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Transcriber's note: Minor spelling inconsistencies, mainly hyphenated

words, have been harmonised. Obvious printer errors have been

repaired.

Accents: In French sentences, most of them italicised, accents have

been added when necessary according to the French spelling of the

time.

In an English context, French words have no accents if there are no

accents in the original text. In case of an inconsistent use of

accents, the French spelling has been favoured.

The advertisement for other books in the series have been removed from

page 3 to the end of this e-book.

\_The Story of Paris\_

[Illustration: \_Winged Victory of Samothrace.\_]

THE STORY OF PARIS

\_by Thomas Okey\_

\_With Illustrations by\_

\_Katherine Kimball\_

\_London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd.

Aldine House, 10-13 Bedford Street

Covent Garden, W.C. \* \* \*

New York: E.P. Dutton & Co.--1919\_

\_First Edition, 1906\_

\_Reprinted, 1911; July, 1919\_

"I will not forget this, that I can never mutinie so much against

France but I must needes looke on Paris with a favourable eye: it hath

my hart from my infancy; whereof it hath befalne me, as of excellent

things, the more other faire and stately cities I have seene since,

the more hir beauty hath power and doth still usurpingly gaine upon my

affections. I love that citie for hir own sake, and more in hir only

subsisting and owne being, than when it is fall fraught and

embellished with forraine pompe and borrowed garish ornaments. I love

hir so tenderly that hir spottes, her blemishes and hir warts are

deare unto me. I am no perfect French man but by this great citie,

great in people, great in regard of the felicitie of hir situation,

but above all great and incomparable in varietie and diversitie of

commodities; the glory of France and one of the noblest and chiefe

ornaments of the world. God of his mercy free hir and chase away all

our divisions from hir. So long as she shall continue, so long shall I

never want a home or a retreat to retire and shrowd myselfe at all

times."

--MONTAIGNE.

"Quand Dieu eslut nonante et dix royaumes

Tot le meillor torna en douce France."

COURONNEMENT LOYS.

PREFACE

In recasting \_Paris and its Story\_ for issue in the "Mediaeval Towns

Series," opportunity has been taken of revising the whole and of

adding a Second Part, wherein we have essayed the office of cicerone.

Obviously in so vast a range of study as that afforded by the city of

Paris, compression and selection have been imperative: we have

therefore limited our guidance to such routes and edifices as seemed

to offer the more important objects of historic and artistic interest,

excluding from our purview, with much regret, the works of

contemporary artists. On the Louvre, as the richest Thesaurus of

beautiful things in Europe, we have dwelt at some length and even so

it has been possible only to deal broadly with its contents. A book

has, however, this advantage over a corporeal guide; it can be curtly

dismissed without fear of offence, when antipathy may impel the

traveller to pass by, or sympathy invite him to linger over, the

various objects indicated to his gaze. In a city where change is so

constant and the housebreaker's pick so active, any work dealing with

monuments of the past must needs soon become imperfect. Since the

publication of \_Paris and its Story\_ in the autumn of 1904, a

picturesque group of old houses in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, including

the Hotel des Mousquetaires, the traditional lodging of Dumas'

d'Artagnan, has been swept away and a monstrous mass of engineering is

now reared on its site: even as we write other demolitions of historic

buildings are in progress. Care has, however, been taken to bring this

little work up to date and our constant desire has been to render it

useful to the inexperienced visitor to Paris. Success in so

complicated and difficult a task can be but partial, and in this as in

so many of life's aims "our wills," as good Sir Thomas Browne says,

"must be our performances, and our intents make out our actions;

otherwise our pious labours shall find anxiety in our graves and our

best endeavours not hope, but fear, a resurrection."

It now remains to acknowledge our indebtedness to the following, among

other authorities, which are here set down to obviate the necessity

for repeated footnotes, and to indicate to readers who may desire to

pursue the study of the history and art of Paris in more detail, some

works among the enormous mass of literature on the subject that will

repay perusal.

For the general history of France, the monumental \_Histoire de France\_

now in course of publication, edited by E. Lavisse; Michelet's

\_Histoire de France\_, \_Recits de l'Histoire de France\_, and \_Proces

des Templiers\_; Victor Duruy, \_Histoire de France\_; the cheap and

admirable selection of authorities in the seventeen volumes of the

\_Histoire de France racontee par les Contemporains\_, edited by B.

Zeller; \_Carl Faulmann, Illustrirte Geschichte der Buchdruckerkunst\_;

the Chronicles of Gregory of Tours, Richer, Abbo, Joinville, Villani,

Froissart, De Comines; \_Geographie Historique\_, by A. Guerard;

Froude's essay on the Templars; \_Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans\_, by T.

Douglas Murray; \_Paris sous Philip le Bel\_, edited by H. Geraud.

For the later Monarchy, the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods, the

Histories of Carlyle, Mignet, Michelet and Louis Blanc; the \_Origines

de la France Contemporaine\_, by Taine; the \_Cambridge Modern History\_,

Vol. VIII.; the Memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon, of Madame Campan,

Madame Vigee-Lebrun, Camille Desmoulins, Madame Roland and Paul Louis

Courier; the \_Journal de Perlet\_; \_Histoire de la Societe Francaise

pendant la Revolution\_, by J. de Goncourt; Goethe's \_Die Campagne in

Frankreich\_, 1792; \_Legendes et Archives de la Bastille\_, by F. Funck

Brentano; Life of Napoleon I., by J. Holland Rose; \_L'Europe et la

Revolution Francaise\_, by Albert Sorel; the periodical, \_La Revolution

Francaise\_; \_Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution\_,

by C.D. Hazen.

For the particular history of Paris, the exhaustive and comprehensive

\_Histoire de la Ville de Paris\_, by Michel Felibien and Guy Alexis

Lobineau; the so-called \_Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris\_, edited by

L. Lalanne; \_Paris Pendant la Domination Anglaise\_, by A. Longnon; the

more modern \_Paris a Travers les Ages\_, by M.F. Hoffbauer, E. Fournier

and others; the \_Topographie Historique du Vieux Paris\_, by A. Berty

and H. Legrand, and other works now issued or in course of publication

by the Ville de Paris. Howell's \_Familiar Letters\_, Coryat's

\_Crudities\_, Evelyn's \_Diary\_, and Sir Samuel Romilly's \_Letters\_,

contain useful matter. For the chapters on Historical Paris, E.

Fournier's \_Promenade Historique dans Paris\_, \_Chronique des Rues de

Paris\_, \_Enigmes des Rues de Paris\_; the Marquis de Rochegude's \_Guide

Pratique a Travers le Vieux Paris\_; the \_Dictionnaire Historique de

Paris\_, by G. Pessard, and the excellent \_Nouvel Itineraire Guide

Artistique et Archeologique de Paris\_, by C. Normand, published by the

\_Societe des Amis des Monuments Parisiens\_.

For French art, Felibien's \_Entretiens\_; the writings of Lady Dilke;

\_French Painting in the Sixteenth Century\_, by L. Dimier; \_Histoire de

l'Art, Peinture, Ecole Francaise\_, by Cazes d'Aix and J. Berard; the

compendious \_History of Modern Painting\_, by R. Muther; \_The Great

French Painters\_, by C. Mauclair; \_La Sculpture Francaise\_, by L.

Gonse; \_Mediaeval Art\_, by W.R. Lethaby; the Catalogue of the

\_Exposition des Primitifs Francais\_ (1904); \_Le Peinture en Europe, Le

Louvre\_, by Lafenestre and Richtenberger, and the official catalogues

of the Louvre collections. All these have been largely drawn upon and

supplemented by affectionate memories of an acquaintance with Paris

and many of its citizens dating back for more than thirty years.

May we add a last word of practical counsel. Distances in Paris are

great, and the traveller who would economise time and reduce fatigue

will do well to bargain with his host to be free to take the mid-day

meal wherever his journeyings may lead him.

\_April, 1906.\_

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The demolition of Old Paris has proceeded apace since the publication

of the \_Story of Paris\_ in 1906. The Tower of Dagobert; the old

Academy of Medicine; the Annexe of the Hotel Dieu and a whole street,

the Rue du Petit Pont; the Hotel of the Provost of Paris--all have

fallen under the housebreakers' picks. As we write the curious vaulted

entrance to the old charnel houses of St Paul is being swept away and

the revision of this little book has been a melancholy task to a lover

of historic Paris. Part II. of the work has been brought up to date

and the changes in the Louvre noted: it is much to be regretted that

the new edition of the official Catalogue of the Foreign Schools of

Painting promised by the authorities in 1909 has not yet seen the

light.

\_May, 1911.\_

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\_The majority of the photographs of sculpture have been taken by

Messrs.\_ HAWEIS AND COLES, \_while most of the other photographs are

reproduced by permission of Messrs.\_ GIRAUDON.

[Illustration: Map of the Successive Walls of Paris.]

INTRODUCTION

The History of Paris, says Michelet, is the history of the French

monarchy: "Paris, France and the Dukes and Kings of the French, are

three ideas," says Freeman, "which can never be kept asunder." The aim

of the writer in the following pages has been to narrate the story of

the capital city of France on the lines thus indicated. Moreover, men

are ever touched by "sad stories of the death of kings," the pomp and

majesty and the fate of princes. By a pathetic fallacy their capacity

to suffer is measured by their apparent power to enjoy, and those are

moved to tears by the spectacle of a Dauphin surrendered to the coarse

and brutal tutelage of a sans-culotte, who read without emotion of

thousands of Huguenot children torn from their mothers' arms and flung

to the novercal cruelties of strangers in blood and creed. In the

earlier chapters the legendary aspect of the story has been drawn upon

rather more perhaps than an austere historical conscience would

approve, but it is precisely a familiarity with these romantic

stories, which at least are true in impression if not in fact, that

the sojourner in Paris will find most useful, translated as they are

in sculpture and in painting, on the decoration of her architecture,

both modern and ancient, and implicit in the nomenclature of her ways.

The story of Paris presents a marked contrast with that of an Italian

city-state whose rise, culmination and fall may be roundly traced.

Paris is yet in the stage of lusty growth. Time after time, like a

young giantess, she has burst her cincture of walls, cast off her

outworn garments and renewed her armour and vesture. Hers are no

grass-grown squares and deserted streets; no ruined splendours telling

of pride abased and glory departed; no sad memories of waning cities

once the mistresses of sea and land; none of the tears evoked by a

great historic tragedy; none of the solemn pathos of decay and death.

Paris has more than once tasted the bitterness of humiliation;

Norseman and Briton, Russian and German have bruised her fair body;

the dire distress of civic strife has exhausted her strength, but she

has always emerged from her trials with marvellous recuperation, more

flourishing than before.

