SOME NEW BOOKS.

Things French.

There are sides of French life and letters which even the more initiated visitors to that land beloved of Americans do not always apprehend. Some of these, together with aspects more generally known are treated of in a volume entitled *French, Men, Women and Books* (A. C. McClurg and Company) by Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS, who has to her credit two other volumes on the more intimate existence of France which have won her the title of "Officier de l'Instruction Publique."

I.

The first in this series of "Nineteenth Century Studies" is an article on "French Domestic Poetry." The author has been prompted to write on this theme because even the best of the many valuable works, anthologies, annotated editions of the French poets for the use of students and volumes of historic criticism entirely omit one phase of the subject, and that a most important one. Among the critical works she mentions as most important Mr. Bailey's "Claims of French Poetry" and Mr. Eccles's "A Century of French Poets" as typical of this. The first mentioned, with but two exceptions, is devoted to the great classics of a former period, Racine, Corneille and La Fontaine. The second is no less restricted in scope. From neither volume do readers obtain a hint of what is most vital, most living in French verse, the poetry of the people. Indeed when we glance at Mr. Eccles's book we may safely aver that several, nay, most of the poets there memorialized are as unfamiliar to the majority of their country people as to most English readers. The fireside muse, the muse of the farm, the vineyard, the workshop, the garrison, the cabaret, with its touch of nature making all men kin, find no place in these academic selections. For such learned and laborious compilers the song writer, the ballad maker and the fabulists, La Fontaine excepted, do not exist.

The explanation of such wholesale omission is easy, says Miss Betham-Edwards. The poetry of the people in France as elsewhere is only to be appreciated on native soil. We must also realize the fact that in France poetry is appreciated rather by the ears than by the eyes. In no other country is the art of declamation so persistently, so adoringly cultivated. The reciter, like the troubadour of old, has his status, his special calling. Thus at rustic weddings, after the long breakfast, the courses being interspersed with songs from the guests, the professional story teller and declaimer comes forward. Pieces grave and gay are given, care being taken, at least such has been the author's personal experience, that no jest or word should be heard unfit for youthful ears. Recitation is cultivated both as a domestic accomplishment and a profession, the former often equalling histrionic art. French folks, that is to say the non-literary class, do not read poetry; they hearken to it as did the Greeks of old to their rhapsodists. And she mentions a fact overlooked by Mr. Bailey in his chapter devoted to the greatest of French fabulists, namely, that La Fontaine is above all dramatic. Thoroughly to appreciate him we must hear him recited before native listeners.

Immense attention is given to speech and declamation in French schools; hence the admirably clear and coherent utterance of the French; and children will be found expressing themselves with quite extraordinary promptness and lucidity. And here she calls attention to another noteworthy point with regard to what she terms French domestic poetry, and that is the robust morality, the healthy acceptance of life as it is rather than as it can be made, which offer a striking contrast to the morbidness and oftimes suicidal pessimism of the classical school. The most interesting point to note concerning the vast category of writers in this line is the uniformly bracing and wholesome attitude toward existence, its joys and sorrows and limitations. Life, human and animal, is revered, and many beautiful devotional pieces are included. Toil is nobly apostrophized in the selections contained in a volume which she expressly recommends, "Choix de Poètes du XIX. Siècle," by Gustave Merlet, inspector-general of the University of Paris.

Our author mentions a number of the favorite poems, beginning with Fabre d'Eglantine's pastoral "Il pleut, bergère il pleut," of which Renan said that he could never hear it without tears. Gustave Nadaud, whose "Carcassonne" is now cosmopolitan property, is an immensely popular poet, and she calls his "Les Deux Gendarmes" a "little masterpiece," while his "La Garonne" may be regarded as a poetic variation of the immortal "Tartarin de Tarascon." Nadaud's contemporary Pierre Dupont was playwright as well as ballad writer; and she cites the refrain to his famous "Mes Boeufs," with its ungallant sentiment: "Dear is my good wife Jeanne, her death I should deplore. But dearer are my beeves their loss would grieve me more." This is an example of accepting facts as they are; the peasant foresees the material catastrophe, even ruin, brought about by the disablement or death of his team; and, as a running commentary on the poem she narrates an incident which occurred during an inundation of that revolutionary river—"ce torrent révolutionnaire"—as Michelet calls the Loire. A rescuing party hastens to save an old peasant who had betaken himself and his pig to the garret of his cottage, already almost chimney high in water. The boat was small, and the rescuers shouted: "No room except for yourself, my good man. Hurry up"—or, rather, down. But above the swirling waves and raging winds came the plea: "Never mind me. Save my pig." Here, no doubt, piggy's owner was actuated by the same motive as Jeanne's husband. Perhaps the animal represented a daughter's dowry; and, as practical interests are never lost sight of in France, doubtless the old man gained his point and piggy was plumped into the boat with his master.

