment of their entering your service your interests become theirs, intimately and even passionately so. They regard themselves as a part of your family, with something like a

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feudal loyalty to you and all your concerns. They fight your battles with tradesmen, and protect you against all extortions and intrusions within, so to say, their jurisdiction, saving you as far as possible from any contact with postmen, gasmen and electricians, tax collectors, messenger boys, begging nuns, and so forth. All such they regard as natural enemies, from whom it is their business and pleasure to shield you. I am not speaking of large households or big families, though what I have said, and still have to say, applies to them as to the quality of service, and the expense will, of course, be a matter of ratio. I may add, from the experience of a friend of mine with a fairly large establishment, that a good chef (a "cordon bleu") can always be had for twelve hundred francs a month!

My own experience, however, has to do only with a small flat and a household of two. For the running of this one servant is all one needs: a "bonne à tout faire," that is, a maid-of-all-work. The best of these are usually young women, often little more than girls, peasants from the provinces, perhaps Brittany, for choice. And it speaks volumes for the wonderful training of French mothers, what a variety of work these girls can do so expertly and so thoroughly and, one may add, so gaily.

From the moment of her entering your flat, your little Breton girl of nineteen will take upon herself the whole management of the ménage. She does all the marketing, far more economically than you could do it yourself; with French thrift; never buying more than is necessary, and bargaining as only French "bonnes" can bargain with the various trades-

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men; thus keeping down your expenses with a shrewd eye. What if she gets a tiny rake-off of a sou or two for herself out of these transactions!—who begrudges her? Then she does all the housework, turns every room upside down every day, beating all the carpets as if they had never been beaten before—was anything in the world ever beaten like a French carpet? She insists even on doing what your haughty proletarian would rather starve to death than do—the limit of “servitude!”—yes! she insists on polishing your shoes till you can see your face in them—for she does nothing by halves.

In short, all there is to do in a house she does, and, having been hard at it all day, in the evening she cooks you a delicate dinner, and serves it to you daintily, in a trim costume, which she has probably made herself, for she is the cleverest of needlewomen as well. Withal, she has little gay, wise things to say. Little peasant though she be, you feel that she belongs to an old civilization, and that certain human understandings as well as graces are in her blood. Now and again out of her “petits sous,” she brings her mistress a little bunch of flowers of a morning. . . . And her wages for all she does, and for all she is and gives, for which there can be no payment? Three hundred and fifty or four hundred francs a month; that is fourteen or sixteen dollars. For any such service in America, barely and coldly given, one must pay at least from sixty to eighty dollars. Then the French charwoman, working by the hour, receives four francs an hour. In America you would pay her fifty cents, with her eye on the clock, and not a second overtime. Oh yes! as Sterne said long ago: “They manage these things—and many others—better in France.”

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*FRENCH COOKS AND
THE SCIENCE OF EATING*

IN connection with my discussion of the little Breton maid-of-all-work, I said that this included being a good cook as well. Not merely is her cooking good, but the economy of means by which she produces her delicate appetizing effects is a marvel to Anglo-Saxon housekeepers, whose cooks can never have enough materials, are forever complaining of the lack of this and that, and end by serving up a thoroughly bad dinner.

The old saying that a good cook should be able to make soup out of a dishcloth is almost literally true of the French peasant, young or old. Would madame like a "potage" for dinner? Yes; but madame, casting her eye over the supplies in the kitchen, sees nothing to make it of. "Leave that to me, madame," laughs the culinary artist. True, at the bottom of the vegetable basket there is a forlorn residue which your English or American cook would throw away, or count for nothing: an onion, a carrot, a potato, perhaps a shred of celery—and there is a bone, with a shred of meat on it, left over from yesterday. What more is necessary? Only "donner le goût" (to give it a flavour), a sprinkling of some aromatic herb from one of those tiny bouquets of herbs (costing perhaps a cent) which your magician never fails to keep by her. Then, when dinner is served, it is almost impossible to believe that those scanty leavings have been transformed into this fragrant, savoury potage—on which, if you ate it in a

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smart restaurant, you might well send the chef your distinguished compliments.

This economy of means is characteristic of French thrift, and, as I said, as your "bonne à tout faire" does all your food shopping, it results in a saving of at least half the cost if you shopped for yourself. Sufficient to the day is the food thereof is the motto of your French housekeeper, and she calculates to a nicety exactly what will be needed for the day, and not a fraction more. She shops with a keen parsimony too, such as you yourself would not have the courage for. If one egg is all she deems necessary for the day, she will buy just one egg and no more. She would buy one potato if she judged it enough, and she seldom buys more than two or three onions at a time. So with all her purchases, and, in making them, she hunts and bargains before she decides, seeking the best and paying the lowest possible price.

One striking example of French economy is the disposal of stale bread. When not used for onion soup, your cook sells it back again to the baker, who in turn sells it by the pound to those who cannot afford it fresh. One sometimes amusing result of this kitchen economy is that by night there is absolutely nothing left in the larder. If there is, your kitchen economician feels that she has failed for that day. Therefore, if you come home late and feel like having a bite of something or other, there is no use of searching the kitchen cupboard, for you will usually find it as bare as in the nursery rhyme! One reason for this limitation of the domestic food supply to one day at a time is that Frenchmen never eat between meals. Perhaps this partially accounts for the fact that you

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never hear them complain of dyspepsia. But, of course, this is only a part of their general wisdom in eating and drinking. If one is sometimes inclined to think them over-occupied with food, one must remember that with them food is a science, an important branch of the science of health. A menu is a chemical combination nicely adjusted to their individual physical requirements, or (as an old French writer on gastronomy has said) an artistic harmony such as painters give to their colours.

The contempt that great French cooks have for haphazard eating is illustrated by the story of the famous chef Ude, who was successively chef to Louis XIV, Lord Sefton, the Duke of York and Crockford's Club, and who left Lord Sefton's service because, on a certain occasion, one of the guests added pepper to the soup! What an unspeakable outrage to a work of art! And great chefs have always been as sensitive about their art as a Whistler. One recalls the tragic story of Vatel, chef to the great Condé, who, when his master was entertaining Louis XIV at Chantilly, committed suicide by falling on his sword—great chefs wore swords in those days—because the "roti" at the twenty-fifth table was wanting, and the lobsters for the turbot sauce had not arrived.

To return to our theme, it is needless to say that Frenchmen drink their wines as scientifically as they eat their food, and that reminds me that a certain French doctor, hale and hearty at ninety-nine, had just been singing the praises of red wine, drunk wisely, of course—and with water—the wines of Bordeaux especially, not the heavy wines of Burgundy. With equal fervour he condemned the cocktail as being

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particularly harmful for women, and the sure creator of alcoholism. His remarks have met with wide discussion and general agreement. Two well-known American doctors have come out strongly in approval—approval of red wine, for those whose stomachs are not “acid,” and a like whole-hearted condemnation of their national cocktail. All cocktails are bad, they say, but another American doctor has a guarded good word for a dry Martini—the best of a bad invention. Taken in reason, of course. Ah! but there’s the rub.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES, DR. GUILLOTIN AND THE COUR DU COMMERCE

IN an old city such as Paris there are naturally many odd contrasts between past and present, but I know of none more bizarre—one might well say absurd—than one in my quarter. Americans interested in memories of the French Revolution will be glad to hear of it for two reasons, and the best way to get the full shock of it is to walk down from the Odéon Théâtre till, at the corner of the Rue de l’Odéon, you come to the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

As you stand by the café there, a small triangular “place” opens out to your right, and within a few yards towers a gigantic statue of Danton, with his back to a gay little cinema. Facing him directly opposite on the boulevard is the iron gateway to the Cour du Commerce, one of those characteristic Parisian “passages,” sometimes known as “cités,” across the arch of which in large advertising letters runs the legend “Eliza Lee.”

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Here the American pilgrim in search of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, and other such nostalgic dishes, may appease his homesickness to his heart's content, and eat them to the imaginary accompaniment of some of the grimmest music in French history. For within the circle of half an acre, of which his little restaurant table may be called the centre, once swirled and roared the very maelstrom of the Revolution. No spot in Paris is more haunted by its bloodstained tragedians. In the Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine, then the Rue des Cordeliers, Danton and Camille Desmoulins lived in the same house, close to where that statue of Danton now stands.

The street was so called because of the monastery of the Cordeliers, the refectory of which still remains, and no building of more momentous memories survives in Paris, for here that all-powerful Cordeliers Club, which issued its bloody mandates to all the revolutionary sections, held its wild meetings, with Robespierre, Marat and Danton riding the whirlwind.

The great motor buses now thunder over the site of the house where Charlotte Corday, so beautiful and so calm, called so quietly upon Marat, and, if you are humanly morbid enough to wish to see it, you may still find the famous bathtub at the Musée Grévin, the waxwork show of French history, at 10 Boulevard Montmartre.

The Cour du Commerce runs diagonally from the Boulevard Saint-Germain into the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts ("des Arcs" it should be, say some, because of a garden once there where students practiced archery) and, dingy insignificant lane of small offices and workshops as it seems, it is steeped

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in romance from end to end. At the Boulevard Saint-Germain end it has a wide entrance into the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, where the original Comédie-Française had its home. The door to the little American restaurant, where I am imagining you seated over your buckwheat cakes, is on this side entrance, and I hope it will not take your appetite away to learn that to gain that door you must step on one of two large flat stones let into the pavement, on which Dr. Guillotin first set up his "philanthropic beheading machine."

Dr. Guillotin was a kindly man, and intended his machine for the swiftest and least painful method of killing sheep, on which he experimented in this passage. One story goes that he himself was one of its victims, but another, more likely, story says that he died in 1814 of a broken heart, from long, melancholy brooding over the tragic use to which his famous invention had been applied.

A yard or two away on the opposite side of the main passage, at No. 8, to be exact, was—and still is—a printer's shop, and, if one were clairvoyant, one could look up from one's buckwheat cakes to watch as in a nightmare the stormy entrance each day of an evil-looking man, dirty and shudderingly ferocious, pockmarked, yellowfaced, with a filthy clout tied round his brow and dressed in a queer, long garment lined with imitation panther skin: Marat, on his daily visit to his printer, to correct the proofs of his newspaper, *L'Ami du Peuple*, which had been more appropriately printed in blood than in ink.

But enough of horrors. Let us recall some of the nobler and more gracious memories of this romantic passage, so prosai-

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cally and paradoxically named "du Commerce." At its farthest end there is a locksmith's shop, and, looking in at the cheery sound of hammers on anvils, one sees a furnace let into a strong circular wall, built of large stones, suggesting the base of a castle tower. And an ancient tower it is, no less than the base of one of the towers belonging to the old wall of Paris built by Philip Augustus early in the thirteenth century.

On the right hand of the way down to this stalwart relic of the strong past of Paris, one's eye had been caught by a narrow archway giving a charming glimpse of an old courtyard surrounded by tall old houses, and fresh with the greenery of hidden gardens. Let us go back to it. It is known as the Cour de Rohan, but is properly Cour de Rouen, for here in the fifteenth century the archbishops of Rouen had their palace. Here, too, Henri II built a house for his beautiful Diane de Poitiers, part of which still remains above the archway. To the left, as one enters, is a stretch of strong old wall, still another fragment of the wall of Philip Augustus. Just inside this wall was once the garden of the famous Dr. Coic-tier, physican to Louis XI, and in a corner of the courtyard is still an old well from which, it is said, he used to water his garden, and the water of which was considered so pure that doctors from the Sorbonne used to come to drink it.

Still there, too, within the gateway, is a curious iron tripod known as "pas de mule" by which visitors riding on mules or on horseback used to dismount. Today the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century buildings still retain touches of their old distinction, particularly the dormer windows of the house

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of Diane de Poitiers, though neither kings nor archbishops, nor "les belles dames du temps jadis" live in them any more. But the metal workers and other small craftsmen, with a sprinkling of painters and writers, who have taken their place, are quiet folk who evidently appreciate the peaceful charm of these two courtyards which blend one into the other, having a lower gate which lets one out in the ancient Rue de l'Eperon.

In spring and summer, with the shade of chestnut trees and the perfume of lilacs, with window-boxes of mignonette and geranium and trailing vines, and birds among the greenery and in cages hanging on the old time-coloured walls, the Cour de Rouen is a sweet-smelling, warbling, haunt of ancient peace, and it was with great distress that I heard that the iconoclastic speculative builders of Paris have decided to tear it down and put up modern flats in its place. Apart from the sacrilege of such destruction, by which Paris will lose one of the most lovely of its sanctuaries of old-world quiet, of which scarcely any remain except the courtyard of the Mazarin Library, such a building speculation is demonstrably short-sighted. It would be a much more profitable speculation to renovate and remodel the old houses, without destroying them, and, so done over, the speculators would be able to rent them at good rents to those Americans who perhaps more than any other visitors to Paris value the charm and distinction of such old backwaters of the past, of which there will soon be none left. It is the duty of the city of Paris to save such places from the vandalism of vulgar French builders, and failing that protection, is it too late to appeal to the American colony to

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rescue the Cour de Rouen from the pick and crowbar of the heartless demolishers?

A STREET OF "RÔTISSERIES"—AND OTHERS

THE Rue du Chat-qui-Pêche leads one into a very old street which figures constantly in early French literature, the Rue de la Huchette. This street was par excellence the street of the cookshops, the "rôtisseries," with which it was practically lined. It was so filled with the aroma of roasting meats that poor hungry tramps used to gather there merely to sniff up the good smells. Rabelais tells a story of one of these who was the occasion of one of those philosophical conundrums, such as that of Buridan's ass, in which mediæval schoolmen delighted. This particular starveling, who was a porter, took his crust of bread and held it over one of the cookshop fires, so that it might be impregnated by the savoury steam. When he had eaten it, the rôtisseur demanded payment for the steam. Naturally the man with the crust objected, saying that he had taken nothing from the roast, and, therefore, owed nothing. A great row resulted, to the amusement of the crowd, among which was a certain fool, or jester, named Seigny Joan, who offered to arbitrate. The disputants agreed to abide by his decision. Asked if he possessed a silver coin, the porter produced one, which the fool took and rang several times on the counter.

"Does it ring true?" he asked the rôtisseur, who agreed that it did.

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"Well, then," the fool gave his judgment, "this court declareth that the porter who hath savoured his bread with the fumes of the roast hath legally paid the rôtisseur with the sound of his money."

Dumas, in his *Olympe de Clèves*—which, by the way, William Morris considered its author's best book—has a learned disquisition on the rôtisseurs of the time of Louis XV. "A hundred restaurant keepers such as those who poison us today," he says, "are not worth a single old-time rôtisseur of the Rue de la Huchette." A great historical personage may very well have wistfully sniffed up those culinary perfumes, like Rabelais' porter, in the Rue de la Huchette, in the early days when he half died of hunger in Paris, "without employment, without pay, without rations"; for Napoleon's companion at St. Helena, General Montholon, has written how often the Emperor spoke to him of the days when he lived in a little hotel, Au Cadran Bleu, at No. 10 Rue de la Huchette, "where he occupied a little room on the fourth or fifth floor, with a view over the Seine, for which he paid three francs a week." At this time (1795), Frédéric Masson tells us, he took his morning coffee at the Café Cuisinier, situated at the corner of the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, near by, and finished the day with a dinner costing twenty-five sous. Georges Cain says that there used to be a café in the basement of No. 10, Napoleon's hotel in the Rue de la Huchette, which bore the sign of Au Petit Caporal; but, alas, today there is no trace of either the hotel or the café.

Crossing the Rue de la Huchette, parallel with the Rue du

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Chat-qui-Pêche is the Rue Zacharie, dating from 1219, which should be looked at for its peculiarly grim and wicked-looking mediæval houses. This brings us into the Rue Saint-Séverin, named after the famous church. Out of this run two ancient streets, the Rue des Prêtres-Saint-Séverin and the Rue Boutebrie, the latter of which is especially interesting for two old houses: No. 6, with a striking projecting gable, and No. 8, where is a beautiful Renaissance staircase which should certainly be examined. This street used to be called the Rue des Enlumineurs, because the illuminators of manuscripts lived here in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Which reminds me that to reach this street we have crossed the Rue de la Parcheminerie, to which we should retrace our steps.

The Street of the Parchment-makers, which dates from the twelfth century, was the seat of the parchment industry, which, owing to its vicinity to the university, was a flourishing one. There are here two unusually fine old houses which ought not to be missed. One of them is No. 22, a mediæval structure with a round stone archway and massive iron-studded door, with its ancient look still intact, which used to be called the Hôtel des Pères-Tranquilles. The other is at No. 29. It is a private house of the time of Louis XV in remarkable preservation, with rarely beautiful carved ornaments decorating its windows.

The Rue de la Parcheminerie leads into the Rue de la Harpe, one of the oldest streets in Paris and once one of the most important, but little of it now remains, for the pick of the demolisher has been particularly merciless to it. To it, as

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to so many other old streets, the scathing words of Huysmans too sadly apply:

“The hate of engineers for all that is still marked with the stamp of art is untiring, and they will not stop till they have completely abolished the last vestiges of Paris of other days.”

The Rue de la Harpe takes its name from the sign of a maker of musical instruments, which represented King David playing upon his harp, and there is a romantic story of his beautiful daughter Agnès, who was abducted by a knight on horseback, a story too long to retell here. Mme. Roland lived in a house in the demolished part of this street, the painter David had a studio in another, and there were once no less than seven colleges here. Like the Rue de la Huchette, the Rue de la Harpe was also famous for its rôtisseries and pastry shops.

Georges Cain tells a curious story connected with a grocer, named Citizen Cheval, who had a shop here. One day he invited the Abbé Armes to see something in the back of his shop, and when the abbé followed him there he held up the embalmed head of a man. Imagine the abbé's sensations when he was told that it was the head of Richelieu! Citizen Cheval explained how he had come by it. When a revolutionary band to which he belonged had broken open Richelieu's tomb at the Sorbonne, his comrades had left him in charge and he had spent his time in cutting off the Cardinal's head, which he carried home as a relic. Having become nervous at having it in his possession, he was anxious to be rid of it, so he begged the Abbé Armes to take it in charge. It is now under a glass case, a museum exhibit, at the Musée Carnavalet.

THE STATUE OF HENRI QUATRE

THE statue of Henri Quatre on the Pont-Neuf has a history it is interesting to recall. The Pont-Neuf, begun by his predecessor, Henri III, was finished by Henri IV; to celebrate its completion—a great event in Paris, which Montaigne had expressed the hope of witnessing before he died—it was decided to place an equestrian statue of the people's king on the platform over the central arch. The King's sculptor, Franqueville, made a model, which was sent to Florence to be cast in bronze by the famous John of Bologna, who, however, died before the casting was completed; and Henri had been assassinated for three years when his statute at length reached Paris, and was set up on a temporary pedestal to the delight of everyone.

The widowed Queen Marie de Medici declared it a perfect likeness, and the late King's devoted subjects agreed with her. The only fault to be found was with the horse, and no less than twenty-two years were to go by before that fault was remedied, and the statue at length set in its place in 1635. The blame for this was placed on the unpopular Italian Minister Concini.

So enduring was the King's memory in the affection of Parisians that, up to the time of the Revolution, they used to leave their petitions against grievances at the foot of his statue, and in the year of the fall of the Bastille, nobles, including the Duc d'Orléans himself, were compelled to descend from their carriages and kneel before it. But in spite of this

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adoration, when, in 1792, the Republic was in need of artillery for its ragged regiments at the front, it had no hesitation in melting down its hero and his horse to provide bronze for the necessary cannon—an expedient which Henri himself would have been the first to applaud; as he certainly would have smiled his cynical smile when in 1818, at the command of Louis XVIII, two statues of Napoleon, one in the Place Vendôme and another at Boulogne-sur-Mer, were in turn melted down, together with a statue of General Desaix, from the Place des Victoires, to provide bronze for the statue of Henri we see today.

The proceeding was rather characteristic of France's capricious treatment of her heroes. Napoleon, however, found his way back to his column, where he still stands in the costume of a Roman Emperor, not without intervening vicissitudes worth recalling. Under the Restoration his statue had been replaced by a giant fleur-de-lys, but Louis Philippe, in 1833, restored Napoleon in a new statue, wearing his famous three-cornered hat. This statue did not please Napoleon III, so he removed it to the Invalides, and set in its place a copy of the original figure. This was dashed down by the Communards in 1871, and in 1875 President MacMahon, with unhappy taste, erected the present figure in Cæsarian toga and laurels. If "Le Petit Corporal" ever comes down again, it is to be hoped that he will return in that old three-cornered hat.

Speaking of that ferocity displayed by French mobs on certain famous occasions, all the more startling and paradoxical

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in a race otherwise so humane and civilized, I recall a suggestion made by Stanley Weyman, a learned student of French history as well as one of the most vivid writers of historic romances since Dumas. It was in a novel dealing with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, *The House of the Wolf*, a novel not unworthy to be mentioned along with Prosper Mérimée's *Chronique de Charles IX* on the same theme. Weyman regards this devilish un-French spirit as a contagion caught from Italy, brought by Catherine de Medici and her train of Italian pensioners.

"Catherine de Medici," he says, "brought from Italy, forty years before, a spirit of cruelty and treachery. In Italy it had done small harm. But grafted on French daring and recklessness, and the rougher and more soldierly manner of the north, this spirit of intrigue proved capable of very dreadful things." That the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was entirely inspired by her, and was an infamy due to this imported Italian influence, is undoubtedly true, and the stain of it should not be allowed to rest on the fair fame of France.

The same cruel spirit, this time emanating from Spain, inspired the even more frightful sack of Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War; and the more one thinks of it, the more one feels that Weyman was right, and that such diabolism is foreign to the real French character. Moreover, the whole modern world, perhaps more than ever at the present moment, is impregnated with the poison of probably the most dangerous, anti-human book ever written, *The Prince* of Machiavelli.

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*COUNTRY TOUCHES IN PARIS:
BEES AND GOATS*

ONE of the many paradoxical charms of Paris is the number of country touches that suddenly surprise one, like a whiff of hawthorn, in this worldliest of all worldly cities: hidden gardens, oases of green freshness behind crumbling ancient walls, and bits of old villages long since absorbed by the town. Up on the Boulevard Montparnasse, I was doing some shopping at one of the greatest and oldest grocers in Paris, whose multitudinous wares are spread out with methodical invitation along the sidewalk.

The incessant roar of automobiles went by, and almost directly opposite was the human murmur from the Dôme, the Coupole and other cosmopolitan ant-heaps, about as sophisticated a corner of Paris as one could find. But closer at hand, right under my nose in fact, I became aware of another warm buzzing. Could it possibly be bees? I looked down, and surely enough it was. For just where I was standing was a delectable layout of plum cakes and suchlike temptations glittering with sugar, and about these were clouds of bees, as busy as bees are proverbially said to be.

I looked up and caught the eye of one of the salesmen. He smiled, and, with that interest which French men and women always show in those natural creatures which they love to domesticate—and eat in due season, some of them!—he pointed to a little plate of brown sugar particularly thronged with the honey-gathers. Yes! they were bees, of

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course, bees from the Luxembourg Gardens, several streets away. Wordsworth's lines came involuntarily to my mind:

. . . bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Furness fells;

and I immediately recalled that little fenced-in bee village of thatched hives which all visitors to the Luxembourg Gardens will remember, belonging to a society of apiculture, where, on certain days of the week, a bee specialist discourses to anyone interested on the raising of bees and the making of honey. It was from this quaint little bee village that these bees had come, winging their way among the taxis, soaring for plum cake as far as the Boulevard Montparnasse; and only this morning I found them busy on the same quest still farther away, at a similar store on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, directly opposite that other sophisticated café of the Deux Magots, where the unfortunate Oscar Wilde used to come for his morning coffee. Bees in the heart of Paris! Could there be a more delightful surprise?

In a little side street, too, through which I had emerged on to the Boulevard Montparnasse, I had noticed moss and grass between the paving stones, green as in some country lane. And amid all the fashionable traffic of the Rue de Rivoli my eye was delighted with a huge hay wagon loitering and rustling along past the gaudy jewellers' shops and the smart hotels of the English aristocrat and the American millionaire, its driver half asleep over his pipe, he and his horses alike indifferent to the bâtons of the gendarmes.

For example, some of us owe M. Chiappe a grudge for rob-

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bing the Paris streets of one of their quaintest anachronisms. Suddenly in the most crowded avenues one would hear a charming piping, the veritable pipes of Pan, and there was a bronzed Southern man, with a triangular wooden instrument at his lips, leading a herd of the wildest-looking goats across the stream of cars.

No one seemed to resent this Virgilian "disturber of traffic." On the contrary, delighted curiosity was on every face as they watched the uncanny creatures, with their long black hair and yellow eyes, and formidable twisted horns, some with swollen udders, for the satisfaction of infant Parisians, whose mothers, as soon as the herd had debouched into some mediæval side street, came around them with pails, into which presently one heard the milk go hissing. The goat-herd carried on his back a little black box containing goat's cheese, of which grown-up Parisians are very fond, and in this he presently drove a thriving trade. I heard his pipe a few days ago, and thought that perhaps M. Chiappe had been maligned. True enough, the man with his Pan's pipes was there, with his box of cheese open beside him on the sidewalk. But that was all. His little flock was gone. Surely it seems a pity to rob Parisians of such an innocent, picturesque pleasure, which did no harm to anyone. If only one could get enough visiting Americans to sign a petition—who knows but the goats might come back again!

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THE HÔTEL DE SENS

LOVERS of old Paris will be glad to hear that the long-promised restoration of the Hôtel de Sens will soon be under way, for there is no other building left that so dramatically represents mediæval Paris as Victor Hugo and Gustave Doré pictured it for us. It was the embattled residence of the archbishops of Sens, that ancient Gallo-Roman city some seventy miles southeast of Paris, of such importance in Roman times that Paris was placed under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of its archbishops, and remained so till 1623.

In feudal times, as we know, powerful priests were frequently mightier men of the sword than of the spirit, and Archbishop Tristan de Salazar, who built the Hôtel de Sens toward the end of the fifteenth century, was a warrior priest of this type, and thus his stern character is impressed on the old building, which rather suggests the hold of some robber baron than the town house of a spiritual "metropolitan."

Situated in the Marais at the corner of the Rue de l'Hôtel-de-Ville and the Rue de Figuier, and facing a little square where five streets meet, it quite startles one with its warlike façade, its great Gothic doorway, flanked left and right with huge circular "pepper-box" towers, and its high massive walls receding into a network of ancient streets leading back through the Rue Charlemagne, into the Rue Saint-Antoine. It is of immense size, and confronts the tame little modernized square like some monster mastodon left over from prehistoric times, a grim apparition from a sinister vanished world. Also it is

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unspeakably dilapidated, covered with advertisements, and the notice boards of small tradesmen who inhabit its vast interior, its windows broken and stuffed with old newspapers, yet through all this humiliation its ancient grandeur asserts itself, is perhaps even more impressive from the contrast with the ruin and squalor in which it has been allowed to fall.

As long ago as 1842 Victor Hugo fought for its restoration in vain, and not till 1911, owing to the exertions of the organization known as "Les Amis du Vieux Paris," did it become the property of the city of Paris, which, nonetheless, has allowed all these years to pass without raising a hand to arrest its further decay. However, as I say, when at last it is restored, its human vermin swept out of it, made spic and span, and turned into a decorous museum, we shall surely miss some of the imaginative appeal which it has in its present degenerate state. Let us hope that the restorer will not, as too many restoring architects have done, "restore" all the character out of it, till it comes to look like a modern imitation of what it was. If that should happen, one may well fear that some of the many picturesque ghosts which inhabit it may find it uncomfortably respectable.

Perhaps, indeed, no one building in Paris has more dramatic and entertaining memories. Of these I have here but room for one, a memory of La Reine Margot, that naughty, learned, fascinating Marguerite de Valois who was the first wife of Henri Quatre, a memory characteristically wanton and tragic. After Henri had divorced her, for purely family reasons, for they were always good friends—being certainly two of a kind—even after his marriage with Marie de Medici, Marguerite

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grew tired of her eighteen years' exile in Auvergne, and suddenly appeared one day before the gates of Paris with all her household. Henri may well have been glad to see her again, after a long spell of Marie de Medici. At all events, he made her welcome and arranged for her to live in the Hôtel de Sens.

So there she settled, and the sombre old place soon became gay as its mistress. Marguerite was then fifty-two, but her age did not prevent her being madly loved by two of her pages, one Count de Vermond, eighteen, and the other, de Saint-Julien, aged twenty. For the time being, Saint-Julien was the favourite, and in a fit of jealousy Vermond shot him dead, as he was handing his queen-mistress from her carriage in front of the grim old gateway we still see today.

The Queen, wild with rage, vowed that she would neither eat nor drink till the lover-murderer of her murdered lover was executed, and, Henri assenting, two days later a scaffold was erected in the little square facing the hotel, and from one of its towers Marguerite watched poor de Vermond go manfully to his death. He had refused to save his life by asking the Queen's pardon, and, in her anger at that, "she roared like a lioness," runs the story, exclaiming, "Kill him, kill him! If you have no arms, take my garter and strangle him!"

Thus it was to be the lover of a queen in those days, as poor Chastelard had found some fifty years before with Mary Stuart, she looking on at his execution from her window, just as Marguerite sat looking from hers. But it is good to know that, though she could do that, Marguerite could live

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no more in the Hôtel de Sens. She left it forever that evening, leaving the ghosts of her two young murdered lovers behind.