Since 1871, when the city, crushed under a twofold calamity of foreign

invasion and of internecine war, seemed doomed to bleed away to feeble

insignificance, her prosperity has so increased that house rent has

doubled and population risen from 1,825,274 in 1870 to 2,714,068 in

1901. The growth of Paris from the settlement of an obscure Gallic

tribe to the most populous, the most cultured, the most artistic, the

most delightful and seductive of continental cities has been

prodigious, yet withal she has maintained her essential unity, her

corporate sense and peculiar individuality. Paris, unlike London, has

never expatiated to the effacement of her distinctive features and the

loss of civic consciousness. The city has still a definite outline and

circumference, and over her gates to-day one may read, \_Entree de

Paris\_. The Parisian is, and always has been, conscious of his

citizenship, proud of his city, careful of her beauty, jealous of her

reputation. The essentials of Parisian life remain unchanged since

mediaeval times. Busy multitudes of alert, eager burgesses crowd her

streets; ten thousand students stream from the provinces, from Europe,

and even from the uttermost parts of the earth, to eat of the bread of

knowledge at her University. The old collegiate life is gone, but the

arts and sciences are freely taught as of old to all comers; and a

lowly peasant lad may carry in his satchel the portfolio of a prime

minister or the insignia of a president of the republic, even as his

mediaeval prototype bore a bishop's mitre or a cardinal's hat. The

boisterous exuberance of youthful spirits still vents itself in rowdy

student life to the scandal of bourgeois placidity, and the poignant

self-revelation and gnawing self-reproach of a Francois Villon find

their analogue in the pathetic verse of a Paul Verlaine. Beneath the

fair and ordered surface of the normal life of Paris still sleep the

fiery passions which, from the days of the Maillotins to those of the

Commune, have throughout the crises of her history ensanguined her

streets with the blood of citizens.[1] Let us remember, however, when

contrasting the modern history of Paris with that of London, that the

questions which have stirred her citizens have been not party but

dynastic ones, often complicated and embittered by social and

religious principles ploughing deep in the human soul, for which men

have cared enough to suffer, and to inflict, death.

[Footnote 1: "\_Faudra recommencer\_" ("We must begin again"), said, to

the present writer in 1871, a Communist refugee bearing a great scar

on his face from a wound received fighting at the barricades.]

Those writers who are pleased to trace the permanency of racial traits

through the life of a people dwell with satisfaction on passages in

ancient authors who describe the Gauls as quick to champion the cause

of the oppressed, prone to war, elated by victory, impatient of

defeat, easily amenable to the arts of peace, responsive to

intellectual culture; terrible, indefatigable orators but bad

listeners, so intolerant of their speakers that at tribal gatherings

an official charged to maintain silence would march, sword in hand,

towards an interrupter, and after a third warning cut off a portion

of his dress. If the concurrent testimony of writers, ancient,

mediaeval and modern, be of any worth, Gallic vanity is beyond dispute.

Dante, expressing the prevailing belief of his age, exclaims, "Now,

was there ever people so vain as the Sienese! Certes not the French by

far."[2] Of their imperturbable gaiety and their avidity for new

things we have ample testimony, and the course of this story will

demonstrate that France, and more especially Paris, has ever been,

from the establishment of Christianity to the birth of the modern

world at the Revolution, the parent or the fosterer of ideas, the

creator of arts, the soldier of the ideal. She has always evinced a

wondrous preventive apprehension of coming changes. Sir Henry Maine

has shown in his \_Ancient Law\_ that the idea of kingship created by

the accession of the Capetian dynasty revolutionised the whole fabric

of society, and that "when the feudal prince of a limited territory

surrounding Paris began ... to call himself \_King of France\_, he

became king in quite a new sense." The earliest of the western people

beyond Rome to adopt Christianity, she had established a monastery

near Tours, a century and a half before St. Benedict, the founder of

Western monasticism, had organised his first community at Subiaco. In

the Middle Ages Paris became the intellectual light of the Christian

world. From the time of the centralisation of the monarchy at Paris

she absorbed in large measure the vital forces of the nation, and all

that was greatest in art, science and literature was drawn within her

walls, until in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, she became

the centre of learning, taste and culture in Europe.[3] "Alone of the

capitals of Modern Europe," said Freeman, "Paris can claim to have

been the creator of the state of which it is now the head." The same

authority bears witness to the unique position held by France in her

generous and liberal treatment of new subjects, and the late

historian, Mr. C.A. Fyffe, told the writer that when travelling in

Alsace in 1871 the inhabitants of that province, so essentially German

in race, were passionately attached to France, and more than once he

heard a peasant exclaim, unable even to express himself in French:

"\_Nimmer will ich Deutsch sein.\_"

[Footnote 2: \_Inf.\_ XXIX. 121-123. A French commentator consoles

himself by reflecting that the author of the \_Divina Commedia\_ is far

more vituperative when dealing with certain Italian peoples, whom he

designates as hogs, curs, wolves and foxes.]

[Footnote 3: Cobbett, comparing the relative intellectual culture of

the British Isles and of France between the years 1600 and 1787, found

that of the writers on the arts and sciences who were distinguished by

a place in the \_Universal, Historical, Critical and Bibliographical

Dictionary\_, one hundred and thirty belonged to England, Scotland and

Ireland, and six hundred and seventy-six to France.]

During the first Empire and the Restoration, after the tempest was

stilled and the great heritage of the Revolution taken possession of,

an amazing outburst of scientific, artistic and literary activity made

Paris the \_Ville Lumiere\_ of Europe. She is still the city where the

things of the mind and of taste have most place, where the wheels of

life run most smoothly and pleasantly, where the graces and

refinements and amenities of social existence, \_l'art des plaisirs

fins\_, are most highly developed and most widely diffused. There is

something in the crisp, luminous air of Paris that quickens the

intelligence and stimulates the senses. Even the scent of the wood

fires as one emerges from the railway station exhilarates the spirit.

The poet Heine used to declare that the traveller could estimate his

proximity to Paris by noting the increasing intelligence of the

people, and that the very bayonets of the soldiers were more

intelligent than those elsewhere. Life, even in its more sensuous and

material phases, is less gross and coarse,[4] its pleasures more

refined than in London. It is impossible to conceive the pit of a

London theatre stirred to fury by an innovation in diction in a

poetical drama, or to imagine anything comparable to the attitude of a

Parisian audience at the cheap holiday performances at the Francais or

the Odeon, where the severe classic tragedies of Racine, of Corneille,

of Victor Hugo, or the well-worn comedies of Moliere or of

Beaumarchais are played with small lure of stage upholstery, and

listened to with close attention by a popular audience responsive to

the exquisite rhythm and grace of phrasing, the delicate and

restrained tragic pathos, and the subtle comedy of their great

dramatists. To witness a \_premiere\_ at the Francais is an intellectual

feast. The brilliant house; the pit and stalls filled with

black-coated critics; the quick apprehension of the points and happy

phrases; the universal and excited discussion between the acts; the

atmosphere of keen and alert intelligence pervading the whole

assembly; the quaint survival of the time-honoured "overture"--three

knocks on the boards--dating back to Roman times when the Prologus of

the comedy stepped forth and craved the attention of the audience by

three taps of his wand; the chief actor's approach to the front of the

stage after the play is ended to announce to Mesdames and Messieurs

what in these days they have known for weeks before from the press,

that "the piece we have had the honour of playing" is by such a

one--all combine to make an indelible impression on the mind of the

foreign spectator.

[Footnote 4: "Nous cuisinons meme l'amour."--TAINE.]

The Parisian is the most orderly and well-behaved of citizens. The

custom of the \_queue\_ is a spontaneous expression of his love of

fairness and order. Even the applause in theatres is organised. A

spectacle such as that witnessed at the funeral of Victor Hugo in

1885, the most solemn and impressive of modern times, is inconceivable

in London. The whole population (except the Faubourg St. Germain and

the clergy) from the poorest labourer to the heads of the State issued

forth to file past the coffin of their darling poet, lifted up under

the Arc de Triomphe, and by their multitudinous presence honoured his

remains borne on a poor bare hearse to their last resting-place in the

Pantheon. Amid this vast crowd, mainly composed of labourers,

mechanics and the \_petite bourgeoisie\_, assembled to do homage to the

memory of the poet of democracy, scarcely an \_agent\_ was seen; the

people were their own police, and not a rough gesture, not a trace of

disorder marred the sublime scene. The Parisian democracy is the most

enlightened and the most advanced in Europe, and as of old the

Netherlanders, in their immortal fight for freedom against the

monstrous and appalling tyranny of Spain, were stirred to heroic deeds

by the psalms of Clement Marot, even so to-day, where a few desperate

and devoted men are moved to wrestle with a brutal despotism, the

Marseillaise is their battle hymn. It is to Paris that the dearest

hopes and deepest sympathies of generous spirits will ever go forth in

"The struggle, and the daring rage divine for liberty,

Of aspirations toward the far ideal, enthusiast dreams of

brotherhood."

"Siede Parigi in una gran pianura,

Nell' ombilico a Francia, anzi nel core.

Gli passa la riviera entro le mura,

E corre, ed esce in altra parte fuore;

Ma fa un' isola prima, e v'assicura

Della citta una parte, e la migliore:

L'altre due (ch' in tre parti e la gran terra)

Di fuor la fossa, e dentro il fiume serra."

\_Orlando Furioso\_, Canto xiv.

Part I.: The Story

CHAPTER I

\_Gallo-Roman Paris\_

The mediaeval scribe in the fulness of a divinely-revealed cosmogony is

wont to begin his story at the creation of the world or at the

confusion of tongues, to trace the building of Troy by the descendants

of Japheth, and the foundation of his own native city by one of the

Trojan princes made a fugitive in Europe by proud Ilion's fall. Such,

he was very sure, was the origin of Padua, founded by Antenor and by

Priam, son of King Priam, whose grandson, yet another Priam, by his

great valour and wisdom became the monarch of a mighty people, called

from their fair hair, Galli or Gallici. And of the strong city built

on the little island in the Seine who could have been its founder but

the ravisher of fair Helen--Sir Paris himself? The naive etymology of

the time was evidence enough.

But the modern writer, as he compares the geographical position of the

capitals of Europe, is tempted to exclaim, \_Cherchez le marchand!\_ for

he perceives that their unknown founders were dominated by two

considerations--facilities for commerce and protection from enemies:

and before the era of the Roman road-makers, commerce meant facilities

for water carriage. As the early settlers in Britain sailed up the

Thames, they must have observed, where the river's bed begins somewhat

to narrow, a hill rising from the continuous expanse of marshes from

its mouth, easily defended on the east and west by those fortified

posts which, in subsequent times, became the Tower of London and

Barnard's Castle, and if we scan a map of France, we shall see that

the group of islands on and around which Paris now stands, lies in the

fruitful basin of the Seine, known as the Isle de France, near the

convergence of three rivers; for on the east the Marne, on the west

the Oise, and on the south the Yonne, discharge their waters into the

main stream on its way to the sea. In ancient times the great line of

Phoenician, Greek and Roman commerce followed northwards the valleys

of the Rhone and of the Saone, whose upper waters are divided from

those of the Yonne only by the plateau of Dijon and the calcareous

slopes of Burgundy. The Parisii were thus admirably placed for tapping

the profitable commerce of north-west Europe, and by the waters of the

Eure, lower down the Seine, were able to touch the fertile valley of

the Loire. The northern rivers of Gaul were all navigable by the small

boats of the early traders, and, in contrast with the impetuous sweep

of the Rhone and the Loire in the south and west, flowed with slow and

measured stream:[5] they were rarely flooded, and owing to the

normally mild winters, still more rarely blocked by ice. Moreover, the

Parisian settlement stood near the rich cornland of La Beauce, and to

the north-east, over the open plain of La Valois, lay the way to

Flanders. It was one of the river stations on the line of the

Phoenician traders in tin, that most precious and rare of ancient

metals, between Marseilles and Britain, and in the early Middle Ages

became, with Lyons and Beaucaire, one of the chief fairs of that

historic trade route which the main lines of railway traffic still

follow to-day. The island now known as the Cite, which the founders of

Paris chose for their stronghold, was the largest of the group which

lay involved in the many windings of the Seine, and was embraced by a

natural moat of deep waters. To north and south lay hills, marshes and

forests, and all combined to give it a position equally adapted for

defence and for commerce.