Paul Déroulède, nephew of Emile Augier and volunteer in 1870, will never wear the uniform of an Immortal, but enjoys a fame far transcending any that academies can bestow. He is above all things the people's, the patriot's poet, the Körner of nineteenth century France. The one man who could have written a "Marseillaise" had not Rouget de Lisle forestalled him; his "chants de Guerre" stir the blood as do the strophes of the national hymn, and, it must be added, of that song of social revolt the "Internationale." Of Richepin, the son of palmy, sunny France beyond the sea, our author considers it hardly necessary to speak, so cosmopolitan is his fame. This "bard of the beggars" possesses the daintiest, purest fancy, even in his poems in the thieves' jargon which require a special glossary. Our chronicler furnished a delightful translation of one little poem: "The Flute" which won the author's praise after she had spent a week over the fourteen lines. The work of Albert Delpit (born in New Orleans) is represented by his highly popular piece "Petit Piou" ("Soldier Paid a Sou," she renders it), which offers the disillusion with not a scintilla of the glamour of war, and was drawn from his own experience as a "garde mobile" during the Franco-Prussian war. Robert Caze and his "Poèmes Rustiques" and other simple idyls; the "Cid" of Barbey d'Aurévilly, which has no place in domestic poetry properly speaking but is now so popular as a recitation that our author has included it among her translations, and the fabulist Lachambeaudie are other poets to whom she briefly alludes. With the exception of Jean Richepin none of the writers she mentions in her little essay appear in Mr. Eccles's long list. The lack of space forbids our quoting any of the seven and twenty illustrative poems which she appends in spirited metrical translations, and we must refer readers to the book.

II.

Our author devotes a very long article to "A Great Love Story," of which she says that it was "surely the greatest in the world, and in literature the longest." This of course is the romance of Balzac and Mme. Hansk. But as we have recently reviewed at length a remarkably fine "Life" of the famous Frenchman, we may pass over the present essay with the comment that it takes a slightly different view of that affair in some respects.

In her third essay, "A French Author and Publisher, Barbey d'Aurévilly and Trébutien," we again reach a less familiar stretch of country. "Did author and publisher ever before affectionately and unbrokenly correspond for twenty-six years?" she asks. Such was the case with that strangely gifted being, that "unacceptable author," as he styled himself, Jules Barbey d'Aurévilly, and Trébutien, the disinterested, highly cultivated and genial provincial publisher. Quite irrespective of their literary claims, therefore, the two volumes of correspondence, so impatiently awaited, which made their appearance in 1908 ("Letters de Barbey d'Aurévilly à Trébutien") and form the text for the present essay, possess a strong human interest. Of the collection Barbey wrote to his friend: "This will be the finest feather in my wing and by virtue of it I ought to become a glorious bird. The very best of myself is in these letters; therein I speak my true language." She comments: "Modesty was no foible of this now famous writer, as we see." No letters of Trébutien are given, but through his correspondent's pen we become acquainted with a charming personality. "Mr. Tonson, some kind of intercourse must be carryed (sic) on betwixt us whilst I am translating Virgil," stiffly wrote Dryden to the great English publisher in 1695. Very different is the tone taken by Barbey to his generous friend and patron. Throughout the two and a half decades every letter testifies to that genius for friendship which characterizes the French people. The pair seldom met, but for years their affectionate relations suffered no change.

Twenty years ago the death of Barbey d'Aurévilly, voluminous critic, novelist, journalist and poet, excited little notice in the literary world. In 1909, his deferred centenary (he was born on November 2, 1808) was celebrated in Pais. Two monuments have since been erected by public subscription to his memory, the one at Valognes in Normandy, his birthplace, the other over his grave in the capital. Meantime critics, lecturers and publishers have been busy with his works; never was such an aftermath. Edition after edition, even of short papers for daily journals, are being reprinted and apparently are eagerly devoured. The reputation so passionately desired by the author is accruing to him in the tomb. Despite Brunetière, Zola and other fierce detractors, public opinion is veering round to the reconsidered and eulogistic views of Sainte-Beuve, written nearly seventy years ago. Much of these caustically and admirably worded missives are concerned with the experiences of a constantly disappointed and embittered literary man, we should say, perhaps, genius. Barbey d'Aurévilly loathed the necessity of writing for money and lived and died poor. The impersonal remnant of the correspondence gives us criticisms, bons mots and personalities by turns witty, epigrammatic and profound. Every page is worth reading.

Reactionary of reactionaries, ultramontane in his creeds but aggressively independent, made up of antis, England to this writer was loathesome as the journalistic profession, yet no foreigner has written more enthusiastically of Shakespeare. "When Shakespeare," he writes, "speaks of Destiny he speaks with the voice of Destiny itself," and so forth. Elsewhere he says: "For some time past I have been gorging myself with Shakespeare, inwardly saying: 'All that is not Shakespeare or akin to him is nothing.'" Balzac he called "that literary Bonaparte who suffered neither abdication nor a Waterloo," and "that California, from whose works I have culled (for publication) three thousand and odd sayings." Heine he pronounced "a magnificent talent that had lost its way," and La Fontaine "the greatest expressionist in the language." Of Victor Hugo he was ever a scathing critic and in a volume of short studies recently reissued the greatest French poet modern times have seen is described as "that emperor of our literary decadence."