THE ABSURDITY OF BEING FRENCH!

I HAVE just been reading Mr. Lyon Mearson's *The French They Are a Funny Race*, and I have enjoyed it as I have always enjoyed Mr. Mearson's writing. He cannot help being amusing—and a good deal more besides; but I have been wondering if the many Americans who will read his book will see that the joke—in spite of the title—is as much on them and even more than on the French at whom they are invited to laugh. That is the trouble with irony. It is so easy to misunderstand.

Of course, the French are a funny race—but so is every other race on the earth. All races laugh at all the other races. England certainly has had her share of being laughed at, though she has a protective armour of complacency which prevents her from being too sensitive. Whatever may be said against her, she is not thin-skinned. Besides, she has so often laughed last.

Other nations are not perhaps so indifferent, or ready to enjoy a laugh against themselves. And there are times when the atmosphere of the world is so tense that it may be inadvisable, even dangerous, for one nation to make fun of another. In this respect humorous writers have a great responsibility, and if such a thing as censorship is practical at all, there may well be occasions when a nation desirous of

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remaining friendly with another should keep a strict eye on those books that throw ridicule on that other nation.

At this moment particularly, when nationalism in all lands has become so exaggerated, and the hopes of common-sense, peaceable men and women for international friendship founded on that brotherhood of humanity of which so short a time ago we were all dreaming, cannot be said to run high, we need writers who will interpret the charm of races and nations different from our own, rather than amusing pens that will display their seeming absurdities.

So long as the laughter is good-natured it does no harm, but unfortunately, and particularly in the case of Anglo-Saxons, the laughter against other nations is often the laughter of contempt arising out of a sense of superiority. How Anglo-Saxons have come by their sense of superiority to all the rest of the world has always been a mystery to me.

Probably the answer, as Mr. Mearson puts it, is that the Anglo-Saxons are a funny race—far funnier than the French, or perhaps any other race, including the Scotch and Irish, who, likewise, from time immemorial have provoked the Anglo-Saxon's peculiarly provincial mirth. For, of course, provinciality is at the back of all such Anglo-Saxon superiority. Great travellers as Anglo-Saxons are, they seem to know so little of the world, and they never seem to get over their astonishment that all the world does not speak English. They are not merely surprised but scandalized that other races should speak their own mother tongues. The funniest thing about the French has always been, and still is, that they speak French!

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This strange habit of speaking their own tongue, of "parley-voicing," is a surprise in the French that the Anglo-Saxon never seems to get over; and Mr. Mearson would not picture aright his Chicago bank clerk on a visit to Paris in search of culture if he did not make him allude occasionally to this phenomenon. But the Chicago bank clerk is something of a poet (like most Americans) and so his picayune criticisms of Paris and the French are interspersed with charming little "appreciations," such as this:

"Even with the busy and modern life around you, you have a feeling in Paris of having stepped backward in time, having walked into a leisurely and delightful age which one doesn't usually recapture except in dreams and in performances of 'La Bohème' or 'Louise.' You feel, for the first few days, anyway, as if you had suddenly become small enough to walk into an old print, and over you comes a lightness, almost a feeling of disembodiment, of not being quite awake. I don't suppose Parisians feel this, or people who have lived a long time there, but it's a lovely emotion to have and I didn't want to lose it too soon."

Again, Mr. Mearson writes in a few words an "appreciation" of "a street that seemed to me to be the most thrilling and beautiful I had ever seen in my life. A glance at the name, affixed to a house on the corner, enlightened me. I was standing on the 'Avenue des Champs-Élysées.'" . . . But why should Mr. Mearson spoil one's pleasure in reading these and many similar impressions of Paris scenes and French people by such a paragraph as this which follows my first quotation: "Of course, you keep your

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mouth shut as long as possible, because the moment you open it and it becomes known that you are a foreigner you are regarded as a pariah; in France it is offense against decency not to be a Frenchman"; or this, when, after that typical vision of the Arc de Triomphe, he adds: ". . . that first moment, I reiterate, is worth all the subtle insults that the French can think of."

Of course, one has not to forget that this is the Chicago bank clerk talking, and not Mr. Mearson, who is of a race that knows the world too well to make such mistakes, or misrepresentations, of the French.

ON BUTCHERS AND NATIONAL TASTES IN KILLING

BUTCHERS are a curious race of men, and one cannot help speculating occasionally how and why they came to choose their profession. Often there seems a contradiction between themselves and their way of earning a living. Most butchers I have known have been kindly, hearty men, good fellows who, one might have said, wouldn't hurt a fly. And, I understand, that they are the best of husbands. The percentage of wife-murderers amongst butchers is practically nil.

One has heard the same thing of executioners. The family life of the Sansons, who had been royal executioners from father to son for over a hundred years, till the last of them beheaded Marie Antoinette, was beyond reproach.

This last Sanson, who assisted the aging father in the arduous business of the guillotine during The Terror, was

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notoriously polite and even gentle in his administrations. Also, he was no little of a dandy, never failing to be punctiliously attired in the height of fashion, with satin waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps with silver buckles, for his sacrificial work on the scaffold. It is said that at times he wore a red rose in his mouth. It may be that this was his way of showing his traditional respect for the aristocrats whom it was his duty to usher from Time into Eternity.

Some who looked on may have wondered—as some of us looking into butchers' shops today—at his choosing to be an executioner. But, had the question been put to him, he might have answered that he merely did as he was ordered by the society who employed him; that, in fact, not he but society, as represented by the gloating multitudes around the scaffold, was the real executioner.

So, if you ever, in a moment of imagination, shudder as you pass a butcher's shop, don't forget as you sit down to your English mutton chop, or your steak, that, at least, you are accessory after the fact, and that the butcher is doing his best to disguise from you and his other "patrons" that he is merely the servant of a carnivorous society—that, in fact, you are the butcher, and not he.

Everyone knows what wonderful artists the French are in window-dressing, from the exquisite perfume shops in the Rue de la Paix—the most exquisite of all, by the way, being that of a famous American firm—to the butchers' shops in the Rue Mouffetard, and the Rue de Seine; and it was in passing one or two butchers' shops in the last-named street that I was struck by the curious distinctions we make (we Anglo-

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Saxons particularly) between the murdered animals we eat without a thought, and others that we shudder at the very idea of eating.

In one of these shops, my eye was caught by a bowl of bright autumn flowers placed on a slab next to what seemed a particularly fine "roast." A sudden misgiving made me look up, and over the shop-front I saw the gilded head of a horse. It was a "boucherie chevaline"—a horse-meat shop. I shuddered and shrank away. Why? I have eaten innumerable beefsteaks with equanimity—why should I shrink from eating horse steak?

The reasonable French people see no reason why—and I may add for the benefit of those Americans who are afraid of cheap restaurants lest they be given horse meat to eat unawares, that horse meat is far more expensive than ordinary "butcher's meat," and that it is regarded as a delicacy only to be found on the high-priced menus.

Here is a racial distinction, a question of taste, outside argument; but there is another that seems to go deeper which I found in the decorations of another butcher's shop, advertising a fall in the price of poultry—garlanded festoons looped across the shop-front, which, on looking closer, I saw to be composed of small birds, the tiniest of little birds, with scarcely a mouthful to eat in any one of them, little wild singing birds which in England or America we should consider it a crime to shoot.

In England, for example, a man who would kill a robin, robin "red-breast" (quite different from the American robin), would be regarded as a cad at least, somewhat as one who

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in the Middle Ages had committed sacrilege; the robin being indeed protected by traditional religious feeling. And the man who would shoot a lark mounting in his spirals of song into the sky would be equally inconceivable.

In France and Italy, however, mighty huntsmen, accoutred in all the regalia of "the chase," return with "a bag" of such tiny songsters (which, curiously enough, they tend so affectionately in cages) with all the airs of a man who has shot a lion. Such was Tartarin of Tarascon, immortally pilloried by Daudet—whose name, by the way, it is advisable not to mention in the city of Tarascon, as long ago I was unwise enough to do.

Anyone interested in this subject should read the wonderful book *The Story of San Michele* by Axel Munthe, the famous Swedish doctor, who once fought a duel with a "sporting" French nobleman because of this very brutality. And incidentally it is hardly necessary to remind the readers of the beautiful idyll entitled "The New Robinson Crusoe" in Bob Davis's latest volume, *Hither and Yon*.

For some of us the killers of "big game," the wanton destroyers of the marvellous vanishing animal life of the earth, are just as bad, and English "riding to hounds," shooting over his lordship's covers for pheasant and partridge, and "coursing" the innocent, terrified hare, seem very much of a distinction without a difference, when it is claimed as "sportsmanlike" against other Continental forms of "sport."

Still, to draw the line at singing birds, larks, thrushes, linnets, robins and the like is something; those of us who

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love France and know and admire her essential humanity are unhappy to come up against this curious paradox.

FRENCH SALESMANSHIP

A WELL-KNOWN American manufacturer who has an exquisite branch of his romantic business on the Rue de la Paix recently remarked to me that French shopkeepers are the world's masters in the art of presenting their goods in a seductive fashion.

In every quarter of Paris, proletarian or aristocratic, from the Rue Mouffetard to the Rue de Rivoli, whatever the thing sold, one finds evidence of this skillful, insinuating salesmanship.

Apart from the whimsical oratory with which the "barkers" in the streets patronized by the carnivorous populace proclaim the wares of the slaughterhouse, a sense of decoration makes attractive every kind of merchandise, from the gruesome exhibits of the "triperie" (the tripe shop) and the "boucherie chevaline" (the horse-flesh butcher), to the resplendent galaxies of the jewellery stores, the almost sacrosanct hush of the windows in which the perfumer condescends to unveil at most two or three lovely little crystal phials containing his elixirs of fragrance, and those dainty, boudoirlike lingerie shops in which the gossamer garments pertaining to the no longer mysterious underworld of woman are at once delicately and indelicately displayed.

I noticed, too, that a famous firm of wine and spirit mer-

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chants, who have fallen heavily for "art moderne" in their window-dressing, had stolen a trick, surely with a touch of intentional parody, from these parfumeurs just mentioned.

For in one of their long, narrow windows, draped in pleated silk, was framed as in a shrine, reverently placed on a tiny table of carved ebony, like an idol for the eye of the devotee, one bottle only—a bottle of a certain popular brand of Scotch whisky. There, it seemed to me, was a delightful stroke of French salesmanship in its humorous aspect.

However, it was not of this that I was thinking when I recalled my American friend's remark, but of a recent novelty in bookselling which has added a picturesque feature to that usually staid and dignified business. Ascension Day is one of the most shut-down of French holidays. Only the *charcuterie* (delicatessen) shops are open in the forenoon. Banks are hermetically sealed, and, if you have forgotten to lay in some change the day before you have to cash a check at your favourite café or restaurant, if "the madame" likes you well enough—French people are rather wary (who blames them?) about cashing checks.

Well, Paris seemed particularly quiet in my neighbourhood this last Ascension Day morning, and the Luxembourg Gardens seemed more than usually green and peaceful. Few people were about and few taxis.

I was the more surprised, therefore, to catch sight through the railings, on the Rue Guynemer side, of quite a crowd gathered about some stalls spread along the sidewalk, over which floated gay paper streamers and Japanese lanterns. Someone was evidently selling something on this quiet feast

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day. I strolled across, and behold! It was the distinguished bookshop at the corner of the Rue Fleurus that was responsible for all this popular activity.

Yes! the stalls were laden with books, which several bookish-looking young men and women were busily selling, much as the butchers and fishmongers were selling their wares in the Rue de Seine!

They seemed amused at this new development in their usually unexciting routine, and for explanation pointed to a gay printed announcement along the front of their stall. "Journées du Livre," it ran; and I gathered that this was a new co-operative movement of all the publishers and booksellers of France organized by a committee of the "Journées du Livre," with headquarters at 117 Boulevard Saint-Germain—to hold a "Book Day," or two book days, thus each year.

Every kind of book was there for sale, not merely cheap editions but finely bound copies of classics and editions de luxe. And with every purchase amounting to twenty francs went a bonus of a charmingly printed book of essays entitled *Aux Quatre Coins de Chez Nous*, in which well-known Frenchmen have written of the particular province, or corner of France, where they were born: M. Poincaré, for instance, of Lorraine; M. Paul Bourget, of Auvergne; M. Le Goffic, of Brittany. This bonus was not a "remainder" going a-begging, but a book specially printed for its purpose, forbidden circulation by sale, and copyrighted by a syndicate of publishers, a book for which one would usually pay ten francs.

I sauntered on up to Montparnasse, then down the Boule-

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vard Saint-Michel, and every bookshop I passed carried the banner of the "Journées du Livre." My wanderings finally led to the Place de la Madeleine, and there I found the culmination of the book day celebration, in a large circus tent, decorated with mottoes from French writers, such as Montaigne: "Books were the best baggage I carried on this human voyage."

Here thousands of volumes of every variety were spread out before me, and sales were going on merrily to the strains of a jazz band. The French love to sell things "en plein air," and here was a vast open-air book market, a sort of "halles" of the mind.

THE PARC MONCEAU AND FRENCH BABIES

EVEN in the most fashionable quarters of Paris it is difficult to escape from the past, particularly the past of the Revolution. One usually regards the Right Bank as being less haunted by those depressing memories from which wealthy tourists in search of "gay Paree" should naturally be protected.

Ignorant of French history as many of these plutocratic visitors are, they never suspect, so well did Baron Haussmann, Adolphe Alphand and other architects of the Third Napoleon do their transforming work, driving their boulevards and avenues like steam ploughshares through the history of Paris, making everything regular and characterless, glittering with fountains and statues and mathematical with "étoiles" and vistas; those visitors never suspect, I say, how many dead men's bones lie beneath the foundations of their

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luxurious hotels, or dream that the Place de la Concorde, on which their expensive windows look out, probably the most scintillant, radiating centre of superficial joyousness in the whole world, is really the bloodiest spot in the whole of Paris.

Like that nobleman who, it is said, lived in his great hotel facing that "place," known then as the Place Royale, throughout The Terror, quite unconscious of the daily holocausts beneath his balconies, they know as little of the guillotine that stood slightly to the north of the Egyptian "needle" presented by Mohammed Ali to Louis Philippe.

Paris has a wonderful way of "concealing the body" under dancing feet and green lawns, and how innocently the Seine glides by the Louvre, as though there had never been any Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and as though the nets of the millers downstream had never broken with the weight of desperate Huguenot mothers and their dead babies.

I couldn't help thinking of all this as I strolled the other day into what Baedeker calls "the small but highly elegant Parc Monceau," one entrance of gilded railings to which is on the Boulevard Malesherbes—that boulevard which commemorates that gentlest and bravest of French noblemen and lawyers, who alone had the courage to defend Louis XVI at his trial, and later received his reward on the same scaffold.

The Parc Monceau, after the Luxembourg Gardens the most beautiful park in Paris, has for a long time been the Paradise of Well-to-do Parisian Babies. It is surrounded by great mansions of the time of Louis XVIII and Napoleon III, and the streets immediately in its neighbourhood suggest wealth and respectability. They seem as free from poverty as they are

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lacking in interest. The Parc Monceau, though open to all comers under the ægis of the sacred legend "Liberté, égalité, fraternité," does not seem attractive to the down-and-out. It is now, says Baedeker, "a favourite resort of nursemaids and their charges," and it was so already when Georges Cain, nearly thirty years ago, wrote of it in his charming *Nouvelles Promenades dans Paris*: "It has now become domestic and bourgeois. Pretty mothers and opulent nurses with their be-ribboned caps walk their adorable babies about in the copses where the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Biron and Lafayette escorted Madame Elliott or Madame de Buffon."

Even those honest persons who dare avow that they are not indiscriminately devoted to children must admit the irresistible charm of French babies, and if they wish to see them, not merely in perfection but in overwhelming multitudes, they should go to the Parc Monceau. I never saw so many babies and small children together at once in one place, and all so independent and grown-up and going about their business as only French children can be and do. There were so many of them, and so few nurses, that at first sight one saw nothing but this tiny, charming population.

The park seemed to belong to them, and as they busied themselves with their hoops and balloons, their spades and their sand piles, I thought what a strange picture of contrast some macabre artist might make of their little feet going to and fro above the forgotten cemetery of mouldering human anatomies that fertilize those vivid green lawns, for here was another dumping-place of the victims of the guillotine.

The Parc Monceau was originally laid out for Philippe

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d'Orléans—Philippe Egalité—in 1785, by the famous gardener Carmontelle in the “romantic” fashion of the time, with sham ivy-clad ruins, mysterious grottoes, cascades, Chinese kiosks, “temples” of white marble and “rustic” cottages, and one particularly charming feature, the “naumachie,” recalling the sham naval fights of ancient Rome—an oblong lake shrouded with willows and encircled with graceful columns, the charming mossy remains of which still stand in twos and threes around its banks. These columns already had a history when Philippe Egalité placed them there, for they originally belonged to a tomb of the Valois erected by Catherine de Medici at Saint-Denis, on the destruction of which they were bought by him to decorate this garden. The Duc d'Orléans was very proud of his Parc Monceau and had a little château there where he gave his proverbially gay parties. One of these was to have a fateful interest, of which an English lady, Mme. Elliott, who had a house adjoining the Duke's, tells in her memoirs. While she was lunching with him, Lafayette and Mayor Bailly being her fellow guests, on July 14, 1789, suddenly their gay talk was interrupted by the thunder of cannon from the direction of Paris.

“That cannon,” she says, “was announcing to us the fall of the Bastille, and thereupon the gentlemen departed in great haste.” Monceau was in the country in those days, and so remarkably have its gardeners, ancient and modern, kept up the illusion, that, small as is its acreage, it seems in the country still, with its hilly slopes of lawn, leading up to the apparently dense woodland, and everywhere shadowy copses, and secret bowers, and

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Seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Among the many statues, too, glimmering here and there, is a particularly striking one of Guy de Maupassant, with perhaps the most fascinating stone girl in Paris seated beneath him—not the usual sentimental sylph of French memorial statuary, but a startlingly realistic young woman of giant proportions, with strong, dreaming brows and deep eyes, and swathed about her brave figure the vast tempestuous petticoats of the Victorian era.

Anyone who cares to recall how effective and picturesquely vital that costume could be should pay a visit to de Maupassant's stone girl in the Parc Monceau.

A STUDIO BEHIND NOTRE-DAME

AMONG the many attractions of Paris for the American artist, not the least is the variety of charming studios within the reach of artistic purses, studios in quaint out-of-the-way corners of narrow winding streets, high up at the top of dark old staircases, where one suddenly emerges upon russet roofs and flooding sunlight, or studios hidden away in those secret gardens of which one is always catching glimpses through half-open doorways, with the sound of convent bells and the striking of ancient clocks near by.

A young American painter who has recently been experimenting in that difficult medium of lithography, which, in spite of more modern processes, still retains its value for the connoisseur, invited me to call and watch her at work in the

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studio of perhaps the most famous of surviving masters of the craft. It was a fascinating place to work in, she said, tucked away in an unsuspected courtyard of the mediæval streets under the shadow of Notre-Dame—streets whose names suggest the peace of old cathedral cloisters: Rue du Cloître and Rue Chanoinesse. It is in this last-named street that the workshop of the famous lithographer is literally hidden away, as though engaged in some conspiracy rather than in his quiet craft.

One almost feels the need of a password to penetrate his privacy, for, as one faces the beautiful old gateway, massively carved and bossed with great nails like the gateway of a castle, evidently the entrance to a one-time mansion of the ancien régime, there is nothing but the number to tell of M. Gaston Dorfinaut's whereabouts. And even inside the door, one must pass through two long broad hallways with groined ceilings and mysterious staircases, and across two interior courts, before one finds him. These courts and the buildings surrounding them, while still ancient, have evidently been carefully and judiciously restored, and we learn that a certain princess dwells in magnificent seclusion behind the long stately windows taking up one side of the innermost court.

One rather wonders how M. Dorfinaut has been able to retain his little workshop amid all this grandeur, and one understands that it costs him a fight with his landlord to do so; but one good thing about the French law of landlord and tenant is that the landlord by no means has it all his own way. And, as will presently appear, M. Dorfinaut has been

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a fighter in other more dangerous fields. It is in this innermost court that one at last discovers M. Dorfinaut's door, on the opening of which one enters a room crowded with tables supporting lithographic stones, with a fascinating view of the Seine, busy with barges, from its windows.

At one of these tables I found my young American friend at work on the sensitive business of copying on to the stone, by the aid of a reversing mirror, a spirited drawing of a Riviera hill-town. She was alone at the moment, but from time to time some of the most distinguished of modern French artists have worked, or are to be found working, by her side in that little room: Moreau and Boussaingault, the Japanese artist Foujita, and even Pissarro.

Presently a charming, kindly-faced Frenchwoman enters. It is Mme. Dorfinaut, and she is followed by a gay little Frenchman, with bright eyes and red cheeks, in rolled-up shirt-sleeves, the master himself; both with that friendly French faculty of making one feel at home, quite one of the family, at once. M. Dorfinaut has been at work in an inner room, and he leads the way there to show us his two old-fashioned hand presses, on one of which, having coated a stone with a roller charged with lithographic ink, he pulls off a proof for our benefit. Then he shows us two editions de luxe, on the coloured illustrations of which he has recently been engaged, exquisitely delicate work—some fairy-tales by Princess Bibesco and a novel by Julian Green, the young American novelist who writes in French.

Hanging on the wall near by I notice a trench helmet, which has evidently seen some service. Mme. Dorfinaut

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proudly takes it down, and points to a hole about the size of a walnut pierced through the metal lining, an eloquent souvenir of her husband's two years in the trenches during the war. One instinctively looks at his partially bald head, and he makes a comical French grimace. It had been a pretty close call, but had actually done little damage except to his hair, which was a heavier thatch in those days.

Then he points to one of his presses. It, too, has seen service at the front, for, when his officers had discovered M. Dorfinaut's business, it was realized that he might be put to better use than being shelled in the trenches. So the old press was sent for from Paris and housed in an army truck, and on it M. Dorfinaut printed war maps of the trenches, made from the photographic observations brought in every day by the scouting aviators, thus doing a valuable bit for his country. Of those days M. Dorfinaut has many precious souvenirs, in the shape of sketches of himself as a poilu made by eminent artists who watched him at work in his truck, notably one by the fashionable Icart.

Nor has he gone uncelebrated in print, and Mme. Dorfinaut once more proudly produced a sheaf of press cuttings, and an American technical magazine *Pencil Points* in which W. Samuel Chamberlain, who himself has made some beautiful lithographs of old Paris, has a delightfully intimate appreciation of "Gaston Dorfinaut—Master Lithographer." Among the illustrations is a portrait of M. Dorfinaut in his studio at work on one of his stones, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up and Mme. Dorfinaut looking over his shoulder, to the very life as I was privileged to see them.

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As my friend and I turned to say good-by I noticed a mandolin hanging on the wall not far from the trench helmet. Yes! That had been to the front, too, and, as one looked at that gay, resolute French face, with just a touch of sadness in it, and thought of him merrily plucking the strings of his mandolin among his comrades in some lull of the fighting, one realized that the Frenchman is still the eternal "muske-teer."

AN OPEN-AIR SALON

THE cry of the artist against the middleman is eternal and seldom unjust. I used the word "artist" in the popular sense, meaning the painter, the sculptor, the etcher, and generally those artists who use the brush, the chisel, the needle and the burin. The artist who uses the pen has raised the same cry, with the same justice, for centuries. It is symbolized in the term "Grub Street," and Byron told the truth in the only way that truth can effectively be told, through the medium of wit, when he corrected the copy of the Bible he gave to his publisher, Murray, to the effect that Barabbas was not merely a robber but "a publisher."

Most of us who have had to deal with publishers know that he was right. However bad business may be, whatever the distressing fall of the pound, the franc or the mark, the publisher and the dealer always go about in their automobiles. The artist, without whom they could not exist, goes about on foot, glad that he has a pair of old shoes for his weary feet.

From all accounts, and in spite of Laurence Sterne, they

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do not seem to manage these particular matters "better in France." So, at all events, the painters and the sculptors say. And here they have another grievance which, so far as my experience goes, is not true of America or England: the critics are for sale. Unless you have a thousand francs to slip into the palm of the art critic who superciliously inspects your exhibition, you need not look for any notice at all in his particular paper. And the prices of the "galleries" in which is your only hope of your work being seen, the commission and expenses this way and that, are to say the least "prohibitive." You have almost starved to do your work, but even if you sell a picture or two, you go on starving; for all "the profits" go to the middleman. Your only hope is that you may chance to "catch on," and even then, unless you attain to a fairy-tale position, you may rely on being robbed. However well off you may become, you may be sure that your dealer has four automobiles to your one.

This is the moral of the open-air exhibition of paintings and sculptures which has now been held for several years in the Boulevard Raspail, from the Dôme café down toward the Seine. Everyone knows the open-air market for meat and vegetables and general eatables, which every Tuesday and Friday picturesquely relieves the military directness and precision of that useful but monotonous avenue. The ancient market rights of Paris provide perhaps the best example of "liberté," and it was of those that the poorer artists of Montparnasse, outcasts from the fashionable salons, too poor to pay the critics and the gallery middlemen, decided to take advantage.

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They would sell their wares like vegetables and butcher's-meat, out of doors, under the trees; and so they formed themselves into an organization known as "La Horde du Montparnasse"—meaning, of course, by the word "horde" that they were merely the rank and file, the mob of poor-devil artists who couldn't afford critics and galleries; their only resource to offer their wares to the passer-by, who should happen to be out shopping, and take a fancy to buy a picture for his apartment, or by chance catch the eye of a collector eager for the opportunity to buy a real unappreciated work of art for his collection, and for next to nothing—something that was sure to go up in value, when the poor artist of "La Horde du Montparnasse" should become a great appreciated master.

The Horde has met with a great deal of sympathy and support, and is a growing movement. Each year more good artists have joined it, and I understand that its recent three-day exhibition has met with considerable success. I dropped in to see it on the opening morning, and some of the painters were still busy hanging their canvases in the section of the two long tents allotted to them, which gave a touch of the old "Vie de Bohème" to the scene. Though all to the good practically, these two long tents, protective against weather, are a loss in picturesqueness over the exhibitions of previous years, when each artist had his own little booth independent of the rest.

Now, too, a trifling charge of fifty centimes is made as entrance fee to each tent. It certainly couldn't be smaller—one franc for the whole show, but it seems to suggest the beginnings of something like a regular Salon, and slightly

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diminishes the air of that beloved vagabondage which attracted one in the earlier happy-go-lucky "market." But the painters, naturally, are not out to be picturesque, but to sell their pictures, and certainly the average of the work on exhibition was as high, to say the least, as that of the regular Salons, and there was a pleasing lack of those freak paintings, those "experimental" daubs and geometric puzzles, by impudent charlatans, one is accustomed to see in pretentious frames in the windows of one-man shows in the Rue de Seine and other haunts of modernity.

But I suppose that from the point of view of the fashionable critic I could say no more damning thing about the artists of the Horde than that no little of their work had beauty and intelligible meaning. Well, no fashions are more ephemeral than the fashions of criticism, and Keats's famous line—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—is a truth which will outlast them all, present and to come.

AN OLD GARDEN AND THE RUE VISCONTI

THE roof of my garret being in need of repairs, I abandoned it to the workmen for a day or two in favour of a charming refuge graciously offered me by a well-known American woman of letters, who came before Julian Green in writing her books in the French language. She had the good fortune to obtain a long lease of one of the most romantic residences in Paris. It is situated in the Rue Jacob, between the Rue de Seine and the Rue Bonaparte, and is an old house with a charming garden. In this garden is a tiny building with a

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portico, Greek columns, an eighteenth-century summer-house, famous among Paris relics as the "Temple de l'Amitié."

The famous actress Adrienne Lecouvreur once occupied the house of my hostess; she and her great soldier-lover, Marshal de Saxe, once exchanged their vows in this little garden room, and, for all I know, the lean, sardonic ghost of another of her lovers, no less a ghost than Voltaire, is bending over my shoulder as I write.

For Adrienne's sake, the Marshal when elected Duke of Courland, declined the hand of its Duchess, Anna Ivanovna, and in return Adrienne lent him no less a sum than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars that he might raise an army to push his claims to the duchy. So great was the popularity of the tragedy queen of the Comédie-Française that she, the humble daughter of a hatter, had been able to raise that vast sum on her plate and jewels before she was thirty years old.

Certainly few women have shown greater love than this, and it is interesting to recall that, through the daughter born of that love, her wild and generous blood, four generations later, inspired the romances of George Sand, whose father was Adrienne's great-grandson. Yet when she died in 1730, at the early age of thirty-eight, this most beloved of French actresses was denied "Christian burial" because "she hadn't had time to renounce the theatre"!

Voltaire wrote a noble, indignant poem on the occasion, and there exists a vivid account of the exertions of himself and other friends to soften the heart of the stern priest of Saint-Sulpice, who refused her burial in consecrated ground. So she was huddled away, one moonless night, into a hastily

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dug grave on some marshy land, near which now stands the Chamber of Deputies, and there is a tradition that she now lies beneath a carriage-house of the Hôtel Jouvencel, 115 Rue de Grenelle. She did not die in the house of my friend, but in the old Hôtel de Rannes in the Rue Visconti, a narrow street running parallel with the Rue Jacob, a little nearer to the Seine.