[Footnote 5: The Seine takes five hours to flow through the seven

miles of modern Paris.]

[Illustration: THE CITE.]

The Parisii were a small tribe of Gauls whose island city was the home

of a prosperous community of shipmen and merchants, but it is not

until the Conquest of Gaul by the Romans that Lutetia, for such was

its Romanised name, joins the great pageant of history. It was--

"Armed Caesar falcon-eyed,"[6]

who saw its great military importance, built a permanent camp there

and made it a central \_entrepot\_ for food and munitions of war. And

when in 52 B.C. the general rising of the tribes under Vercingetorix

threatened to scour the Romans out of Gaul and to destroy the whole

fabric of Caesar's ambition, he sent his favourite lieutenant,

Labienus, to seize Lutetia where the Northern army of the Gauls was

centred. Labienus crossed the Seine at Melun, fixed his camp on a spot

near the position of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and began

the first of the historic sieges for which Paris is so famous. But the

Gaulish commander burnt the bridges, fired the city, and took up his

position on the slopes of the hill of Lutetius (St. Genevieve) in the

south, and aimed at crushing his enemy between his own forces and an

army advancing from the north. Labienus having learnt that Caesar was

in a tight place, owing to a check at Clermont and the defection of

the Eduans, by a masterly piece of engineering recrossed the Seine by

night at the Point du Jour, where the double viaduct of the girdle

railway crosses to-day, and when the Gauls awoke in the morning they

beheld the bannered host of the Roman legions in battle array on the

plain of Grenelle beneath. They made a desperate attempt to drive them

against the river, but they lost their leader and were almost

annihilated by the superior arms and strategy of the Romans. Labienus

was able to join his master at Sens, and the irrevocable subjugation

of the Gauls soon followed. With the tolerant and enlightened

conquerors came the Roman peace, Roman law, Roman roads, the Roman

schoolmaster; and a more humane religion abolished the Druidical

sacrifices. Lutetia was rebuilt and became a prosperous and, next to

Lyons, the most important of Gallo-Roman cities. It lay equidistant

from Germany and Britain and at the issue of valleys which led to the

upper and lower Rhine. The quarries of Mount Lutetius produced an

admirable building stone, kind to work and hardening well under

exposure to the air, whose white colour may have won for Paris the

name of Leucotia, or the White City, by which it is sometimes known to

ancient writers. Caesar had done his work well, for so completely were

the Gauls Romanised, that by the fifth or sixth century their very

language had disappeared.[7]

[Footnote 6: "\_Cesare armato con gli occhi grifani.\_"--\_Inferno\_, iv.

123.]

[Footnote 7: Of some 10,000 ancient inscriptions found in Gaul, only

twenty are in Celtic, and less than thirty words of Celtic origin now

remain in the French language.]

But towards the end of the third century three lowly wayfarers were

journeying from Rome along the great southern road to Paris, charged

by the Pope with a mission fraught with greater issues to Gaul than

were the Caesars and all their legions. Let us recall somewhat of the

appearance of the city which Dionysius, Rusticus and Eleutherius saw

as they neared its suburbs and came down what is now known as the Rue

St. Jacques. After passing the arches of the aqueduct, two of which

exist to this day, that crossed the valley of Arcueil and brought the

waters of Rungis,[8] Paray and Montjean to the baths of the imperial

palace and the public fountains, they would discern on the hill of

Lutetius to their right, the Roman camp, garrison and cemetery. Lower

down to the east they would catch a glimpse of a great amphitheatre,

capable of accommodating 10,000 spectators.[9]

[Footnote 8: The water supply of Paris is even now partly derived from

these sources, and flows along the old repaired Roman aqueduct.]

[Footnote 9: Part of this amphitheatre was laid bare in 1869 by some

excavations made for the Compagnie des Omnibus between the Rues Monge

and Linne. Unhappily, the public subscription initiated by the

Academie des Inscriptions to purchase the property proved inadequate,

and the Company retained possession of the land. In 1883, however,

other excavations were undertaken in the Rue de Navarre, which

resulted in the discovery of other remains of the amphitheatre which

have been preserved and made into a public park.]

[Illustration: REMAINS OF ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.]

On their left, where now stands the Lycee St. Louis, would be the

theatre of Lutetia, and further on, the imposing and magnificent

palace of the Caesars, with its gardens sloping down to the Seine. The

turbulent little stream of the Bievre flowed by the foot of Mons

Lutetius on the east, entering the main river opposite the eastern

limit of the \_civitas\_ of Lutetia, gleaming white before them and

girdled by the waters of the Seine. A narrow eel-shaped island,

subsequently known as the Isle de Galilee, lay between the Isle of the

Cite and the southern bank; two islands, the Isles de Notre Dame and

des Vaches, divided by a narrow channel to the east, and two eyots,

the Isles des Juifs and de Bussy, to the west. Another islet, the Isle

de Javiaux or de Louviers, lay near the northern bank beyond the two

eastern islands. Crossing a wooden bridge, where now stands the Petit

Pont, they would enter the forum under a triumphal arch. Here would be

the very foyer of the city; a little way to the left the prefect's

palace and the basilica, or hall of justice;[10] to the right the

temple of Jupiter. As they crossed the island they would find it

linked to the northern bank by another wooden bridge (the Grand Pont)

replaced by the present Pont Notre Dame.[11] In the distance to the

north stood Mons Martis (Montmartre), villas nestling on its slopes

and crowned with the temples of Mars and Mercury, four of whose

columns are preserved in the church of St. Pierre: to the west the

aqueduct from Passy bringing its waters to the mineral baths located

on the site of the present Palais Royal. A road, now the Rue St.

Martin, led to the north; to the east, fed by the streams of

Menilmontant and Belleville, lay the marshy land which is still known

as the quarter of the Marais.

[Footnote 10: In 1848 some remains were found of the old halls of this

building, and of its columns, worn by the ropes of the boatmen who

used to moor their craft to them. In 1866 fragments of the triumphal

arch were found in digging the foundations of the new Hotel Dieu.]

[Footnote 11: In 860 a new bridge was built east of the Grand Pont by

Charles the Bold and defended by a tower at its head. The

money-changers were established on the bridge by Louis VI., and it

became known subsequently as the Pont au Change.]

Denis, who by the mediaeval hagiographers is invariably confused with

Dionysius the Areopagite, and his companions, preached and taught the

new faith unceasingly and met martyrs' deaths. In the \_Golden Legend\_

he is famed to have converted much people to the faith, and "dyde do

make many churches, and at length was brought before the judge who

dyde do smyte off the hedes of the thre felawes by the temple of

Mercurye. And anone the body of Saynte Denys reysed hymselfe up and

bare his hede beetwene his armes, as the angels ladde hym two leghes

fro the place which is sayd the hille of the martyrs unto the place

where he now resteth by his election and the purveance of god. And

there was heard so grete and swete a melodye of angels that many that

herd it byleuyd in oure lorde."

The work that Denis and his companions began was more fully achieved

in the fourth century by the rude Pannonion soldier, St. Martin, who

also evangelised at Paris. He is the best-known of Gallic saints, and

the story of his conversion one of the most popular in Christendom.

When stationed at Amiens he was on duty one bitter cold day at the

city gate, and espied a poor naked beggar asking alms. Soldiers in

garrison are notoriously impecunious, and Martin had nothing to give;

but drawing his sword he cleaved his mantle in twain, and bestowed

half upon the shivering wretch at his feet. That very night the Lord

Jesus appeared to him in a dream surrounded by angels, having on His

shoulders the half of the cloak which Martin had given to the beggar.

Turning to the angels, Jesus said: "Know ye who hath thus arrayed Me?

My servant Martin, though yet unbaptised, hath done this." After this

vision Martin received baptism and remained steadfast in the faith.

The illiterate and dauntless soldier became the fiery apostle of the

faith, a vigorous iconoclast, throwing down the images of the false

gods, breaking their altars in pieces and burning their temples. Of

the Roman gods, Mercury, he said, was most difficult to ban, but Jove

was merely stupid[12] and brutish, and gave him least trouble.

[Footnote 12: "\_Jovem brutum atque hebetem.\_"]

On the 16th of March 1711, some workmen, digging a burial crypt for

the archbishops of Paris under the choir of Notre Dame, came upon a

wall, six feet below the pavement, which contemporary antiquarians

believed to be the wall of the original Christian basilica over which

the cathedral was built, but which modern authorities affirm to have

been part of the old Gallo-Roman wall of the Cite. In the fabric of

this wall the early builders had incorporated the remains of a temple

of Jupiter, and among the \_debris\_ were found the fragments of an

altar raised to Jove in the reign of Tiberius Caesar by the \_Nautae\_, a

guild of Parisian merchant-shippers, and the table of another altar on

whose foyer still remained some of the very burnt wood and incense

used in the last pagan sacrifice. The mutilated stones, with their

rude Gallo-Roman reliefs and inscriptions,[13] may be seen in the

Frigidarium of the Thermae, the old Roman baths by the Hotel de Cluny,

and are among the most interesting of historical documents in Paris.

The Corporation of \_Nautae Parisiaci\_, one of the most powerful of the

guilds, among whose members were enrolled the chief citizens of

Lutetia, who dedicated this altar to Jove, were the origin of the

Commune or Civil Council of Paris, whose Provost[14] was known as late

as the fourteenth century as the \_Prevot des Marchands d'Eau\_. Their

device was the \_Nef\_, or ship, which is and has been throughout the

ages, the arms of Paris, and which to this day may be seen carved on

the vaultings of the Roman baths.

[Footnote 13: On the former may still be read: TIB ... CAESARE AVG.

IOVI. OPTVM ... MAXSVMO. ARAM. NAVTAE. PARISIACI PVBLICE. POSIERVNT.]

[Footnote 14: Not to be confounded with the Royal Provost, a king's

officer, who in 1160 replaced the Capetian viscounts. The office was

abolished in 1792.]

In the great palace of which these baths formed but a part was enacted

that scene so vividly described in the pages of Gibbon,[15] when, in

355, Julian, after his victories over the Alemanni and the Franks, was

acclaimed Augustus by the rebellious troops of Constantius. He had

admonished the sullen legions, angry at being detached from their

victorious and darling commander for service on the Persian frontier,

and had urged them to obedience, but at midnight the young Caesar was

awakened by a clamorous and armed multitude besieging the palace, and

at early dawn its doors were forced; the reluctant Julian was seized

and carried through the streets in triumph, lifted on a shield, and

for diadem crowned with a military collar, to be enthroned and saluted

as emperor. In after life the emperor-philosopher looked back with

tender regret to the three winters he spent in Paris before his

elevation to the imperial responsibilities and anxieties. He writes of

the busy days and meditative nights he passed in his dear Lutetia,

with its two wooden bridges, its pure and pleasant waters, its

excellent wine. He dwells on the mildness of its climate, where the

fig-tree, protected by straw in the winter, grew and fruited. One

rigorous season, however, the emperor well remembered[16] when the

Seine was blocked by huge masses of ice. Julian, who prided himself on

his endurance, at first declined the use of those charcoal fires which

to this day are a common and deadly method of supplying heat in Paris.