Epigrams he showered as Hood showered puns. Of conversation he wrote: "Give me instead of books quatre barbelés (four arrow headed words)," and our author quotes some of his own arrow headed words on various subjects. "From a man's aphorisms a man can mentally be better reconstituted than bodily from his bones. With an aphorism of Brummel's I become his Cuvier. And anecdote is the best toise à conscrit (measure of a man) that I know." "Are you not at one with me on the subject of art, namely, that after all art is always less interesting than life, which is the art of God?" "Distinguished flattery does not displease me, flattery being an ingredient of the intellectual cuisine the least lending itself to vulgarity." "There are three things of which born gentlemen and nature's gentlemen never speak: of their birth, their courage and their success in love affairs."

Many pages of the letters are devoted to those too faintly outlined but imperishable silhouettes in literary portraiture, whose English introducer was Matthew Arnold, three-quarters of a century ago. Our author cites the portraits of Maurice and Eugénie Guérin. They are not figures that appeal to the majority of readers. The poetic genius of the one, the religious mysticism of the other, interest many less than does their pathetic story, the story of a sister devotedly mothering her younger brother, idolizing him, losing herself in him, and seeing her idol's affection superseded by passionate love for another, in this case loss by the grave closely following the first loss, when Maurice married a Creole heiress. For both brother and sister Barbey entertained high admiration. Of Maurice he wrote: "Guétin's poems are mere sketches. His prose is poetry perfected"; and for him Eugénie's journals were a second "Imitation of Christ." To him, aided by Trébutien, was due the issue of her collected writings years later. Unfortunately, like Balzac, Barbey d'Aurévilly possessed, if not the gentle art of making enemies, at least a fractious, wayward disposition. Not only did he lose Eugénie Guérin's friendship and cause intense sorrow to herself, but sad to learn, author and publisher quarrelled at the last, this separation as well as the other remaining a mystery.

As for Trébutien, he was a bookseller, bibliographer and publisher who established a veritable Chiswick Press in a Normandy town. Throughout life literature remained the dominating influence, the object of his unflagging devotion. A most dignified and pathetic figure, says our author, is this humble bookseller of Charlotte Corday's beautiful old city. Fame he only sought to enjoy vicariously; fortune never came within the compass of his dreams. This François-Guillaume-Stanislas Trébutien, 1800-70, came of an old and highly respectable family. Destined for the bar, his passion for books decided his future. After a few years spent in Paris, occupied with ill remunerated journalism and bibliographical undertakings, he seems to have retired to the provinces and begun to bring out artistic masterpieces in the way of books, elaborate and costly volumes, which are rare treasure trove in Paris nowadays. But it was Oriental literature which exercised the strongest fascination over his mind; not only was he the editor and translator of the "Arabian Nights," but also, avers his biographer, Léon de la Sicotière, the introductory story on which the others hang as on a thread is Trébutien's invention.

III.

Another essay which combines lively personal with literary interest is entitled "An Anglo-French Romance: Mary Clarke and Claude Fauriel." During the siege of Paris and the Commune, says our author, a vivacious little old lady, English by birth, French by bringing up, German by marriage, was visiting country houses in England. A habituée of Mme. Récamier's famous salon, a friend of Chateaubriand and of his contemporaries a generation later, Mary Clarke, afterward Mme. Mohl, gathered about her wits, scientists, philosophers. During the Second Empire it was in a modest flat of the Rue du Bac that M. and Mme. Mohl kept up French traditions, brilliant conversation, advanced liberalism and intellectual speculation only unlocking the doors.

Jules, or rather, Julius Mohl, philologer and Orientalist, was a native of Stuttgart, but early in life he adopted French nationality and later attained high academic honors. Mary Clarke, who took his name when both were long past their prime, belonged to a cultivated family settled in France. Without beauty or attractive sweetness, she possessed gifts preeminently valued by the French; vivacious, clever, an inspirer of good talk rather than a good talker, above all she was what the French call "malicieusement spirituelle," ready wit being oftimes seasoned with malice. When our author met her in a Sussex country house where both were guests in 1871 Mme. Mohl was devoted to the modish traditions of a former epoch, evoked the image of an aged but not beautiful Récamier, and still affected curls and low necked gowns. Who for a moment could have supposed that this society loving, quaint little old lady was the heroine of a romance second only to the most sentimental story in modern history? Yet so it was. Even the story of Julie de Lespinasse, however skilfully treated by Mrs. Humphry Ward as "Lady Rose's Daughter," could not be half so absorbing as the career of the "immortelle amante."

Widely as Mary Clarke differed from the French sentimentalist, circumstances and character alike provoke a comparison. Both women owed their fascination to mental and social gifts only; to both for many years love making on paper was the prime business of the day; both fell ardently in love with two men at the same time; and neither married either of her lovers. But while Julie de Lespinasse was amiability personified, Mary Clarke, stanch as she was in her friendships, was fiercely jealous in her love affairs and lacked that tact, intuition and appreciation of others with which Julie was supremely endowed.