The Rue Visconti was once part of the district known as the Pré aux Clercs, or Students' Meadow. Here, as the name implies, was for several centuries the favourite loitering ground of university students and other idlers, and it was also a resort of duellists, as will be recalled from Alexandre Dumas. About 1540 a street was run through this meadow called the Rue des Marais-Saint-Germain; but in 1864 its name was changed to Visconti, after Napoleon III's celebrated architect, to whom we owe the fine fountain in the Place Saint-Sulpice and the tomb of Napoleon I at the Invalides.

It is a very narrow street, barely wide enough for an automobile to pass through, but there is hardly a square foot in it without a story. The original buildings here were inns, chiefly patronized by Huguenots. The first Protestant synod was held on the Rue Visconti in 1559, and because of this heretical atmosphere it became known as Little Geneva. Its most famous resident was the dramatist Racine, who lived here from 1692 till his death seven years later. There has been considerable dispute as to which, of several claimants, was actually his house. Evidence was so strongly in favour of No. 19, known as the Hôtel de Rannes, a stately walled mansion with a striking gateway, still in existence, that its owner placed upon it the tablet which runs:

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"Hôtel de Rani, built on the site of the Petit Pré aux Clercs; Jean Racine died here on April 22, 1699, Adrienne Lecouvreur in 1730. Here also lived La Champmesle and Hippolyte Clairon."

Marie Champmesle was a young actress from Rouen with whom Racine fell in love, and for whom he wrote some of his finest plays. She it was who created the part of Phèdre, the greatest of her many triumphs.

Hippolyte Clairon was another famous Phèdre (1743), and one of the most celebrated actresses of the Comédie-Française, where she was the star for twenty-five years.

Garrick and Goldsmith were among her enthusiastic admirers, the latter declaring her "the most perfect female figure I have ever seen on any stage," and she made the fortune of many plays of Voltaire and Marmontel. So it will be seen that the little Rue Visconti oddly combines incongruous memories—those of the Huguenots and those of the old-time French theatre, a great dramatist and three great actresses. Surely the Comédie-Française, with such sacred interests to safeguard in the Rue Visconti, will do all in its power to prevent the destruction of the Hôtel de Rannes!

In Racine's time this fine old house was surrounded by an extensive garden, fragments of which are scattered here and there among other buildings as far up as the Rue Jacob and are still referred to as his. There was, and perhaps still is, in the garden of No. 13 a vine known as the "vigne de Racine."

The Rue Visconti has many other memories. Among them is that of an inn at the Rue de Seine corner, known as the Little Blackamoor, of which the old sign, the head of a

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Moor, survived until recently. This inn had some famous patrons indeed. No less an immortal than Montaigne seems to have visited it, attracted by the excellence of its cuisine and its good cellar, for, writing of a certain inn in Italy, he says that "the nobility of the land assembles there, as in the Petit More in Paris."

Racine used often to drop in there on his way to the theatre, which, it will be remembered, was then situated close by in the street now known as the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie. Molière, La Fontaine, and the poet-critic used to meet there, too, for their famous contests of wit; but the little street is haunted by the shade of another great man no less illustrious and still closer to our modern hearts than they. If the projectors of new boulevards are unmoved by the names of Montaigne and Molière, Racine and Boileau, they cannot be quite indifferent to that of Balzac; and if any place in Paris should be preserved as a Balzac museum, it is the commercial-looking building numbered 17 and 19 Rue Visconti. Here it was that Balzac set up that famous printing press of his which proved so disastrous a venture and landed him in debt for the rest of his life.

He lived here for three years, writing and printing and correcting those extravagantly interlined proofs, comforted only by the visits of his divinely good friend and counsellor, Mme. de Berny, whom he called "La Dilecta." Georges Cain, in *Promenades dans Paris*, reproduces a letter of Balzac's written on his business stationery, and how strange it is to read the address in the corner: "Imprimerie de H. Balzac et A. Barbier, Rue des Marais No. 17."

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Stranger yet, the premises are still used as a printing shop, and you can hear the presses going, just as if Balzac's ghost were in possession. His office and bedroom are still there as they were at the date of the letter, April 27, 1827, and the present proprietor is pleased and proud to show them to visitors. Think of all these fascinating ghosts, those brilliant men and glorious women, living in that one little narrow street, and you will realize what it means to the lover of old Paris to contemplate their being dispossessed by pick and shovel, and the perfume of their radiant memories forever scattered to the winds by the thunder of the motorbus and the stench of gasoline. Brave new world, indeed!

THE RUE JACOB AND STERNE'S GLOVESHOP

THE Rue Jacob has particular interest for readers of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, for it was in passing the door of a glove-shop in this street that the amorous parson caught that glimpse of a grisette of uncommon beauty, sitting in the rear and making a pair of ruffles, which led to his famous flirtation. Stepping in, he bought two pairs of gloves, and during this dainty transaction he contrived to let his fingers fall upon the young lady's wrist. She smilingly allowed him to feel her pulse, presumably to assure himself of the state of her heart.

"I had counted some twenty pulsations," he writes, "and was going on fast toward the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning. 'Twas nobody but her husband, she said; so I began a fresh score. 'Monsieur is so good,' quoth

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she, as he passed by us, 'as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse.' The husband took off his hat and, making me a bow, said I did him too much honour, and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out."

Oddly enough, there is still a gloveshop on the very spot where Sterne's shop is supposed to have been and there is still a pretty salesgirl there. History has a curious way of repeating itself in Paris. Sterne's heart seems to have been so much agitated by this little adventure that, on leaving the shop, he took a wrong turning and wandered about for some time looking for his hotel. Fortunately he met a friend's *fille de chambre*, who obligingly walked with him to the Rue de Guénégaud, where his hotel was situated. This Rue de Guénégaud is an ancient street near by, at which the visitor should take a look, for in one of its hotels, according to Dumas, Athos once lodged when he was secluding himself from his fellow Musketeers. Here, too, was an old theatre where French opera had its beginnings under Lulli, and where Molière's troupe of the King's Players acted before removing to the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie and there founding the Comédie-Française.

After all, it is no wonder that Sterne lost his way, for this district is a veritable spider's web of streets twisting and turning one into the other. One of the most charmingly curving of these is the short Rue Cardinale, which winds out from the Rue Jacob at its Rue de Seine end. It is full of quaint old buildings, in one of which an American lady recently set up a little publishing house, from which have issued some volumes of fashionable modernity, a pleasantly unexpected note in so

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mediæval a street. Old Paris is full of such surprises, however. This Rue Cardinale leads one into a tiny sequestered square rustling with trees, which takes its name from Cardinal de Furstenberg, Bishop of Strasbourg, who in 1691 was abbot of the great monastery of Saint-Germain-des-Prés; for we have now wandered once more into the abbey domains lying at the back of the old Merovingian church. By its side runs the Rue de l'Abbaye, where the beautiful old episcopal palace and several other noble houses still survive. Following this street, if we have a mind to, we can once more emerge in front of the Café des Deux Magots; but before doing so it would be better to turn about and explore the other old rambling streets of the quarter.

The name of one of these, the Rue de l'Echaudé, which originally marked the limit of the abbey grounds, has a meaning which denotes the characteristic grouping of many streets of the district. The word "échaudé" is still used for a light cracknel, a kind of unsweetened cake made in the form of a triangle; and if the reader looks at a map he will see that the streets round about form themselves into several triangles, or échaudés, some squat and some elongated. The particular échaudé from which this street takes its name runs to a point at the Rue Jacob, then has for its other side part of the Rue de Seine, and for its foot the Boulevard Saint-Germain. Twisting criss-cross through it are the little Rue Bourbon-le-Château and a part of the Rue de Buci, the latter one of the most important thoroughfares of the neighbourhood. After continuing for a few yards the Rue de Buci emerges into a "carrefour," where four streets meet—the Rue Mazarine, the Rue Dau-

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phine, the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie and itself. In old days this "carrefour" saw many wild doings, for not only were the abbot's gallows and stocks situated there, but also one of the busiest gates of Paris.

Readers of Dumas's romance, *The Forty-Five Guardsmen*, will recall the old hostelry of the Sword of the Proud Knight, which stood near by, where the guardsmen first lodged on entering Paris. Also Chicot, the king's swordsman-jester, took a little house here when he was lying "perdu" from his enemies. It is a lively corner still, vocal with market folk, owing to its proximity to the great "halle," or market, of St. Germain. Branching from it, too, is the quaint old street of Saint-Gregoire-de-Tours, named after the sixth-century historian of the Franks. The butchers formerly had their stalls here, as some of them still do, and then it was known by the formidable name of the Rue de l'Ecorcherie, or the Street of the Flayers. The picturesqueness of the names of old Paris streets is a constant delight.

While all this quarter has many particular objects of interest, it is as a whole that it is chiefly noteworthy and valuable. There is not to be found anywhere else in Paris a group of streets so completely homogenous in its "old Paris" character, at once so pervaded with the atmosphere of the past and yet conveying a sense of continuity with the present. While it presents a complete historic picture of old Parisian life, it entirely fills the needs of its swarming population today. It is neither ruinous nor insanitary, and the main streets running through it are sufficiently broad and convenient for all its traffic, great as it is.

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Here in particular one realizes the kind of loss which a modern boulevard slashed through it would entail—no mere loss of individual buildings, but the destruction of the character, immemorially human, of a whole district. Of course, it is manifestly impossible to preserve all of it as a “historic monument,” but it certainly should be protected against such sweeping changes as seem to be contemplated. This is no mere sentimental consideration, for the municipal government of Paris should realize that their city as a whole is a historic monument, and that that world of tourists, on which so much of its livelihood depends, flocks there largely on that account. Those governmentally responsible for such old cities make a great mistake when they forget that their historic aspects are a large part of their financial assets. Nuremberg is a typical example, and how wise are the Germans in safeguarding it against destructive modernization. Imagine the financial loss to Nuremberg—as, say, to Carcassonne—if its walls were levelled and a chessboard of boulevards substituted for its old winding streets. What remains of old Paris is similarly of great commercial value, and it is a short-sighted policy that forgets this.

LONGFELLOW'S STREET AND OTHERS

As one rambles about the old streets of Paris, or of any ancient city, one realizes that the work of those who would protect them from modern vandalism is far from completed by the preservation of a historic building here and there. To accomplish even that is much, but the value of such work de-

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pende no little on how it is done, with what taste, and with what regard to its general environment.

There is a school of restorers, of which Viollet-le-Duc in France and his English contemporary, Sir Gilbert Scott, were the most eminent masters, which has been criticized by many lovers of antiquity. In too many cases these architects have so completely made over an old building with new material that there is little of the original left, and what is merely a skillful copy stands in its place. This objection has often been brought against Viollet-le-Duc's restoration of Notre-Dame, and it is to be feared that the same process is now being applied to the Hôtel de Sens, the fine old episcopal palace of which I have already written.

Sometimes, of course, a building may be so far gone in neglect that little else is possible; but too much cleaning up may result in so spick and span a restoration that the sense of antiquity is lost. Also, and this is still worse, when other old structures in the neighbourhood of such a relic have been swept away, as may have been inevitable, new buildings so glaringly out of keeping with it are erected in their places that it has a forlorn and isolated appearance of survival, and one is half inclined to regret that it has been preserved.

Already the new environment of the Hôtel de Sens is disfigured with hideous rectangular buildings of that glazed yellow brick which Paris particularly affects for schools of medicine, technology and science in general, such as distress the eye in the hospital and university quarters, especially in the neighbourhood of the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Probably the gloomily picturesque Hôpital de

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la Charité, which is soon to disappear from the Rue Jacob, will be replaced by some such garish architectural monstrosity. These new buildings look like gigantic railroad station lavatories, and, planked down amid the mellow brick and stone of the old streets which the great artist Time has so harmoniously coloured, their insolent vulgarity is an outrage which even a modern town should forbid.

In every city, and especially in every ancient city, there should be an architectural board invested with authority to supervise the erection of new buildings. Nowhere should such eyesores as the new Samaritaine and the Belle Jardinière be permitted in Paris, where they are often in deplorable proximity to famous architectural classics, and are nothing less than a crime. One's only hope is that some day an earthquake may mercifully swallow them. A raiding aeroplane would probably spare them in derision.

But let us forget these monuments of so-called progress, and continue our wanderings among the restful old streets which seem to have grown like trees, and to belong to nature, particularly to human nature. Many of these are important neither architecturally nor historically, but they have the distinction that we associate with beautiful old dowagers. In their wayward turns and quaint nooks and corners there is the charm of character that we find in worn old faces lined and humanized with living.

If we follow the Rue de Seine across the Boulevard Saint-Germain until, on the other side of the Rue Saint-Sulpice, it is continued by the Rue de Tournon, we enter into another group of old streets similar to those we have been exploring,

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but more aristocratic, as befits thoroughfares leading up to the Luxembourg Palace and its beautiful Renaissance garden, hardly less sacred to romance than the garden of the Hesperides. The manner in which the Rue de Tournon fans out as it mounts to the palace, for which it makes an effective frame, is extremely attractive.

It has, too, a certain bucolic air, recalling the broad main street of some old-world country town, and suggesting comfortable inns. This effect is partly due to the quaint frontage of Foyot's at its left-hand corner, one of the oldest and most famous of the shrines of Parisian "gourmandise." It is heightened by the spacious courtyards and stables of the Garde Républicaine, and it is a stirring sight to watch the troopers sallying forth on their great coal-black steeds, a-glitter with brazen helmets, from which long horse tails hang down in barbaric fashion. Some old houses with cozy bay windows add another rustic touch, and one of these has a gallant memory, particularly for Americans. No. 19 it is, for there that most dashing of American admirals, Paul Jones, spent his last days, and there he died on July 18, 1792.

The Rue de l'Odéon, which runs parallel to the Rue de Tournon, has a similar peaceful country quality as it mounts to the cozy-looking old theatre after which it is named. The book-lined arcades that run around three sides of the Odéon are a favourite haunt of the Paris bibliophile. On the square facing it, at the angle made by the Rue de Condé—another charming and distinguished old street—and the Rue de l'Odéon, is the well-known Café Voltaire, old-world and companionable, a good little restaurant, not expensive, and known

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for one or two specialities, particularly its "sole meunière" and that most satisfying of French soups, "soupe à l'oignon."

It was a favourite resort of Voltaire and his fellow workers on the great Encyclopedia, and, according to a tablet on its façade, Camille Desmoulins lived there in 1792, though it is said that this distinction properly belongs to the house next door. On the opposite side of the square the Rue Racine, with its students' bookshops, runs down to the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Midway it crosses one of the most romantic-looking streets of the quarter, the Rue de Monsieur-le-Prince, with its well-kept old houses and quiet hotels, and its quaint ups and downs. Here, at No. 10, Auguste Comte lived and died, and at No. 49 Longfellow lodged during the year 1826. Later he stayed at No. 5 Rue Racine. Evidently this peaceful old quarter suited his taste for studious quiet.

One may, in passing, record one's satisfaction that there are many signs that the injustice so long done to Longfellow's poetry by many superior persons is surely being repaired. Had not the common people heard him so gladly and worn his poems so close to their hearts—as William Watson, a pretty good judge of poetry, has said in a fine appreciative epigram—he might have stood better with the high-brows. His best verse, to my taste, has the quality of a delicate light wine, and at times achieves real magic. Moreover, Americans owe him a debt of gratitude for the cosmopolitanism of his culture, which made him a graceful and serviceable bridge between them and European literature, at a time when American culture was far from being as internationalized as it is now. I, for one, as I pass along the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince,

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like to take off my hat before No. 49, because it may possibly have been there that he wrote:

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

Anyhow, he wrote those fine lines somewhere, and he loved that charming old Paris street.

THE SORBONNE

FEW words concentrate so much of what they stand for, are such complete symbols, as the name "Sorbonne." Besides Robert de Sorbon, there are one or two other famous Frenchmen whose names have become similarly symbolic, such as Rabelais, synonymous with the gross heartiness of life, or Ronsard with its romance and its perfume.

So "Sorbonne" is a synonym for learning the world over, and so completely is it associated with learning, and with a particular learned institution, that the memory of the human being who gave it its name is practically lost, in the meaning which he so indelibly stamped upon it. As one may speak of "macadam" without even knowing that there was ever a Scotsman called John Loudon McAdam, so we look upon the striking dome of the Sorbonne dominating the collegiate quarter of the Boul' Mich' without a thought of the thirteenth-century scholar Robert de Sorbon (1201-1274), who was the confessor of Louis IX, saint and king. Under the patronage

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of that ruler, Sorbon founded a small college limited to the accommodation of seven priests, whose business it was to teach theology gratuitously. Nowadays the Sorbonne, which has absorbed the University of Paris, ministers to the various intellectual needs of something like thirty thousand students, of whom perhaps ten per cent are foreigners of all nationalities from China to Peru.

The brand of theology taught by Robert de Sorbon and his successors was of a sternly orthodox character, and, as the institution gained authority in the Christian world, it became an arbiter in religious matters, throwing its weight sternly against innovation and reform. It was, indeed, the chief enemy of the Reformation, and active persecutor of the Huguenots, and an apologist for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, as previously it had been mainly responsible for the burning of Jeanne d'Arc. Generally speaking, for several centuries it represented pedantry, bigotry, and persecution, but against this record must be placed to its credit its short-sighted encouragement of the enemy of all it stood for—the printing press; for the first presses set up in France were installed within its walls by Ulric Gering and his assistants in 1469.

Nowadays, paradoxically, it probably shelters every novel and heretical theory known to philosophy and science. Everything is taught there, and everyone goes there to learn. Sorbon's little establishment for seven priests has grown into a huge block of buildings extending along the Boulevard Saint-Michel from the Rue des Ecoles to the Rue Cujas. Moreover, it is surrounded by such other learned buildings as the

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Collège de France, the Lycée Louis le Grand, the Ecole de Droit, or School of Law, and the Collège Saint-Barbe. This last, at which Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier were students, claims to be the oldest surviving school in France, having been founded in 1460. A very different religious leader, no less than Calvin, studied at the Collège Fortet, the interesting remains of which should be glanced at in the courtyard of No. 21 Rue Valette, near by. As one rambles among these various scholastic buildings, one is set dreaming of the romance of learning through the centuries, and Milton's lines instinctively come to mind:

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.

The whole quarter smells of learning, as the Halle aux Vins smells of wine, or the Place Saint-Sulpice of religion. There is a busy murmur in the air, as of bees laden with the honey of knowledge, about these hives of the Nine Muses—if there are not nineteen nowadays, for the number and variety of the studies taught in the divisions and subdivisions of the University of Paris are almost past reckoning.

Among all these student hives the American visitor will be struck by one charming fact, the great number of American girl students. Indeed, if he should happen to be a little homesick and should feel like gladdening his eyes with the sight of some pretty American girls, "les belles Américaines," my advice to him, as the quickest way about it, is to attend

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one of the lectures on music or international law in the Grand Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. In this great hall, which seats more than three thousand people, the visitor is sure of meeting the American Portia not in single spies, but in battalions. Pretty Chinese and Japanese girls, too, in smart French gowns or in their own beautiful national clothes, charmingly decorate the audience. Indeed, the amount of learned femininity present would probably bewilder and scandalize old Robert de Sorbon, should his shade suddenly appear upon the scene. Grave Hindu gentlemen, with their yellow turbans, also accentuate the cosmopolitanism of this old seat of learning. And, as one listens to the lecture, or gazes at the American, Chinese and Japanese girls—not to forget the chic and very serious French girl graduates—or tries to do both at once, one may also delight one's eyes with the lovely masterpiece of Puvis de Chavannes, "The Sacred Grove," which covers a large stretch of the wall.

After Robert de Sorbon, a more masterful shade dominates the Sorbonne, that of Cardinal Richelieu. He it was who erected the original university buildings in 1629, but these were reconstructed and enlarged in 1885, and all that survives of Richelieu's Sorbonne is the church, with its fine dome, and the striking façade facing the Place de la Sorbonne, of which Jacques Lemercier was the architect. There are some interesting groups of statuary in the church, notably a group by Stephen Sinding, presented by Norwegians in memory of the French students killed in the late war. But the *pièce de résistance* is Cardinal Richelieu's tomb, by Girardon, one of the great court sculptors of Louis XIV. Striking, however, as it is,

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one's interest is chiefly held by the hat of the redoubtable Cardinal which hangs above it. "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?" says Marlowe of Helen of Troy. Similarly, as one looks with awe on that old scarlet hat, one muses: "Is this the hat that covered those cold and terrible brains, that stern commanding glance?" Such inanimate objects associated with the mighty dead have a curious fascination.

Leaving the church and crossing the courtyard, the new buildings of the Sorbonne are worth a visit, particularly the vestibules leading to the Amphitheatre. These are decorated with many mural paintings by Chartran and Flameng, which make a sort of picture book of the history of the Sorbonne. Perhaps the most interesting are those dealing with men of science, such as the curious one depicting Ambroise Paré tying arteries, and others of Cuvier studying bones; Laennec, inventor of the stethoscope, examining a consumptive, and Arago lecturing on astronomy.

The Collège de France, near by, is one of the oldest colleges, having been built originally by François I in 1530, as a "collège des trois langues," Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Now no less than forty-two chairs are filled by as many professors of all the sciences. So it will be seen that the claim to teach everything—*docet omnia*—which is made in the motto over the entrance is no vain boast. Probably no other university in the world can so justly be said to have taken all knowledge for its province as this amazing cosmopolis of learning which old Robert de Sorbon—who, by the way, was an eloquent as well as a saintly man—so modestly began nearly seven hundred years ago.

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MUSIC IN PARIS: THE "SCHOLA CANTORUM"

WRITING of the Sorbonne, I referred to the numerous American girls one finds attending the lectures there, and that reminds me that the study of music also helps to account for the large American student population of Paris, male as well as female.

Particularly since the war, Paris has become more and more of a musical centre; but long before that, of course, its Conservatoire—the Conservatoire Nationale de Musique et de Déclamation, to give it its full name—was to the American music student the Mecca of his ambition, as the Ecole des Beaux-Arts has always been to the young American painter. There, as at the Beaux-Arts, the coveted Prix de Rome was, and still is, to be won, by which the happy winner is enabled to spend four glorious years in Rome as a guest of the French Government.

James Huneker ran away from home at nineteen in pursuit of that dream, and in one of those magnetic "promenades" of his, which have done so much for the internationalizing of American artistic culture, he tells of meeting MacDowell, who was studying the piano there under Marmontel. I may say here that the American Conservatory of Music, as well as the American School of Fine Arts, holds its summer school in the palace of Fontainebleau from June 25th to September 25th.

The Paris Conservatoire is situated at No. 14 Rue de Madrid, once a Jesuit college, and is an old foundation, hav-

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ing been organized in 1765 for the study of music and for the training of singers and actors in the national theatre. It has been presided over by such famous composers as Cherubini, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, Théodore Dubois and Gabriel Faure, and its concerts are famous.

There is still another distinguished music conservatory in Paris, the name of which appeals to the imagination—the Schola Cantorum, at No. 269 in the Rue Saint-Jacques. On the way there, on the opposite side of the street, one's eye is captured by the charming domed church of the hospital of the Val-de-Grâce. Built by Mansart in 1645, in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, it is chiefly attractive on the outside, though it is notable for the vast fresco covering the interior of the dome painted by the famous Pierre Mignard, depicting the Glory of the Blessed, and containing two hundred figures three times life size. This alone makes the church worth a visit, though it is unfortunately in a somewhat timeworn condition.

Now a military hospital, the building was once a Benedictine nunnery founded by Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII—the queen of the Three Musketeers—in fulfillment of a vow made by her on the birth of her son, Louis XIV. When grown to manhood, that son was to have a poignant interest in another nunnery close by, that of the Carmelites, for the woman who was his first and purest love, Louise Françoise de La Vallière, the shy and exquisite girl whom nature never intended for a king's mistress, after bearing him four children and being supplanted by the very different Athénaïs de Montespan, came there at length to renounce the world of

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which she was sorely weary. Only forlorn fragments remain of that old nunnery. One of them, crowded in among the sordid tenements and warehouses that give the whole district a melancholy, down-at-heels aspect today, is a charming gateway, perhaps the very one by which the sad woman entered upon her lifelong penance.

The occasion, paradoxically enough, was quite a society event. All the court accompanied her on her "via crucis." Of course Mme. de Sévigné was there, as we can read in her letters, and the great Bossuet preached the farewell sermon, as the fair penitent lay stretched on her face and covered with a black veil before the altar of the oratory, which is replaced today by a hideous manufactory of acetylene.

The old Roman thoroughfare of the Rue Saint-Jacques wore a different aspect in those days, as it passed on toward Paris through market gardens and the blossoming orchards of the many religious houses which lined the way. Among these was a monastery of English Benedictines, in the surviving chapel of which is housed the Schola Cantorum, founded in 1851 by Victor d'Indy, the distinguished disciple of César Franck, chiefly for the study of sacred music. The recitals of old church music occasionally given there are among the best esteemed of Parisian musical events.

A portion of the old cloisters and a great hall, once the refectory, still remain, and there breathes about the charming retreat an atmosphere of monasticism. As Georges Cain has suggested, its present dedication to the study of church music is appropriately reminiscent of the past, and the roll of its fine organ seems to make it a chapel for the celebration of

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those melancholy aristocratic memories that make its history. These are of special interest and significance to English people, particularly those dreamers who still cling to the romantic lost cause of the Stuarts; for, as the reader probably knows, there are still English Jacobites, even in these days when the Hanoverian dynasty itself seems to many to be something of an anachronism, with the shadow of communism looming ahead.

The monastery was originally founded in honour of the English St. Edmund by the Princesse de Lorraine, Abbess of Chelles, and aunt of Mary Queen of Scots, as a house of study for her English chaplains, and it remained an English foundation throughout its history. It became especially a shrine of the English Jacobites after the burial there of the exiled James II. Thenceforth it continued to be the mausoleum of the Stuarts and their adherents, and there, till the Revolution, were to be seen the tombs of the exiled King's daughter Louisa Mary, of his natural son the Duke of Berwick, also of the latter's wife and his sons, François, Bishop of Soissons, and Charles, Duc de Fitzjames.

Many distinguished Jacobite gentlemen were also buried there; but alas! James and his descendants and faithful attendants were no more fortunate in death than in life. In August, 1793, the brutal revolutionary edict was decreed for the destruction of all royal tombs—"tombeaux et mausolées des ci-devant rois"—and the commissioner of the Observatoire section, entrusted with the provision of ammunition for the revolutionary soldiers, bethought him of the leaden coffins of King James and his friends peacefully lying there in the

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Rue Saint-Jacques, and repaired thither with a band of ruffians. These promptly exhumed James and his little court of death, and after having thrown their bodies into a common grave, "la fosse commune," went off with their leaden coffins to melt them down into bullets. Of James's body it was recorded that it looked like a mummy, being very well embalmed, and gave out a strong odour of vinegar and camphor.

Among the memories of the Schola Cantorum is that of a visitor whom it sounds odd to think of in Paris—no other than Dr. Johnson. He, it may be remembered, had strong Jacobite leanings and regarded Charles II as one of the best of the English kings. It is natural, therefore, to find him made welcome by the English Benedictines in Paris, and we can imagine his doing reverence at those Stuart tombs, which, of course, were still there in his day. He seems to have got on very well with the fathers, who apparently reserved a cell for him for future visits, for he told Boswell:

"I was very kindly treated by the English Benedictines and have a cell appropriated to me in their convent."

Monastic food, however, does not seem to have appealed to him, for, as we know, he loved good eating, and in his diary he has this frank entry:

Oct. 31 (1775), Tuesday—I lived at the Benedictines; meagre day; soup meagre, herrings, eels, both with sauce; fried fish; lentils, tasteless in themselves. I parted very tenderly from the Prior and Friar Wilkes.

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"LA GLOIRE" AND THE PANTHÉON

WE may smile as much as we like at the French passion for "la gloire," but, after all—if it be not exclusively associated with war, as it has too frequently been, particularly in Louis XIV's time and during the Napoleonic era—it is a noble and inspiring ideal for a nation to have.

England, speaking through Milton, has never forgotten that—

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights and live laborious days—

and Westminster Abbey is a symbol of how greatly she values it. What the Abbey, in the unpremeditated, casual English fashion, has become—the national Valhalla—France, in her more conscious, thought-out way, designed the Panthéon to be. Carlyle's gospel of heroes has never found a more thrilling expression than the phrase which encircles in letters of gold the superb dome that crowns the Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève in the heart of the Latin Quarter: *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*. How grateful France has been, and still is, to her great men, the names of numberless Paris streets bear witness. She never forgets them; and in that sense Paris itself is a Panthéon, reminding the Frenchman at almost every street corner of his heritage of glory.

The story of the Panthéon, which stands at the top of the

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Rue Soufflot, turning out of the Boulevard Saint-Michel, is not without those little ironies which are all too apt to raise a smile at the expense of certain magnificent French gestures. The actual origin of the building thus dedicated to "great men" was, alas, quite unconnected with any such idea. It sprang from the sick-bed terrors of that great sinner, Louis XV, who, lying dangerously ill at Metz in 1744, was so vividly possessed with the fears of hell that he dismissed his beautiful mistress, the Duchesse de Châteauroux, and made every sort of promise of future good behaviour to his confessor. Among these was a vow to rebuild the old church over the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, and though Louis lived thirty years more, long enough to break all his other promises, this one he kept. With the outbreak of the Revolution, however, the church was secularized, and the fine afterthought of making it a Panthéon occurred to the Constitutional Assembly. Camille Desmoulins was characteristically enthusiastic over the idea.

