

without paying any attention to the cries and groans provoked by his physical agonies.

On nearly every page we find stories of distinguished men, and with them Mr. Winter gives us characterizations of his friends and of their achievements which are at once brilliant and marked by a certain endearing sympathy and gentleness. It is a well filled book, from which we are repeatedly tempted to borrow, but from amid so many recollections of the poets and other writers he has known we prefer to choose Mr. Winter's note on his experience at Philadelphia, in 1876, when he read "The Voice of the Silence," the beautiful poem which he wrote for the Society of the Army of the Potomac. He says:

"The scene, as I recall it, presented a superb aspect of life and color. There was a multitudinous audience. The stage was thronged with men Hancock presided. My seat was at the left of that commander, and on my left sat General Sherman. I had not before met those famous chieftains, and presently I obtained an amusing assurance that we had indeed been strangers. General Hancock was visibly suffering from nervous trepidation, as he inspected the printed order of exercises and prepared to begin the proceedings.

"From New York, sir?" he said, turning to me, in a bewilderment of inquiry. Almost at the same moment General Sherman, who also was inspecting the programme—but with a bland composure curiously contrastive with his military colleague's excitement—smote me upon the shoulder and cheer-

OLD PARIS.

Glimpses of the Quarters Full of Memories.

WALKS IN PARIS. By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allinson, M. A. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 334. The Macmillan Company.

Those who feel the spell of history, those whose imagination can reconstitute in ancient buildings the dramas that took place therein, will find M. Cain's book one of the most fascinating of the period. Now that Sardou has gone, the accomplished Curator of the Musée Carnavalet may be said to be the one man in the world whose knowledge of the fast-perishing remains of Old Paris is exhaustive. In this volume he has set down something of the rich stores of that knowledge. He makes the crumbling walls speak to us of the famous men and women of past generations and of the picturesque episodes of their lives. His manner of presentation is delightfully vivid and spirited, and the translator has, on the whole, been just to his original.

Louis Napoleon and Baron Haussmann swept

risk of their lives. A beautiful reminder of the fifteenth century is the Hôtel de Sens, wherein Queen Margot once lived. It is splendid yet in its decay. It has seen many vicissitudes since the days of Margot—it has even been a coach office, it is said—and from its courtyard went the unhappy Lesurques upon his journey to Lyons. A big mansion in the same quarter is that Hôtel Aubray wherein the vile Marquise de Brinvilliers committed her many crimes. The old house, the rooms themselves, the lovely garden, are unaltered—so, too, is the great fireplace whence Sainte-Croix emerged, prepared to kill at madame's desire the hidden Secretary Briancourt. One of M. Cain's most effective chapters is devoted to the Place de la Bastille and the famous prison which fell on July 14 a hundred and twenty years ago. The scenes of ferocity witnessed that day—can one who has seen it ever forget that terrible sketch of Girodet's, of the head of Delaunay, the governor, carried on a pike?—did not seem to make much of an impression on the Parisians:

All the world goes in merry bands to watch the demolition of the Bastille; it is the fashionable thing to do. It is considered modish "to take one's turn at the pick," and the most elegant ladies do so. All along the moat, under the old walls of the fortress, drinking booths are opened; the wine flows freely, the fiddlers scrape, ropes of colored lamps light up the scene, and the ruins of the

We have given only a hint of the deeply interesting material recorded by M. Cain, but enough to show the prospective traveller what he may find in Paris outside the conventional course of the guidebook. For those to whom travel is impossible this volume, so far as the City of Light is concerned, will be a comfortable substitute.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Theodore Roosevelt, Dynamic Geographer," is the title of a volume which is coming from the Oxford Press. The author is Mr. Frank Buffington Vrooman, F. R. G. S., and the book is based on a lecture which he recently delivered before the School of Geography at Oxford.

In a forthcoming "Literary History of Rome" Professor J. W. Duff has undertaken to give a systematic account of literary movements and literary men in Rome from the middle of the third century before Christ to the end of the reign of Augustus. The early chapters, it is stated, deal with the origin of the Romans, the growth of the language and the main aspects of the Roman character.

A biography of Cyrus H. McCormick, the inventor of the harvesting machine, is coming from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co. The author is Mr. Herbert N. Casson, who has written other books on the romances of invention and industry.

The Greece of the twentieth century does not often express much admiration for the current literature of other countries. It appears, however, that the work of Mistral, the Provençal poet, is greatly esteemed there. From "Parnassos," the Greek literary society, has lately been forwarded to France a goodly subscription for the monument which has marked the jubilee celebration of the author of "Mireille"—that "amour glorieux," as he is called by the society's president, Timoléon Argyropoulos, Mistral's poetry has been translated into modern Greek by two distinguished poets of that land, and this verse, we are told, has been recited before the society by equally distinguished actors.