In 1824 Mary Clarke, being just 34 years of age, met a middle aged literary man, now forgotten, named Claude Fauriel. The first impassioned letters she wrote him date from that year and were written from Italy, and the last were penned at St. Leonard's-on-Sea twenty years later. Fauriel from the first answered her outpourings in measured terms, in fact most women would have been discouraged by the cold douches administered to their young affections in the passages here quoted. This self-coddling, self-occupied bachelor, as our author describes him, evidently had no thought whatever of marriage, and therein lies the pitifulness of the story. Moreover, as was well known, Fauriel had been for years the devoted and open cavalière servente of the fascinating Marquise Condorcet. So far as Mary Clarke was concerned he had no intentions whatever, honorable or otherwise; and the mystery of his hanging on so long is as great as that of the lady's absurd constancy. She proposed marriage to him; he held back, alarmed at the uncertainty of his future and his income; he trembled for the future; he was wedded to his work on Provençal poetry. In short, he was fertile in excuses, but did not mercifully deliver the coup de grace in response to her reproaches. Perhaps he really was at his wits' end to know precisely what would serve as a mortal blow to such an extraordinary infatuation.

For a time he cherished some hope that Victor Cousin would rise to the occasion and set him free. One day the ardent lady was writing long letters to her "dear angel," Fauriel, and the next having a loverlike tête-à-tête with beloved No. 2, Cousin. This leader of a great philosophical and literary movement, splendid orator, brilliant writer and member of all the learned bodies in France, could not resist Mary Clarke's caustic wit and keen intelligence, and it is even surmised that at one time he thought of marrying her. With his friend and rival, Fauriel, Cousin's attitude was perfectly straightforward. He held back, so he said, from motives of delicacy; Mary Clarke hoped and despaired by turns, and roundly reproached both men. "What would you have me do, Mary? We cannot separate ourselves from Fauriel," was Cousin's reply. Yet she records in her diary: "I rested my head on his shoulder, he folded me in his arms. I regarded by turns the heavens and his countenance. But heavens! how can such transports be described?" Her tone to Fauriel was: "Who is it that governs every action of my life if not yourself? Are you not for me the beginning, the middle and the end of everything?" The Cousin interlude soon ended, but the correspondence with Fauriel was carried on, her last letter, dated November, 1843, being a mere wail of despair. Four years later, aged 47, she married Julius Mohl, she being ten years his senior. A diverting story is told of the civil marriage. According to French law a bride is obliged to tell her age; when requested by the Mayor of the arrondissement to comply with this formula, this one replied: "You may throw me into the Seine, Monsieur le Maire, but you will never get me to tell you how old I am." A gallant Frenchman, no matter how tied by red tape, could not of course show himself obdurate, and the matter was passed over with presumably polite guesswork. When Fauriel died the Orientalist Mohl with great generosity published the work of his wife's lover on Provençal Poetry, a book long since superseded, by the way.

But the most curious part of this Anglo-French romance is that in her will, dated April, 1855, Mme. Mohl, being then 65, ordered that her entire correspondence with Fauriel and her voluminous journals should be published at a given date after her decease. Further instalments of both are promised, consisting of criticism and reminiscences. What could have induced this woman of the world to desire such publicity? asks our author; and she declares that only one motive seems acceptable. For the disinterested savant, her husband, her feeing was evidently of intellectual comradeship only. He was no "cher ange," but simply "Mohl"; to the last she loved Fauriel and believed in him; posterity, she may have thought, would render justice to his works. Divided throughout life, their names should be linked together in literary history. Our author does not attempt to explain what became in that case of the lady's devotion for Cousin, who really enjoyed the fame which will never be accorded to Fauriel. M. Mohl died in 1876; his wife, who dreaded longevity, lived to be 93.

IV.

The essay, "A God Intoxicated Frenchman," introduces us to Jean Reynaud (born in 1806), whom our author regards as having been more thoroughly imbued with the real spirit of Christianity than any other thinker of his time. His chief work, "Terre et Ciel," was an attempt to reconcile science and religion, and M. Taine, reviewing it, pronounced it a complete failure so far as its main object was concerned. His other work of importance, "L'Esprit de la Gaule," laid tradition, folklore, architecture, customs and everything characteristic under contribution, and treated (among other things) most interestingly and originally of Druidism. When he died in 1863 the Church did not refuse its blessing, although a conclave of bishops had recently condemned him as an enemy of religion, a perverter of youth and a blasphemer, because he condemned the doctrine of eternal pubishment.