"This basilica," he wrote, "will unite all men in one religion."

It was the death of Mirabeau that gave the Constitutional Assembly the notion of thus rededicating the old church. Its admiration for the dead hero was so great that it chose him as the first to be buried there; and so in the presence of four hundred thousand people, to the sound of sobbing and the flare of torches, he was carried to the newly named Panthéon Français, and laid there to rest—for three years. Alas, for French hero-worship! On a report discrediting the dead man's integrity, the Convention, "considering that no man

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could be great without virtue," decreed that the body of Mirabeau should be withdrawn from the Panthéon and that of Marat brought there in its place. The decree was carried out at dead of night, and all that remained of the great orator was hidden away in a corner of that tragic cemetery of Clamart where the victims of the September massacres had been thrown. Georges Cain gives a ghastly, serio-comic account of the triumphal entry of the body of the "virtuous" Marat in Mirabeau's place. The half-decomposed corpse, "made up" for the occasion and swathed in blood-stained linen, with an iron pen in its hand, was conveyed, in a car specially designed by the painter David, through the howling mob, weeping the death of their "divine hero." Again, alas!—it was only three months later that this same hero was turned out of the Panthéon and thrown into the common ditch of the little cemetery of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont.

Voltaire and Rousseau were the next heroes to be brought to the Panthéon, and I wish I had space to quote the contemporary description of the marvellously stage-managed ceremonies of their triumphal progress thither. Though overdone and a trifle melodramatic to Anglo-Saxon taste, there was nonetheless an impressive fitness about both, and the passionate sincerity that inspired them was undeniable. The progress of the dead Voltaire through Paris was particularly dramatic, and probably no such tribute was ever paid to a great man by his "patrie reconnaissante." After many difficulties in finding a grave for him at all, his friends had laid him to rest in the village of Romilly-sur-Seine, near Troyes, and there he had remained for thirteen years; but at length

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the National Assembly forced Louis XVI, whose inveterate enemy Voltaire had been, to sign a decree for his removal to the Panthéon. On July 6, 1791, the funeral car, drawn by four horses, decked with laurel and oak leaves, and escorted by the National Guard, set out for Paris, and all the villages en route turned out to do it homage. "Mothers held up their babies that they, too, might say that they had seen this great day; old men pressed forward to touch and be healed." Triumphant arches spanned the roads, which were lit up at night, and young girls dressed in white scattered flowers all along the way. "Out of their ignorance and wretchedness, this canaille recognized him who had wept and clamoured for the rights of all men and made freedom a possibility even for them."

At last on July 10th, at nightfall, the cortège reached Paris, and the sarcophagus was placed on an altar prepared for it on the ruins of the Bastille. There it remained all night and on the following day it was placed on another car, forty feet high, drawn by twelve white horses, two of which, it is said, were provided by poor Marie Antoinette. On its summit a full-length figure of Voltaire lay as if asleep, while a young girl placed on his head a crown of golden stars. Fifty more young girls in Greek costume accompanied the car, over which floated the torn, bullet-riddled flag from the Bastille, while the men who had demolished that symbolic old fortress marched by its side.

One may smile, but this resounding demonstration, in which one hundred thousand persons took part, was sincere enough and perhaps the French instinct for doing a thing

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dramatically was never more successfully expressed or better justified.

Three years later Rousseau followed Voltaire with similar honours into the great temple of fame; but—alas, once more—with the return of the Bourbons the honoured tombs were profaned by royal command and the bones of these two “heroes” were thrown into a sack and emptied into a pit of quicklime in a waste place outside the city. Such have been the ups and downs of “la gloire” at the Panthéon; but so far Victor Hugo, who was buried there with great pomp in 1885, sleeps on undisturbed.

LES INVALIDES

THE Panthéon, as I have already written, is the temple erected by France in honour of her great men—“aux grands hommes de la patrie reconnaissante”—men who were great in many different fields. Paris also has another temple dedicated to that special form of greatness on which Louis XIV and Napoleon led her to lay a perilous stress, her military glory. This is the Hôtel des Invalides, where “la gloire” belongs exclusively to soldiers, and where Napoleon, in his noble tomb, appropriated the giant’s share of it.

Originally, as its name implies, the Hôtel des Invalides was founded by Louis XIV as a home for old and wounded soldiers, as later the English Chelsea Hospital, modelled after it, was established for the same purpose. As planned, there was room in it for five thousand “invalides,” later for seven

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thousand, and Napoleon, who was responsible for so many, very properly endowed it with great liberality; but nowadays it shelters but few. These serve as attendants in the great military museums that occupy most of the imposing mass of buildings between the Chamber of Deputies, at the foot of the Boulevard Saint-Germain, and the Ecole Militaire, which closes one end of the vast oblong of the Champ-de-Mars—originally designed as a drill ground, now a park—as the Eiffel Tower closes the other. The whole neighbourhood rings with martial names and memories—Avenue Rapp, Avenue de Suffren, Avenue de Villars, Avenue de Saxe, Place Vauban—and is not without the touch of sadness that belongs to old soldiers and “battles long ago.”

We approach the Invalides by a charming esplanade rustling with elm trees down to the Seine, and through this we enter a spacious forecourt, laid out as a garden. Immediately to the right and left of the entrance a long row of ancient cannon faces us, with the grandiose name of Batterie Triomphale. Among these are four modern ones, German guns captured during the last war, but all the others are more than a century old.

From the forecourt one passes into a spacious Cour d'Honneur, which is surrounded by arcades decorated with paintings of scenes from French history, and walled in to right and left by two museums, known together as the Musée de l'Armée, one of these being the Section Historique and the other the Section des Armes et Armures. The latter contains a remarkable collection of arms and armour, mostly ancient, from all countries. Many of these have great historic and romantic in-

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terest, having been used by famous kings and soldiers in the far-away past. Here is the shield carried by Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII; here another borne by the famous Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, 1443-1490. In a section devoted to the Bourbon monarchs one looks with special interest at the armour worn by no less a hero than Henri Quatre; and, with shuddering memories of St. Bartholomew's Eve, one gazes at a crossbow that belonged to Catherine de Medici, and was perhaps handled by her on that night of horror. Here is the armour worn by Louis XIV as a boy, together with his helmet, sword, stirrups and spurs.

Another "salle" devoted to "jousting armour" sets us dreaming of knightly tournaments. Here is the harness worn by such redoubtable fighters as Turenne and the Constable Anne de Montmorency, and here the armour of the sinister Duc de Guise and the wise Duc de Sully. One needs but little imagination to be stirred by objects with associations still so vibrating with life, particularly if we have recently been reading Dumas and Walter Scott. One is charmed, too, with the beauty of all these old weapons and military furniture, with the exquisite carvings, damascenings, inlaid filigrees and embossed coats of arms. The old armourers and gunsmiths were great artists, and these lethal masterpieces, for all their beauty, were not less murderously practical than the unadorned, villainous-looking engines and weapons with which we slaughter one another today. But even murder, to borrow De Quincey's phrase, was once, particularly in Renaissance times, more of a fine art than it is now, though doubtless it was all one to the murdered.

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Among the martial museums of the Invalides there is inevitably one devoted to memorials of the Great War, but connoisseurs in carnage consider this inferior to the similar exhibits in the British Imperial War Museum in London. In the great building named Section Historique there are other displays and memorials gilded with the old misleading romance, among which of particular interest are souvenirs of Lafayette and Napoleon. Among these latter are the Little Corporal's sword and hat, one of his famous gray redingotes, or frock coats; also a favourite horse and a favourite dog, and, at the other end of his story, his armchair, bench and other relics from St. Helena.

But, of course, the monument that overshadows all the other memories of the Hôtel des Invalides is the impressive tomb beneath the golden dome of the church originally built in 1675-1706 as an "église royale." After life's fitful fever the great conqueror sleeps as magnificently as he lived, in a particularly lovely chapel, suffused with solemn religious light from windows above the beautiful high altar. From the centre of the floor of this chapel one looks down into a circular crypt, where on a mosaic pavement, in which are wrought the names of some of his greatest battles, stands a noble sarcophagus of red porphyry. Surrounding it, and supporting the sides of the crypt, are twelve colossal statues symbolizing his chief victories. Caskets containing members of Napoleon's family rest in side chapels, and cenotaphs of two of his generals, Duroc and Bertrand, together with the tombs of Louis XIV's greatest marshals, Turenne and Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, companion him in his last sleep. The whole effect is indescribably

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impressive; and if this apotheosis of a great condottiere, whose vainglorious ambition wrought such havoc and agony in Europe, seems nowadays a dangerous glorification of the military principle, we may, if we prefer, turn our minds away from the spectacular soldier, bow before the natural phenomenon of a superman, and pay our respects to the constructive side of his marvellous genius.

The visitor to Paris, at all events, owes no little of his pleasure there to Napoleon. Much of its beauty as a city was of his making. The Arc de Triomphe, which so splendidly closes the vista of the *Champs-Élysées*, was begun by him. We owe the charming arcades of the *Rue de Rivoli* to his victory over the Austrians at Rivoli in 1797. The stately north wing of the Louvre was built by him, and the spacious *Carrousel* opening upon the *Tuileries Gardens* resulted from his sweeping away the noisome old streets that crowded in the beautiful palace. He constructed no fewer than sixty new streets and laid out open squares to replace nests of miserable houses on the *Cité* and elsewhere. He also built new bridges and quais, opened new markets, started sidewalks, introduced modern sewers and gas lights, and numbered the houses. He built art galleries, encouraged men of science—such as Robert Fulton, with his first *Seine steamboat*, improved transportation, nurtured manufacturers, organized the *Bank of France*, and instituted a uniform code of laws. Generally speaking, he recreated France out of the chaos of the Revolution. All this constructive work must be remembered to him for righteousness—the work of a great man who had a genius for the triumphs of peace hardly less than for those of war.

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On this side of his achievement alone Napoleon merits the homage of his countrymen; and as we think of all that, and of the inspiring transfiguration by such men of the drab average of human life, and their revelation of its radiant possibilities, his tomb there by the Seine seems none too magnificent, after all. His place of rest was justly there, and in no alien, meaningless St. Helena—according to his last wish:

“I desire that my ashes shall repose on the banks of the Seine among the French people whom I have so greatly loved.”

PARIS AND ONE'S INCOME TAX

THE old proverb that the course of true love never did run smooth applies to nations as well as to individuals, and there are occasions when the traditional love of Americans for France, a love which is based, too, on certain temperamental affinities, is sorely tried. It is an occasion which inspires affection in no country that I have ever heard of, one's own country included. One may be ready to die “pro patria,” but to pay one's Income Tax is another matter.

Rich and poor alike, and particularly the rich, resent its imposition and the manner of its calculation. “At home,” where one earns one's money, it seems more natural; but in a country where one pays out everything and earns nothing it seems, to say the least, inhospitable.

France looks at the matter in a different way, and, however devoted the stranger within her gates, she will abate no

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jot or tittle in her peculiar notion of calculating his or her income. Incidentally, I may say, that of all countries in the world she understands other countries the least, and while in some respects so human she is the country with the least imagination.

Yesterday I met an American lady, not in the meads, but on my staircase, who brought this subject vividly before me. She has, like most of us, a very moderate income, every cent of which comes from America.

She has lived in Paris for many years, and spent all her income in Paris, not owing a "sou" to landlord or tradesman. She has a charming apartment, for which she punctually pays a somewhat exorbitant rent, because she would rather pay for pleasant and distinguished surroundings and economize in the other details of her life. Now, the French income tax assessors do not ask her for a statement of her income or its sources, but, having learned the amount of her rent, they multiply it by seven and compute her income accordingly—the implication being that no one would pay such a rent without spending seven times that amount in eating, drinking, theatres, dresses and so forth. They have no conception of people preferring to live in an old palace, so to say, with a view of the sea, with a crust of bread and an onion for their food, and some old made-over dresses for their garments, with a willingly scant indulgence in modern "amusements," so-called.

In spite of its reputation for romance, France is probably the least romantic country in the world. It does not compare

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with the Anglo-Saxon, supposedly so prosaic, in the divine gift of taking chances. It is regulated, with a peasantlike accuracy, from the grandmother to the cradle. Whatever good there may be in sheer materialism, France possesses it.

Other nations doubtless eat more, but no other nation thinks so much of eating as France. Therefore, in its annual schedule, it sets apart so much for food. In the same spirit it sets so much aside for its "amusements," and again for its "vacances"—its holidays; all these, food, amusement and holidays, it wisely regards as necessary to the human being—but it has such an unimaginative, "bureaucratic" way of regarding them all.

It is the way of the French income tax assessor, who cannot understand anyone paying a rent out of proportion to what he eats, and so forth. He presumes to regulate the private tastes and habits of the foreign taxpayer, who, as I said, does not draw a "red cent" out of France, but pays every red cent into it.

If France wishes the continuance of the friendship of her best friends, she should not assess their income according to her own ideas of how men should spend what they earn. It is no business of France or of any other country how Americans spend their money so long as they pay for what they buy.

And the moral of this article is—if I were the beautiful American lady whom I met on my staircase I would refuse to pay an income tax which amounts practically to her whole income. She is, if she will pardon my saying it, beautiful enough to do it.

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TAKING A FLAT IN PARIS

IN writing of the French income tax, I am afraid that I may have seemed a little ferocious, against "our sweet enemy France," that noble Gallic nation which I have been accused of loving not wisely but too well. But, as I said, taxes—and particularly the income tax—have a unique power of estranging the affections from whatever country, however dear to one's heart, that lures them—and especially, of course, when the income tax is calculated on an income seven times larger than one's actual income, as was the case of the beautiful American lady in distress whom I met on my stairs.

She has had, I have understood since, the further misfortune of consulting an Anglo-Saxon, so-called "international" lawyer, not, of course, one of the big expensive rogues of the legal profession, but a minor example of the species. All this gentleman could do for her was to expound the law, which the comptroller of income tax would willingly have done for her free of charge. All this gentleman's advice amounted to was that he was very sorry but that there was no way out except paying the tax, with the addition of his fee for such valuable advice.

What she really needed was a French lawyer who, knowing his countrymen, and their accessibility to reason in such dilemmas as hers; would have shown her the way not, of course, of "evading" the law, but of getting around it in a quite legal manner.

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Lawyers, of course, in all countries, were created for just this beneficent purpose.

One attractive way of escaping the French income tax is that adopted by a well-known French lady of great wealth, who lives in a vast luxurious house-boat on the Seine, with only a gangplank to connect her with the land. For some reason those who live thus on the water pay no taxes—but then it is not all of us who can afford luxurious house-boats. I have sometimes been asked by Americans desirous of living in Paris, Americans of moderate means, for information in regard to the cost of Paris apartments, small flats and the like, also for information as to the general cost of living. Some day I will take up this question more at length. Meanwhile, what I have been saying about the French system of income tax is to the point. This it is important for such Americans desirous of transferring their “lares et penates” to Paris to bear in mind.

Rents here, generally speaking, are far lower than they are in New York. A good deal, of course, depends on one's landlord. I am fortunate in having a French gentleman for my landlord, and his justice and fairness are like a fairy-tale. I am speaking of unfurnished apartments, which alone are subject to income tax. These one takes on lease for three, six or nine years. And, except in cases where some previous tenant has made additions, such as bathrooms, etc., for which one is often asked exorbitant reimbursements, the rents for these are reasonable.

But in taking possession of these the more casual American must be prepared to pocket his sense of humour in presence of

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a solemnity of red tape peculiarly and delightfully French. It is, I must say in advance, designed to protect the tenant no less than the landlord. First one usually finds the apartment through an agent (who expects a fee of ten per cent. on the first year's rent). This agent turns one over to the "gérant," that is the manager for the proprietor, whom one seldom sees. This "gérant" introduces us to the "architect," whose business it is to make a formidable inventory of the apartment, which takes several days to complete. The concierge, of course, and the plumber, take part in these investigations and consultations, the formalities and details of which are meticulous beyond belief.

The inventory begins outside the front door and describes the type of door, the kind of wood of which it is made, describes the lock, keyhole and bell. When we get inside, the dimensions of every room are set down, the style of floor, the decorations on the ceilings, the quality and patterns of the wallpapers. There is scarcely a nail in the whole place that is not recorded, and the smallest scratch or blemish on woodwork and wallpaper is duly noted. Should you be inclined to run away with the decoration on a particular ceiling, you cannot fail to answer for it at the end of your lease.

On the other hand, should there be the slightest imperceptible crack in the wash basin of your "lavabo," or in a tile on your bathroom floor, this will likewise be set down with imperturbable solemnity and accuracy, after earnest consultations between the architect, plumber, concierge, etc., which, of course, is all to your benefit, as otherwise you might be made responsible for it later on.

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All these details of the inventory are registered with an amazing exactitude, and the whole proceeding is carried through with a charming courtesy, though with an unsmiling sense of its importance which touches the very centre of gravity.

I can conceive of Americans making an inventory no less exact, but I cannot conceive of their making it without joking all the time as they went along. But the French see nothing to laugh at, and indeed jurymen at a coroner's inquest examining the corpse could not possibly be more funereal than the "architect" and his colleagues examining an apartment on behalf of landlord and tenant. Usually, by the way, these architects are distinguished-looking gentlemen. They might be members of the Académie and, indeed, I have seen them with the red ribbon in their buttonholes.

THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

"WHAT wondrous life is this I lead!" sings an old English poet, and I often echo that exclamation of his felicity, as it comes over me that my garret is so near to the Luxembourg Gardens and that it is in my power to walk in them, at any moment of the day. There they are, green and distinguished, at the top of my street, among the loveliest, as they are surely the best loved, gardens of the world.

Already the wonderful French gardeners, descendants of the great Le Nôtre, are busy with the flower-beds, tenderly gay with massed primroses and violets, and gorgeous with pansies and hyacinths, while fleurs-de-lis are raising their spears at

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the edge of the exquisite sloping lawns of a green so fresh and living that it is hard to believe that we are not in the Forest of Arden or some secret Paradise in a fairy-tale—instead of being in the heart of Paris, in the favourite garden of the French democracy of the Third Republic.

The Luxembourg Gardens are one more example of the French genius for preserving what is good in their past, for this old garden of Marie de Medici is still kept up in the same formal aristocratic style as it was when princes and great ladies walked through its glades and stately avenues of horse chestnuts, and the same curiously carved trees, fantastically shaped by the gardener's art are there, and the same strange green candelabra on which the pear blossoms are already in bloom. The fruit of these, by the way, are so precious that in autumn you will see them carefully covered up in little paper bags.

If one looks at old maps, one is struck by the fact how little this old garden has changed since Marie de Medici (the stupid widow of Henri of Navarre) bought it from that "high and mighty prince," François Duc de Luxembourg on April 2, 1612, for "90,000 livres tournois." The "hôtel" of the Duke, of which some remnants were incorporated in the palace which Marie de Medici proceeded to build, with memories of the Pitti Palace in her native Florence, dated back to the middle of the sixteenth century, and the garden was already there, also a great park, when she bought his hotel from the Duke, and these were a part of the transaction. She had long set her heart on the place, and it is strange to think that, before it became hers, she used to take the young

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Louis—the future Louis XIII—to play in the park, and his dogs would course the young wild boars and the hares, which were then plentiful where the French girls and boys now play tennis, and the adorable French babies toddle, and the “guignol” (Punch and Judy) man plays to crowded houses, not entirely composed of infants.

It would take many articles to tell the story of the Luxembourg Gardens and the adjoining palace. The vicissitudes of both were many and dramatic, but perhaps the most dramatic, as certainly the grimmest, was their story during the Revolution, when the beautiful palace became a prison and the gardens were red with forges, forging cannon for the enemies of the Republic. Danton was one of the most famous prisoners, when the Revolution began devouring its own. His window faced the Rue Vaugirard, and it is said that, showing his great head at the bars, he would send his mighty voice through them, haranguing the passers-by till he had as big an audience as that which he had recently addressed from his seat in the Convention.

Another touching picture is that of the young wives and sweethearts of some of the prisoners, whose cells were at the back of the palace, stretching out their arms to them and lifting up their babies! It is a curious fact in the history of the gardens that from the beginning, whatever duke or queen owned them, they have always been open to the public. The Duchesse de Berri, who for a time lived in the palace with her father, the Duc d'Orléans, once tried to close them, but was soon forced by the popular indignation to open them again.

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Recently I sauntered up into them, which, not being of those who enjoy walking in the rain, I had not done for some time. I blamed myself for my cowardice, as once more the surprise of their leafy freshness, their rich green lawns, their stately vistas, all their country peace in the city's heart, laid their spell upon me. I stood awhile where, in the little circular dell of the most velvety grass, Paul Verlaine bends his thunderous brows over the exquisitely kept bed of streaming larkspur and dancing snapdragon at the base of his lofty pedestal. On the edge of this grassy circle, somewhat obscurely placed as though overshadowed by his more famous brother, another poet has his pedestal, a handsome faun-like head, with a Pan pipe beneath his name, "Louis Gabriel Charles Vicaire—1848—1900."

Who was this poet Vicaire? I have asked myself a hundred times, intending to look him up. All I have learned about him so far is that he was a native of the Vosges Mountains, who brought that Pan pipe to Paris and wrote country songs in the spirit of the old French chansons, for which he was twice "crowned" by the French Academy. He still has his place for these and some Rabelaisian drinking songs. Also he was a cordial hater of the "decadents," against whom he wrote a parody and amongst whom, doubtless, he would class Paul Verlaine, probably the last poet he would have chosen for a neighbour.

Taking leave of these two poets who were not perhaps so dissimilar after all, I passed along the main avenue to where one of the gardeners with a garden hose was giving a vigorous bath to another statue, directing an energetic stream, business-

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like as a fireman, against the sacred form of Chopin, with his rather severe profile, and high-collared coat of military cut. It is rather a dingy memorial, with a moss-grown lyre in bas-relief at its base, and one of those melancholy females usual in French mortuary sculpture half emerging from the pedestal in adoration of, and vainly attempting to reach up to, the great immortal. While I watched the gardener making his unceremonious lustrations, two other figures came up, a young man and young woman of a shabby studentlike appearance. Just then the gardener went his way, allowing me to be witness of a charming significant happening.

"Whose statue is this?" asked the young man in French of his companion.

"Chopin," she answered.

Thereupon (how different from the gardener!) the young man immediately took off his hat, bowed his head in reverence and crossed himself! And both stood in silent worship before the master.

In that attitude I left them, reflecting on the beautiful respect for genius which one observes in all European countries—excepting perhaps in England—and I recalled the day long ago when, seated in a Christiania café, I had seen Ibsen enter to take his accustomed place—whereupon everyone in the café sprang to his feet, with hat off, to salute him, and a neighbour turned to me, as a stranger, and said: "That is our great poet, Henrik Ibsen!"

The stability of Chopin's fame here in France is something almost to marvel at. Amid all the iconoclasm of modernity, his position is firmer than ever, and indeed one might almost

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think there had never been another composer. For, when anyone is spoken of as a pianist, one usually finds that the word "pianist" is a synonym for a player of Chopin.

And, speaking of music and recalling the Pan pipe on the statue of the poet Vicaire, I have the good news to bring to the many Americans whom I am sure it will concern that the goat-herd with his herd of goats is once more back in Paris streets. I heard his keen pipe a few days ago, and there, sure enough, he was with his black long-haired, yellow-eyed flock, and his two dogs authoritatively directing them across the busy traffic of the Boulevard Saint-Germain. For some time, as I wrote, the prefect of police had forbidden them, but the protests against his action came in so thick and fast that he felt obliged to withdraw his edict. So this charming pastoral feature in this great sophisticated city is saved for us, and it is encouraging to think that a spirited "kick" against the meaningless restrictions of stupid "authority" is not always in vain.

THE "HALLES"

A NIGHT at Montmartre naturally runs into the small hours, and an attractive and refreshing way of ending it is to visit Les Halles, the great central market of Paris, the "Ventre de Paris," as Zola vividly called it, where, as with such markets everywhere, the day's work is already in full swing at 3 A. M.

While we have been drinking champagne and kicking up our heels, or watching pretty ladies kicking up theirs at the Bal Tabarin or La Florida, great wagons heaped with cabbages,

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cauliflowers and other kindly fruits of the earth, or overflowing with massed-up flowers with the dew on them, have been rolling in from the market gardens outside the city. Blood-stained tumbrils, too, loaded with slaughtered animals, have been thundering in from the grim abattoirs of La Villette and Vaugirard, all centring upon the vast square partially roofed in, not far from the Louvre, where a multitude of retail merchants and small tradesmen from all parts of Paris, with their trucks and pushcarts, await the distribution of their freight.

It is a scene of noise and excitement indescribably picturesque. The roar of bargaining is tremendous, and is made a little terrifying by the fierce voices and gestures of the redoubtable market women who dominate it. Here unmistakably are the direct descendants of those furies of the Revolution, those mænads in liberty caps who surged about those other blood-stained tumbrils packed with human victims, shrieking "*Ça ira,*" and who afterwards sat knitting at the foot of the guillotine, counting the falling heads as calmly as they counted their stitches.

In our evening clothes, fresh from the gilded halls of pleasure, we instinctively fear for our dainty companions in their modish gowns, dangerously suggestive of aristocratic ease. In another moment it seems as if these terrible "dames de la halle" will join hands with their only less terrible men, the "forts de la halle," to dance the farandole around us poor aristos, and will raise against us the cry of "*A la lanterne!*" Someone reassuringly suggests onion soup, which it is the thing to eat at the Halles at this time of the morning; and we make a dash for one of the many little bistros, dark and

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forbidding enough, and needing some courage to enter, which are near by. They are quite harmless, after all, and over that matchless French "soupe à l'oignon" we forget our fears.

We might have eaten it at the smart restaurant of L'Escargot, but it is much more in the picture to enjoy it in friendly fashion with the stalwart "citoyens" and "citoyennes" on the little oak tables in front of the zinc bar. What a picture the whole place is; how richly alive with all this dramatic humanity, and how exhilarating with the freshness of early morning, the splashed colour of the piled vegetables, and the rainbow masses of flowers pouring out their fragrance!

In regard to those flowers, with which we eventually fill our taxi, I heard a curious story from a lady who had bought great bunches of them, struck by their brilliant colouring, vivid in the still dim light. On the way home she had pressed her face among them, and, as she raised it, her cheeks were smeared all over with more than their usual make-up. Could it be that the colours of the flowers had come off? Indeed, they had. There are tricks in all trades, and it was discovered that one of the tricks of these morning florists is, so to say, to paint the lily and to rouge the rose. In short, my friend's bouquets had been artificially coloured to give them still more vivid tints. This, however, it is but fair to say, is an unusual piece of knavery, as anyone who has bought flowers at the lovely *Marché aux Fleurs*, close by the *Tribunal de Commerce*, well knows. No, such a cynical trick is not characteristic, and I believe that the unscrupulous florist of this occasion ran the risk of severe "correction" by the Prefect of the Seine, who has the ordering of the markets in his care.

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Before we leave the Halles it will be time for morning coffee, and nowhere in Paris can better coffee be found than in the city's great market. One should drink it, however, at one particular café, a little old-world place quaintly called "Le Chien qui Fume," with the sign of a dog smoking a pipe before its door.

Apart from the Halles themselves, they are surrounded by much of interest for the lover of old Paris. Overshadowing them is the massive and impressive church of St. Eustache, where the ladies of the market, in their softer moods, go to confession, and where, if we have anything on our consciences from Montmartre, we can step in and say our morning prayers, meanwhile admiring the airy beauty of the lofty nave with its double aisles, and the fine old paintings in the side chapels. The church dates from 1532, and has many memories. Here, in 1791, lay the body of Mirabeau before it was taken to the Panthéon for burial, and here in a noble sarcophagus of black marble, with a kneeling figure in white, rests Colbert, the astute financial minister of Louis XIV, who treacherously supplanted the magnificent and generous Fouquet in the King's favour, which he further strengthened by his discovery of the wealth which Cardinal Mazarin had successfully hidden during his lifetime. For all his black marble sarcophagus, he was a common commercial fellow, whom Dumas, in *Twenty Years After*, taught us thoroughly to dislike. Near the church the name of a little street, the Rue Pirouette, reminds us that a gibbet once stood there, together with a fantastic revolving pillory, which exposed in rotation the heads and hands of the pilloried unfortunates to those gen-

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tle attentions of the market viragoes of the Middle Ages, attentions which their sisters of today make it easy to imagine.

At one end of the Halles is the Bourse de Commerce, or Produce Exchange, at one side of which rises a curious Doric column, all that remains of the old Hôtel de Soissons, a residence of Catherine de Medici. As Dumas reminds us in one of his Valois romances, the dread Catherine used to climb this column, in the company of her Florentine astrologer Ruggieri, to read the stars. Another grim old tower is not far off, the Tower of Jean-sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, the last remnant of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where the French theatre was originated by the Comédiens du Roi, and where Racine's *Phèdre* and Corneille's *Cid* were first performed. The beginning of the performance was announced by beat of drum in the neighbouring streets, and Watson White, in his entertaining and learned book, *The Paris That is Paris*, recalls an amusing story of how on one occasion a priest in St. Eustache was interrupted in his sermon by the persistent beating of the theatre drum. Enraged, he rushed out into the street and attacked the drummer.

"How dare you drum while I am preaching?" he cried.

"How dare you preach while I am drumming?" was the answer.