Mr. A. Maurice Low has been engaged for the last nine years in writing a book to which he has given the title of "The American People: A Study in National Psychology." It will be published in the autumn. Mr. Low is alive to the folly of some of our foreign visitors who write books about this country after a short sojourn; he says frankly that such a performance "should be regarded as a violation of international comity."

Those who have enjoyed Mr. C. H. Sherrill's book on stained glass, published about two years ago, will be glad to hear of its successor, which is arriving under the title of "Stained Glass Tours in England."

The English "Poetry Recital Society" has just brought out the first number of its journal. The leading principle of this society is that poetry is written for sound rather than sight, and has to be communicated by inflection of voice, not by pantomime. Lady Margaret Sackville, who is herself given to the writing of verse, is the president of the society.

Mr. George Moore is not to be deterred from tinkering with the books he has already published. He has prepared a new version of his novel "Sister Teresa," which will soon be issued.

A curious book, "Les Riches," has just been brought out in Paris by the Vicomte G. d'Avenel. He has long been a student of the part played by property in human life—as witness his former work, "The Mechanism of Modern Life." Of his new book the London "Times" says: "He attempts to give a history of wealth and what wealth has meant to its possessors during the last seven hundred years; and he deals not only with the great fortunes of the Middle Ages, but with the more intricate question of the salaries paid to public officials and of the incomes earned by members of the learned professions, especially of medicine. Some of the particulars Vicomte d'Avenel has been able to gather concerning the fees paid for operations are very strange indeed. For a comparatively slight operation performed on Louis XIV in 1687 the surgeons—he had no fewer than four, including the famous Fagan—received 600,000. Yet another chapter is devoted to the earnings of the artists of the Middle Ages, including Dürer, Rubens, Vandyck and Velasquez. A third of the book deals with the wealth of to-day, and here again Vicomte d'Avenel gives some curious and interesting particulars of the sums paid to the workers in the great human hive, one whole chapter being devoted to the delicate question of literary emoluments, while yet another deals with the profits of dramatists and actors."

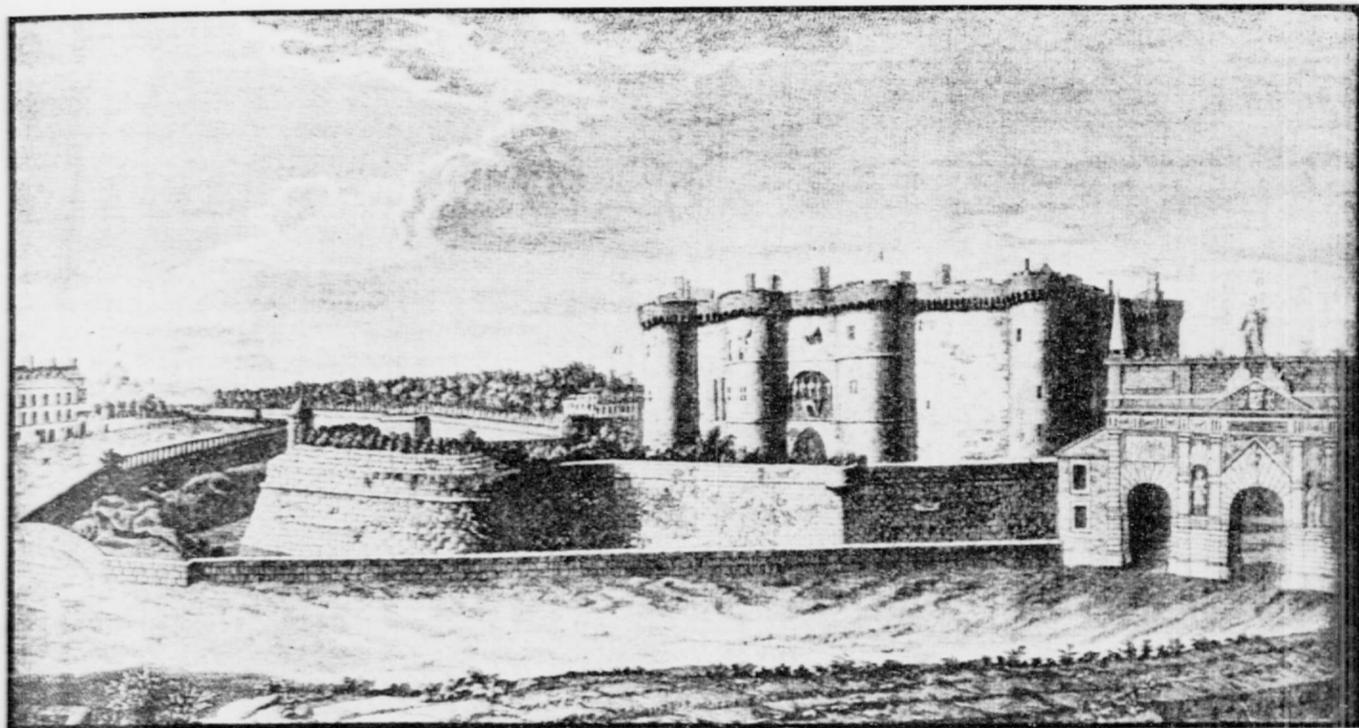
Charles Kingsley's daughter, "Lucas Malet," has after a period of non-production again taken up her pen. A new novel to be called "The Score" is coming from the press.