In "The New Fiction: MM. Boysleve and Henry Bordeaux," Miss Betham-Edwards first analyzes briefly the phases through which French fiction has passed since the death of Balzac, the "father of us all" (quoting Henry James), Zola, "gros, grossissant, grossier" (immense, coarsening, coarse) being the primary outcome. Nowadays, the Paris booksellers tell you, Zola lies on the shelf, while Flaubert is as much in demand as ever; but Flaubert was an artist. That "facile, pleasantly unexciting writer," René Bazin, with his novel against wet nursing, has had fellow preachers in novel form on every phase of morals and politics, wearisome in their reiteration, curiously mediæval both in expression and in spirit. Now at last French novelists have begun to find themselves, that is to say their ordinary selves and their fireside life, absorbing. They have turned from the interminable stories of three, the young wife, her husband and her lover, to the domestic novel. To many the new fiction will prove a revelation, predicts our author. The writers of these novels of middle class life which are really representative are these above mentioned. M. Boysleve's novels are divided into two categories, one of the first class (dealing with bourgeois life) "L'Enfant à la Balustrade" having been translated into English as "The House on the Hill"; and "Le Bel Avenir," and "Le Meilleur Ami" coming under the second head, that of love stories and romances. M. Henry Bordeaux's novels are familiar to readers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," including "La Jeune Fille bien élevée," which is summed up for us as devoid of plot but true to life, every figure in the provincial environment being the product of a master hand.

"A Great Prose Epic" is contained in the four volumes about the Franco-Prussian War written by the brothers Paul and Victor Margueritte, their immense canvas being filled with lifelike characters and stirring events, and the exact truth being told fearlessly, even about the brutality of the German reprisals.

The next essay, called "A Typical Artisan and the People's Universities," has to do with an interesting movement whose aims are dealt with in an interesting novel, "L'Opprobre" (Opprobrium), of which the hero is an artisan. In this novel of Mme. Campain we are shown the wide scope of certain popular universities, material interests being combined with intellectual advancement. Prompted, apparently, by this novel our author made a personal visit a few years ago to the "Université Populaire" or "Coopération des Idées," in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where a quiet, unassuming, neatly dressed artisan, who had run over from Charenton in his dinner hour, acted as her enthusiastic cicerone. He had nothing in common with the fiery French workmen of tradition but was profoundly serious and convinced. In general it may be said the object of the "Université Populaire" is to inculcate the doctrine that humanity is not be regarded as broken up into nations or separated by social distinctions, but as consisting of one large family. This building even had a tiny room set apart for the exclusive use of Russian refugees, though politics, either foreign or domestic, are rigidly kept out of their programme. Neither there nor at their "Château de Dimanche," on the Neuilly side of the Bois de Boulogne, are alcoholic drinks permitted. The leading lecturers and actors of Paris appear gratis on their stage. The subjects of the lectures are cosmopolitan in scope. Next in significance to the promotion of the international spirit is the prominence given to the formation of literary and artistic taste, while music and the drama are assiduously cultivated. Another point to be emphasized is the moral or, rather civic training afforded by these people's universities. The institution which our author visited is absolutely without rules and regualtions. Members are expected to make and obey laws for themselves.

Another experiment in education, though in a different class, is presented in "Anglophile and Reformer, Edmond Demolins." M. Demolins died in 1906. He was a great educational reformer and enthusiastic admirer of English institutions and character. His work, "A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?" (To what cause is to be attributed the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons?) took the world by storm, and in 1898 at Verneuil, Eure, he opened a school, designed in the matter of sports, independent habits and methods generally to Anglicize French education. Warmly seconded by an influential body of men, the innovator was soon able to extend his scheme. From very modest beginnings Les Roches, as the school is called, has become an important public institution. It no more resembles the time honored Lycée than an English public school resembles barracks. The system of constant supervision customary at the Lycées and old fashioned French schools has been modified. Moreover, as one result of its influence, the famous dictum that at a certain hour of the day the Minister of Public Instruction knows exactly what every schoolboy throughout France is about no longer holds good. The recreation hour, for example, has been appointed in conformity with the hot climate of southern France or the cold climate of the northern regions. M. Demolins has also introduced two vital changes at Les Roches; little boys are placed under women teachers—an idea not likely to be adopted soon by the Lycées—and foreign professors. (Since the Franco-Prussian war German and other native teachers of modern languages have been rigorously excluded from the Lycées and State colleges.) More than that, each boy before quitting Les Roches is sent for a few months either to England or Germany, in order to acquire the idiom and the accent of whichever tongue he has been studying, the expense of this so-called "stage" being included in the yearly terms. Extracts from letters written to Mme. Demolins from England show how successful is the experiment on their spirits and their education. Our author visited Les Roches and asserts, as the result of her inspection and study, that few Frenchmen have done so much for the health, happiness and formation of character of his youthful compatriots as M. Demolins. Another personal friend of our author is M. Joseph Reinach, "The Historian of a Tragedy," meaning the Dreyfus case, with his two volumes, "Le Procès de 1894" and "L'Histoire de l'Affaire." She pronounces them as absorbing as a detective novel by Gaboriau or Conan Doyle, and advises the public to read them, not to say impatiently "we have had enough and to spare of the Dreyfus drama."