The priest was armed with a cutlass which he had borrowed from the beadle, and with this he slashed open the drum. The drummer countered by smashing the broken drum over the head and shoulders of the priest, who then, with this curious collar around his neck, beat a retreat into the church, to the great joy of his congregation.

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*THE JARDIN DES PLANTES
AND THE HALLE AUX VINS*

THOUGH he probably has seen larger and better kept zoological collections elsewhere, the visitor to Paris should not miss the Jardin des Plantes. Apart from its historic prestige, it has a charm of its own from its semi-rural situation far up on the left bank of the Seine, on the Quai Saint-Bernard, between the Pont de Sully and the Pont d'Austerlitz.

Till the Seine ferryboats ceased running—and it is to be hoped that they are not finally doomed—the most agreeable way to reach it was by water, a fascinating trip which afforded the best idea of the extent of Paris, with all the picturesque buildings on the river banks. That way, too, one got a notion, from the various “ports,” or wharves, where one landed from time to time, of the fact that the port of Paris is the greatest in France, surpassing even Marseilles.

The landing-place for the Jardin des Plantes is the Port Saint-Bernard, called also the Port aux Vins, because it is the wharf for the vast Halle aux Vins, or wine market, a picturesque institution which connoisseurs of the wine list will also wish to visit. The Parisians call it “les catacombes de la soif”—the catacombs of thirst—a vivid name for cellars.

Making the trip by land, one should get the taxi to put one down at the eastern end of the Boulevard Saint-Germain. Walking from there along the riverside, one comes upon a huge iron-railed enclosure, a town in itself, rustling with trees and intersected by roadways bearing such significant names

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as Rue de Bordeaux, Rue de Champagne and Rue de Bourgogne. Through these run railways, the trucks laden with enormous vats and hogsheads destined for the great warehouses wherein is stored the precious juice from the vineyards of France. If one lacks time to enter it, one gets pleasant glimpses of this City of Bacchus through the railings as one walks along its riverside boundary. It has its history, too, for it has long occupied the site of the old Abbey of St. Victor, founded in 1113 by William of Champeaux. Here scholars thronged to hear the lectures of Abélard, who, as we know, among his other studies of logic, did not disdain—

The grape that can with logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute.

Here, too, St. Thomas à Becket and St. Bernard lodged. With the Seine running on one side, the trees rustling on the other, and within the railway the busy trucks unloading their fragrant cargoes, the pervasive perfume of which the visiting American can sniff with the reassuring thought that the days of prohibition are no more, the riverside promenade is curiously rural and restful after the roar of the boulevard.

It is quite a long stretch till we come to the Rue Cuvier, which reminds us that we are entering the realm of what used to be called "natural history." Here other railings begin, enclosing a spacious park, with here and there rather forlorn animals in cages, or a deer, or even a giraffe, under the trees. Presently we arrive at the semicircular entrance to the famous Jardin des Plantes, which is so named because it was begun in 1635 as a "physic garden" for the study of medicinal herbs

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by Guy de la Brosse, physician to Louis XIII. The Jardin Botanique, which is still an important part of it, has had a great share in the development of botanical science. Many trees now common in Europe, such as the Oriental plane tree and the chestnut, were first naturalized here, and there is still an original cedar of Lebanon, planted in 1735. The great naturalist Buffon was installed as director in 1739, but it was not until 1793, after the execution of Louis XVI, that the Jardin began as a zoo, when the managers of the Revolution transferred the dead King's menagerie to it. In the same year the then director, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, "working in his cabinet," writes Georges Cain, "was told that two white bears, a panther, two baboons, a tiger cat and a few eagles were below at his door, claiming hospitality." They proved to be a portion of some travelling menagerie confiscated by the police. Napoleon added to the collection elephants that had belonged to the Stadholder of Holland, also some bears from the famous pit in Berne, and in 1827 the present of a giraffe to Charles X made such a sensation in the artless Paris of those days that for a time the giraffe as a decoration for combs, brooches and umbrella handles became all the rage.

After that French savants and travellers in all parts of the globe, continues Georges Cain, "died under the arrows of savage, the bites of serpents, the sun strokes of India or the fevers of the tropics, to enrich their country with unknown animals, mysterious plants, fairy-like butterflies, rare birds and slips of herbs needed by the herbalist." From that time

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on the Jardin des Plantes became a favourite resort of the Parisians.

"It is an earthly paradise, grown a little old," said one of them. "It is full of flowers and animals and people; the serpent even is there, and one can pluck innocent apples."

A simple, good-natured public crowded there to amuse themselves with the antics of the monkeys, the diving of the seals, the vast yawns of the hippopotamus, the elephants swallowing down loaf after loaf, and the camel turning its gentle eyes upon a happy and admiring world, just as we continue to do in our more sophisticated day. In addition to the usual wild animals, which are looked after better than they used to be, there is a fine aviary, the Grande Volière. The white peacocks are particularly beautiful, as becomes an old garden of kings. Indeed, there is a certain charm about the Jardin des Plantes which still suggests its royal origin. It is not too formally arranged. The animals "occur," so to say, like the pets of some fanciful monarch rather than scientifically labelled exhibits.

Recalling the fondness of the old French kings for exotic beasts and birds, it came to my mind, from reading the memoirs of the original d'Artagnan, that that great swordsman for a while found employment as Capitaine-Concierge de la Volière Royale, or keeper of the royal aviary in the Tuileries Gardens under Louis XIV. Fondness for birds has always been a feature of French life.

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*THE ILE SAINT-LOUIS,
AND A DUEL WITH A DOG*

THERE is one charming spot in Paris that seems comparatively safe from those grafting politicians who are mainly responsible for so many destructive "improvements." That is the Ile Saint-Louis, the longish narrow island, with its tall distinguished old houses and its tree-shaded quais, that lies just above the Cité, to the east of Notre-Dame.

It is so all by itself, so cut off from the busy life of the river banks on either side of it, that it is hard to realize that one is in Paris at all. The Pont Saint-Louis, by which one crosses over from behind Notre-Dame to its western end, is like a little country bridge, and the island itself is as quiet as if we had suddenly entered into some country town. From here, the view of the apse of Notre-Dame and the sweeping curve of the river is singularly beautiful. To our right is the Quai d'Orléans, continued by the Quai de Béthune, facing the Left Bank and the end of the Boulevard Saint-Germain; to our left is the Quai Bourbon, continued by the Quai d'Anjou, facing the Right Bank, and the Quai de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, and the populous Marais; and these quais, with their rustling plane trees, entirely shut it off from the world.

One long canyonlike street, the Rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Île, narrow, with lofty dark houses on either side, and a spired church soaring midway, runs through it longitudinally from end to end, intersected by three short streets crossing from quai to quai. It is a little world of its own, with just sufficient

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shops to supply its necessities, and since its beginning it has been the abode of the rich, who originally built there, and the haunt of artists and literary men seeking seclusion. And, though it is no longer an exclusive preserve of the rich, people who love peace still seek it there in the flats and garrets of the hushed old houses. One can still say of it, as was said a hundred and thirty years ago, that "the dweller in the Marais is a stranger in the Isle." Till the reign of Louis XIII (1601-1643), the son of Henri Quatre, who gave it its name, it was entirely unpopulated, and it was made by uniting two small islands, which were then used only for the pasturage of cattle and for the activities of laundresses, who spread out their linen on the banks of the river.

Before that, in the time of Charles V, one of the two islands had sprung into momentary notice by a curious happening. This was nothing less than a regularly fought duel between a man and a dog. For some time it had been observed that the dog, whenever he met a certain man, never lost an opportunity of savagely attacking him. Then it began to be noised abroad that the man had murdered the dog's master, and it entered into some fantastic head to arrange an "ordeal by combat" between the dog and the suspected murderer.

Regular lists were enclosed and all Paris, including the King and the court, thronged to the then lonely island to witness the battle. The man was granted a stick for his weapon and the dog was provided with a barrel open at both ends into which he could retire, and from which he could dash out at his foe. Before a breathless, awestruck audience the dog proved at once his mettle and his devotion to his dead master. Clev-

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erly dodging the blows of his enemy's stick, he harassed him, now on one side and now on the other, so successfully that at length the man was tired out and the dog was able to throw him down, with his teeth in his throat. At this point the defeated combatant made a sign and the judge intervened; for to save his throat the man had determined to confess. The instinct of the dog was proved right. The man he hated had slain his master.

Whether or not the murderer saved his life by his confession, or met a worse death on the wheel at the Place de Grève, is not told; but the heroic dog still lives in the historic records of Paris, and there seems to be no doubt that the story is true. So far as I know, no monument to the faithful animal exists, but some lover of dogs ought to provide one.

The first building on the island was a chapel erected by Henri Quatre, which was the nucleus of the present church, Saint-Louis-en-l'Île, begun by Lè Vau in 1664, the curious fretted spire, through which the sky gleams as through lace, being added in 1765. The side chapels in this church contain some fine old pictures, and in one of them is the altar-stone on which Pius VII celebrated mass during his captivity at Fontainebleau, from 1812 to 1814. The church also contains a bénitier, or holy water vessel, used by Louise de La Vallière in her convent at Chaillot. Near the church, at No. 51, is a fine old house, the Hôtel Chenizot (1730), which was once the archbishop's palace. It has a noticeable balcony supported by the sculptured figures of chimeras.

At No. 2, at the east end of the island, where it is crossed by the Boulevard Henri-Quatre, is a really magnificent

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seventeenth-century mansion, the Hôtel Lambert, built in 1650 by Le Vau for Lambert de Thorigny. It stands in a beautiful walled garden, and for admirers of Voltaire it is a place of particularly piquant memories, for here it was that he and his mistress-muse, the Marquise du Châtelet, lived and wrote together for a season (1747)—a life described by Carlyle as “short sungleams with tropical showers, touches of guitar music soon followed by Lisbon earthquakes.” The Marquise bought the house for two hundred thousand francs and had it decorated by Le Brun and Le Sueur, but, with characteristic flightiness, she did not keep it for more than a year or two, reselling it for half a million francs, which proved her at least a good business woman. Voltaire had a little apartment on the second floor. It now belongs to Prince Czartoryski, who has restored it with great care. He is a Polish nobleman, which probably accounts for the Bibliothèque Polonaise around the corner at No. 6 Quai d’Orléans, an old house with a charming carved doorway. The island is rich in stately old doorways, and beautiful wrought-iron balustrades. There is a particularly fine gateway, with massive wooden doors studded with great nails, toward the Notre-Dame end of the Quai Bourbon. On the quai which continues it, the Quai d’Anjou, at No. 17, is another fine old house, the Hôtel de Lauzun, built in 1657 for the famous Duke of that name, but probably of greater interest to most of us because Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire were once its tenants.

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THE DOG "PÈRE-LACHAISE"

NOVEMBER 10th being St. Hubert's Day, I made a pilgrimage to the famous Dog Cemetery—"Le Cimetière des Chiens"—at Asnières, of which I had often heard but which I had never before visited.

Asnières is a suburb of Paris, and the Seine winds round what was once a little island, but is now a peninsula, known as L'île des Ravageurs, which readers of Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* will recall as one of the haunts of some of his gruesome desperadoes. It was also a quiet spot for the settlement of "affairs of honour," and it was indeed a favourite duelling-ground for the heroes of the romances of Alexandre Dumas. Now it is the "Père-Lachaise" of that touching and mysterious animal, whose loyal devotion to man was proverbial even before that of the old hound of Ulysses, who was the first to recognize his far-wandered master.

I confess that I had avoided visiting this canine Necropolis before, because I was afraid that it might be a silly parody of human burial grounds. But I was quite mistaken, and I am inclined to think that there is in this quiet abode a sincerity of sentiment and a reality of feeling for those wonderful comrades who bark their affection and wag their tails in welcome no more, which one seldom finds in the resting-places of defunct humanity.

The disrespectful laughter which it is often hard to control in Père-Lachaise was hardly provoked at all in the Cimetière des Chiens. Occasionally, of course, one was reminded of silly

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women who probably murdered their Toto or their Tiny, with a superfluity of chocolates; but even these women had loved their pets enough to wish to preserve their memory. Anyone who has loved a dog feels that it should no more be forgotten than the human beings whom he has loved too, and, if only we were less hypocritical, there are no few of us who would leave their dull and tiresome relatives "unknown, unhonoured, and unsung," without inscriptions of conventional tombstones.

It was the serious philosopher Pascal who was responsible for the remark which has become a proverb: "The more I know of men the more I love dogs."

Anyone who has known both men and dogs will have realized that this statement was not cynical, but simply true to experience.

As one enters the gateway one is faced by an imposing bas-relief which celebrates the heroic life and death of the famous St. Bernard dog, Barry, who "saved the lives of forty persons and was killed by the forty-first." This end of his was a curious mistake. During a heavy snowfall near the monastery of St. Bernard, to which he belonged, Barry caught sight of a traveller lost in the drifts and rushed gaily to rescue him. The traveller, however, mistook him for a bear and killed him. One is almost sorrier for the traveller than for Barry.

Barry is the star hero of the cemetery. From him one turns to less glorious dead, whose gifts were less dramatic, being those simply of that companionship which touches one's heart even more. Numberless famous men and women have here given their dogs distinguished sepulture—and one cannot

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help smiling in some cases to note coats of arms engraved on the tombstones of defunct dogs who belonged to the nobility, and seem to stand ready on their tombstones to warn off anyone below the rank of count.

Here lie the faithful friends and companions of Gyp, Edmond Rostand, Léon Daudet, Saint-Saëns, Carolus Duran, Sybil Sanderson, Cléo de Mérode, Réjane, Coquelin, Sacha Guitry, Sully-Prudhomme, to mention but a few famous dog lovers.

Cats also sleep their last sleep at Asnières, and the cats of François Coppée, the poet, and of that weird novelist Barbey d'Aurevilly, lie side by side. Carrier pigeons even, who did good service as messengers during the last war, find honoured, tiny graves.

Altogether this Westminster Abbey of animals is a significant and touching spot, and all American visitors to Paris should make a pilgrimage there.

THE MUSÉE CARNAVALET

OF all the Paris museums, the Musée Carnavalet is the most interesting to the lover of old Paris. It is, in fact, his special paradise, for, as indicated by its official name—Musée Historique de la Ville—it is entirely devoted to objects connected with the history of Paris, and particularly of the Revolution.

The house itself is an impressive illustration of Parisian domestic architecture, being a fine example, unusually well preserved, of the size and style of domicile the old aristocrats found necessary to their comfort. Now in the heart of Paris,

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taking up considerable space at the corner of the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois and the Rue de Sévigné, it was originally built in 1544, in the days of François I, as a country-house for the magistrate Jacques de Ligneris, who employed for its construction and decoration the two famous men afterward partly responsible for the Louvre, Lescot the architect and Goujon the sculptor.

Next it passed into the hands of François de Kernevenoy, a nobleman whose Breton name was gallicized into Carnavalet. His wife was a beautiful and gallant lady in the entourage of Margaret of Navarre, consort of Henri Quatre, and was the confidante of Queen Margot's numerous or innumerable love affairs. Finally it became the residence of that great lady and queen of letter writers, the Marquise de Sévigné, who lived there for nearly twenty years. Taking possession in 1677, Mme. de Sévigné wrote thus to her spoiled and petted daughter, Mme. de Grignan:

"You will at least have sufficient room to accommodate the dear child; for, thank God, we have the Carnavalet house. This is a good thing; there will be room for us all, so that we shall be quite in style. As we cannot possibly have every advantage, we must dispense with the fashionable inlaid floors and mantels; but we shall have a handsome court, a charming garden in the most pleasant part of town, and good little Blue Nuns for neighbours—which, let me tell you, will be very convenient. To crown the whole, we shall be together, and you love me, my dear child."

Gazing at this vast house today, one cannot but smile at Mme. de Sévigné's remark about "sufficient room to accom-

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modate the dear child." Certainly there seems room enough to accommodate many children, and one feels that one could easily contrive to make one's self comfortable there, even though—poor dear poverty-stricken marquise!—one could not afford those fashionable inlaid floors and mantels. Before Mme. de Sévigné's occupancy, the house had been done over and enlarged by the famous Mansart, who built the façade in the Rue de Sévigné and added high roofs to his well-known style. One of its most beautiful features is the courtyard by which one enters, known as the Court of the Seasons, because of the four stately sculptured figures by Goujon decorating the interior façade, in front of which stands a fine bronze statue of Louis XIV.

Before examining the general collections of the museum, it will be interesting to readers of Mme. de Sévigné's incomparably natural and spirited letters, to which we owe so much of our knowledge of the days of the Roi Soleil, to visit the rooms occupied by that distinguished and very human lady. The panelled chambers numbered from IX to XVII were hers, Room IX being her salon. Here are portraits of her and her daughter, a portion of one of her dresses, and one of her letters in manuscript. Room X is a cabinet which contains her sofa, the sofa on which she sat when entertaining her little court of such famous men as Cardinal de Retz, La Rochefoucauld, Séguier, Turenne, Condé, Bossuet, and her favourite preacher, Bourdaloue.

Turning to the rooms containing the various historical collections, those that will probably appeal first to the visitor are those devoted to the Revolution, the Salle Louis XVI, the

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Salle de la Bastille, and the Salle de la Convention. Here are gathered together numerous objects and memorials which bring that tragic period before us with a dramatic vividness that no mere reading can approach. Here is a copy of the Constitution of 1793—bound in human skin. What more gruesome symbol could there be of those frightful courts of so-called "justice" presided over by monsters and madmen, with audiences of male and female "drinkers of blood"? Here are the liberty caps they wore, and the pikes that once carried grisly human heads with staring eyes and blood-dripping hair. Here is a model of the guillotine—in ivory; here are models of the Bastille, with keys from its cells and chains and manacles from its dungeons. Here is a portrait of Latude, who was imprisoned there for thirty-five years, with the rope ladder and various tools by which he finally made his escape; along with portraits of Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Desmoulins and other "patriots" and their victims.

Here are documents dealing with the trial and execution of Louis XVI, and rings enclosing his hair with that of Marie Antoinette. Here is the furniture from the Temple, where the poor "Widow Capet" and her little son were imprisoned; and here, pathetically incongruous, is a fan that used to wave in her hand in happier days. In a case by themselves are souvenirs of Voltaire and Rousseau, including the inkstand in which once was dipped the pen that wrote the ever delightful *Confessions*—the pen of that lover of nature and all gentle things of the countryside who wrote of Liberty, without dreaming what appalling things were soon to be done in the name of that blood-bespattered goddess. First read Anatole

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France's *The Gods Are Athirst*, then go to the Musée Carnavalet, and you can see it all as if you had been there.

Outside of the Tower of London, there is perhaps no more blood-curdling and hair-raising exhibition in the world, though one must not forget the Conciergerie.

After thus bathing our imagination in blood and terror, we may shake off this nightmare by examining, in other rooms, objects illustrative of the more normal life of Paris in various periods—tavern and shop signs, costumes worn by all classes, tapestries, panelling, wall paintings, old engravings of the Louvre and innumerable views of the city, all the flotsam and jetsam of Parisian life from time immemorial. In short, in the Musée Carnavalet the Paris we have read about in all its enthralling historians and romancers, poets and dramatists, comes as near to being alive again as the past can ever be. If you would revisit the glimpses of the moon, or are curious about the snows of yester-year, the Musée Carnavalet is the place for you. The old house itself is a dream, peopled by dreams—and nightmares.

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

I NEVER cross the Place de la Concorde without thinking of the contrast between its spacious exhilarating gaiety and its tragic history. The noble simplicity of its proportions, the dignity of the tall old mansions of the Rue de Rivoli that frame it on its north side, and the aerial sweep of its vistas across the river to the dome of the Invalides, and along the

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leafy avenue of the Bois de Boulogne to the Arc de Triomphe, make a spectacle of light and air irresistibly gladdening.

The saddest heart must be momentarily uplifted as it crosses the Place de la Concorde. And the American visitor overlooking it from his windows in the Hôtel Crillon can truthfully feel that here are expressed as in a symbol the immortal buoyancy and vigour of the French spirit, and the unclouded reach and clarity of the French mind.

But could he have looked through those windows a century and a half ago, what a different, darker and sterner side of the French nature would he have seen shudderingly revealed. If ever a place should be haunted it is the Place de la Concorde, and no more uncomfortable spot for anyone with the gift of clairvoyance can be imagined. If it were not for the electric lights burning night and day, no one of even ordinary imagination would care to cross it after dark.

It might almost seem that the Parisians of set purpose have made the Place de la Concorde the gayest spot in all France, as the inhabitants of a haunted house keep the candles burning all night in the haunted chamber. It was in vain that Napoleon III planted that Egyptian obelisk in its centre. No one certainly in his day could forget that not so many years before a very different monument had dominated the square, when from the "Place Louis XV" it had changed its name to the "Place de la Révolution," and the shattered statue of Louis the Well-Beloved, to frame which the square had been created by a momentarily affectionate people, mouldered on under the bloody shadow of the guillotine.

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Yes; here in this luminous light-hearted plaza were the headquarters of M. Sanson, the executioner of the Republic One and Indivisible, dressed in the height of fashion, with a flower in his buttonhole. Among his assistants, he paced the raised platform supporting the gaunt framework with the gleaming triangular blade atop, while the click of the knitting needles of the old hags, the "tricoteuses," seated round the foot of the scaffold, could be heard in the hushed silence of the dense waiting crowds. Presently this would break into roar as the tumbrils packed close with fine gentlemen and fair women, bravely witty to the last, turned the corner of the Rue Saint-Honoré into the Rue Royale, and surrounded by fierce mustachioed Gardes Républicaines, slowly made their way through the wild human sea and unloaded their passengers, to look their haughty or mocking last through "the little window," and "sneeze into the basket" of sawdust, as the horrible slang of their murderers expressed it.

These exhibitions usually took place toward the end of the afternoon, and on days when famous heads were to fall the mob waited for hours, some hanging on to trees or ladders or any point of vantage. Opera glasses were hired out at a premium, and the richer spectators bought the Swiss Guards out of their little guard-house near those steps that today lead up to the Orangerie, where one finds the permanent exhibition of Monet, and made a riotous picnic of it, with lots of good wine and food at race-course prices in the "Cabaret de la Guillotine."

The guillotine had had a long and curious history before it was set up on the Place de la Concorde on January 21, 1793,

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for its first victim, poor Louis XVI, who was probably the most harmless man in France, unless we except the mild and pitiful Dr. Guillotin himself, who had revived its use for the painless slaughter of sheep. The ancient Persians are credited with its invention, and it had been employed long before in Scotland, England, Germany and Italy. In the Edinburgh Museum is preserved the rude guillotine, with grim humour called "the maiden," with which was beheaded the regent Morton in 1581.

It was a German named Schmidt who got the job of manufacturing guillotines for Paris and other French cities, because he undertook to manufacture them cheaper than anyone else. It was swifter in its operation than any other means of execution, as many as fifty heads falling in fifty minutes, and death by it was supposed to be instantaneous, though this was disputed in the case of Charlotte Corday, whose cheeks are said to have blushed with indignation as the executioner, holding up her head, slapped them with his hand.

Between the King's execution, January 21, 1793, and May 3, 1795, twenty-eight hundred heads are said to have fallen on the Place de la Concorde. Of course, Paris squares and streets have had many bloodier records before and since, as during St. Bartholomew or the Commune. But those were indiscriminate massacres, and those twenty-eight hundred heads of the Place de la Concorde were, so to say, picked heads. They were either the proud and beautiful heads of the aristos, or they were heads that were supposed to contain brains dangerous to the Republic—that is, to the government just then in power—heads of philosophers, poets, artists,

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orators and all kinds of thinking men and women. They were all heads with dreams in them, some evil, some mad, but probably the best heads in France. All came to the Place de la Concorde in the end. The executioners of today became the victims of tomorrow. Marie Antoinette and her enemy, Philippe Egalité; Mme. Roland, Hébert, Camille Desmoulins, Mme. Elizabeth, Marat, and Danton himself. All could say with confidence, as the Girondin Lasource said to his judges: "I die at a moment when the people has lost its reason, you will die on the day when the people recovers it." Then at last the two arch-executioners, Saint-Just and Robespierre himself, with his broken jaw in a blood-stained bandage; and suddenly, as though the guillotine had finished its work, a statue of Liberty stood in its place, and—beautiful portent!—a nest of white doves was found in the hollow of her hand.

The dream of sacrificial blood was at an end, and the Place de la Révolution became the Place de la Concorde. It has had its resounding moments since, as when Napoleon reviewed his victorious armies there, or when on that later day in 1814 the Allies celebrated their victory over him in a solemn "Te Deum." And to the clairvoyant eye, Charles X, at the end of his brief mismanaged dream of the restored monarchy, gallops across it to Rambouillet and exile, as in 1848 Louis Philippe bids farewell to his throne in a humble cab, while in 1870 the Communards, burning down the Tuileries, momentarily seem to bring back the wild days of The Terror once more.

One wonders if Charles X, as he galloped across it on his way to England, thought of a summer evening in 1788, when

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as a carefree young prince he dashed across it in different mood, following with his fellow huntsmen a deer they had chased down the Bois de Boulogne, and which sped wildly for refuge toward the Rue Royale. Baron Thiébauld with his sister and other ladies chanced to be there at the moment, and vainly besought mercy for the panting deer of the royal huntsman; for the hounds finally pulled him down and the coup de grâce was given him just about where the guillotine was to give the coup de grâce to so many noble throats five years later.

Surely as one crosses the square sometimes at twilight one hears the horns of the phantom huntsmen, and the bugle blowing the "mort," as the proud antlered head sinks.

WOLVES AND THE LOUVRE

PARIS does anything she undertakes more dramatically than any other city, and there are many signs that she is in for one of those dramatically cold winters of which we find vivid record now and again in her history. One of the most threatening of these signs comes in this picturesque dispatch from a little town, Saint-Dizier, in the neighbourhood of the Vosges Mountains:

"Wolves, emboldened by hunger due to the long cold spell, have made their appearance in the region of Saint-Dizier, from the wilder regions of the Vosges Mountains, according to official reports of the forestry service. Thus, for the first time in many years, the wolf-lieutenant of the region has been called upon to exercise his ancient function, and has organ-

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ized hunts for the marauders. The office of wolf-lieutenant dates from the days when wolves were a menace in many parts of France. In recent years, however, wolves have become extinct, except in a few mountain fastnesses, and the office has become an honorary position, sometimes held by masters of staghounds, or even by men who do not hunt at all."

This does not, of course, mean that we are to experience the excitement of hearing wolves howling at the gates of Paris, as they often did—and more than howled—up to the fifteenth century and indeed later. François Villon had heard them howl, as the second verse of his "Lesser Testament," commenced in the year 1456, suggests:

In this year, as before I said,
Hard by the dead of Christmas-time,
When upon wind the wolves are fed,
And for the rigour of the rime
One hugs the earth from none to prime,
Wish came to me to break the stress
Of that most dolorous prison-clime
Wherein Love held me in duresse.

In *François Villon, His Life and Times*, the most illuminating book on Villon known to me, Mr. De Vere Stackpoole thus comments on this passage:

"Our realist was not drawing on his imagination; all through the years of his childhood the wolf had been at the door of Paris. When the starving country folk sought refuge in the starving city, the wolves came behind them, fighting their way in and attacking and devouring the dogs in the streets; they killed women and children; and the smallpox

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followed on the wolves and the wolves followed on the war. Yet war, wolves, smallpox, cold and starvation could not kill the quenchless spirit of these Parisians."

But the modern Parisian, who has perhaps never heard of Villon, has before his eyes daily a grandiose monument of the part played by wolves in the history of Paris, no less a monument indeed than the Louvre, which in its far-away beginnings was neither more nor less than a "louverie"—that is, a lodge for wolf hunters, the residence of what the newspaper cutting quoted above calls "the wolf-lieutenant of the region." The Roman name for it was "Lupara," and it was probably already there as a stockaded log building where Cæsar's general, Labienus, made his first acquaintance with the warlike tribe of the Parisii and carried through the earliest siege of Lutetia, which is still the poetical name of Paris.

No more fantastic example of the barbaric origins of some of our imposing institutions, and their transforming evolution, can be conceived. This lordly abode of a long line of kings, who from Philip Augustus to Napoleon have studied to make it beautiful, this epitome of the history of France, this symbol of aristocratic refinement and luxury, this masterpiece of Renaissance architecture, this treasure-house of all the noble and lovely arts of man throughout the centuries, was once a mere block-house, to protect a squalid colony of the mud huts of a "mud city," the very name of which still perpetuates the memory of its origin.

No other building in the world so strangely illustrates the arduous development of the human spirit as does this one-time "Louverie," this once rude fortress of men almost as

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wolflike as the wolves they kept at bay. When Philip Augustus (1180-1223) was building the first wall around Paris, he built a strong donjon at the Louvre, and reinforced it by a surrounding wall and other towers, the foundations and some passages of which still remain in the cellars under the Museum of Ancient Sculpture. Later Charles V (1364-1380) improved this original building, moving his treasury and library there, and generally fitted it up as a royal residence, but, later, François I (1515-1547) destroyed the old tower and mainly rebuilt the whole structure. His work was carried on by Catherine de Medici and her royal sons, and afterward by Henri Quatre, and this "Old Louvre" remains the most beautiful of the great palace, which was further extended by Louis XIII and Louis XIV and the two Napoleons, till at the present time it is the largest and most splendid palace in the world, enclosing an area of forty-nine acres, while its south front faces the Seine for something like half a mile.