But his rooms were damp and his servants were allowed to introduce

them into his sleeping apartment. The Caesar was almost asphyxiated by

the fumes, and his physicians to restore him administered an emetic.

Julian in his time was beloved of the Lutetians, for he was a just and

tolerant prince whose yoke was easy. He had purged the soil of Gaul

from the barbarian invaders, given Lutetia peace and security, and

made of it an important, imperial city. His statue, found near Paris,

still recalls his memory in the hall of the great baths of the Lutetia

he loved so well.

[Footnote 15: French authorities believe the scene to have been

enacted in the old palace of the Cite.]

[Footnote 16: The present writer recalls a similar glacial epoch in

Paris during the early eighties, when the Seine was frozen over at

Christmas time.]

The so-called apostasy of this lover of Plato and worshipper of the

Sun, who never went to the wars or travelled without dragging a

library of Greek authors after him, was a philosophic reaction

against the harsh measures,[17] the bloody and treacherous natures of

the Christian emperors, and the fierceness of the Arian controversy.

The movement was but a back-wash in the stream of history, and is of

small importance. Julian's successors, Valentinian and Gratian,

reversed his policy but shared his love for the fair city on the

Seine, and spent some winters there. Lutetia had now become a rich and

cultured Gallo-Roman city.

[Footnote 17: By the law of 350 A.D. it was a capital offence to

sacrifice to or honour the old gods. The persecuted had already become

persecutors. Boissier, \_La Fin du Paganisme\_.]

CHAPTER II

\_The Barbarian Invasions--St. Genevieve--The Conversion of Clovis--The

Merovingian Dynasty\_

In the Prologue to \_Faust\_, the Lord of Heaven justifies the existence

of the restless, goading spirit of evil by the fact that man's

activity is all too prone to flag,--

"\_Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh.\_"[18]

[Footnote 18: "He soon hugs himself in ease at any price."]

As with men so with empires: riches and inaction are hard to bear. It

was not so much a corruption of morals as a growing slackness and

apathy in public life and an intellectual sloth that hastened the fall

of the Roman Empire. Owing to the gradual exhaustion of the supply of

slaves its economic basis was crumbling away. The ruling class was

content to administer and enjoy rather than to govern: unwilling or

incompetent to grapple with the new order of things.[19] For centuries

the Gauls had been untrained in arms and habituated to look to the

imperial legions for defence against the half-savage races of men,

giants in stature and strength, surging like an angry sea against

their boundaries.

[Footnote 19: To protect home producers against the competition of the

Gallic wine and olive growers, Roman statesmen could conceive nothing

better than the stupid expedient of prohibiting the culture of the

vine and olive in Gaul.]

The end of the fifth century is the beginning of the evil times of

Gallic story: the confederation of Frankish tribes who had conquered

and settled in Belgium saw successive waves of invasion pass by, and

determined to have their part in the spoils. They soon overran

Flanders and the north, and at length under Clovis captured Paris and

conquered nearly the whole of Gaul. That fair land of France, "one of

Nature's choicest masterpieces, one of Ceres' chiefest barns for corn,

one of Bacchus' prime wine cellars and of Neptune's best salt-pits,"

became the prey of the barbarian. The whole fabric of civilisation

seem doomed to destruction, Gaul had become the richest and most

populous of Roman provinces; its learning and literature were noised

in Rome; its rhetoricians drew students from the mother city herself;

it was the last refuge of Graeco-Roman culture in the west. But at the

end of the sixth century Gregory of Tours deplores the fact that in

his time there were neither books, nor readers, nor scholar who could

compose in verse or prose, and that only the speech of the rustic was

understood. He playfully scolds himself for muddling prepositions and

confusing genders and cases, but his duty as a Christian priest is to

instruct, not to charm, and so he tells the story of his times in such

rustic Latin as he knows. He draws for us a vivid picture of Clovis,

his savage valour, his astuteness, his regal passion.

After the victory at Soissons over Syagrius, the shadowy king of the

Romans, Clovis was met by St. Remi, who prayed that a vase of great

price and wondrous beauty among the spoil might be returned to him.

"Follow us," said the king, "to Soissons, where the booty will be

shared." Before the division took place Clovis begged that the vase

might be accorded to him. His warriors answered: "All, glorious king,

is thine." But before the king could grasp the vase, one, jealous and

angry, threw his \_francisque\_[20] at it, exclaiming: "Thou shalt have

no more than falls to thy lot." The broken vase was however

apportioned to the king, who restored it to the bishop. But Clovis hid

the wound in his heart, and at the annual review in the Champ de Mars

near Paris, as the king strode along the line inspecting the weapons

of his warriors, he stopped in front of the uncourtly soldier, took

his axe from him, complained of its foul state, and flung it angrily

on the ground. As the man stooped to pick it up Clovis, with his own

axe, cleft his skull in twain, exclaiming: "Thus didst thou to the

vase at Soissons." "Even so," says Gregory quaintly, "did he inspire

all with great fear."

[Footnote 20: The favourite arm of the Franks, a short battle-axe,

used as a missile or at close quarters.]

At this point of our story we are met by the first of those noble

women, heroic and wise, for whom French history is pre-eminent. In the

early fifth century "saynt germayn[21] of aucerre and saynt lew of

troyes, elect of the prelates of fraunce for to goo quenche an heresye

that was in grete brytayne, now called englond, came to nannterre for

to be lodged and heberowed and the people came ageynst theym for to

have theyr benyson. Emonge the people, saynt germayn, by

thenseignemente of the holy ghoost, espyed out the lytel mayde saynt

geneuefe, and made hyr to come to hym, and kyste hyr heed and

demaunded hyr name, and whos doughter she was, and the people aboute

hyr said that her name was geneuefe, and her fader seuere, and her

moder geronce, whyche came unto hym, and the holy man sayd: is this

child yours? They answerd: Ye. Blessyd be ye, said the holy man, whan

god hath gyven to you so noble lignage, knowe ye for certeyn that the

day of hyr natiyuyte the angels sange and halyowed grete mysterye in

heuen with grete ioye and gladnes."

[Footnote 21: Again we quote from the \_Golden Legend\_.]

Tidings soon came to Paris that Attila, the felon king of Hungary, had

enterprised to destroy and waste the parts of France, and the

merchants for great dread they had, sent their goods into cities more

sure. Genevieve caused the good women of the town to "wake in

fastynges and in orysons, and bade the bourgeyses that they shold not

remeuve theyr goodes for by the grace of god parys shold have none

harme." At first the people hardened their hearts and reviled her, but

St. Germain, who had meantime returned to Paris, entreated them to

hearken to her, and our Lord for her love did so much that the

"tyrantes approachyd not parys, thanke and glorye to god and honoure

to the vyrgyn." At the siege of Paris by Childeric and his Franks,

when the people were wasted by sickness and famine, "the holy vyrgyne,

that pyte constrayned her, wente to the sayne for to goe fetche by

shyp somme vytaylles." She stilled by her prayers a furious tempest

and brought the ships back laden with wheat. When the city was at

length captured, King Childeric, although a paynim, saved at her

intercession the lives of his prisoners, and one day, to escape her

importunate pleadings for the lives of some criminals, fled out of the

gates of Paris and shut them behind him. The saint lived to build a

church over the tomb of St. Denis and to see Clovis become a

Christian. She died in 509, and was buried on the hill of Lutetius,

which ever since has borne her name.

The faithful built a little wooden oratory over her tomb, which Clovis

and his queen Clotilde replaced in 506 by a great basilica dedicated

to SS. Peter and Paul,--whose length the king measured by the distance

he could hurl his axe--and the famous monastery of St. Genevieve.[22]

[Footnote 22: Her figure was a favourite subject for the sculptors of

Christian churches. She usually bears a taper in her hand and a devil

is seen peering over her shoulder. This symbolises the miraculous

relighting of the taper after the devil had extinguished it. The taper

was long preserved at Notre Dame.]

The conversion of Clovis is the capital fact of early French history.

Clotilde had long[23] importuned him to declare himself a Christian,

and he had consented to the baptism of their firstborn, but the

infant's death within a week seemed an admonition from his own jealous

gods. A second son, however, recovered from grievous sickness at his

wife's prayers, and this, aided perhaps by a shrewd insight into the

trend of events, induced him to lend a more willing ear to the

teachers of the new Faith. In 496 the Franks were at death grapple

with their German foes at Tolbiac. Clovis, when the fight went against

him, invoked the God of the Christians and prayed to be delivered from

his enemies. His cry was heard and the advent of the new Lord of

Battles was winged with victory.

[Footnote 23: If we may believe Gregory of Tours, her arguments were

vituperative rather than convincing. "Your Jupiter," said she, "is

\_omnium stuprorum spurcissimus perpetrator\_."]

The conversion of Clovis was a triumph for the Church: in her struggle

with the Arian heresy in Gaul, she was now able to enforce the

arguments of the pen by the edge of the sword. Her scribes are tender

to his memory, for his Christianity was marked by few signs of grace.

He remained the same savage monarch as before, and did not scruple to

affirm his dynasty and extend his empire by treachery and by the

assassination of his kinsmen. To the Franks, Jesus was but a new and

more puissant tribal deity. "Long live the Christ who loves the

Franks," writes the author of the prologue to the Salic law; and when

the bishop was one day reading the Gospel story of the Passion, the

king, \_qui moult avait grand compassion\_, cried out: "Ah! had I been

there with my Franks I would have avenged the Christ." Nor was their

ideal of kinship any loftier. Their realm was not a trust, but a

possession to be divided among their heirs, and the jealousy and

strife excited by the repeated partitions among sons, make the history

of the Merovingian[24] dynasty a tale of cruelty and treachery whose

every page is stained with blood.

[Footnote 24: Merovee, second of the kings of the Salic Franks, was

fabled to be the issue of Clodio's wife and a sea monster.]

[Illustration: TOWER OF CLOVIS.]

Clovis, in 508, made Paris the official capital of his realm, and at

his death in 511 divided his possessions between his four

sons--Thierry, Clodomir, Childebert and Clothaire. Clodomir after a

short reign met his death in battle, leaving his children to the

guardianship of their grandmother, Clotilde. One day messengers came

to her in the old palace of the Caesars on the south bank of the Seine

from Childebert and Clothaire praying that their nephews might be

entrusted to them. Believing they were to be trained in kingly offices

that they might succeed their father in due time, Clotilde granted

their prayer and two of the children were sent to them in the palace

of the Cite. Soon came another messenger, bearing a pair of shears and

a naked sword, and Clotilde was bidden to determine the fate of her

wards and to choose for them between the cloister and the edge of the

sword. An angry exclamation escaped her: "If they are not to be raised

to the throne, I would rather see them dead than shorn." The messenger

waited to hear no more and hastened back to the two kings. Clothaire

then seized the elder of the children and stabbed him under the

armpit. The younger, at the sight of his brother's blood, flung

himself at Childebert's feet, burst into tears, and cried: "Help me,

dear father, let me not die even as my brother." Childebert's heart

was softened and he begged for the child's life. Clothaire's only

answer was a volley of insults and a threat of death if he protected

the victim. Childebert then disentwined the child's tender arms

clasping his knees--he was but six years of age--and pushed him to his

brother, who drove a dagger into his breast. The tutors and servants

of the children were then butchered, and Clothaire became at his

brother's death, in 558, sole king of the Franks.[25] The third child,

Clodoald, owing to the devotion of faithful servants escaped, and was

hidden for some time in Provence. Later in life he returned to Paris

and built a monastery at a place still known by his name (St. Cloud)

about two leagues from the city.