English readers will be more interested than will Americans in the essay "French Views About England: MM. Chevrillon, Coste, Boutmy and Others." M. Boutmy, it may be noted, appears to have got the furthest out of focus. But the double essay, "La France vue du dehors," published (in French) in the *Revue pour les Français* in October and November, 1909, will appeal to all readers. Our author scores her fellow countrymen for the portraits of French heroines which they have ignorantly foisted off as genuine upon the English. Thus she declares that in William Black's "A Daughter of Heth" the young orphan, said to be French, has herself called "Coquette," that "having been her name since childhood." Whereas no well brought up young French girl would have accepted such a nickname. Then there is George Meredith, with his Renée in "Beauchamp's Career," an aristocrat, is announced as well bred, but behaves "exactly like an emancipated American girl." This girl of 17 has no reserve, not the slightest conception of propriety. She coolly arranges rendezvous with a young English officer, and in his society, unchaperoned, she makes gondola excursions in Venice, even permitting him to propose to her and accepting him without saying a word to her father. All of which is simply unthinkable, even in the daughter of an honorable cobbler in France. But on the other side of the Channel also the most stupid and ineradicably false ideas concerning the English prevail to hinder improved relations between the two peoples. She quotes M. Rambaud to the effect that the lesser fry of the French still firmly believe that it was not the French Bishops but the "Goddams anglais" who burned Jeanne d'Arc. She herself, while looking at the inscription "Burned by the English" on the mediocre statue of the heroine, in front of St. Thomas d'Aquin's Church, was espied by some good country women, burdened with brats and baskets, as they were perusing the same historical statement. "There's an English woman!" said one to the other; and they incontinently turned their backs on her. Even so late as last year a little French governess in England informed the author that on the eve of her departure for Hastings her little brother said to her: "Ah! my poor sister! Those wicked English will put you to death as they did Jeanne d'Arc!" She herself was asked by a French provincial woman whether the Protestants—"all English are Protestants"—believed in God; and she quotes an anecdote told her by that witty Frenchman Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) of an aged Breton lady who inquired of him whether there were any railways in England.

Two obstacles to mutual comprehension are the dreaded Channel and the language (on both sides); next comes the fact that although the English may not be able to speak French enough for the most ordinary purposes most of them can read it sufficiently to imbibe utterly false ideas from the most unrepresentative works, that sort, in fact, being much surer of getting translated and disseminated than the right sort; instances, "La Terre" by Zola, "L'Héritier" by Maupassant and "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre" by Octave Mirbeau. These are assuredly not calculated to inspire respect, friendship or confidence. English people really think the French have no real "homes," do not understand or value family life; whereas French home life is really ideal and their domestic affection a model for other nations. The reverse of this picture is furnished by the correspondingly untruthful likenesses of English men and women, manners and customs, perpetrated by the French popular writers. She suggests appalling possibilities in the line of infantile unpleasantness when she inquires: "What's the good of providing French tutors and governesses for our children if at the same time we permit those children to tease and even to despise those masters and mistresses simply because they are not English?" And of the French she asks: "What good does the knowledge of our language do to the little French children, who are reasoners from the very cradle, if they do not cease to look upon us as the executioners of Jeanne d'Arc?" But, worst of all, she hints, what is to be feared in the future is not political complications, but rather religious complications. "There," she points out, "is the reef upon which the 'entente cordiale' may one day suffer shipwreck." French Catholics, the friends of peace and of England, will render an inestimable service to international interests if they will counsel their coreligionists who have taken refuge in a Protestant country to moderate their proselytizing zeal. Having accepted our hospitality without being invited to do so, one would have supposed that good sense, if not gratitude, would have taught them to maintain great reserve and discretion in that respect. But nothing of the sort."

But when it comes to material things the least serious British complaint against France and the French, though the most vexatious, is that the axiom regulating English life, "Time is money," is not accepted across the Channel. One would imagine that the normal length of human life in France was, as Mme. de Sévigné was ambitious that it should be, 100 years; and the amount of time wasted in twenty-four hours is simply incredible. Apropos of the omnibus company she quotes a witty Frenchman as saying: "It has got only one thing well organized: Waiting." There exists a whole army of functionaries in France, but the everlasting and incessant waits due to insufficient railway lines, scanty allowance of omnibuses, porters and every ordinary necessity of travelling discourage tourists. Illustrations of this mismanagement are duly provided. Another thing: for thirty years the author has carried on a considerable correspondence with friends in France, and her experience has been that outside of business concerns and business people nobody ever puts an address on his letter, and each one must be hunted up every time in the would-be correspondent's address book, since it is impossible to carry all such details accurately in one's head.