When we recall the history of the Louvre today, perhaps the one incident that stands out with ghastly emphasis is connected with a window that from its northwestern façade looks across to the church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. It is the Eve of St. Bartholomew, the sun is setting, and lighted torches are already making lurid the streets and squares. From that window of the "Louverie" watches the mad wolfish face of a king more wolf than man. The mother-wolf paces the room, while her son, holding an arquebus in his trembling hands, awaits the first toll of the signal bell from that old church tower. It tolls at last, and then, with a howl like a wolf indeed, he releases the bolt, and from far and near rise other

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wolflike cries, for the wolves have invaded Paris streets to-night, but the wolves of Villon's day had no such fangs as these human werewolves of St. Bartholomew's Eve. But let us turn our eyes away from that window, and think of the Louvre as it is today—the Palace of the Venus de Milo.

SAINT-GERMAIN AND THE STUARTS

FEW great cities are so well provided with charming outskirts as Paris. This is mainly due to the whimsical windings of the Seine and to the thickly wooded hill country that surrounds the French capital. Doubtless the old kings of France had much to answer for, but Paris owes them a lasting debt of gratitude for the preservation of the various "forests" within easy reach, which are still astonishingly deep and wild.

They were kept up so well, of course, because most of the French monarchs were fond of hunting, and they are still surprisingly rich in game, even of the wilder sort. You can still hunt wild boars within an hour of Paris, and their savage tusked heads grin at you on the market stalls at Christmas-time, while "marcassin"—young wild boar—is a permanent feature of the restaurant bills of fare. In these various woods, at Meudon, Sèvres, Saint-Cloud, Chantilly, Vincennes, Saint-Germain and Fontainebleau, the kings and nobles built their hunting-lodges, which in some cases developed into fortresses and châteaux. All these places are charming to visit, to loaf under the greenwood tree or enjoy one's ease at one's inn—for they all have good "auberges" and good cooks, or to dream of the past, for they are steeped

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in history. At Maisons Laffitte and at Chantilly, the New-market of France, you can see a horse race and visit two of the most famous châteaux as well. At Poissy you can take rod and reel and enter into the peace of the brotherhood of anglers, who have long made it their headquarters. If you are more actively constituted, choose a gayer stretch of the river, and you may sail a boat, paddle a canoe or take a lance and join in the liveliest of water tournaments. Whatever your tastes, you will find something to refresh and amuse you in one or other of these pleasant outskirts of Paris.

A short time ago, being deep in an old novel dealing with the Young Pretender, I felt that I would like to pay a visit to the spot sacred to the Stuarts, the home of the exiled James II, the Jacobite headquarters for three generations; so I took a touring motor bus, and within an hour I was at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, the Saint-Germain of all the Jacobite romances. It is a beautiful, sad old town, with distinguished old houses, filled with a melancholy proper to the home of so famous a lost cause.

The château, which was given to James for his residence by Louis XIV, and which dominates the town, is a long and rather dreary building, with a dry moat, older than it looks, for it dates from the time of François I, who was married there to Claude, the daughter of Louis XII. The original building was still older, having been erected as a fortress to command the Seine by Louis le Gros (1108-1137). This was destroyed by the Black Prince and rebuilt by Charles V. All that remains of this first château is the charming little Gothic chapel, finished in 1238.

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Another château, entirely different from that in which James II lived, a short distance away from it, on the ridge immediately overhanging the Seine, was begun by Henri II and completed by Henri IV, but this was destroyed in 1776. All that remains of it is the Pavillon Henri Quatre, and the famous terrace begun by the latter king and completed for Louis XIV by Le Nôtre. This terrace runs for a mile and a half along the ridge, with the forest behind it, and the superb view from it certainly deserves its reputation. Beneath is an extensive parklike plain, through which the Seine is seen winding, set here and there with long wooded islands.

Beyond are the hills of Montmorency, and farther still looms a far-away silhouette of Paris, including Montmartre, the Sacré Cœur, and the Eiffel Tower, with Mont Valérien on the extreme right. Turning one's back on this wide-spreading scene, one faces the immense leafy wilderness of the forest, which covers eleven thousand acres, being some six miles long from southeast to northwest and from two and a half to four and a half miles in breadth. Though it is intersected by one or two great avenues, it is for the most part left in a state of nature, and is rich in many very old trees. One can wander in it by the hour without meeting a soul.

If one strikes the Avenue des Loges, one comes on a charming old country-house hidden away in its depths, built for Anne of Austria, and now a school for daughters of officers belonging to the Legion of Honour. By this route one may return to the château, now a museum of national antiquities, with its memories of James II. It is interesting to

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recall the truly royal welcome given there to the exiled King and Queen by Le Roi Soleil. Macaulay has given a striking account of it, drawn from Mme. de Sévigné and other letter writers and diarists of the period.

The Queen had landed from England first, and was already on her way to the French court when Louis met her on the Calais road, on which an army of workmen had been employed to make it smoother. His great coach, preceded by halberdiers and trumpeters, was followed by no less than a hundred carriages, each drawn by six horses, containing the flower of the French nobility. As soon as it was announced that Mary was at hand, Louis left his own carriage and went on foot to meet her.

"Madam," said her host, "it is but a melancholy service that I am rendering you today. I hope that I may hereafter be able to render you services greater and more pleasing."

He embraced the little Prince of Wales and led the dethroned Queen to his own carriage, seating her on his right hand. Then the cavalcade proceeded to Saint-Germain, which he had had fitted up luxuriously for her reception, including a splendid nursery for the little Prince, the furnishing of which he had superintended himself. In her apartment the Queen was presented with a magnificent casket containing six thousand pistoles. James arrived the next day, and was greeted by Louis with the most affectionate courtesy. Louis then led him to the Queen's room.

"Here is a gentleman," he said, "whom you will be glad to see."

Later the royal pair were delicately informed that so long

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as they would do the King of France the favour of occupying Saint-Germain no less than forty-five thousand pounds—\$225,000—yearly would be paid them out of the royal treasury. To this was added a preliminary gift of ten thousand pounds for their “outfit.” The sympathetic delicacy with which all this was done, and other arrangements made by the King to ease them of any sense of obligation, was even more remarked upon than his liberality. Nothing one has read of Louis XIV makes one realize so well that it was not without cause that he was called the “first gentleman of Europe.”

James lived at Saint-Germain for twelve years, and from all accounts his ungracious bearing there in no way marked him as the second gentleman of Europe. His gloomy religiosity soon turned his palace into something like a forbidding Jesuit seminary. The sprightly Anthony Hamilton gives an amusing account of James’s dreary “court,” a different court indeed from that of his brother of Whitehall, of which Hamilton makes such a piquant picture in his *Memoirs of Count Grammont*:

“All the saints of the royal household were praying for each other and backbiting each other from morning to night.”

He tells how on one occasion he had escaped for a walk on the terrace only to run into the arms of a Jesuit father, from whom again he took refuge in the forest. Hamilton, by the way, was himself a Catholic.

James died in 1701, and it is curious to see a marble monument in the church opposite the station erected to his memory by one of his Hanoverian successors, George IV—another royal gentlemanly act, which James hardly deserved. A

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leaden casket is deposited there containing his royal entrails. His brain was bequeathed to the Scots College in Paris, and his heart to the Convent of the Visitation at Chaillot. I hope it is not irreverent or unsympathetic to wonder what use those royal organs were to anyone. Certainly they had served James himself and his devoted followers none too well.

THE SADDEST SPOT IN PARIS

CLOSE to the Madeleine (said to be the "smartest" church in Paris), with the Saint-Lazare railway station also near at hand, at the junction of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Pasquier, in a tiny park, is a beautiful low-domed building, suggesting at once a church and a mausoleum and being in fact both, which is probably caught sight of by more eyes in a day, and least often visited than any building in Paris. Situated as it is in a region of "big business" offices, and the smart shops of wealth and beauty, in an ever swirling maelstrom of taxis, a vortex of eager hurrying life, few have time to give it more than a glance as they pass swiftly on their way. Probably fewer still know what it is. And this contrast between its populous situation and its significance makes it seem even sadder than it is, though it is one of the saddest spots in Paris.

It is known as the Chapelle Expiatoire and was built by Louis XVIII in 1816, in expiatory remembrance of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. It is in fact a monument of the Revolution no less poignant, if less grimly dramatic, than the monastic Les Carmes, in the Rue de Vaugirard. Not so far off

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is the Place de la Concorde, where stood the guillotine, and, when that grisly engine had done its day's work, the piles of murdered bodies were carted here in the blood-splashed tumbrils, and thrown pell-mell, gentle and simple, into a huge pit; for the place where this chapel now stands was the cemetery of the Madeleine. Here in due course were brought the bodies of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, but they were spared this anonymous interment, and were thrust into a corner by themselves, of which more presently.

As one passes into the little park one is faced by a long, low building of beautiful simplicity, which one enters by a severely modelled bronze gate. This is a vestibule, from which another gate leads into a garden, at the far end of which stands the church. In this vestibule the guardian hands one a printed account of the place, in French or in English, as one wishes, unlocks the garden gate, locks it again, and leaves us to ourselves. We are now some height above the street, in an oblong formal garden consisting of two parallelograms of exquisite green lawns severely edged with ivy and little rose trees, to the right and left of which, enclosing the garden, run curious gabled stone tombs, nine on each side. One notices as strange that there are no inscriptions on these tombs, no inscriptions anywhere. There were inscriptions once, but the Communards of 1870 smashed the tombs and defaced the inscriptions, and when the Third Republic came to repair the damage it was thought wise not to renew the inscriptions.

"Why?" I asked the guardian, whom I rather suspected of royalist leanings. He answered with a dramatic shrug and

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an indescribably French grimace: "Well, you see, we are a Republic, are we not?"

Yes! and this quiet garden is anything but a republican monument, though, as will be seen, it has its republican memories—not to say its republican ghosts—also. For beneath those two velvet lawns lies the most motley assemblage of dead men's (and women's) bones that the most fantastic imagination could conceive of. Here was the great pit of the guillotine victims, and there has been preserved a list of the names of 1,343 of them, so that we know that here moulder together patriot and aristo, some of the most illustrious on both sides, in ironical juxtaposition: Danton and Mme. Roland and Chabot, Mme. Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI, and Mme. Dubarry; Bailley, the good Mayor of Paris, who did his best to avert the tempest; Camille Desmoulins, who let it loose, and somewhere in the same darkness with him his little angel wife Lucile; Hébert and his wife, too, are here, and Barnave and Brissot and Vergniaud; Claude Fauchet, the revolutionary Bishop, who lived to regret his famous sermon on the text, "Ye have been called to liberty," and his blessing of the "drapeau tricolore," and was accused of complicity with Charlotte Corday; Lavoisier, the great chemist, whose friends, pleading for his life, were met by the retort that has an ugly proletarian sound just now, "The Republic has no need of learned men," and of whose dissevered head his famous colleague, the mathematician Lagrange, remarked: "Perhaps a hundred years will not suffice to reproduce a head like that"—yes! that valuable head is somewhere there under that green lawn; and there, too, the vainglorious head of the actor-

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"patriot" Fabre d'Eglantine, who invented the republican calendar with its "Vendémiaire," "Brumaire," "Frimaire" and so on, and its five annual feast days of "Sans-culottides."

These are but a few of the names of those known to be buried here, and certainly one need not be a sentimentalist or an antiquarian to feel that few plots of ground anywhere on the earth can be more evocative to the imagination.

But those granite tombs to right and left have a particularly touching significance, for there lie those Swiss Guards, a thousand of them, who fell at the storming of the Tuileries on August 10, 1792, all the more heroically loyal because they were mercenaries merely doing the duty for which they were paid, far from their own land and with no interest in the struggle. I have often thought of them, and their unlaurelled courage, and it was good to find them so honoured and lying near the dust of the King and Queen they died for. Appropriately close to them, at the extreme end on the right, is the grave of no less a heroine than Charlotte Corday; while, at the end of the graves to the right, is the tomb of the most despicable figure of the whole Revolution, the Duc d'Orléans, that Philippe Egalité who betrayed his own order, without being faithful to the new.

Up a few steps from the garden we enter the church, where under a plain, unadorned dome are two statues, one of Louis XVI and the other of Marie Antoinette. That of Louis is particularly fine, and is, I understand, the only statue of the King in Paris. On the pedestal, engraved in gold letters on black marble, is the will of Louis XVI, made in his prison in the Temple shortly before his death, as on the pedestal

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of the Queen's statue is similarly engraved her last letter to Mme. Elizabeth. Both are documents which the reader should look up if he is not already acquainted with them, for they give a very human idea of both monarchs, the traditional disparagement of whom modern criticism has done much to correct.

"May my son never forget the last wishes of his father," writes the Queen. "I expressly ask him that he may never seek to avenge our death."

It is a pity for their own sakes that the restored Bourbons forgot this pious wish. Below the Queen's statue is a crypt where a sarcophagus—with no names upon it, only wreaths bearing the death dates of the King and Queen—stands on the spot where the two bodies were buried. Louis XVIII exhumed them in 1815, but only the skulls and thigh bones, some dust and—poor lady!—the Queen's garters remained. So far as I could gather, that royal dust is preserved in the sarcophagus, but the rest of the relics were transferred to the Cathedral of St. Denis, the Westminster Abbey of the French kings, where they still repose. The town of Saint-Denis, by the way, is nowadays the hotbed of French communism!

THE PARIS HAIRDRESSER AS ARTIST

AN American lady, who dropped in for tea, came in laughing from a visit to her hairdresser, a well-known coiffeur on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. It was a phrase he had used that had so amused her. Having gone there at hazard, without

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having made an appointment, she found the "atelier" crowded with "patrons." The courtly proprietor came forward with his best bow to express his regret that he would have to ask madame to be so gracious as to wait a few minutes, for, he said, "I have no artist free at the moment."

It was the word "artist" that so amused her.

"No one reads Thackeray, I suppose, nowadays," she said, "but it reminded me of that French cook—was it in *Vanity Fair*?—who used to compose his menus on the piano . . ."

Someone who does read Thackeray murmured: "M. Alcide Mirobolant—in *Pendennis*," and another sprightly American lady who knows and, therefore, loves "her Paris," broke in with "I think I know your man. Does he look like Napoleon the Third?"

"Yes, yes!" answered the other.

"Oh, then, I know him very well. He is quite a friend of mine. He always does my hair for me himself—or perhaps I should say that my hair is one of his creations. That's how he would express it, I am sure, and I think you must admit," she added with a laugh, and moving her pretty head from right to left, "that he has every right to use the word artist."

We murmured our agreement, for a lovelier work of art is seldom encountered than the coiffure of the lady who spoke and thus continued: "Yes! and I consider myself highly honoured, for not only is he an artist—but until lately he was the hairdresser to a very great lady, a historical lady, a lady who was no less than an Empress . . ."

She paused, and we were appropriately awestruck.

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"You noticed his resemblance to Napoleon the Third, a resemblance of which I may say he is very proud, and which, no doubt, he cultivates. Well, up to the time of her death he was hairdresser, by royal letters patent, so to say, to no less a personage than the Empress Eugénie!"

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes. And it may not be generally known that the Empress was allowed by the French Government to pay a monthly visit to Paris. Well, on every visit, she had no sooner arrived than she summoned M. ——— to her hotel for the purpose of dressing her imperial hair. I know it is quite true, for he told me so himself. So it is no wonder that a man so honoured should regard himself and his assistants as artists."

Then still another American lady took up the story: "Of course, French hairdressers are artists, or ought to be, for the tradition is in their blood. Even American barbers used to call themselves 'tonorial artists,' didn't they? And I know another 'tonorial artist' here in Paris who is even more magnificent than our friend's 'Napoleon the Third.' Probably we all know him. His atelier is near the Madeleine"—and she mentioned the name of a coiffeur well known to all the monde in Paris—"I have only been to him twice, for I confess he frightens me. He is positively awe-inspiring. Louis Sixteenth and Victor Hugo combined would give only a remote idea of his self-importance."

"He never condescends to wait on the greatest of great ladies himself, but, as soon as one is seated in—I was going to say the electric chair, he throws himself into sublime attitudes of contemplation, studying one from this and that

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angle, as though one was some poor raw material out of which he means to create a masterpiece. Then he rapidly sketches out with his hands, with sculptorlike gestures, for the instruction of the reverent artist who is presently to carry out his dream, just what is to be done with us—as it were, moulding us thus and thus, as a sculptor works his plastolene armature with his pliant fingers—and I must say that he has beautiful hands.

“Then he makes a profound bow, and the artist goes to work, the master giving an occasional godlike glance in his direction, as the masterpiece evolves into form from the shapeless mass, which is the poor head of you or me. Then, at the end, he gives us a final look-over, and bows once more with supreme self-satisfaction, much as a ring-master in a circus bows condescendingly to the plaudits of his audience, as his beautiful glossy mares prance back to their stalls behind the scenes. The poor artist who has done the work, of course, fades into nothingness, as the great man, metaphorically, bows us out to our waiting carriage or sedan chair. It must be wonderful to feel so great as M. ——. But I mustn't forget to say that he turns out not to be a Frenchman at all, but a Russian sculptor. A prince, of course.”

And then the lady asked us, apropos human magnificence, if we had ever heard this anecdote of Victor Hugo, whose opinion of his own greatness is notorious. On a certain occasion when he sat, as on a throne, among his admirers, one of them humbly suggested that the time might come when the city of Paris might have its name changed to—Hugo! The great man gravely pondered the suggestion for

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a few moments and then remarked, "Who knows—it may come to that!"

And the American lady added: "Poor Hugo! perhaps he was not so singular in his good conceit of himself. I know one or two young French writers who act as though they feel no less about themselves—and, for the matter of that, one or two American writers too, who would 'allow' that, say, Baltimore or even Chicago or New York may some day be known as So-and-so-ville just as St. Petersburg is now Lenin-grad."

THE RUE MOUFFETARD

THE Rue de Monsieur-le-Prince comes out on the Boulevard Saint-Michel and diagonally facing it, across the boulevard, is the spacious Rue Soufflot.

This latter street magnificently ushers us up to the Panthéon, in its grandiose setting of distinguished old buildings, scholastic and monastic, but at the moment our business is with another cluster of ancient, mouldering streets hidden behind this stately front, a region very much of "the people," down at heels and picturesque, and with a curious countrified air. We come first to an old square, the Place de la Contrescarpe, the mediæval name of which reminds us that we are on the site of the moat that once surrounded Paris—an association further strengthened by the name of another near-by street, the Rue de l'Arbalète, which recalls the time when the walls of Paris were defended by crossbows.

I may mention here that the Place de la Contrescarpe is

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the terminus of one of the most useful and conspicuous of Paris motor buses, the "S" bus, which, after we have explored this ancient quarter, will take us all the way back to our modern hotel in the neighbourhood of the Rue Royale or the Rue de la Paix. Another useful bus is the "AE," which similarly stretches the octave of Paris; and I may add in passing that one good and inexpensive way of seeing Paris is to study its bus routes and make trips here and there accordingly.

To return to the Place de la Contrescarpe, it will interest readers of Rabelais and Ronsard to know that at No. 1 there once stood the Cabaret de la Pomme de Pin, immortally celebrated by them both. In the neighbouring Rue Rollin, at No. 2, Pascal died in 1662. The street, however, which is our chief destination is the Rue Mouffetard, where perhaps more than in any other street in Paris the old Paris of the people, Paris of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries and earlier, is most swarmingly and vociferously alive today. It runs downhill between rows of tall old houses, a narrow "wynd," as it might be called in Scotland, cluttered up with stalls and foodshops, until it ends near the Avenue des Gobelins, with a sad old time-worn church, Saint-Médard, at the corner. This is first and last a church of market women.

"The nave," Georges Cain writes of it, "is vast and sombre; the stone flags are worn by centuries of praying knees, the walls seem to be coated by the smoke of incense. Some precious fragments of ancient glass filter down a dim daylight upon the women of the people devoutly at their prayers, immovable, with closed eyes and murmuring lips. Be-

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fore them lie their wicker baskets bulging with carrots, lettuces, sticks of celery, and various fruits, which they are bringing to market."

During the reign of Louis XV this old market church suddenly had its hour of glory, with the world of fashion thronging there in frenzied crowds, and overflowing the little cemetery around it, because the tomb of a certain young priest, François de Paris, who had died, half mad, of his austerities, was said to be working miracles.

To his monument of black marble the city brought its ailments, and many of the patients went so crazy as to scrape up the soil about the grave and eat it. All classes of society fought to get at this precious earth. A veritable wave of madness swept over Paris, and epileptics and "convulsionists" gibbered and danced in the burial-ground, until at last the authorities had to close it, and the old church returned to an obscurity never since disturbed. So great was the popular indignation against the closure that on the following day there was found attached to the cemetery gate a witty couplet to this effect:

By order of the king, God is forbidden
To work miracles in this place.

As one ascends the old street, such a clamour of human voices assails the ear that one might well imagine that the miracle-working had begun again; but the uproar is merely that of market women and shopmen crying their wares, mingled with those wordy battles between sellers and buyers, the dramatic eloquence of which among the French people

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is indescribable. They seem to enjoy no form of contest more thoroughly than this vehement and vociferous bargaining, and their skill at it is a delight of which one never tires. I have already spoken of such spectacles in the Rue de Seine, but there they are sobriety itself compared with the mercantile whirlpool in the Rue Mouffetard.

The street itself adds to the mediæval character of the scene, with its overhanging shop signs, some of them old and quaint, such as that at No. 69. Gilded horse-heads are particularly conspicuous, for horse-flesh seems to be a favourite article of diet in this quarter, as indeed it is all over Paris.

Among the attractive features of the Rue Mouffetard are its picturesque beggars, and on one of these I have for some time kept an amused eye. It is a year or two since I first saw him. He is a handsome bearded man of about fifty, comfortably and even well dressed, with a smart muffler and a good hat. He has fine large eyes, in which, however, according to a notice on his chest, there is no sight. He does not exactly beg, but offers shoe-laces for sale. He looks very much like a prosperous artists' model.

Now, I mention him thus particularly because, some few months ago, chancing to enter the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, whom should I find sitting in the porch, lifting up a tin cup for alms, but my handsome acquaintance from the Rue Mouffetard! Evidently he had retired from the shoe-lace business and accepted this church preferment. His eyes seemed finer and larger than ever. I have heard it said that sometimes the blindest optics are those that seem least so; but it was almost impossible to believe that such eyes could

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not see, say, a two-franc piece. I tried the experiment, and found that my friend is at least a good actor.

However, after leaving the church, I crossed over to the *Café des Deux Magots* and sat down to a newspaper and a *café noir*. While thus engaged, I raised my head, and beheld my blind man crossing the square with a remarkable alacrity and certainty of direction. There was no tap-tapping of a cane, but the swift and fearless walk of a resolute purpose. No bee ever made a more undeviating line than the track he was making to a neighbouring bistro.

A moment or two later I saw him laughing gaily with a friend, whom he had presumably recognized with the marvellous instinct of the blind; and with the same marvellous instinct he had found a drink to his liking. Now, I certainly do not begrudge him that drink, and I am far from wishing to give him away; but if any of the American habitués of the *Café des Deux Magots* should chance to cast an equally amused and sympathetic eye over my blind friend from the *Rue Mouffetard*, as he sits there in the porch of *Saint-Germain-des-Prés*, I should be interested to hear from them.

THE ROAST CHESTNUT MAN

AMONG the many cozy institutions of this old Parisian world that so skillfully combine the last word in modernity with the antique simplicities of human nature, surely the coziest is the roast chestnut man, whom toward the end of October one welcomes back to his snug station at the corner of the terrasse

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of most cafés, even in the fashionable quarters of the Right Bank.

He is an unfailing sign of autumn, as punctual as the falling leaves in the Luxembourg Gardens, and that exquisite haze, hardly so definite as a mist, a delicate veil with which the Seine turns the whole of Paris into a dreamy canvas by Monet. Particularly on mornings when there is a sharp nip in the air, how comfortable it is to catch a whiff of the warm country fragrance floating across the square from his big copper cauldron, on the lid of which, folded in a piece of sacking, the nuts that are cooked lie steaming, ready to be bought.

For a franc you get about a dozen in a little paper bag, which in the pocket of your overcoat makes a nice warm place for your hand as you go on your way. And if, after the manner of hardy Frenchmen, you prefer to take your café au lait, and read your morning paper out of doors, you choose a seat as near to the chestnut man as you can, though, should that be already taken, there are other warm places in the neighbourhood of the big charcoal stove which keeps the whole terrasse at a cozy temperature enabling you to enjoy fresh air with indoor comfort.

I have written elsewhere of that very human saint, St. Martin, and the chestnut man is one of St. Martin's men, and is not properly due till St. Martin's day on November 11th; though, as I have said, he usually makes his appearance toward the end of October, when another welcome figure, the oyster man, with his decorative designs of lemons surmounting his stall, also returns. Recently rereading *The Reds of the Midi*,

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a Provençal romance of Félix Gras, sponsored some years ago in America by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier—a romance, by the way, which everyone interested in the dramatic story of the Marseillais battalion should read—I came upon a charming account of “St. Martin’s chestnut feast” which I am tempted to quote:

“A blind man would have known that it was Saint Martin’s eve. From every house came the appetizing savour of roasting chestnuts and the sharp, sweet smell of the blazing faggots of thyme; and above the hum of the spinning wheels we heard the rattling of the chestnuts in the roasting pans and the laughing shrieks of the girls as the corks popped and burst forth from the bottles of new wine—just brought up from the cellars to be drunk in honour of the good Saint Martin: the patron saint of all honest lovers of a bottle and a glass. . . . In five minutes La Mie came in with a huge platter of roasted chestnuts—covered snugly with a sack folded four double so that they would be well steamed—and when she had set it on the stove, and had placed glasses beside my grandfather’s bottle on the dresser all was ready for Saint Martin’s feast.”

This book makes us tragically realize how much the chestnut meant in the hard fare of the French peasant before the Revolution. It was indeed the only delicacy of their menu, and the bread which was their main article of food was made of a coarse flour compounded of rye and beans and acorns—half the acorns laboriously gathered going to the feudal lord! This bread was baked only once a year, and the great loaves were so hard that they had to be chopped up with

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an axe for the day's rations; so hard by the end of the year that they nicked the edge of the axe! And that was literally all the peasants had to eat before the Marseillais marched up to Paris and by their famous battle-cry put new life into the wavering Paris revolutionists.

Today the chestnut—that is, the Spanish chestnut which grows in all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean—is still a staple article of diet for poor folk in Southern France, in Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and even Germany. The rich, of course, have always eaten chestnuts, but then they have been “marrons glacés.” Voilà la différence!

But let us dismiss these dismal thoughts and buy another franc's worth of roasted chestnuts from the little old man from Auvergne across the square.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PANTHÉON

THE noisy ebullience of the Rue Mouffetard is curiously in contrast with some of the deserted old streets in its neighbourhood, dreaming under the shadow of the Panthéon, streets which carry us back with the mere mention of their names—the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève, the Rue Clotilde, the Rue Clovis—to the very earliest days of Paris. In his introduction to *Père Goriot*, Balzac has an impressive description of this “nest of little streets crowded together between the dome of the Val-de-Grâce and that of the Panthéon—two buildings which change the very colour of the atmosphere in their neighbourhood; throwing into it a yellow tone and darkening it with the shadows flung from their cupolas. The

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pavements of these streets are dry, unless it rains; the gutters are free from mud and water; grass grows in tufts along the walls. The most light-hearted of men, as he passes, catches something of the common sadness of a place where the houses resemble prisons and the roll of a carriage is an event."

It was here that Balzac placed the immortal pension of Mme. Vauquer, where we first meet the redoubtable Vautrin—"situated at the lower end of the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genève, where the ground slopes toward the Rue de l'Arbalète so steeply and abruptly that horses rarely come up or down." This whole melancholy quarter is redolent of the sweet memory of the gentle and courageous patron saint in whom the people of Paris still have so touching a faith. Even today her fine modern statue on the Pont de Sully gazes toward the northeast, on the watch against that persistent threat of invasion by the Hun, which she is said to have turned back in the days of Attila, as later she defended Paris against Clovis for many weeks.

Probably there is no saint in the calendar more beloved and more thoroughly believed in than St. Genevieve. Even that hardened sinner, Louis XV, as we were reminded in visiting the Panthéon, bowed his libertine heart before her when, being in fear of death near Metz in 1744, he vowed to rebuild her shrine—on the site of which the Panthéon now stands—and kept his word. It was reserved for the atheist sans-culottes of the Revolution, to whom nothing was sacred, not even liberty, barbarously to defile the church the King had built for her, and to tear her body from the tomb and

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burn it in the Place de Grève, now the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville.

The deputy Fayau, who was largely responsible for this act of desecration, "had the delicate thought," as Georges Cain quaintly observes, "to send the Pope a full and particular account of the beautiful ceremony." But pious hands gathered up what the fire had left, and, placing the scanty relics in a fragment of her old sarcophagus, enclosed the whole in an elaborate shrine of carved brass in the church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont, close to the Panthéon on the northeast, where it still remains in a dazzle of votive candles, always surrounded by worshippers kneeling in prayer. Thither, on every third of January, flock bands of pilgrims to celebrate her festival, a celebration which no one has witnessed without realizing its deep sincerity and the vitality of the old religion.