The recent changes in the code of International Law arising from the action of the Hague Conference of 1907 are embodied in a volume which is to be published soon in London. Its author, Dr. Baty, is a doctor in law of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin universities.

There is coming to the surface a project for the issue by subscription of a "Library Encyclopedia" which shall deal with library administration, book purchasing, cataloguing, library history, library plans and buildings and other subjects of special interest to librarians. There is danger, it is to be feared, that such a book might soon become old-fashioned.

Dr. George Brandes does not think that the English public venerated Swinburne as he deserved, and that it is a disgrace to the Scandinavian North that he did not receive the Nobel Prize. He has, however, a little adverse criticism to bestow on Swinburne's lyric poems. Almost all of them, he says, are too long. "Lyric inspiration cannot sustain the poet through some twelve to twenty pages. By its length even so pure a masterpiece as 'Dolores' is spoiled. Perhaps his best poems are the shortest ones."

Some interesting phases of history will be dealt with in a work which the Vicomte de Reiset is preparing—a study of Marie Antoinette's sister-in-law, that Comtesse de Provence who was to become the next Queen of France. Unpublished material of value, including the diaries of Charles Felix of Savoy and of the Comtesse d'Artois are to see the light in this work.



THE BASTILLE.
(From an old print.)

fully inquired: "Do I understand that this is a poem of your own composition that you intend to deliver?" Reassured by a favorable reply as to both these points, the warriors seemed to accept the situation, and the speaking was begun.

I have addressed many audiences, but never an audience more eagerly responsive and generously enthusiastic than that assemblage of members of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. When I returned to my seat, after the delivery of my poem, every person upon the stage was standing; the house was ringing with cheers; General Sherman caught me in his arms, with fervent feeling; and, as to the success of the effort, it is enough for me to remember that, from that day till the day of his death, that great man remained my friend.

There, surely, was one crowded hour of glorious life such as rarely comes twice in a man's career. Yet, as we relinquish this volume we reflect on the unity of its author's life. He has known always high thoughts and high emotions and in this his chosen friends have been at one with him. The men he has loved and who have loved him have been noble companions. This book is one of their best memorials.

BEAUTY ROHTRAUT.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

What is the name of King Ringang's daughter?
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut;
And what does she do the livelong day,
Since she dare not knit and spin away?
O, hunting and fishing is even her play,
And, heigh! that her huntsman I might be!
I'd hunt and fish right merrily.
Be silent, heart!

And it chanced that after this some time—
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—
The boy in the Castle has gained access,
And a horse he has got and a huntsman's dress,
To hunt and to fish with the merry Princess;
And, oh! that a King's son I might be!
Beauty Rohtraut I love so tenderly,
Hush! hush! my heart.

Under a grey old oak they sat—
Beauty, Beauty Rohtraut—
She laughs: "Why look you so silly at me?
If you have heart enough, come, kiss me."
Cried the breathless boy, "Kiss thee?"
But he thinks, "Kind fortune has favored my youth."
And thrice he has kissed Beauty Rohtraut's mouth.
Down! down! mad heart.

Then slowly and silently they rode home—
Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—
The boy was lost in his delight;
"And wert thou empress this very night,
I would not heed or feel the blight;
Ye thousand leaves of the wild wood wist
How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kissed.
Hush! hush! wild heart."