But there are more serious indictments against the French. Our author quotes Pierre de Coulevain's "L'Ile Inconnue": "If Mme. France were to throw open her gates to strangers she would feel herself obliged to throw open also her heart, the key to which she grips more jealously than is generally supposed." On this ground our author treads, like Agag, very delicately, she says, having through quite exceptional circumstances enjoyed unforgettable, boundless hospitality in France from rich and poor, Roman Catholics and Protestants, in every quarter of the land. Nevertheless it is a fact that when a Frenchman brings a letter of introduction to an English family he is made entirely at home in the most informal manner, received into the home, and cordially—though perhaps awkwardly—taken into the hearts of all. In France there is nothing of that sort! All the stranger with a letter gets is a visit of ceremony, an invitation, which is still more ceremonious—most frequently of all, a repast at a restaurant; and that is all an introduction brings, either at Paris or elsewhere. Four years before this article was written, says our author, a delegation from the Municipal Council of Paris came to London on the invitation of the County Council. Each guest was entertained by an English family and no one went to a hotel. The next year, a delegation from London returned the visit. But instead of being entertained in families, like friends, they were put up at a luxurious hotel: of domestic life and Parisian homes they saw absolutely nothing.

Moreover, the French are characterized by a lack of hospitality among themselves which is quite incomprehensible to an Englishman. Even families in the country exchange nothing but infrequent and ceremonious calls instead of enjoying the gay, sociable life which prevails in England on estates. Mme. Pierre de Coulevain explains this in her writings as due to "the innate reserve of the French character"; but the founder of the novel school at Les Roches, of which our author has already written, supports Miss Betham-Edwards's view that this universal traditional lack of hospitality is rather due to the frantic obsession for saving, to the mania for economy, the horror of expenditure. M. Demolins declared that "the Englishman is the most perfect machine that has ever existed for making money and spending it." And he thinks the Frenchman the most perfect machine for keeping it, adding that the type which earns and spends, both largely, must be developed in his land. But the French are wont to explain the hospitality and sociability of English life by the legendary "queen" of the British character, which leaves them stranded, without resources in themselves, unless they constantly seek out companions for feasting and guests in order to amuse themselves. "No," explains our author, "English hospitality springs from the always open hand and the always open heart. The whole trouble seems to lie in the French limiting their children to one or two per family, and in general worrying about the children who are due to arrive in about 2,000 or 3,000 years, and their means of support, which logically entails the hoarding of every sou as well as limiting the family to the depressing, lonely, single child in most cases." She calls this mania for saving "a hypnotism of hoarding" and advocates a change of views and of practice on the lines indicated.

Our author's English has suffered somewhat through her intimacy with French, and she is overfond of such words as "tardigrade" instead of "tardy." There are typographical errors both in the English and French texts. But portraits of the majority of her French personages enliven her volume.

AN ANCIENT CITY OF ARIZONA.

Buildings of Sandstone Found Buried Beneath Prairie Dust.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Still another "oldest city in the world" has been discovered. When T. Hewitt Myring found vases in Peru in ruins which were said to be 7,000 years old it was imagined that the remains of early civilizations had been pushed as far into antiquity as they would ever go.

But A. Lafave, a mining engineer, has found the relics of a town in an Arizona tableland near Phœnix which he insists are at least 10,000 years old. The buildings are on a level stretch of country where neither silt nor wash was possible, and yet the ruins were covered with ten feet of prairie dust, which the discoverer claims required ages to accumulate.

The buildings of sandstone show great architectural skill, and in the walls were found a box of cotton bolls and a sealed jar of corn, both well preserved. The Arizona climate does not permit the growth of cotton in the present age, so Mr. Lafave assumes that sufficient time must have elapsed since the cotton which he found was grown to have wrought a complete change in the character of the country. This period he also gauges as something like 10,000 years.

He is satisfied that the ruins are older than those of Nineveh or Babylon. He believes that the race which built this town was possessed of a high civilization from the abundance of artistically wrought pottery and that it subsequently was broken up by internal dissension and possibly degenerated into the cliff dwelling tribes.

Vermont Asbestos.

From the Burlington Free Press.

In the town of Lowell large quantities of excellent asbestos is being produced. Some forty men are employed and there is a promise of a production of 100 tons a day in the near future. The asbestos produced in the Lowell mine is of a high grade and known as chrysotile asbestos. This is the same kind that is produced in the province of Quebec.

There is only one other mine in the United States that produces this kind of asbestos. This is located in Wyoming and is still in the development stage, so that it is quite true to state that the Vermont mine is the only one of the kind in this country that is producing asbestos on a commercial basis.

S. P. AVERY GIVES CLOISONNES.

Forty-five From the Hoe Sale Added to the Brooklyn Institute's Collection.

The Brooklyn Institute Museum announces that S. P. Avery, who gave the museum ninety-two pieces of Chinese cloisonné from his private collection a year ago, making the museum's collection the finest public exhibit of the kind in the country, has added to his original gift forty-five pieces purchased by him at the recent sale of the Robert Hoe collection and twelve additional pieces from his own collection. These gifts, Mr. Goodyear, curator of fine arts in the museum, says, give the museum a collection unrivalled not only in the United States but also among the public collections of western Europe.