The church of Saint Etienne-du-Mont is one to be visited for many other reasons. With a Gothic choir begun in 1517 and a Renaissance façade added in 1620, with a square tower and a round turret, probably survivals of the ancient abbey of St. Genevieve, it is architecturally one of the most interesting churches in Paris. Its interior is especially fine, with the beautiful pillars of its nave and aisles, and its soaring vault. Its "jubé," or rood loft, made by Biard in 1600, is particularly graceful. Its wooden pulpit, supported by a figure of Samson and decorated with many statuettes, the work of Lestocard in 1640, is curiously effective, and the stained glass of some of the windows, attributed to Pinaigrier (1568) is charming. There are twelve other fine windows by the same

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artist in a gallery leading from a beautiful old Lady Chapel, known as the Gallery of the Ancient Charnel House, and there are canvases by celebrated painters in other side chapels. Altogether there is perhaps no church in Paris richer in various artistic beauty and more moving in its memories than this church so closely linked with the fame of St. Genevieve.

There is a street not far away, the Rue Lhomond, which contains a building with memories of another lady to whom it must be feared Louis XV was more devoted than he ever was to St. Genevieve—namely Mme. Dubarry. At No. 27 in the street was the convent where the Dubarry, as a young and pretty girl, fretted over the boredom of her not very extensive education, before she was transferred, at the age of sixteen, to the more congenial setting of a milliner's shop in the Rue Saint-Honoré. It is still a religious establishment, and a vaulted vestibule leads one to a charming little courtyard where, says Georges Cain, "in her young girlhood La Dubarry used to lean with her white hands on the wrought iron of the exquisite balcony." Today all these old streets under the shadow of the Panthéon are still very hushed and dreamy. To quote Georges Cain once again: "How far one seems from Paris! What infinite peace! The convent bells tinkle softly and the air prolongs their muffled echoes. The twilight falls, spreading around us its gentle shadows, vague, indistinct as the setting of a dream." And all who know such old corners of Paris will agree with him when he adds: "Decidedly the pretty Parisiennes are right; it is desolating not to know Paris!"

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CHRISTMAS IN PARIS

THE French make more of New Year's than of Christmas, or perhaps I should say the Parisian, to whom it is rather an opportunity to get out of town to spend a few days in the country, than an occasion for the reunion of family life round the home hearth, with its yule log, as in Anglo-Saxon countries. It is more strictly a religious than a social festival, and the solemn splendour of its celebration in the great Paris churches is impressive to the spiritual imagination.

It is certainly worth staying in Paris to enjoy the music of several famous choirs, particularly that of Saint-Gervais—"les chanteurs de Saint Gervais"—the ancient church outside of which King St. Louis used to administer the laws under a tree, whose young descendant still remains—the church in which the Germans killed ninety-four worshippers during the "truce" of Good Friday, 1918. But, apart from the pious or the connoisseurs of ecclesiastical music, Paris is largely a deserted city at Christmas-time, deserted, that is, by "society" and the wealthier bourgeois.

Many of these fly off to Switzerland for the winter sports, skiing and so forth—for during the last twenty years "les sports" have become almost a craze with the younger French people, who outdo even their English and American models in Sportsmania. It has recently become the fashion for "high society" to migrate to London at Christmas-time, to spend a real "old-fashioned English Christmas."

However, to say that a city is "deserted" because "the

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smart set" or "the nouveaux riches" vanish for a season is only a jocular figure of speech. Their absence makes but little impression on the general population that works for its living, which for some of us is far from being the least interesting portion of humanity. For these the streets are already gay with festive preparations.

The great department stores, each one something like a Luna Park of fantastic brilliance, certainly give one no impression of Paris being empty. Not only are they paradises for the French child of every form of toy ever conceived by that peculiar and particularly lovable genius which belongs to the toy-maker, but that specially French form of entertainment, beloved by children from one to ninety, the "guignol," or Punch and Judy show, erects its mimic theatre in many windows, accompanied by amazing mechanical figures, life-size jugglers, acrobats, clowns and negro jazz performers, who vividly go through their various antics so like human beings that it is impossible to believe that they are animated by clockwork.

Inside the stores, too, and particularly in the famous old Bon Marché, which more than holds its own with its later imitators, guignols with real actors, as well as vaudeville shows, play to crowded houses free of charge. A more joyous pandemonium for children of all ages it is impossible to imagine.

One must not forget among other signs of Christmas in Paris, as elsewhere, the ancient institution of the Christmas box. But, to my thinking, Paris lets one off easily so far as the amounts of these very human gifts are concerned. The

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dignified bearded letter carrier who has delivered one's letters all the year round is pleased with ten francs in exchange for which he "sells" you a peculiarly French form of glazed calendar, in small type, usually decorated with a hunting scene. You accept it as a form of courtesy, to save his dignity. The little telegraph boy sells you a smaller variety of the same thing for two francs. Then comes a timid knock at your door: two nuns, with their white wings. Little Sisters of the Poor. . . . And so on.

The concierge, of course, comes higher. Seeing that it depends no little on the amount of your Christmas box whether she is to be your friend or enemy during the year, you have simply got to be "generous" with her, whether you like her or not. . . . But, as I have said before, my experience with concierges seems to have been more fortunate than that of many people.

But the spirit of antique Christmas is most vividly expressed in the foodshops, particularly those in such old streets as the Rue de Seine or the Rue Mouffetard. It would need more space to describe these gastronomic displays, with those weird decorative appeals to the carnivorous appetites of which I have written before.

The one exhibit that most stirs the imagination and makes one realize that one is in the Old World, particularly the world of mediæval Paris, is that of the wild boar. To see him stretched out on a butcher's stall, with all his grisly black-grey bristles, a lemon between his savage tusks, and crowned with holly, is to bring back Washington Irving's old-fashioned Christmas at Bracebridge Hall and to hear again the old song:

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The boar's head in hand bring
With garlands gay and rosemary.

WINTER IN PARIS AND THE "CIRQUE D'HIVER"

I HAVE many American friends who are as foolish over Paris as I am—indeed, I don't see how it is possible to be friends with anyone who is not; the temperamental cleavage implied is too deep. But, unwilling as they all are to admit a single fault in their darling city, I must own that I have yet to hear any of them extol the charms of the Paris winter.

They may keep silent on the subject from a dogged loyalty, and they may see the winter through, from a disinclination to abandon their familiar haunts, the streets that seem to know them almost as well as they know the streets, the friendly market women with their ruddy cheeks and multitudinous warm petticoats, who know just what they want and whose welcoming smiles they will find in no other quarter of the globe, their accustomed cafés where, thanks to the glowing stoves, they can still take their morning coffee and rolls out of doors, in defiance of the Seine mists and the general brumous atmosphere.

In Villon's day, they recall, the wolves used to crowd into Paris to get warm, and the stone prophets and saints of Notre-Dame were bearded with icicles and snow. And, anyhow, it is still Paris, and, as your true Parisian will answer, if you complain of the cold—what would you have? It is winter, is it not? And what do you expect? It is difficult, indeed, to make him admit that it is anything more than "un peu frais."

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These hardy folk—and it is little realized how hardy the average Frenchman is—have no patience with whimpering complaints against the inescapable facts of the elements, or of existence generally. They take all things as they come, with laughing common sense in which stoicism and cynicism have their share. And they will tell you, too, if you mention the Riviera and show them pictures of beautiful all-but-naked ladies playing leap-frog on the beach at Cannes in midwinter, that the Riviera is nothing but a masterpiece of advertisement, that it is true that the sun shines there most of the day, but that it does the same in the Arctic regions; and an Englishman who happened to be by when this statement was made to me confirmed it, adding that winter warmth anywhere was a myth, except, maybe, on the Congo, and that the nearest suggestion of it, to his knowledge, was beyond the Second Cataract of the Nile.

“But don’t forget,” said the Englishman, “that there is one good thing about winter in Paris—the *Cirque d’Hiver*.”

The Circus! The three of us shook hands on that, three representatives of the three circus-loving nations—England, France and America. I mention England first because it was an English circus man, Philip Astley, who in 1780 developed his riding school into the first Paris circus, the *Cirque Olympique*, in the Boulevard du Temple. Then we spoke of Barnum and talked of famous clowns from Tarleton in Shakespeare’s day to Carlin and Grimaldi, right along to the Fratellini brothers, whom we ended up the evening by seeing. And we agreed that there was no one entitled to the name of human being who did not love circuses, clowns, acro-

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bats, wild beast shows, performing fleas, lion tamers and those wonderful, friendly seals, "lions du marin," at once clowns, acrobats and almost human humourists.

The Frenchman, who had some learning, reminded us of the antiquity of the circus, of the Circus Maximus in Rome, which was at once a race course for horses and a gladiatorial show, and seated a hundred and fifty thousand spectators, and he added how the cruelty of that original circus was to be found now, appropriately, in the bullfights of Spain, while only the fun and nonsense and skill of it had been retained in England, America and France. And he told us how, when the spring came, and the Cirque d'Hiver broke up, some of its component parts would set up side-shows in the provinces, or in the outlying suburbs of Paris.

We spoke, too, of fairs—particularly of the Foire Saint-Germain, in the Place Saint-Sulpice, which has gone on since the twelfth century. And we talked of romances written about strolling players, of Gautier's *Le Capitaine Fracasse* and Anatole France's *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pedauque*; and it chanced that I had in my hands the most recent romance of the kind, and one of the most charming I have ever read, *Wanderer's End*, by Dennis Cleugh. Never shall I forget the last call of Mr. Pollen, the famous strolling player, in that book. I lent it to the Englishman, and I hope he will not forget to return it.

Then, as we three separated, I wandered a little aimlessly, thinking of the old times we had been talking about, and reflecting how humanity goes on liking what it has always liked. And, oddly enough, I found myself before a canvas

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tent, with a stylish barker talking eloquently in front, and a lurid poster behind him of four lions and a beautiful lady with them in their cage. Of course I went in, and the poster was true enough, and I saw the beautiful lady, quite a pretty young woman, take hold of a huge lion by his mane, open his jaws, and place her pretty marcelled head inside his throat. My impulse, of course, was to marry her on the spot. She was so beautiful and so brave. But I reflected . . .

Amid all the sophistications of the day it is consoling to find that this love of the average human being for the circus seems stronger than ever. Never was the circus a more prosperous institution, and, while it still remains the paradise of the children, it would seem that their fathers and mothers, particularly their fathers, make up the majority of circus audiences. Nothing perhaps so much as the circus evokes the saving simplicity in human nature. As one sits around the sawdust ring and watches hardened old middle-aged men of the world enjoying the same unchanging spectacle of performing horses, Mercury-winged acrobats gaily swinging across the gulfs of death, and clowns performing antics and cracking jokes as old as the world, one realizes that it is no mere figure of speech that has declared man, however broad his waistcoat or hard his head, to be eternally a child, filled with wonder at the most familiar marvels and easy to amuse with the simplest of toys.

This unchanging quality of the circus is undoubtedly its greatest strength. It never disappoints us with irrelevant novelties. We can rely upon it always to give us the same old dear form of entertainment. Always the same thrill of des-

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perate skill and daring, always exactly the same slap-stick humour we thrilled with and laughed with—ah, so long ago! The lovely equestrienne who leaps through the paper hoops is still there—not a day older than when we first fell in love with her and dreamed of giving up all for her sake. And the clowns with those fantastically painted faces, so unlike anything human, yet so human, and with those same baggy trousers that—well, who shall describe what it is that is so irresistibly and immortally laughable in the trousers of a clown?—and the astonishing capacity they have for taking innumerable thwackings and rising jauntily from the severest beatings, smoking a cigar that explodes soon after they have lit it, swinging a cane like some dude on Fifth Avenue, while a bump the size of an egg on their belaboured crowns goes up and down and squeaks like a child's toy balloon.

Then there is the tradition of the roving life of these circus folk, whose tents suddenly sprout overnight in a meadow like giant mushrooms and are vanished tomorrow, a wandering gypsylike existence under moon and stars which, oddly enough, seems to appeal to the stodgiest of city dwellers, who, of course, have no idea of its hardships and who would die of pneumonia if they slept a night out of doors.

Somehow a circus within four walls does not seem the real thing, for their stationary quality is at variance with the original circus idea, which is that of an essentially nomadic entertainment, here today and gone tomorrow. And here the proprietors of the Paris Cirque d'Hiver—whose clowns, the Fratellini brothers, are, I suppose, the most famous in the

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world—have been wise; for they still retain the vast traditional tent, with its gigantic tent pole guyed up by ropes and crowbars, a structure of canvas and cordage suggesting a transient caravan of strolling players and mirth-magicians, who are eternally on the road to charm away the melancholy of mankind. And though, of course, this exceedingly rich organization, for all its affectation of wandering, is one of the best-known fixtures of Paris, I was delighted recently to find that the great tent is actually taken down sometimes and that the Cirque d'Hiver is at once an institution and a gypsy and goes a-wandering along the roads in the summertime, like any other hand-to-mouth circus.

It was on one of its wanderings that I happened to meet it in a great vacant lot in the ancient city of Nice, where it had encamped for only two evenings, and I couldn't help feeling that the Fratellini brothers, the acrobats, the equestriennes, and even the performing elephants, acted with an even gayer gusto than usual, as though they were glad to find themselves once more real wandering circus folk "on the out trail, the old trail, the trail that is always new."

THE OLD WALLS OF PARIS

WHAT is the romantic charm that belongs to an old walled city, and that captures us still more completely in the fascinating idea of a walled country, as in the case of China with its Great Wall, no longer, alas, a safeguard of its colossal seclusion?

Whatever the secret of that charm is, most of us sus-

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ceptible to such impressions have experienced it in visiting the beautiful old English city of Chester, with its two miles of wall, still wisely preserved, which dates back to Roman times, or such other walled cities as Nuremberg, Carcassonne and little Saint-Paul on the French Riviera.

It is curious to think that Paris was once walled and gated like these, its first walls, encircling its original island of the Cité, having been built, like those of Chester, by the Romans, when Cæsar's lieutenant, Labienus, finally conquered the town from the Gallic tribes of the Parisii and the Senones. That was in 52 B. C., as we long ago read as schoolboys in what seemed to us then the dreariest of all books, *Cæsar's Commentaries*. Of this old Roman wall nothing survives on the surface, though doubtless here and there some of its stalwart masonry gives solidity to the foundations of Paris.

Other relics of Roman rule do exist in Paris, notably the impressive ruins of the baths of the Emperor Julian's palace, the Thermes, at the bottom of the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Not far from these, in the Rue de Navarre, just off the Rue Monge, a large amphitheatre, capable of seating some ten thousand spectators, was unearthed about fifty years ago, and it has been so convincingly restored that anyone who cares to sit and watch a gladiatorial show—"in the mind's eye, Horatio"—may drop off a Boulevard Saint-Germain omnibus, some sunny afternoon, and do so.

The altar of Jupiter, now preserved in the Cluny Museum, was erected by the guild of Paris watermen, "when," as is engraved upon it, "Tiberius was Emperor." That was between

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14 and 37 A. D. This altar was found beneath the choir of Notre-Dame, showing that those ecclesiastical precincts were already sacred to religion before the Christian era.

Nothing strikes one as more curious, when we grope about in the past, than the persistency with which history repeats itself in certain spots, so surely does geography make and remake the course of human events. A distressing illustration of this is the chronic friction between France and Germany, a trouble hereditary since Cæsar's day, with the same battles fought over and over again on the old battlefields—witness Sedan and Verdun. A minor example of such historic continuity is to be found in the story of the Archbishopric of Sens. The name of Sens comes from the old tribe of Senones, under whose protection, as being stronger, the Parisii voluntarily placed themselves. From this original subjection Paris not only remained politically dependent on Sens throughout the Roman period, but the ecclesiastical see of Paris continued subordinate to the Archbishop of Sens as late as the seventeenth century. Nothing in the study of origins could be more curious.

To return to the walls of Paris, the original Roman wall was enlarged early in the twelfth century by Louis VI—Louis le Gros—so as to include the small suburbs on the mainland; but little is known of this second wall, and nothing of it remains. All we know is that the old wooden towers that had previously protected the two bridge-heads leading to the Cité were rebuilt into it and transformed into massive stone citadels, afterwards to win a sinister record as the

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prisons of the Grand Châtelet and the Petit Châtelet, fortress dungeons even more terrible than the Bastille. Both vanished a century and a half ago, unwept and unhonoured.

The wall we hear most of was that built by Philip Augustus, and whose name has an appropriately Roman sound, for he was Roman in force of character, and a great builder. He it was who first paved the streets of Paris.

"One day," according to a contemporary historian, "the King was in his castle of the Louvre and was walking back and forth, pondering the affairs of the kingdom, when there passed a heavy wagon whose wheels stirred up the street and caused an insupportable odour to rise from it. When he smelled the stench, Philip experienced a profound nausea. At once he summoned the provost and the burgesses of the city, and gave them orders to pave the streets with large stones and strong, which was done."

The numerous fountains which today add so much to the gaiety of Paris also began with this many-sided king. It was during a breathing space from his many wars, waged to wrest France from English aggression, that he planned his famous wall, thirty feet in height, with "ten feet of cemented rubble between the strong side faces." It had "a battlemented top to hide soldiers in action, and frequent towers which served the triple purpose of sheltering extra men, of storing weapons and of affording points of observation somewhat above the wall itself. A dozen gates opened each upon a drawbridge, with strong flanking towers." One of these last was the famous Tour de Nesle, on the site of which the eastern wing of the Institut now stands.

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To trace the course of Philip's wall would take too much space, but the enthusiast for old Paris can make an interesting day of it by following up the fragments that remain. These are to be found imbedded in later buildings in the most out-of-the-way places. One of the most striking of these, giving an idea of its strength, is the massive tower hidden in a locksmith's smithy at 4 Cour de Commerce, off the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie. This is at the bottom of the cour. Higher up, just beyond the entrance of the Cour de Rouen, which leads out of it, is an iron stairway mounting to a little garden, which is on the top of a stout fragment of the wall itself. But a minute or two's walk from this, in a stable at No. 27 Rue Guénégaud, off the Rue Mazarine, is another tower, strong and smooth as when it was first built.

The terrace at the side of the Church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre is known as "the wall of Philip Augustus," but this is a popular error. Near the Mont-Sainte-Genève, however, one comes on the genuine wall again at 47 Rue Descartes—a considerable section, on which a row of cottages is built; and in the Rue Clovis, near by, is another fragment, showing the stone faces and the rubble between.

These survivals are all on the Left Bank. Those on the Right are fewer, but there is a portion of a tower at the Petit Lycée Charlemagne, 13 Rue Charlemagne. This is used as a gasometer; and behind the gymnasium of the same lycée there is a tower, better preserved, now serving as a coal bin. Part of another tower is to be found in the courtyard of a mont de piété, or Government pawnshop, founded by Louis

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XVI, at 55 Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, near the Rue Saint-Antoine. These are the best known fragments of Philip's great wall, but doubtless, there are others here and there embedded in ancient buildings.

The fighting provost of Paris, Etienne Marcel, who in front of the Hôtel de Ville rides so magnificently on what is regarded as the finest bronze horse in the world, began another wall, which Froissart praises. His untimely death (1358) allowed him to complete only a small portion, which was incorporated in the second great wall of Paris, built by Charles V, the king over whom Marcel had lorded it with so high a hand. This wall seems to have been a fine piece of military masonry, an admirable second-best to that of Philip Augustus, but we are unable to judge of it for ourselves, as not a stone of the wall survives. After doing good service for nearly three centuries, it was partly levelled by Louis XIII in 1634; and in 1666 it was entirely demolished by Louis XIV, with the exception of two of its gates, those of Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin, which the Sun King transmogrified to his own glorification. About 1670 the outer boulevards were laid out over foundations. The destruction was the occasion of a famous popular pun, *Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant*, with which the reader will find no difficulty in sympathizing.

THE OLD GATES OF PARIS

As with many other ancient walled cities, the story of the gates of old Paris would contain some of the most exciting episodes of its history. To get through them, in or out, was,

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of course, the crux of many a desperate enterprise, and the story of the vanished Porte de Buci alone would fill a volume.

We all know the excitement of getting through the customs at various frontiers, and that comparatively mild adventure gives one some slight idea of the fights with the guards and the dash through on swift horses, of which there are many in Dumas.

At the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV, Paris had seventeen gates. Of these only two remain today—the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin. These, moreover, though two and a half centuries old, are not the typical ancient gates—gates that were small fortresses, garrisoned with men at arms. They are more in the nature of triumphal arches erected by the people of Paris in celebration of Louis XIV's victories in Holland and Germany, as the sculptures upon them demonstrate.

The present imposing Porte Saint-Denis was erected on the site of an old city gate in 1671–1673, by Blondel. The bas-relief on one side of the arch represents the passage of the Rhine by Louis XIV in 1672; that on the other side the capture of Maestricht in 1673. The smaller Porte Saint-Martin, at the other end of the Boulevard Saint-Denis, was erected in 1673 by Bullet. Its reliefs represent the capture of Besançon and Limburg and the defeat of the Germans, Spaniards and Dutch. Both, therefore, are monuments to the glory of the Sun King; but both have looked on at some stirring history since his day.

The Porte Saint-Denis, in particular, which symbolized the royal régime at its apogee, witnessed a dramatic incident

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in the tragic downfall of that same régime; for Louis XVI passed there on his way from his prison in the Temple to his scaffold in the Place de la Concorde. The royal death-carriage was hidden in a forest of pikes and bayonets, and preceded by the famous Marseillais battalion, a company of mounted police, and two field batteries. It was nine o'clock of a dark January morning (January 21, 1793), and a thick fog obscured and deadened everything, turning the whole scene into a sinister masque of shadows. As the melancholy cortège slowly defiled through the gloom, to the deep rolling of drums, along the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, it came to a sudden stop directly in front of the Porte Saint-Denis. Something unexpected was happening. Loud cries went up, and the massed crowds were hurled to and fro, while sabres flashed through the fog, men and women were thrown down, and pools of blood began to redden the roadway. Presently a strong voice was heard calling: "To my side, all who would save the King!"

A tall man was seen making a dash for the King's carriage, waving his hat in one hand and his sword in the other. Two others fearlessly followed him, and four more were seen trying to break through the guards, only to fall beneath their sabres. The short but desperate fight was soon over. Other conspirators were chased into the sheltering darkness of the little narrow streets, and some of them, Georges Cain grimly records, were nailed by stabbing bayonets to the doors of the church of Notre-Dame-Bonne-Nouvelle, in the Rue de la Lune, where they had vainly sought refuge. Their dauntless leader was nowhere to be seen. He had miraculously escaped,

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as he had a way of doing, for this was not the first wild enterprise of the kind in which he had been engaged, and he was said to bear a charmed life. Presently the lugubrious procession re-formed, the deep roll of the drums started again, and the doomed King, reading the penitential Psalms, his confessor at his side, proceeded once more on his death journey. Meanwhile the intrepid swordsman, who had gallantly risked all to rescue his sovereign, had found safety in one of his innumerable hiding-places, preserving his life to risk it once more in the service of the imprisoned Queen.

This swordsman was one of the most mysterious figures of the French revolution, that Jean, Baron de Batz, who still remains no little of a mystery, in spite of all the researches of the learned M. Lenôtre, whose book, *Un Conspirateur Royaliste pendant la Terreur, le Baron de Batz*, is one of the most fascinating excursions in the byways of history. Later in the same year, M. de Batz was to make an unsuccessful attempt to rescue the Queen, and the following year he was still at work with untiring devotion, plotting to carry off the little Dauphin from the Temple prison. Readers of the Baroness Orczy's delightful romances will realize that it was in the Baron de Batz that she found the original of her dare-devil English nobleman, the Scarlet Pimpernel, although her hero is much more of a Prince Charming than was his French prototype. The Baron de Batz, indeed, seems to have been something of a grim and even sinister figure, for all his gallantry, and a Machiavellian politician as well as a superb swordsman. It is suggested that, in addition to his heroic attempts to save the royal family, he was engaged in a subtler scheme

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to serve the cause of monarchy by appearing, on occasion, to ally himself with the managers of the Revolution. In this rôle he is said to have instigated, or encouraged, some of the worst atrocities of the terrorists, with the intention of bringing discredit on the revolutionary cause by horrifying Europe. Seeing that he apparently had unlimited money at his disposal, it has been further suggested that much of the famous "Pitt money" passed through his hands, for purposes of widespread corruption.

While all this is largely surmise, his dramatic courage and skill as a conspirator are undeniable. Had it not been for some unknown traitor in his camp, it seems not unlikely that he would have rescued King Louis that fatal morning at the Porte Saint-Denis; for his plan was no mere foolhardy gesture of some half dozen gentlemen. On the contrary, he had arranged to have five hundred armed followers to mix in the crowd surrounding the gate and to await his signal. The reason why only about thirty of them were there was that a list of the conspirators had been given to the Convention overnight, and, when they attempted to leave their homes at daybreak, most of them found gendarmes posted at their doors. The spot had been admirably chosen for the attempt, for at the Porte Saint-Denis several narrow and tortuous streets, in which the conspirators could lie in wait, come to a point. De Batz himself stood watching for them in vain at the angle of the Rue de Cléry and the Rue Beauregard. At that point, too, the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle is rather steep. It would have been no wild impossibility for five hundred determined men—gentlemen fighters, too—with the aid of

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the heavy fog and the immense crowds hemming in the soldiery, to smash their way through the guards, and in the confusion to spirit the King away through the gate, beyond which swift horses were hidden, with relays arranged for along the route.

Certainly it seemed no impossibility to the Baron de Batz; but alas! not all his courage and skill could make more of it than a dream which one stands and dreams, gazing up at the stately Porte Saint-Denis, where poor Louis's death-coach came to a stop for those few exciting minutes on that cold January morning.

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While its sister gate, the Porte Saint-Martin, has no such poignant memory, it has witnessed at least one stirring event—the entry of the Allied armies on March 31, 1814, which brought about the first abdication of Napoleon.

This was a picturesque affair, the Czar Alexander coming first with his "red Cossacks of the guard," then the King of Prussia and then Prince Schwarzenberg, representing the Emperor of Austria. Their respective armies followed, green leaves in their shakos, and bands of white twined around their left arms. Military grandes, with the white cockades of the Bourbons on their hats, pranced out on horseback to meet them, and various royalist gentlemen circulated among the crowds distributing white cockades, among them being the great writer, Chateaubriand; but the Parisians were not much impressed. Many, indeed, were hostile, and some wondered what it was all about.

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"Let us rally to the Bourbons!" cried the cockaded gentlemen.

"What is it they want us to do?" asked a man on the sidewalk. "The Bourbons? Who are they? Don't know them!"

Twenty-one years after the doomed Louis XVI had passed by the Porte Saint-Denis, his brother, the fat, unwieldy Louis XVIII, entered Paris to avenge him—twenty-one years too late.

Royalty was to have another chance, which it hadn't sense enough to take. Louis XVIII was a clever man and a rather good sort, but the people only laughed at him, as he grew fatter and fatter during the ten years of his reign, and made jokes on his well-known love of good eating. Punning on his name "Louis Dixhuit," they called him "Louis des Huitres"—"Louis of the Oysters."

Close by the Porte Saint-Martin is the famous old theatre of that name. No playhouse in Paris has more inspiring memories, but of these I will write some other time. But before we leave the quarter, and pass on to other ancient gates, I mustn't forget a characteristic anecdote of Henri Quatre and the Porte Saint-Denis. The Leaguers, who had kept him out of Paris so long, had called in some Spanish troops to assist them. When at length Henri had fought his way in, he watched these foreign soldiers with his ironic smile as they left the city, filing through the Porte Saint-Denis.

"Gentlemen," he called out, "give my regards to your master and see that you never come back!"

Another story of Henri is connected with the old Porte Saint-Antoine, the gate then guarded by the Bastille. Though

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he was the hero of the Huguenots, he had, as we know, turned Catholic, considering that "Paris was well worth a mass." With him, no doubt, as with many leaders on both sides, his religion was largely a political matter. Certainly he was nothing of a bigot, and believed in Frenchmen being left free to worship as they wished; and he gave a dramatic expression of this belief by having a gallows erected near the Porte Saint-Antoine, "whereon," he said, "to hang any person who should be found so bold as to attempt anything against the public peace."

Henri had good reason to remember another Paris gate, the Porte Saint-Jacques, which was situated at the corner of the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Rue Soufflot, near the Panthéon. As we stand on that spot, if our historic imagination is vivid enough, we can watch the great Gascon soldier in one of the most strenuous fights of his career. It was on the night of September 10, 1590, and again and again he hurled himself upon the stubbornly defended gate, intrepidly risking that charmed life of his a hundred times; but all in vain, for he was not to enter Paris that way.

In spite of his fine fighting ability, it is interesting to recall Henri's admission of the nervousness that invariably overcame him at the beginning of a combat. At the first onset he always trembled all over and had to make use of all his iron will to keep himself from running away. It was only when he began to warm up that he changed into something like a fighting madman, a veritable berserk, his very aspect striking terror into his foes. No soldier of his time was like him at storming a breach. In *The Forty-five Guardsmen*, Dumas

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gives a striking account of this peculiarity, as the King, taking Chicot with him, begins the attack on Cahors. Chicot watches him as he addresses his officers, and is astonished to notice how pale he is, and how, while he speaks and gesticulates, "his hands tremble so visibly that his fingers seem like the fingers of gloves hung out."

The King draws Chicot's attention to his fear and jests about it. "Ah! I am not brave," he says, "and my nature revolts at each arquebusade. Chicot, my friend, do not mock at your poor Béarnais, your compatriot and friend. If I am afraid, and you see it, don't say anything about it."