[Footnote 25: Among the wives of Clothaire was the gentle Radegonde,

who turned with horror from the bloody scenes of the palace to live in

works of charity with the poor and suffering, and in holy communion

with priests and bishops. She was at length consecrated a deaconess by

St. Medard, donned the habit of a nun, and founded a convent at

Poitiers, where the poet Fortunatus had himself ordained a priest that

he might be near her. Radegonde's memory is dear to us in England, for

it was a small company of her nuns who settled on the Green Croft by

the river bank below Cambridge, and founded a priory whose noble

church and monastic buildings were subsequently incorporated in Jesus

College when the nunnery was suppressed by Bishop Alcock in 1496.]

In the days of Siegbert and Chilperic, kings of Eastern and Western

France, the consuming flames of passion and greed again burst forth,

this time fanned by the fierce breath of feminine rivalry. Siegbert

had married Brunehaut, daughter of the Visigoth king of Spain:

Chilperic had espoused her sister, Galowinthe, after repudiating his

first wife, Adowere. When Galowinthe came to her throne she found

herself the rival of Fredegonde, a common servant, with whom Chilperic

had been living. He soon tired of his new wife, a gentle and pliant

creature, Fredegonde regained her supremacy and one morning Galowinthe

was found strangled in bed. The news came to King Siegbert and

Brunehaut goaded him to avenge her sister's death. Meanwhile Chilperic

had married Fredegonde, who quickly compassed the murder of her only

rival, the repudiated queen, Adowere. Soon Chilperic drew the sword

and civil war devastated the land. By foreign aid Siegbert captured

and spoiled Paris and compelled a peace. Scarcely, however, had the

victor dismissed his Germain allies, when Chilperic fell upon him

again. Siegbert now determined to make an end. He entered Paris, and

prepared to crush his enemy at Tournay. As he set forth, St. Germain,

bishop of Paris, seized his horse's bridle and warned him that the

grave he was digging for his brother would swallow him too. When he

reached Vitry two messengers were admitted to see him. As he stood

between them listening to their suit he was stabbed on either side by

two long poisoned knives: the assassins had been sent by Fredegonde.

But Fredegonde's tale of blood was not yet complete. She soon learned

that Merovee, one of Chilperic's two sons by Adowere, had married

Brunehaut. Merovee followed the rest of her victims, and Clovis, the

second son, together with a sister of Adowere, next glutted her

vengeance. "One day, after leaving the Synod of Paris," writes St.

Gregory, "I had bidden King Chilperic adieu and had withdrawn

conversing with the bishop of Albi. As we crossed the courtyard of the

palace (in the Cite) he said: 'Seest thou not what I perceive above

this roof?' I answered, 'I see only a second building which the king

hath built.' He asked again, 'Seest thou naught else?' I weened he

spoke in jest and did but answer--'If thou seest aught else, prithee

show it unto me.' Then uttering a deep sigh, he said: 'I see the sword

of God's wrath suspended over this house.'" Shortly after this

conversation Chilperic having returned from the chase to his royal

villa of Chelles, was leaning on the shoulder of one of his companions

to descend from his horse, when Landeric, servant of Fredegonde,

stabbed him to death.

Thirty years were yet to pass before the curtain falls on the acts of

the rival queens, their sons and grandsons, but the heart revolts at

the details of the wars and lusts of these savage potentates.

Battle and murder had destroyed Brunehaut's children and her

children's children until none were left to rule over the realms but

herself and the four sons of Thierry II. The nobles, furious at the

further tyranny of a cruel and imperious woman, plotted her ruin, and

in 613, when Brunehaut, sure of victory, marched with two armies

against Clothaire II., she was betrayed near Paris to him, her

implacable enemy. He reproached her with the death of ten kings, and

set her on a camel for three days to be mocked and insulted by the

army. The old and fallen queen was then tied to the tail of a horse:

the creature was lashed into fury and soon all that remained of the

proud queen was a shapeless mass of carrion. The traditional place

where Brunehaut met her death is still shown at the corner of the Rue

St. Honore and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Thierry's four sons had already

been put to death. In 597 her rival Fredegonde, at the height of her

prosperity, had died peacefully in bed, full of years, and was buried

in the church of St. Vincent[26] by the side of Chilperic, her

husband.

[Footnote 26: (\_See\_ pp. 32 and 36.)]

Amid all this ruin and desolation, when the four angels of the

Euphrates seem to have been loosed on Gaul, one force was silently at

work knitting up the ravelled ends of the rent fabric of civilisation

and tending a lamp which burned with the promise of ideals, nobler far

than those which fed the ancient faith and polity. The Christian

bishops were everywhere filling the empty curule chairs in the cities

and provinces of Gaul. At the end of the sixth century, society lived

in the Church and by the Church, and the sees of the archbishops and

bishops corresponded to the Roman administrative divisions. All that

was best in the old Gallo-Roman aristocracy was drawn into her bosom,

for she was the one power making for unity and good government. From

one end of the land to the other the bishops visited and corresponded

with each other. They alone had communion of ideas, common sentiments

and common interests. St. Gregory, bishop of Tours, was the son of a

senator; St. Germain of Auxerre was a man of noble lineage, who had

already exercised high public functions before he was made a bishop;

St. Germain of Autun was ever on the move, now in Brittany, now at

Paris, now at Arles, to crush heresy, to threaten a barbarian

potentate, or to sear the conscience and, if need were, ban the person

of a guilty Christian king.

By the end of the sixth century two hundred and thirty-eight monastic

institutions had been founded in Gaul, and from the sixth to the

eighth century, eighty-three churches were built. The monasteries were

so many nurseries of the industry, knowledge and learning which had

not perished in the barbarian invasions; so many cities of refuge from

violence and rapine, where the few who thirsted after righteousness

and burned with charity might find shelter and protection. "Every

letter traced on paper," said an old abbot, "is a blow to the devil."

The ecclesiastical and monastic schools took the place of the

destroyed Roman day-schools, and whatever modicum of learning the

Frankish courts could boast of, was due to the monks and nuns of their

time; for some at least of these potentates when not absorbed in the

gratification of their lusts, their vengeance, greed or ambition,

were possessed by nobler instincts.

[Illustration: ST. GERMAIN DES PRES.]

To St. Germain of Autun, made bishop in 555, Paris owes one of her

earliest ecclesiastical foundations. His influence over Childebert,

king of Paris, was great. He obtained an order that those who refused

to destroy pagan idols in their possession were to answer to the

king, and when Childebert and his warriors, seized by an irresistible

fighting impulse, marched into Spain, and were bought off the siege

and sack of Saragossa by the present of the tunic of St. Vincent, he

induced the king to found the abbey and church of St. Vincent (St.

Germain des Pres), to receive the relic and a great part of the spoil

of Toledo, consisting of jewels, golden chalices, books and crucifixes

of marvellous craftsmanship. In the same reign was begun on the site

of the present sacristy of Notre Dame a great basilica, dedicated to

St. Stephen, so magnificently decorated that it was compared to

Solomon's Temple for the beauty and the delicacy of its art. The

church of Ste. Marie or Notre Dame, already existing in 365, stood on

a site extending westward into the present Place du Parvis Notre Dame.

During this great outburst of zeal and devotion, another monastery

(St. Vincent le Rond), was established and dedicated to St. Vincent,

which subsequently became associated with the name of the earlier St.

Germain of Auxerre (l'Auxerrois).

A curious episode is found in Gregory's \_Chronicle\_, which is

characteristic of the times, and proves that a monastery and church of

St. Julien le Pauvre were already in existence. An impostor, claiming

to have the relics of St. Vincent and St. Felix, came to Paris, but

refused to deposit them with the bishop for verification. He was

arrested and searched, and the so-called relics were found to consist

of moles' teeth, the bones of mice, some bears' claws and other

rubbish: they were flung into the Seine and the impostor was put in

prison. Gregory, who was lodging in the monastery of St. Julien le

Pauvre, went into the church shortly after midnight to say matins, and

found the creature, who had escaped from the bishop's prison, lying

drunk on the pavement. He had him dragged away into a corner, but so

intolerable was the stench that the pavement was purified with water

and sweet smelling herbs. When the bishops, who were at Paris for a

synod, met at dinner the next day, the impostor was identified as a

fugitive slave of the bishop of Tarbes.

Dagobert the Great, who came to the throne in 628, and his favourite

minister, St. Eloy, goldsmith and bishop (founder of the convent in

Paris which long bore his name), are enshrined in the hearts of the

people in many a song and ballad: St. Eloy, with his good humour, his

ruddy countenance, his eloquence, gentleness, modesty, wit, and wide

charity, singing in the church processions \_a haute gamme jubilant et

trepudiant\_ like David of old before the ark: Dagobert, the Solomon of

the Franks, the terror of the oppressor, the darling of the poor. The

great king was fond of Paris and established himself there when not

scouring his kingdom to administer justice or to crush his enemies. He

was the second founder of the monastery of St. Denis, which he rebuilt

and endowed with great magnificence, and to which he gave much

importance by the establishment there of a great fair, which soon drew

merchants from all parts of Europe. He was a patron of the arts and

employed St. Eloy to make reliquaries[27] for St. Denis and the

churches in Paris, of such richness and beauty that they were admired

of the whole of France.

[Footnote 27: The works of art traditionally ascribed to St. Eloy are

many. He is reported to have made a golden throne set with stones (or

rather two thrones, for he used his material so honestly and

economically). He was made master of the mint, and thirteen pieces of

money are known which bear his name. He decorated the tombs of St.

Martin and St. Denis, and constructed reliquaries for St. Germain,

Notre Dame, and other churches.]

The monkish scribes who wrote the Chronicles of St. Denis were not

ungrateful to the memory of good King Dagobert, for it is there

related that one day, as a holy anchorite lay sleeping on his stony

couch on an island, being heavy with years, a venerable, white-haired

man appeared to him and bade him rise and pray for the soul of King

Dagobert of France. As he arose he beheld out at sea a crowd of devils

bearing the king away in a little boat towards Vulcan's Cauldron,

beating and tormenting him cruelly, who called unceasingly on St.

Denis of France, on St. Martin and St. Maurice. Then thunder and

tempest rolled down from heaven, and the three glorious saints

appeared to him, arrayed in white garments. He was much affrighted,

and on asking who they were, was answered: "We be they whom Dagobert

hath called, and are come to snatch him from the hands of the devils

and bear him to Abraham's bosom." The saints then vanished from before

him and sped against the devils and reft the soul from them, which

they were tormenting with threats and buffetings, and bare it to the

joys perdurable of Paradise, chanting the words of the Psalmist

\_Beatus quem eligisti\_.

CHAPTER III

\_The Carlovingians--The Great Siege of Paris by the Normans--The Germs

of Feudalism\_

Chaos and misery followed the brilliant reign of Dagobert. In half a

century his race had faded into the feeble \_rois faineants\_,

degenerate by precocious debauchery, some of whom were fathers at

fourteen or fifteen years of age and in their graves before they were

thirty. The bow of power is to him who can bend it, and in an age when

human passions are untamed, the one unpardonable vice in a king is

weakness. Soon the incapable, impotent and irresolute Merovingians

were thrust aside by the more puissant Carlovingian race.