The entire collection is now on view in the square eastern gallery on the first floor of the museum, where it fills seven large upright cases out of the nine which the gallery has space for. While Mr. Avery has not disclosed the prices paid for these acquisitions, the pieces in the original gift were valued at between $40,000 and $50,000 and the recent additions, estimating roughly their commercial value, are worth not less than $18,000.

The collection is remarkable for the rare quality and beauty of color as well as the number of objects. The three smallest vases from the Hoe collection, ranging as they do from ten to fourteen inches in height, would be considered large in any other company, but they become small when compared with the four tallest, which range from twenty-four to thirty inches in height.

One case holding the collection is dominated by a great Kylin, or conventional monster, of the Ming dynasty. Beneath it is placed a Ming palace brazier thirty inches long by twenty inches broad and nine inches high.

This case is balanced by another which has for its upper centre piece a K'ang-hsi dove shaped altar wine vessel on wheels twenty inches high, while the lower centre piece is a Ch'ien-lung circular incense burner twenty-two inches in diameter and twenty inches high. A third case has as its centre piece a Ch'ien-lung dragon entwined stand with hanging enamelled basket which is thirty-eight inches high. This case contains also four tripod incense burners and a Buddhist shrine, both of the Ch'ien, lung period.

In a fourth case are placed the six largest vases of the collection (four Ming, one K'ang-hsi and one Ch'ien-lung), surrounding a drum shaped garden seat of the K'ang-hsi period. The coloring of this latter piece, the curator thinks, makes it one of the most beautiful of the collection.

The periods exemplified in the pieces from the Hoe collection and the number of examples from each period are as follows: Ming dynasty (1368-1643), eight pieces; K'ang-hsi reign (1662-1722), twelve pieces; Ch'ien-lung reign (1736-1795), twenty-five pieces. Of the collection the curator says:

"As to types of form and use, the vases and incense burners, mainly designed for temple shrines and altars are naturally the most numerous, but the variety of shapes and designs within these limits, as well as the variety of other objects, is quite extraordinary. Among them may be named an enamelled sceptre mounted with jade, twenty inches in length; a jade screen in a cloisonné frame with a poem engraved and filled in with gold; a foot warmer of brilliant color; a fire screen in painted (Pekin) enamel; three beautiful lanterns, and the garden seat, hanging basket and shrine already described.

"One of the most important Ming pieces is a 'champion' twin vase for holding arrows, such as were presented by the Emperor to military heroes. This vase is 26 inches high and 15 inches broad. Two other Ming pieces are pilgrim bottles of the rarest tonal beauty."

FOUR WOMEN LEGISLATORS

Said to Be Making a Good Record in the Colorado Assembly.

"Of the present women members of the Assembly Mrs. Alma Lafferty is filling her second term," says *Hampton's*. "She is a member of the Denver Woman's Club, is highly educated and manifestly intelligent.

"Her reputation as a public speaker is so high that she was selected to nominate for United States Senator the Democratic machine candidate, Robert E. Speer. She is a member of half a dozen important committees, including the Committee on Appropriations.

"Mrs. Louise U. Jones, also a standpat Democrat, is a well known business woman of Denver. By her own efforts she has amassed a fortune, and outside her political activities has shown ability of no mean order.

"Mrs. Louise Kerwin, the third of the Democratic women Representatives, is more interested in certain social reforms than in general party politics. Her first bill related to important reforms in the practice of medicine in Colorado. Another measure provided for a legal definition of the head of a family.

"It made the wife or unmarried daughter such a head in case the principal financial support came from the women. Mrs. Kerwin and her colleagues have in preparation a most advanced and important measure regulating marriage and making unlawful the union of diseased, epileptic, consumptive, imbecile or feeble minded persons.

"The fourth of the women representatives, Mrs. Agnes L. Riddle, is a Republican, but no Republican machine is responsible for her appearance on the floor of the Assembly. The farmers of three counties—Adams, Arapahoe and Elbert—united in electing Mrs. Riddle. She is a farmer and the wife of a farmer.

"Some of these farmers and their wives call themselves Democrats, but when Mrs. Riddle is to be voted for, whether the nomination is for secretary of State Grange, superintendent of her Sunday school or chairman of a meeting, almost everybody in her part of the State gets out and votes for her.

"Agnes L. Riddle comes near being an institution. Born about forty years ago of plain German parents, Mrs. Riddle began early to earn her living as a nurse in Kansas City. Her district work brought her in contact with poverty and suffering and gave her an inspiration to help others which has lasted all her life.

"When she married and moved to a ranch in Colorado she by no means lost her desire to do community service. She organized rural churches and Sunday schools, became an officer of the grange and was appointed a member of the advisory board of the State Agricultural College. She has no children of her own but has adopted six, three of whom have grown up.

"No man in the Colorado Legislature does as much work as this plain country woman. She rises before dawn every morning, takes care of a large dairy, cooks and serves breakfast and gets three children off to school. She drives several miles to the railroad station and reaches the Assembly chamber before the Speaker