"If you are afraid?" asks Chicot.

"Yes."

"You are afraid, then, of being afraid?"

"Without doubt."

The reader will doubtless recall how much of the action in Dumas's spirited romance takes place at the old Porte de Buci, near the top of the Rue de Seine. There is an earlier story connected with that same gate which is not surpassed in horror by anything in the blood-stained annals of Paris. It relates to the wars between the Burgundians outside Paris and the Armagnacs within. On the night of May 29, 1418, the young son of the gatekeeper stole the keys from his father and opened the gate to the Burgundians. The Armagnacs, taken by surprise, were overpowered, and numbers of them cast into the Châtelet and other prisons. On the next day they were released, but as they came out through the prison doors sixty thousand Burgundians fell upon them and massacred them.

The butchery was so terrible that for days the streets of

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Paris were choked with corpses, "which the children pulled about in play." We need not wonder at St. Bartholomew, or the September massacres during The Terror, or the later Commune. The Parisians for generations seem to have been experts in the art of wholesale murder, and around the Halles and other quarters one sometimes has an uncanny feeling that it is not entirely a lost art.

There was another gate that long preserved a finer memory, the Porte Saint-Honoré. Here it was that Jeanne d'Arc, leading the forces of Charles VII, fell wounded by an arrow. The familiar gilded statue of her on horseback in the little Place de Rivoli is close to the spot. It is strange to think of that happening so near the showy arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, with the jewellers' windows and the smart hôtels—the very centre of "gay Parée."

LENÔTRE, THE HISTORIAN

ALL lovers of old Paris will feel that they lost a friend in the death of the historian who signed himself as "G. Lenôtre," and whose real name was Gosselin.

I have frequently had occasion to acknowledge my indebtedness to him, and to his friend and brother antiquary Georges Cain. As the famous novelist Henri Bordeaux said in his obituary eulogium of him at the Académie Française:

"Lenôtre had won for himself a place apart as a historian. He made a study of particular individuals, and by means of anecdotes and intimate revealing details of their lives, rather than by general disquisitions on great events, he was able to

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make us realize an epoch. He possessed that gift which many romancers might well envy him—the gift of life.”

He was the kind of historian of which we have no example in English literature. He was peculiarly French in his lightness of touch, his brevity, his atmosphere, and his exactitude. A master of the sidelight, his method was to centre upon some obscure individual, dimly but significantly connected with some important event or personage. By tracking him through unexplored official records of various kinds, often those of the police court, and by hunting up his associates and the places in which he lived, M. Lenôtre would recreate him for us in his own environment, and make us see him playing his little part in some dramatic happening which is thus illumined with a new vividness.

The period in which he specialized was that of the Revolution, and his favourite field was revolutionary Paris, a period and a world, one scarcely need say, unusually rich in such obscure but vital characters. As an example, in his best known collection of such studies, the fascinating *Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers*, which would make a good descriptive title for all his work, there is a monograph entitled “Gamain.” Of course, we all know that Louis XVI’s hobby was lock-making. Now Gamain, a humble Versailles workman whom poor Louis had employed without any prevision of the tragic part he was to play in the royal destiny, was the locksmith who taught the King to use his tools. In 1792, when Louis was a prisoner in the Temple, the Convention was hard at work drawing up an indictment of him, preparatory to his trial; but its members found themselves at a loss for incriminating pa-

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pers. The Tuileries was ransacked in vain. Then Marat volunteered that he knew for certain that on the evening of August 10th the Austrian—that is, the Queen—had thrown masses of papers into the drains. Thereupon, Minister Roland, assisted by two night-soil men, their noses muffled up and their eyebrows smeared with grease against possible infection, went fishing in the palace sewers. Every now and then Roland seized a promising-looking paper with a pair of tongs and plunged it into a bucket filled with vinegar.

At length the usually spick-and-span Minister and his acolytes, filthy and odoriferous, emerged from the royal cloaca with the bucket, which they gravely carried into the hall of the Convention, then in session. Their exquisite catch was solemnly gone over, piece by piece, Marat standing by and laughing as no one had ever heard him laugh before. At the end of six days, when nothing to the purpose had been discovered, he hilariously confessed that it had all been a joke on his part, just to amuse himself at the expense of his colleagues. It was the kind of unsavoury humour one might have expected from Marat.

Meanwhile the Tuileries had been invaded and partially sacked by the mob, and news of these riotous doings came at length to Locksmith Gamain at Versailles, and filled him with fear. A terrible secret haunted him night and day. Only he and the King's faithful valet, Durey, knew where those much-sought-for papers were hid. What if Durey should confess, or their hiding-place be discovered? To have kept the secret would mean certain death to Gamain. Yet in his poor terrified heart there still lingered a certain loyalty to the King. His

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father and grandfather before him had been royal locksmiths at Versailles, and the King had treated him with great kindness while learning his craft. These memories fought against his fears. He had even gone ten times to Paris intending to confess all, but had returned without seeing anyone. Then he heard that the King was to be tried. First he thought of leaving the country, but he had no money, and how could he get outside of France? This decided him, and at length he confessed.

His story was this: One day, while the King was still at the Tuileries, his valet had appeared at Versailles and brought the locksmith to Paris. Louis was then meditating flight, and, wishing to hide his papers, had thought of "his faithful Gamain." The King, the valet, and Gamain together had hollowed out a space in the thickness of the wall in a passage leading to the Dauphin's bedroom. They worked for three nights, the King holding a candle for them to see by, and the valet afterward throwing the débris into the river. Then the cavity was closed by an iron door, a foot and a half square, which Louis himself forged in a little smithy attached to his library. The work completed, the King hid his papers, and the cache was concealed by a panel in the woodwork, the key of the iron door being hidden under a flagstone in the passage. Then, late at night, Gamain returned to Versailles, fear already in his heart. If only that simple heart had had the courage to remain loyal, the fate of Louis might have been different; or so Lenôtre expressly thinks.

"Never, without him, would the hidden papers have been discovered, and very probably the case against the King, lack-

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ing evidence, would never have been brought to trial. One can dare affirm that with one word spoken to Roland this tragic man gave the head of Louis XVI to the executioner."

Such is one example of Lenôtre's method of dealing with historic sidelights. The whole story, simply and dramatically told and carefully documented, takes but seventeen pages, and no one can read it without feeling that it is a little masterpiece of its kind. There are at least a hundred such vignettes in the six volumes of *Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers*, which is but one of more than thirty books written by Lenôtre dealing with the characters and dramas of revolutionary Paris.

Not the least significant thing about these books is their extraordinary popularity. The publisher's list of M. Lenôtre's writings, in the front of the volume from which I have been quoting, gives astounding particulars of the numbers of editions that have been printed. This volume, the second—the volumes are sold separately—is in its eighty-first edition; the first volume is in its ninety-fifth. The later volumes have run from seventy to seventeen editions respectively. Of this one work no less than three hundred and fifty-two editions have been sold, and M. Lenôtre's other historical writings have made similar records. If France is the only country that produces such historians, certainly in no other country do historians find such an audience.

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OLD FRENCH THEATRES AND "LA MONTANSIER"

THERE are, according to Baedeker, fifty-three theatres in Paris, which cater to the tastes of every kind of playgoer, however simple or sophisticated he may be. Certainly they provide a dramatic menu of unparalleled diversity. Nothing human or inhuman is foreign to them.

At the moment, however, I am not thinking of plays but of theatres, and particularly of old theatres, the theatres with a history. Unhappily few of these remain, and the oldest of them have vanished, with the exception of a fragment or two here and there. The Théâtre Guénégaud, for instance, has quite gone. It used to stand in the street of that name, off the Rue de Seine, behind the Hôtel Guénégaud, where Athos, of the Three Musketeers, had his lodging. The old Molière company, when conducted by Molière's widow, Armande Bejart, played there for some years from 1673, and the house where she lived, at 41 Rue de Seine, still exists. That company, which, amalgamated with the players of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, formed the original Comédie-Française, moved in 1689 to the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, where a relic of the old theatre can still be seen.

The reader may care to look up the remains of a little-known playhouse founded in 1791, with the forbidding name of the Théâtre des Sans-culottes, and afterward renamed the Théâtre Molière. It is now the warehouse of a ropemaker at 82 Rue Quincampoix—a street that parallels the Boulevard

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de Sébastopol—who stores his goods in the old galleries, and one of the stairways by which the actors used to mount to their dressing rooms above the stage is still there. “Figaro” Beaumarchais built a theatre with stones from the Bastille at 11 Rue de Sévigné, in the Marais, and the poster of his play *La Mère Coupable* bore the appetizing announcement that “the proceeds from the first performance will go to the first soldier who will send to citizen Beaumarchais the ear of an Austrian.” That word “Austrian” inevitably recalls the popular hatred of poor Marie Antoinette, and another old theatre illustrious in its day, and still, though rather mournfully, in being—the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the Boulevard Saint-Martin was a very fashionable quarter, and in 1781, the Opéra at the Palais Royal having been burnt down, the ill-fated Queen, who loved music as much as her royal locksmith was bored by it, engaged Nicolas Lenoir, one of the first architects of the day, to build a new opera house, and so the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin came into existence. It was a tour de force of rapid building which we could hardly surpass today, for Lenoir kept his men at work day and night, and the curious Parisians thronged the boulevards to watch them working by torchlight. In three days less than three months Lenoir was able to send the Queen the key for her box, receiving in exchange the ribbon of the order of St. Michel. Thereafter the theatre was the scene of many theatrical triumphs, notably that of the “romantics” under Hugo, Dumas, Balzac and Soulié. One of its most dramatic memories was an occasion during the siege of Paris, in 1870, at which Hugo read

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his *Châtiments* and Frédéric Lemaître and Coquelin took part, while Sarah Bernhardt, on the arm of Jules Claretie, took up a collection from the audience—with a German helmet as collecting box—of eight thousand francs for the purpose of casting a new cannon.

To return to Marie Antoinette, M. Lenôtre in his *Vieilles Maisons. Vieux Papiers*, tells a charming anecdote of her in connection with one of the most masterful figures in the theatrical world of that period, known as La Montansier, who might be called the Charles Frohman of her day. Lenôtre tells her astonishing story in one of his most fascinating historical sidelights, a story which shows that theatrical enterprise on a large scale is no new American invention. Indeed, no stage magnate of Broadway has ever been more of a hustler than Brunet de Montansier, a handsome and dashing young woman of accommodating virtue, already apparently known to contemporary night clubs when in 1749, at the age of nineteen, she accompanied a certain Counsellor Burdon to Martinique, where he was sent out as Governor. When the gubernatorial fervour cooled, his ex-love started a millinery store in Santo Domingo, but the climate was against her, so she decided to return to France, where she arrived after five years' absence, in great style, "à la très riche Américaine." Two tall negroes in blue livery followed her everywhere, and a lackey, two chambermaids, a good cook, and a carriage hired by the month, completed her establishment in the Rue Saint-Honoré, where she found no difficulty in obtaining credit from tradesmen.

Soon she had a court of gay young noblemen around her,

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and we next find her closely associated with a comedian called de Neuville, a man of fine manners for whom, through a new friend, the Governor of Normandy, she obtained the directorship of the theatres at Rouen, Alençon and Caen. Next we find her established as the manageress of a little theatre at Versailles, *persona grata* with Mme. Campan, the Queen's companion, and other court attendants, and thus her real career began. Through these friends the Queen heard of La Montansier and her little theatre and one evening, with her characteristic love of a frolic, she took a box there incognito. The play was called *Les Moissonneurs—The Harvesters*—and in one of the scenes the actors made their rustic lunch of some particularly fragrant cabbage soup, the appetizing smell of which penetrated to the Queen's box. Poor Marie Antoinette, in love with all country things, could not hold back a wistful: "How good that smells!" Her Majesty's sigh was heard in the wings, where the clever Montansier was all ears and eyes for the royal box, and she had the courage to send a respectful message to the effect that "a share of the soup was being reserved for the Queen."

"That evening," writes Lenôte, "La Montansier ate soup with the daughter of Marie Therese, an honour which the proudest noblemen of France would not have dared to hope for."

It was thus that she won the exclusive privilege of providing all the shows, balls and fêtes at Versailles. Later she succeeded in having erected in an extension of the palace, facing the most beautiful corner of the park, the large theatre which still exists, and where her good fortune had its beginning.

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Such was her masterful magnetism and genius as an impresario that she might well have gained control of all the theatrical business of the kingdom, says Lenôtre, but for the Revolution, which put an extinguisher on the gaieties of Versailles and took the King and Queen to Paris. Even then, such was her audacity that, as their carriages were preparing to set out, she surrounded them with her troupe of actors and vainly pleaded with the royal pair to abandon their fateful journey.

Seeing, however, that the game was up at Versailles, she promptly changed her politics, and, taking her company to Paris, she found a little theatre in the Palais Royal, enlarged it, and before long she was the idol of the theatregoing mob. Also her salon was thronged with all the prominent revolutionary leaders, Barras, Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, the Duc d'Orléans and the rest. She became, in fact, says Lenôtre, "the queen of the Palais Royal," and during all the storms that swept over Paris she showed a supreme talent for pleasing all parties.

"She possessed above all that inestimable and peculiar French gift of "l'esprit d'à propos," and although she was no longer young, she was still the same "great girl," overflowing with life and enthusiasm, hail fellow with everyone, comradely free in her manners, and anything but strait-laced. No one could resist her glorious vitality, and she had a head on her shoulders which few could match, and the wit to keep it there at a period when so many of her friends were losing theirs. Once, indeed, it seemed almost gone—but I will tell of that presently.

For the time she was "solid" with the Convention, and the

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story of how she became so illustrates the readiness of her resource. It was September 2, 1792, and the September massacres had begun. Paris was stunned with horror. No one thought of going to the theatre, and even La Montansier had to close her doors; but in a flash she conceived another use for her actors. Mobilizing her whole troupe, actors, dancers, musicians, decorators, machinists and stage hands, she placed the personable de Neuville, who was a good talker, at their head, and marched them off in a battalion through the astonished streets, with tricolour ribbons in their hats, and singing patriotic songs to the Assembly, then in permanent session. President Hérault de Séchelles received them with respect, and de Neuville outdid himself in an eloquent speech, announcing to the representatives of the nation that "all the employees of the Demoiselle Montansier, to the number of eighty-five, of which fifteen only were armed, solicited the honour of forming a company desirous of joining themselves to the volunteers of the Section des Moulins and marching to attack the enemies threatening the country and liberty."

This speech was received with acclamation, and a few days later the Demoiselle Montansier's battalion was off to the front to support General Dumouriez, where it is on record that they did some valiant fighting, and, between battles, set up their stage and cheered up their comrades with some good vaudeville. These soldier-actors were the direct forerunners of the comedians who play the well-known Palais Royal farces to this day, and in the same old theatre of which that marvellous woman-captain La Montansier was the original impresario.

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With so patriotic a gesture to her credit, La Montansier had nothing to fear from the guillotine—for the present; and in the thick of The Terror she went on with the plans for building a vast theatre on the square which is now the Place Louvois. Indeed, she actually built it at lightning speed; but this achievement almost proved her undoing, for soon after she had opened it with *éclat*, it occurred to members of the Commune of Paris that her *Théâtre de la Réunion des Arts*, as she called it, was just the thing for a national theatre. They promptly confiscated it, trumping up charges against its gallant owner of having built it with English money—the old cry of “Pitt money”—and with money lent by the Queen. The result was that she presently found herself in the prison of La Force, from which there was usually made but one last tragic journey.

It was a case of “all hope abandon ye who enter here,” and most suspects, when its doors closed upon them, gave themselves up for lost; but La Montansier was made of different stuff. From her prison she poured out petitions and threats and letters to everybody, in a fury of rage, and she had one powerful friend among her assets, no other than Barras, who counted her among his many “*amies*,” and who commanded the National Guard. The result was that on the famous ninth of Thermidor, when Robespierre and his friends were hurled from power, she found herself once more free, and her first undaunted use of her freedom was to sue the National Convention for an indemnity of seven million francs, which was actually paid to her—in “*assignats*,” the worthless paper money of the Republic. This trick filled her with rage, and

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forever after she regarded herself as a millionaire creditor of the nation, and went on with her ambitious schemes.

Among these there was one that Barras, who for a time shared her apartments in the Palais Royal, conceived for her. To visit Barras there frequently came a young artillery officer, greatly in need of money to finance his future—no other than the young Bonaparte. To that end Barras suggested that he should marry La Montansier, who had been wise enough not to marry her comedian, de Neuville, and who, though she was now sixty-five, was still a handsome and vital woman, far from looking her age, and who was considered immensely rich. According to Barras's *Mémoires*, the future Emperor took kindly to the project, and La Montansier was within an ace of becoming his Empress. Something, however, went wrong; but it is evident that Napoleon long retained a friendly feeling toward her, for, amid all the preoccupations of his Russian fiasco, having heard that she needed money for a new enterprise, he sent her a present of three hundred thousand francs from Moscow.

This last enterprise was her new theatre, Les Variétés, which still remains one of the most popular of Parisian houses. Long after Napoleon's star had set, La Montansier's brave star continued to flaunt itself in the theatrical firmament, and at ninety years of age she still remained the unconquered queen of the Palais Royal. She died very piously at her country-house on July 13, 1820, and, after making her last confession, she was still so much the great business-woman that she ended her life with a consummate stroke of characteristic audacity. She bequeathed all her debts to the King of France.

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This was the fat, good-natured Louis XVIII, who was among her admirers, and to him her last words were addressed:

"I leave behind me many creditors. I desire that the state of my affairs be made known to the King, and His Majesty, without doubt, will grant to my creditors that which I ask for them and for myself."

THE TEMPLE

AND M. BERTHÉLEMY'S FURNITURE

Few of the historic buildings of Paris have so completely vanished as the old Temple, with its strong towers, its palaces, its lordly mansions, its parks and gardens and its numerous nondescript rookeries—a town in itself, enclosed within high battlemented walls, with a population of some three to four thousand, most of them more or less shady characters, sheltered under the wing of its privilege as a sanctuary.

It covered an immense area, and one wonders how Paris had room for it, as one wonders at certain ecclesiastical enclosures still intact, with their great buildings and broad seclusions of trees and lawns. Nowadays not even a fragment of its old wall remains, not one stone is left upon another. All that survives is the pretty little pond in the small park facing the mairie of the Arrondissement of the Temple. This formed part of the old garden attached to the mansion of the last Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John, to whom the vast domain passed after Philippe le Bel's ruthless destruction of its original owners, the Knights Templar, a ghastly chapter of royal persecution and peculation to which Henry VIII's suppression of the mon-

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asteries was a comparatively mild affair. That happened as far back as 1307, and the story is a part of general history too well known to need retelling here.

From this time on the office of Grand Prior of the Temple was a magnificent sinecure in the gift of the crown, "the ap-panage," it was said, "of the bastards of the royal house of France." This last gibe was true enough in the case of Henri Quatre, whose illegitimate son by Gabrielle d'Estrées, Alexandre de Vendôme, was one of the Priors, and his great-grandson Duc Philippe de Vendôme—brother of that great French soldier the Duc Louis de Vendôme—another. It is hardly necessary to say that sanctity of life was not required as a qualification for the office, and Duc Philippe's occupancy of it, shared by a beautiful mistress, proved a gay interlude in the dark chronicle of the Temple. His famous supper parties, at which the witty minor poet the Abbé de Chaulieu (1639–1720), known as the Anacreon of the Temple, was the moving spirit, have a place in French literary history, and all the well-known figures of the smart lettered world of the time took part in them.

Later on, in 1760, the Prince de Conti prolonged for a while, though more discreetly, this brighter period in the story of the Temple, and there is a charming picture in the Louvre of one of the tea parties which his princess made the fashion. Among the guests in the Prince's magnificent palace was Rousseau, who fled there for sanctuary against a "lettre de cachet," and at one time the sinister Fouquier-Tinville took advantage of the same ecclesiastical shelter. The Temple in London, of course, enjoyed the same privilege, and Walter

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Scott, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, gives a vivid picture of the motley life there. Such right of sanctuary was a boon, indeed, for all manner of persons under the cloud of the law, short of murderers, and it was a veritable paradise for insolvent debtors and political refugees, who could live there a carefree life with no taxes to pay and plenty of entertaining society.

With the Revolution all this happy-go-lucky world, like many other pleasant things, perished, and the Temple became the gloomiest of prisons. Nowadays, out of all its long and lurid history, we chiefly recall it as the prison of the unhappy Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and their children. We particularly connect it with the mysterious story of the little Dauphin, whose death or disappearance, with his possible subsequent survival, has never yet been satisfactorily cleared up.

The historian Lenôtre, in his book *The Impenetrable Secret of the Deaf-Mute Dead and Alive*, has probably done all that can ever be done with the mystery. Meanwhile I wish to refer to one of his articles in the *Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers* series, in which, by telling the humorous story of "Les Meubles de M. Berthélemy," he throws an illuminating sidelight on the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple. It is an oddly human note on a great tragedy, told with the art of a novelist, which must have delighted Anatole France.

Jacques-Albert Berthélemy was a middle-aged bachelor of good birth and some means, who was the custodian of the archives of the Temple, documents going back for centuries, and he had his lodging in the Little Tower. To get possession of this apartment he had used much influence, for it con-

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tained many spacious rooms, among them the little theatre which the Prince de Conti had constructed for private performances by pretty actresses, as Lenôtre puts it, of plays "quite other than tragedies." M. Berthélemy was a man of taste and a great collector of old furniture, books, rugs, prints and elegant objets de vertu. He had spent a great deal of money in fitting up and decorating his twenty rooms with every comfort and luxury that money and taste could provide. Also he had indulged himself with an expensive chef, and his little dinners, with rare cobwebbed wines, made him very popular among his friends. In short, he had created for himself a veritable paradise for a sybarite and connoisseur. His lodging was a carefully thought-out work of art, and there was not an object in it, however small, that he had not placed there with infinite love and care.

M. Berthélemy took little interest in politics, and though he was aware of a certain unrest among the people, and, to keep friends with his neighbours of the section, had enlisted in the National Guard, the uniform of which was becoming to his handsome figure, the beginnings of the Revolution so far had not troubled him. Whatever happened, nothing was likely to endanger the Temple or his peace there. It is true that on August 10, 1792, he had heard the sound of cannon, and someone had told him that the people had attacked the Tuileries, and that the King and royal family had taken refuge with the National Assembly. Various rumours were afloat as to where they were going to live in future. Some said the Luxembourg Palace, some one place, some another; but naturally the Temple never occurred to anyone. Three days had

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gone by, and nothing further had happened to ruffle M. Barthélemy's quiet; so on the evening of August 13th, about ten o'clock, he sank back in his easy chair and complacently contemplated his attractive surroundings—his tapestries, his books, two charming and rather "galant" prints by Vanloo, his "Coucher," his "Bain de Diane." Suddenly there sprang up a great clatter of feet on the staircase, followed by thundering blows on his door; and in another moment his quiet sanctuary was full of people, insolent officials in feathered hats, commissaries of the police with dirty boots, officers with clanking sabres, who, without further explanation, gave him notice to quit on the spot. In another moment these intruders were followed by a number of workmen carrying in beds, who nearly knocked M. Barthélemy down in his own doorway. In vain he protested, telling how the rooms had been granted him for life, and begging for twenty-four hours' delay. No use! He must get out of there in an hour. His rooms were needed by "the nation."

Frantic, he rushed downstairs in search of friends. He found the Temple court lurid with torches and swarming with sans-culottes. And, while he ran hither and thither, he saw pass in the murky night a melancholy procession—the royal family, no less—the Dauphin first, staggering with sleep; then the King waddling along, very calm; the Queen, murmuring. These tragic figures were escorted by the remnant of their court, some ladies, a few valets de chambre, all surrounded by a crowd of functionaries in feathered hats, beribboned with the tricolour; all, jailers and prisoners alike, crowding around the entrance to his tower, and mounting his stone staircase in

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a long file. M. Berthélemy started up after them. "Halt there," he is told. "No one can pass." The gendarmes were already in possession, and he could not even get back into his own rooms. He was hustled about in every direction, and, as the police cleared the courts of the populace, and thrust him among them out into the street, he caught a glimpse of the precious cobwebbed bottles of his wine cellar being dumped haphazard around the foot of his stairs.

All night he roamed about the walls of the Temple in distress and fury, and when the gates opened at dawn he made another attempt to get inside. The guards were inflexible, and he noticed that the courtyard was filled with soldiers and cannon like a fortress. He went from gate to gate, explaining that his precious furniture was inside, and that he wanted to get it out, but no one listened to him. Paris had something more on its mind than "*les meubles de M. Berthélemy*." Several days passed. He wandered half distracted about the city. He hadn't a clean shirt to put on, poor dandy, and at night he was reduced to borrowing a bed from his friends. Meanwhile, he read in the gazettes that "Louis XVI finds himself very comfortably installed, and sleeps like a log"—as only his incredibly phlegmatic majesty could sleep. Also that "the King reads much, having discovered in a cabinet of the tower a library very charmingly selected." Berthélemy could have wept with mortification. They were his books that His Majesty read, his fourteen hundred volumes collected with so much love. It was in his bed that His Majesty slept so well, his fine bed with a canopy of red and yellow camlet, with his two mattresses, his warm down, and his counterpane of crimson taffeta.

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Meanwhile he lived in a wretched hovel, devoid of taste, which he rented in the Rue des Prêtres-Saint-Paul, behind the church of St. Louis, a sordid street, winding and dirty. Also he read in the gazettes that the king, on entering his bedroom, had, with his own hands, taken down from the walls those charming prints which made so good an effect against the tapestry—not wishing, he had said, to leave such objects for the eyes of his daughter to fall on. What do you think of that! His precious “Coucher” by Vanloo, and his “Bain de Diane”! What ridiculous prudery! But what had become of them? Would he ever find his precious things again?

One may observe that, during the first week or two of their confinement, “the nation” had housed the royal prisoners with comfort and even luxury, though it was soon to move them into a very different lodging, with Cobbler Simon and his wife for housekeepers. M. Berthélemy was a good royalist, but he was a collector first, and his exquisite belongings were nearer to his heart than was his King. He was to show of what stubborn, courageous stuff he was made, and what a passion can burn in the heart of a collector, “passing the love of woman.” Doggedly he undertook a campaign to get his treasures back.

He began with the making of a detailed list of his possessions, going from room to room in his mind’s eye, and not forgetting the smallest object. With this he bombarded one public official after another, but the deputies were too busy keeping their heads on their shoulders to pay attention to him, for The Terror was in full swing. M. Berthélemy himself ran no small risk, as he was to find when by chance his petition

FROM A PARIS GARRET

came under the notice of the redoubtable Couthon, in his office at the Committee of Public Safety. It smelled very much of the aristo—"an impure left over from the odious tyranny"—and Berthélemy, warned in time, fled into the country. But he was soon back again with his obstinate petitions, of which he reckoned afterwards that he had sent out no less than eighty.

Meanwhile Couthon and his fellow Terrorists had followed their royal victims to the scaffold. The 10th of Thermidor had come, and with it the Directoire, which was to introduce once more an era of luxury, in which such a passion as M. Berthélemy's would have more chance of being understood. At length he gained access to the Temple, and to such of his collections as remained there in a sadly deteriorated condition. Needless to say, his precious vintages had long since vanished down the throats of jailers and turnkeys. His books were in bad shape, and many of them had disappeared. Other hands than those of poor Louis had profaned their pages. However, dilapidated as they were, a large proportion of his belongings remained, and he was at length free to take them back. But here our collector was to show himself a first-class fighting business man as well. Surely the Government owed him an indemnity, not merely for his actual losses, but for the damaged state in which his "meubles" were returned to him. And not merely that either, for some of them had gone up in value. His six lost mattresses, for instance. Originally bought for four hundred livres, they would now cost more than a thousand. There were also some lost razors, and a hat for which he had paid thirty-two livres. All this must be taken

FROM A PARIS GARRET

into consideration, and fifteen thousand livres would be a fair indemnity. The Government offered him eight thousand, but Berthélemy refused, and for three years he stuck to his guns.

At last the Government gave in, and the story ends with his marriage to a charming girl who had long been in love with him. With the remains of the treasures for which he had put up so spirited a fight, and had actually risked the guillotine, the fortunate pair retired to a beautiful old house in the country, where they lived happily ever afterward. As late as 1882 their descendants presented some of M. Berthélemy's precious "meubles" to the Carnavalet museum, where anyone interested in this story can see them.

BALLADE OF PARIS ONCE AGAIN

*I care not if it rains or snows,
For all my bills and ills, perdie,
I snap my fingers at my foes,
There's nothing they can do to me;
For here I am where I would be,
Watching the barges on the Seine—
Mother of all Felicity,
I am in Paris once again.*

*The Louvre once more, once more the rows
Of book-stalls, ah! once more to see
The towers of Notre Dame— God knows
What all this means to us, ma mie!*

FROM A PARIS GARRET

*Great city of Humanity,
Throne of the fearless climbing brain,
Dear Capital of Gaiety,—
I am in Paris once again.*

*Here life to the great music goes
Of names and dreams that set men free,
The air is fragrant as a rose
With lovely immortality;
Mysteriously old is she,
Mysteriously young—the twain,
Present and Past, one deathless tree—
I am in Paris once again.*

Envoi

*Princess, for us and such as we
No song hath such a glad refrain;—
Never again to part from thee!
I am in Paris once again.*