Charles Martel, although buried with the Frankish kings at St. Denis,

was content with the title of Duke of the Franks, and hesitated to

proclaim himself king. He, like the other mayors of the palace, ruled

through feeble and pensioned puppets when they did not contemptuously

leave the throne vacant. In 751 Pepin the Short sent two prelates to

sound Pope Zacchary, who, being hard pressed by the Lombards, lent a

willing ear to their suit, agreed that he who was king in fact should

be made so in name, and authorised Pepin to assume the title of king.

Chilperic III., like a discarded toy, was relegated to a monastery at

St. Omer, and Pepin the Short anointed at Soissons by St. Boniface

bishop of Mayence, from that sacred "ampul full of chrism" which a

snow-white dove had brought in its mouth to St. Remi wherewith to

anoint Clovis at Rheims. In the year 754 Stephen III., the first pope

who had honoured Paris by his presence, came to ask the reward of his

predecessor's favour and was lodged at St. Denis. There he anointed

Pepin anew, with his sons Charles and Carloman, and compelled the

Frankish chieftains, under pain of excommunication, to swear

allegiance to them and their descendants.

The city of Lutetia had much changed since the messengers of Pope

Fabianus entered five centuries before. On that southern hill where

formerly stood the Roman camp and cemetery were now the great basilica

and abbey of St. Genevieve. The amphitheatre and probably much of the

palace of the Caesars were in ruins, all stripped of their marbles to

adorn the new Christian churches. The extensive abbatial buildings and

church, resplendent with marble and gold, on the west, dedicated to

St. Vincent, were henceforth to be known as St. Germain of the Meadows

(des Pres), for the saint's body had been translated from the chapel

of St. Symphorien in the vestibule to the high altar of the abbey

church a few weeks before the pope's arrival at St. Denis. The

Cite[28] was still held within decayed Gallo-Roman walls, and the

Grand and Petit Ponts of wood crossed the arms of the Seine. On the

site of the old pagan temple to Jupiter by the market-place stood the

church Our Lady: to the south-east stood the church of St. Stephen.

The devotion of the \_Nautae\_ had been transferred from Apollo to St.

Nicholas, patron of shipmen, Mercury had given place to St. Michael,

and to each of those saints oratories were erected. Other churches and

oratories adorned the island, dedicated to St. Gervais, and St. Denis

of the Prison (\_de la chartre\_), by the north wall where, abandoned

by his followers, the saint was visited by his divine Lord, who

Himself administered the sacred Host. A nunnery dedicated to St. Eloy,

where three hundred pious nuns diffused the odour of Jesus Christ

through the whole city, occupied a large site opposite the west front

of Notre Dame. Near by stood a hospital, founded and endowed a century

before by St. Landry, bishop of Paris, for the sick poor, which soon

became known as the Hostel of God (\_Hotel Dieu\_). The old Roman palace

and basilica had been transformed into the official residence and

tribunal of justice of the Frankish kings. On the south bank stood the

church and monastery of St. Julien le Pauvre. A new Frankish city was

growing on the north bank, bounded on the west by the abbey of St.

Vincent le Rond, and on the east by the abbey of St. Lawrence. Houses

clustered around the four great monasteries, and suburbs were in

course of formation. The Cite was still largely inhabited by opulent

merchants of Gallo-Roman descent, who were seen riding along the

streets in richly decorated chariots drawn by oxen.

[Footnote 28: The term Cite (\_civitas\_) was given to the old Roman

part of many French towns.]

Charlemagne during his long reign of nearly half a century (768-814)

was too preoccupied with his noble but ineffectual purpose of

cementing by blood and iron the warring races of Europe into a united

\_populus Christianus\_, and establishing, under the dual lordship of

emperor and pope, a city of God on earth, to give much attention to

Paris. He did, however, spend a Christmas there, and was present at

the dedication of the church of St. Denis, completed in 775 under

Abbot Fulrad. It was a typical Frankish prince whom the Parisians saw

enthroned at St. Denis. He had the abundant fair hair, shaven chin and

long moustache we see in the traditional pictures of Clovis. Above

middle height, with large, bright piercing eyes, which, when he was

angered shone like carbuncles, he impressed all by the majesty of his

bearing, in spite of a rather shrill and feeble voice and a certain

asymmetrical rotundity below the belt.

[Illustration: ST. JULIEN LE PAUVRE.]

Abbot Fulrad was a sturdy prince and for long disputed the possession

of some lands at Plessis with the bishop of Paris. The decision of the

case is characteristic of the times. Two champions were deputed to act

for the litigants, and met before the Count of Paris[29] in the

king's chapel of St. Nicholas in the Palace of the Cite, and a solemn

judgment by the cross was held. While the royal chaplain recited

psalms and prayers, the two champions stood forth and held their arms

outstretched in the form of a cross. In this trial of endurance the

bishop's deputy was the first to succumb; his fainting arms drooped

and the abbot won his cause.

[Footnote 29: The Carlovingians had been careful to abolish the office

of mayor of the palace.]

Paris had grown but slowly under the Frankish kings. They lived ill at

ease within city walls. Children of the fields and the forests, whose

delight was in the chase or in war, they were glad to escape from

Paris to their villas at Chelles or Compiegne. But the civil power of

the Church grew apace. In the early sixth century the abbots of St.

Germain des Pres at Paris held possession of nearly 90,000 acres of

land, mostly arable, in various provinces: their annual revenue

amounted to about L34,000 of our money: they ruled over more than

10,000 serfs. From a list of the lands held in Paris in the ninth

century by the abbey of St. Pierre des Fosses,[30] and published in

the \_Tresor des pieces rares ou inedites\_, we are able to form some

idea of the vast extent of monastic possessions in the city. The names

of the various properties whose boundaries touch those of the abbey

lands are given: private owners are mentioned only four times, whereas

to ecclesiastical and monastic domains there are no less than ninety

references. These monastic settlements were veritable garden cities,

where most of our modern fruits, flowers and vegetables were

cultivated; where flocks and herds were bred, and all kinds of

poultry, including pheasants and peacocks, reared. Guilds of craftsmen

worked and flourished; markets were held generally on saints' days,

and pilgrimages were fostered. Charlemagne was an honest coiner and a

protector of foreign traders; he was tolerant of the Jews, the only

capitalists of the time, and under him Paris became the "market of the

peoples," and Venetian and Syrian merchants sought her shores.

[Footnote 30: St. Pierre was subsequently enriched by the possession

of the body of St. Maur, brought thither in the Norman troubles by

fugitive monks from Anjou, and the monastery is better known to

history under the name of St. Maur des Fosses. The entrails of our own

Henry V. were buried there. Rabelais, before its secularisation, was

one of its canons, and Catherine de' Medicis once possessed a chateau

on its site. Monastery and chateau no longer exist.]

In Gallo-Roman days few were the churches outside the cities, but in

the great emperor's time every villa[31] is said to have had its

chapel or oratory served by a priest. Charlemagne was a zealous patron

of such learning as the epoch afforded, and sought out scholars in

every land. English, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Goth, and Bavarian--all

were welcomed. The English scholar Alcuin, master of the Cloister

School at York, became his chief adviser and tutor. He would have

every child in his empire to know at least his paternoster, and every

abbot on election was required to endow the monastery with some books.

The choice of authors was not a wide one: the Old and New Testaments;

the writings of the Fathers, especially St. Augustine, the emperor's

favourite author; Josephus; the works of Bede; some Latin authors,

chiefly Virgil; scraps of Plato translated into Latin--a somewhat

exiguous and austere library, but one which reared a noble and valiant

line of scholars and statesmen to rule the minds and bridle the savage

lusts of the coming generations of men. Under Irish and Anglo-Saxon

influences the cramped, minute script of the Merovingian scribes grew

in beauty and lucidity; gold and silver and colour illuminated the

pages of their books. The golden age of the Roman peace seemed

dawning again in a new \_Imperium Christianorum\_.

[Footnote 31: The villa of those days was a vast domain, part

dwelling, part farm, part game preserve.]

Towards the end of his reign the old emperor was dining with his court

in a seaport town in the south of France, when news came that some

strange, black, piratical craft had dared to attack the harbour. They

were soon scattered, but the emperor was seen to rise from the table,

and go to a window, where he stood gazing fixedly at the retreating

pirates. Tears trickled down his cheeks and none dared to approach

him. At length he turned and said: "Know ye my faithful servants,

wherefore I weep thus bitterly? I fear not these wretched pirates, but

I am afflicted that they should dare to approach these shores, and

sorely do grieve when I foresee what evil they will work on my sons

and on my people." His courtiers deemed they were Breton or Saracen

pirates, but the emperor knew better. They were the terrible Northmen,

soon to prove a bloodier scourge to Gaul than Hun or Goth or Saracen;

and to meet them Charlemagne left an empire distracted by civil war,

and a nerveless, feeble prince, Louis the Pious, Louis the Forgiving,

fitter for the hermit's cell than for the throne and sword of an

emperor.

In 841 the black boats of the sea-rovers for the first time entered

the Seine, and burnt Rouen and Fontenelle. In 845 a fleet of one

hundred and twenty vessels swept up its higher waters and on Easter

Eve captured, plundered and burnt Paris, sacked its monasteries and

churches and butchered their monks and priests. The futile Emperor

Charles the Bald bought them off at St. Denis with seven thousand

livres of silver, and they went back to their Scandinavian homes

gorged with plunder--only to return year by year, increased in numbers

and ferocity. Words cannot picture the terror of the citizens and

monks when the dread squadrons, with the monstrous dragons carved on

their prows, their great sails and threefold serried ranks of

men-of-prey, were sighted. Everyone left his home and sought refuge in

flight; the monks hurried off with the bodies of the saints, the

relics and treasures of the sanctuary, to hide them in far-away

cities. In 852 Charles' soldiers refused to fight, and for two hundred

and eighty-seven days the pirates ravaged the valley of the Seine at

their will. Never within memory or tradition were such things known.

Rouen, Bayeux, Beauvais, Paris, Meaux, Melun, Chartres, Evreux, were

devastated; the islands of the Seine were whitened by the bones of the

victims, and similar horrors were wrought along the other rivers of

France. In 858 a body of the freebooters settled on the island of

Oissel, below Rouen, and issued forth \_en excursion\_ to spoil and slay

and burn at their pleasure: the once rich city of Paris was left a

cinder heap; the abbey of St. Genevieve was sacked and burnt, Notre

Dame, St. Stephen, St. Germain des Pres and St Denis alone escaping at

the cost of immense bribes. Charles ordered two fortresses to be built

for the defence of the approaches to the bridges, and continued his

feeble policy of paying blackmail.

In 865 St. Denis was pillaged. In 866 Robert the Strong, Count of

Paris, had won the title of the Maccabeus of France, by daring to

stand against the fury of the Northmen and to defeat them; but having

in the heat of battle with the terrible Hastings taken off his

cuirass, he was killed. By order of Charles, St. Denis was fortified

in 869, after another pillage of St. Germain.

In 876 began a second period of raids of even greater ferocity under

the Norwegian Rollo the Gangr[32] (the walker), a colossus so huge

that no horse could be found to bear him. In 884 the whole Christian

people seemed doomed to perish. Flourishing cities and monasteries

became heaps of smoking ruins; along the roads lay the bodies of

priests and laymen, noble and peasant, freeman and serf, women and

children and babes at the breast to be devoured of wolves and

vultures. The very sanctuaries[33] were become the dens of wild

beasts, the haunt of serpents and creeping things.