A book on "The Sources of the Decameron" by Mr. A. C. Lee is to be published in the autumn. Deals in ambitious fashion with mediæval and Oriental story telling, with the originals, parallels and analogues of Boccaccio's tales.

away in their improvements a great number of the old streets and buildings in and around which history was made in the centuries that went before. Others are even now being transformed. Yet there are still fine old houses surviving in streets which seem to modern eyes little more than dark, damp alleys. One of these is the dwelling in the Rue Visconti in which Racine came to live in 1693. Still to be seen is the great salon with the polished oak floor wherein the poet entertained his admiring guests. In this same house lived Adrienne Lecouvreur, and it was thence she was carried coffinless to her grave on a dark March night. She had died suddenly before she had had time to declare her renunciation of the stage, and she might not rest in consecrated ground. A hackney coach was her hearse, two rough street porters the undertakers. "A hole was hurriedly dug in the wet earth of a piece of waste land and the package placed in it." What is left of the beautiful actress lies now under the pavement of a coach house, and the slab of stone that covered her is preserved in the attic. Another old house in a narrow street, not far away, is that, almost unchanged, in which Condorcet hid when outlawed. A good woman sheltered him there, and for long months he "lived a secluded life in two small rooms on the first floor looking into the courtyard—a little, dismal court bordering a wooden staircase, the echoing footsteps on which must often have set him shuddering." It was not until a domiciliary visit threatened his kind hostess that the philosopher fled—to death. This is one of the surviving houses in which lived victims of the Revolutionary guillotine. The relic seeker may still sit at the windows where Madame Roland sat and watched the Seine; he may still climb the gloomy staircase of the mean little house wherein André Chénier wrote the satirical verses that brought him to the scaffold; he may still loiter in the old bookshop where the amiable Dr. Guillotine experimented in 1790 with his invention, the "philanthropic machine for beheading."

There are older buildings yet of which M. Cain discourses. From the Gothic tower of the fifteenth century, the Tour Dagobert, in the Rue Chanoinesse, the visitor gets a wonderful view of Notre Dame; and a short walk will bring him to the ruins of the Chapelle Saint-Aignan, which was founded in the twelfth century, and in which St. Bernard once preached. They say that throughout the Terror priests disguised as workmen said mass there at the

dreaded prison are plastered with a staring notice of "Dancing here!"

What is left to-day of the Bastille and its eight Towers? Nothing or next to nothing. Six years ago, when the first, the original line of the Métropolitain was built, the excavations brought to light, right in the middle of the Rue Saint-Antoine, before the door of No. 1, and extending some way under the footpath, the foundations of the Tour de la Liberté. The Municipal Council decreed that these historic remains should be preserved and removed to the Quai des Celestins, bordering the river, where the public can inspect them at this present moment.

The substructions of the other Towers are to be found in cellars of houses in the Rue Saint-Antoine and the Boulevard Henri IV, or are marked on the surface of the Place itself, by lines of black paving stones. A few meagre lines traced between the flagstones, entangled among the tramway rails, a few stones removed from their original site—that is all that remains of the celebrated fortress. Latude himself could not identify the localities!

A part of the ancient inclosing wall of the fortress can still be seen forming the back of the concierge's lodge of a narrow house in the neighborhood. Some relics are preserved in the Carnavalet—among them Latude's rope ladder and the cover of the box of dominos made for the Dauphin by "patriot" Palloy out of bits of colored marbles taken from the ruins. A formal deputation with musicians at its head came to offer the toy to the poor little prince who was so soon to be plunged into an abyss of suffering. "Of these horrid dungeons," runs the inscription on the cover, "the terror of the French, you see the remains transformed into playthings. May they, serving for the diversion of your childhood, prove to you the affection and power of the people." When the palace was pillaged on the memorable Tenth of August this practical piece of satire was smashed, only the cover surviving.

M. Cain's gorge rises at the wanton desecration of the most tragic remnant of the Revolution—the grim little courtyard of the Palais de Justice, through which passed to death those destined to the guillotine. It has been turned into the vestibule of a cheap eating-house:

The whole thing is vulgar, ugly, odious; gone the narrow easements lighting on the left hand the Office of Registry and on the right the turnkey's lodge, that ante-chamber of death where so many human beings have known the agony of impending dissolution; thrown on the scrap heap the bars and grated doors to which so many illustrious victims have clung; destroyed the door of the famous prison, the chief goal of the great Revolution—the door where the Queen felt so keen a stab of pain when she caught sight of the tumbrel and its white horses when her pride had expected the grace of being carried to her death in the coach of Louis XVI—the door where Madame Roland's dress caught. Now renewed and re-painted, with varnished panels and inset mirrors, it opens upon a commonplace café restaurant, duly provided with telephone, drinking bar and déjeuners a prix fixe!