[Footnote 32: The remains of the great Viking's castle are still shown

at Aalesund, in Norway.]

[Footnote 33: When Alan Barbetorte, after the recovery of Nantes, went

to give thanks to God in the cathedral, he was compelled to cut his

way, sword in hand, through thorns and briers.]

In 885 a great league of pirates--Danes, Normans, Saxons, Britons and

renegade French--on their way to ravage the rich cities of Burgundy

drew up before Paris; and their leader, Siegfroy, demanded passage to

the higher waters. Paris, forsaken by her kings and emperors for more

than a century, scarred and bled by three spoliations, was now to

become a beacon of hope. The Roman walls were repaired, the towers on

the north and south banks were strengthened. Bishop Gozlin, in whom

great learning was wedded to incomparable fortitude, defied the

pirates, warning them that the citizens were determined to resist and

to hold Paris for a bulwark to the land.

Of this most terrible of the Norman sieges of Paris, we have fuller

record. A certain monk of St. Germain des Pres, Abbo by name, who had

taken part in the defence, was one day sitting in his cell reading his

Virgil. Desiring to exercise his Latin, and give an example to other

cities, he determined to sing of a great siege with happier issue than

that of Troy.[34] Abbo saw the black hulls and horrid prows of the

pirates' boats as they turned the arm of the Seine below Paris, seven

hundred strong vessels, and many more of lighter build. For two

leagues and a half the very waters of the Seine were covered with

them, and men asked into what mysterious caves the river had

retreated. On November 26th, 885, the attack began at the unfinished

tower on the north bank, replaced in later times by the Grand

Chatelet. Three leaders stand eminent among the defenders of the city:

Bishop Gozlin, the great warrior priest; his nephew, Abbot Ebles of

St. Denis; and Count Eudes (Hugh) of Paris, son of Robert the Strong.

The air is darkened with javelins and arrows; bishop and abbot are in

the very eye of danger; the latter with one shaft spits seven of the

besiegers, and mockingly bids their fellows take them to the kitchen

to be cooked. On the morrow, reinforced by fresh troops, the assault

is renewed, stones are hurled, arrows whistle; the air is filled with

groans and cries; the defenders pour down boiling oil and melted wax

and pitch. The hair of some of the Normans takes fire; they burn and

the Parisians shout--"Jump into the Seine; the water will make

your hair grow again and then look you that it be better combed." One

well-aimed millstone says Abbo, sends the souls of six to hell. The

baffled Northmen retire, entrench a camp at St. Germain l'Auxerrois,

and prepare rams and other siege artillery.

[Footnote 34: It must be admitted, however, that the poet's uncouth

diction is anything but Virgilian.]

Abbo now pauses to bewail the state of France: no lord to rule her,

everywhere devastation wrought by fire and sword, God's people

paralysed at the advancing phalanx of death, Paris alone tranquil,

erect and steadfast in the midst of all their thunderbolts, \_polis ut

regina micans omnes super urbes\_, a queenly city resplendent above all

towns. The second attack begins with redoubled fury. After battering

the walls of the north tower, monstrous machines on sixteen wheels are

advanced and the besiegers strive to fill the fosse. Trees, shrubs,

slaughtered cattle, wounded horses, the very captives slain before

the eyes of the besieged, are cast in to fill the void. Bishop Gozlin

brings down the Norman chieftain, who had butchered the prisoners, by

a well-aimed arrow: his body, too, is flung into the fosse. The enemy

cover the plain with their swords and the river with their bucklers;

fireships are loosed against the bridge. In the city women fly to the

sanctuaries; they roll their hair in the dust, beat their breasts and

rend their faces, calling on St. Germain: "Blessed St. Germain,

succour thy servants." The fighters on the walls take up the cry;

Bishop Gozlin invokes the Virgin, Mother of the Redeemer, Star of the

Sea, bright above all other stars, to save them from the cruel Danes.

[Illustration: ST GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS.]

On February 6th, 886, a sudden flood sweeps away the Petit Pont, and

its tower, with twelve defenders, is isolated. With shouts of triumph

the Northmen cross the river and surround it. The twelve refuse to

yield, and fire is brought. The warriors (a touching detail) fearing

lest their falcons be stifled, cut them loose. There is but one vessel

wherewith to quench the flames and that soon drops from their hands;

the little band rush forth; they set their backs against the ruins of

the bridge, their faces to their foes and fought a hopeless fight. The

walls of the city are lined with their kinsmen and friends impotent to

help; the enemies of God, doomed one day to dine at Pluto's cauldron,

press upon them; they fight till Phoebus sinks to the depths of the

sea, so great is the courage of despair. The survivors are promised

their lives if they will yield, they are disarmed, then treacherously

slain, and their souls fly to heaven. But one, Herve, of noble bearing

and of great beauty, deemed a prince, is spared for ransom. With

thunderous voice he refuses to bargain his life for gold, falls

unarmed on his foes and is cut to pieces. "These things," writes Monk

Abbo, "I saw with mine eyes," and he gives the names of the heroic

twelve who went to receive the palm of martyrdom: Ermenfroi, Herve,

Herland, Ouacre, Hervi, Arnaud, Seuil, Jobert, Hardre, Guy, Aimard,

Gossuin. Their names are inscribed on a little marble tablet over the

Place du Petit Pont,[35] near the spot where they fell. Hail to the

brave who across twelve centuries thrill our hearts to-day! They were

examplars to the land; they helped to make France by their desperate

courage and noble self-sacrifice, and to win for Paris the hegemony of

her cities. The city is at length revictualled by Henry of Saxony and

again the Parisians are left to themselves. On the sixth of April

Bishop Gozlin, their shield, their two-edged axe, whose shaft and bow

were terrible, passes to the Lord. On May 12th, Eudes steals away to

implore further help from the emperor, and as soon as he sees the

imperialists on the march returns and hews his way into Paris, to

share the terrors of the siege. Henry the Saxon again appears, but is

ambushed and slain and his army melts away. Yet again Paris is

abandoned by her emperor and seeks help of heaven, for the waters are

low, the besiegers are able to get footing on the island, set fire to

the gates and attack the walls. The body of St. Genevieve, which had

been transferred to the Cite, is borne about, and at night the ghostly

figure of St. Germain is seen by the sentinels to pass along the

ramparts, sprinkling them with holy water and promising salvation.

Charles the Fat, the Lord's anointed, now appears with a multitude of

a hundred tongues and encamps on Montmartre, but while the Parisians

are preparing to second him in crushing their foes, they learn that

the cowardly emperor has bought them off with a bribe and permission

to winter in Burgundy. The Parisians, however, refused to give them

passage and by an unparalleled feat of engineering they transported

their ships overland for two miles and set sail again above the city.

Next year, as Gozlin's successor, Bishop Antheric, was sitting at

table with Abbot Ebles, a fearful messenger brought news that the

\_acephali\_[36] were again in sight. Forgetting the repast, the two

churchmen seized their weapons, called the city to arms, hastened to

the ramparts, and the abbot slew their pilot with a well-aimed shaft.

The Normans are terrified, and at length a treaty is made with their

leaders, who promised not to ravage the Marne and some even entered

Paris. But the ill-disciplined hordes were hard to hold in and bands

of brigands, as soon as the ramparts were passed, began to plunder and

slew a score of Christian men. The Parisians in their indignation

sought out and--Hurrah! cries Abbo--found five hundred Normans in the

city and slew them. But the bishop protected those that took refuge in

his palace, instead of killing them as he ought to have done--\_potius

concidere debens\_. For a time Paris had respite; cowardly Charles the

Fat was deposed, and in 887 Count Eudes was acclaimed king of France

after his return from Aquitaine, whose duke he had brought to

subjection. He counselled a gathering of all the peoples outside Paris

to make common cause against the Normans, and Abbo saw the proud

Franks march in with heads erect, the skilful and polished Aquitaines,

the Burgundians too prone to flight. But nought availed: the motley

host soon melted away.

[Footnote 35: The tablet has now (1911) disappeared. \_See\_ p. 313.]

[Footnote 36: Abbo's favourite epithet. They were without a head, for

they knew not Christ, the Head of Mankind.]

At the extreme north-east of Paris the Rue du Crimee leads to a group

of once barren hills, part of which is now made into the Park of the

Buttes Chaumont. Here, by the Mount of the Falcon (Montfaucon[37]) in

892 King Eudes fell upon an army of Northmen, who had come against

Paris and utterly routed them. Antheric, the noble pastor, with his

virgin-like face, led three hundred footmen into the fight and slew

six hundred of the \_acephali\_. But Abbo's muse now fails him, for

Eudes, noble Eudes, is no more worthy of his office, and Christ's

sheep are perishing. Where is the ancient prowess of France? Three

vices are working her destruction: pride, the sinful charms of Venus

(\_foeda venustas veneris\_) and love of sumptuous garments. Her

people are arrayed in purple vesture, and wear cloaks of gold; their

loins are cinctured with girdles rich with precious stones. Monk Abbo

wearies not of singing, but the deeds of noble Eudes are wanting; all

the poet craves is another victory to rejoice Heaven; another defeat

of the black host of the enemy.

[Footnote 37: In the Middle Ages and down to 1761 Montfaucon had a

sinister reputation. There stood the gallows of Paris, a great stone

gibbet with its three rows of chains, near the old Barriere du Combat,

where the present Rue de la Grange aux Belles abuts on the Boulevard

de la Villette.]

Alas! the noble Eudes was now a king with rebellious vassals. Paris

was never captured again, but the \_acephali\_ were devouring the land.

The grim spectres of Famine and Plague made a charnel-house of whole

regions of France, while Eudes was fighting the Count of Flanders, a

rival king, and the ineffectual emperor, Charles the Simple. He it was

who after Eudes' death, by the treaty of St. Claire sur Epte in 902,

surrendered to the barbarians the fair province, subsequently to be

known as Normandy. The new prayer in the Litany, "From the fury of the

Northmen, good Lord deliver us," was heard, and the dread name of

Rollo vanishes from history to live again in song. Under the title of

Robert, assumed from his god-father, he reappears to win a dukedom and

a king's daughter; the Normans are broken in to Christianity, law and

order; their land becomes one of the most civilized regions of France;

the fiercest of church levellers are known as the greatest of church

builders in Christendom. They gave their name to a style of Christian

architecture in Europe and a line of kings to England,[38] Naples and

Sicily.

[Footnote 38: William the Conqueror was also known as William the

Builder.]

The people of Paris and of France never forgot the lesson of the dark

century of the invasions. A subtle change had been operating. The

empire had decomposed into kingdoms; the kingdoms were segregating

into lordships. Men in their need were attracted to the few strong and

dominant lords whose courage and resource afforded them a rallying

point and shelter against disintegrating forces: the poor and

defenceless huddled for protection to the seigneurs of strongholds

which had withstood the floods of barbarians that were devastating the

land. The seeds of feudalism were sown in the long winter of the

Norman terror.

CHAPTER IV

\_The Rise of the Capetian Kings and the Growth of Feudal Paris\_

From 936 to the coronation of Hugh Capet at Noyon in 987, the

Carlovingians exercised a slowly decaying power. The real rulers at

Paris were Hugh the Tall and Hugh Capet,[39] grandson and

great-grandson of Robert the Strong. They revolutionized the ideal of

kingship and founded the line of kings of France which stretches

onward through history for a thousand years until the guillotine of

the Revolution cut it in twain. It is Hugh Capet whom Dante, following

a legend of his time, calls the son of a butcher of Paris, and whom he

hears among the weeping souls cleaving to the dust and purging their

avarice in the fifth cornice of Purgatory.

[Footnote 39: The surname Capet is said to have originated in the

\_capet\_ or hood of the abbot's mantle which Hugh wore as lay Abbot of

St. Martin's, having laid aside the crown after his coronation.]

Their patrimony was a small one--the provinces of the Isle de France,

La Brie, La Beauce, Beauvais and Valois; but their sway extended over

the land of the Langue d'oil, with its strenuous northern life, \_le

doux royaume de la France\_, the sweet realm of France, whose head was

Paris, cradle of the great French Monarchy and home of art, learning

and chivalry. The globe of the earth, symbol of universal empire,

gives way to the hand of justice as the emblem of kingship. The Capets

were, it is true, at first little more than seigneurs over other

seigneurs, some of whom were almost as powerful as they; but that

little, the drop of holy chrism by which they were consecrated of the

Church, and the support of the French jurists, contained within them a

promise and potency of future grandeur. They were the Lord's anointed,

supported by the Lord's Vicar on earth: to disobey them was to disobey

God: tribal sovereignty was to give way to territorial sovereignty.

The people, long forsaken by their emperors, had in their turn

forsaken them, in order "not to be at the mercy of all the great ones

they surrendered themselves to one of the great ones" and in exchange

for protection gave troth and service. Cities, churches and

monasteries now assumed a new aspect. Paris had demonstrated the value

of a walled city, and during the latter part of the Norman terror,

from all parts of North France, monks and nuns and priests had brought

their holy relics within it as to a city of refuge. Gone were its

lines of villas from Gallo-Roman times extending freely into the

country. The ample spaces within gave place to crowded houses and

narrow streets held in a rigid ring of walls and moats. The might of

the archbishops, bishops and abbots increased: they sat in the

councils of kings and dominated the administration of justice; the

moral, social and political life of the country centred around them.

Armed with the sword and the cross they held almost absolute sway over

their little republics, coined money, levied taxes, disposed of small

armies and went to the chase in almost regal state.

The advent of the year 1000 was regarded with universal terror in

Christendom. A fear, based on a supposed apocalyptic prophecy that the

end of the world was at hand, paralysed all political and social life.

Churches were too small to contain the immense throngs of fearful

penitents: legacies and donations from conscience-stricken worshippers

poured wealth into their treasuries. But once the awe-inspiring night

of the vernal equinox that began the year 1000 had passed, and the

bright March sun rose again on the fair earth, unconsumed by the wrath

of God, the old world "seemed to thrill with new life; the earth cast

off her outworn garments and clothed herself in a rich and white

vesture of new churches." Everywhere in Europe, and especially in

Paris and in France, men strove in emulation to build the finest

temples to God. The wooden roofs of the Merovingian and Carlovingian

basilicas had ill withstood the ravage of war and fire. Stone took the

place of wood, the heavy thrust of the roof led to increased mural

strength, walls were buttressed, columns thickened. Massive towers of

defence, at first round, then polygonal, then square, flanked the west

fronts, veritable keeps, where the sacred vessels and relics might be

preserved and defended in case of attack. Soon spaces are clamant for

decoration and the stone soars into the beauty of Gothic vaulting and

tracery.

The growth of Paris is more intimately associated with the Capets than

with any of the earlier dynasties, and at no period in its history is

the ecclesiastical expansion more marked. Under the long reign of

Hugh's son, King Robert the Pious, no less than fourteen monasteries

and seven churches were built or rebuilt in or around the city; a new

and magnificent palace and hall of Justice, with its royal chapel

dedicated to St. Nicholas, rose on the site of the old Roman basilica

and palace in the Cite. The king was no less charitable than pious;

troops of the poor and afflicted followed him when he went abroad, and

he fed a thousand daily at his table. But notwithstanding his

munificent piety, he was early made to feel the power of the Church.

His union with Queen Bertha, a cousin of the fourth degree, whom he

had married a year before his accession, was condemned by the pope as

incestuous, and he was summoned to repudiate her. Robert, who loved

his wife dearly, resisted the papal authority, and excommunication and

interdict followed.[40] Everyone fled from him; only the servants are

said to have remained, who purged with fire all the vessels which were

contaminated by the guilty couple's touch. The misery of his people at

length subdued the king's spirit, and he cast off his faithful and

beloved queen.

[Footnote 40: A dramatic representation of the delivery of the papal

bull, painted by Jean Paul Laurens, hangs in the museum of the

Luxembourg.]

The beautiful and imperious Constance of Aquitaine, her successor,

proved a penitential infliction second only in severity to the

anathemas of the Church. Troops of vain and frivolous troubadours from

her southern home, in all kinds of foreign and fantastic costumes,

invaded the court at Paris and shocked the austere piety of the king.

He perceived the corrupting influence on the simple manners of the

Franks of their licentious songs, lascivious music and dissolute

lives, but was powerless to dismiss them. The tyrannous temper of his

new consort became the torment of his life. He was forced even to

conceal his acts of charity. One day, on returning from prayers,

Robert perceived that his lance by the queen's orders had been adorned

with richly chased silver. He looked around his palace and was not

long in finding a poor, tattered wretch whom he ordered to search for

a tool, and the pair locked themselves in a room; the silver was soon

stripped from the lance, the king hastily thrust it into the beggar's

wallet and bade him escape before the queen discovered the loss. The

poor whom he admitted to his table, despite the angry protests of the

queen, at times ill repaid his charity. On one occasion a tassel of

gold was cut from his robe, and on the thief being discovered the

king simply remarked: "Well, perhaps he has greater need of it than I,

may God bless its service to him." The very fringe was sometimes

stripped from his cloak as he walked abroad, but he never could be

induced to punish any of these poor spoilers of his person. It is in

King Robert's reign that we read of one of the earliest revolts

against the institution of slavery, which was regarded as an integral

part of the divine order of things. It was the custom of the Church at

Paris to send serfs to the law courts to give evidence for their

bishop or prior, or to do battle for them in the event of a judicial

duel. The freemen in the eleventh century began to rebel against

fighting with a despised serf, and refused the duel, whereupon early

in the next century the king and his court decided that the serfs

might lawfully testify and fight against freemen, and whoso refused

the trial by battle should lose his suit and suffer excommunication.

The prelates exchanged serfs, used them as substitutes in times of

war, allowed them to marry outside their church or abbey only by

special permission and on condition that all children were equally

divided between the two proprietors. If a female serf married a

freeman he and their children became serfs. Serfs were only permitted

to make a will by consent of their master; every favour was paid for

and liberty bought at a great price. Merchants even and artizans in

towns owed part of their produce to the seigneur. In the eleventh

century burgesses as well as serfs and Jews were given to churches,

exchanged, sold or left in wills by their seigneurs. The story of

mediaeval Paris is the story of the efforts of serf and burgess to win

their economic freedom.

The declining years of King Robert were embittered by the impiety of

rebellious sons, who were reduced to submission only at the price of a

protracted and bloody campaign in Burgundy. The broken-hearted father

did not long survive his victory. He died in 1031, and the benisons

and lamentations of the poor and lowly winged his spirit to its rest.

If we may believe some writers, pious King Robert's memory is

enshrined in the hymnology of the Church, which he enriched with some

beautiful compositions. He was often seen to enter St. Denis in regal

habit to lead the choir at matins, and would sometimes challenge the

monks to a singing contest.

In 1053, towards the end of Henry I.'s almost unchronicled reign, an

alarming rumour came to Paris. The priests of St. Ermeran at Ratisbon

claimed to have possession of the body of St. Denis, which they

alleged had been stolen from the abbey in 892 by one Gisalbert. The

loss of a province would not have evoked livelier emotion, and Henry

at once took measures to convince France and Christendom that the true

body was still at St. Denis. Before an immense concourse of bishops,

abbots, princes and people, presided over by the king, his brother and

the archbishops of Rheims and of Canterbury, the remains of St. Denis

and his two companions were solemnly drawn out of the silver coffers

in which they had been placed by Dagobert, together with a nail from

the cross and part of the crown of thorns, all locked with two keys in

a chest richly adorned with gold and precious stones, and preserved in

a vault under the high altar. After having been borne in procession

they were exposed on the high altar for fifteen days and then restored

to their resting-place. The stiff-necked priests of Ratisbon,

fortified with a papal bull of 1052, still maintained their claim to

the possession of the body, but no diminution was experienced in the

devotion either of the French peoples or of strangers of all nations

to the relics at St. Denis.

The chief architectural event of Henry's reign at Paris was the

rebuilding on a more magnificent scale of the Merovingian church and

abbey of St. Martin in the Fields (des Champs), whose blackened walls

and desolate lands were eloquent of the Norman terror. The buildings

stood outside Paris about a mile beyond the Cite on the great Roman

road to the north, where St. Martin on his way to Paris healed a

leper. The foundation, which soon grew to be one of the wealthiest in

France, included a hostel for poor pilgrims endowed by Philip I. with

a mill on the Grand Pont, to which the monks added the revenue from an

oven.[41] In the eighteenth century, when the monastery was

secularised, the abbot was patron of twenty-nine priories, three

vicarates and thirty-five parishes, five of which were in Paris. Some

of the old building has been incorporated in the existing

Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers. The Gothic Priory chapel, with its

fine twelfth-century choir, is used as a machinery-room, and the

refectory, one of the most precious and beautiful creations attributed

to Pierre de Montereau, is now a library.

[Footnote 41: The possession of an oven was a lucrative monopoly in

mediaeval times. The writer has visited a village in South Italy where

this curious privilege is still possessed by the parish priest, who

levies a small indemnity of a few loaves, made specially of larger

size, for each use of the oven.]

Philip I. brought to the indolent habit inherited from his father a

depraved and vicious nature. After a regency of eight years he became

king at the age of fifteen, and lived to defile his youth and

dishonour his manhood by debauchery and adultery, simony and

brigandage. Early in his career he followed the evil counsels of his

provost Etienne, and purposed the spoliation of the treasury of St.

Germain des Pres to pay for his dissolute pleasures. "As the

sacrilegious pair," says the chronicler, "drew near the relics,

Etienne was smitten with blindness and the terrified Philip fled."

Philip after a reign void of honour or profit to France left his son

Louis VI. (the Lusty) a heritage of shame, a kingdom reduced to little

more than a baronage over a few \_comtes\_, whose cities of Paris,

Etampes, Orleans and Sens were isolated from royal jurisdiction by

insolent and rebellious vassals. Many of the great seigneurs were but

freebooters, living by plunder. The violence and lawlessness of these

and other smaller scoundrels, who levied blackmail on merchants and

travellers, made commerce almost impossible. Corruption, too, had

invaded many of the monasteries and fouled the thrones of bishops, and

a dual effort was made by king and Church to remedy the evils of the

times. The hierarchy strove to centralise power at Rome that the

Church might be purged of wolves in sheep's clothing: the Capetian

monarchs to increase their might at Paris in order to subdue insolent

and powerful vassals to law and obedience.

In 1097 the Duke of Burgundy learned that Archbishop Anselm of

Canterbury was about to pass through his territory with a rich escort

on his way to Rome. The usual ambush was laid and the party were held

up. As the duke hastened to spoil his victims, crying out--"Where is

the archbishop?" he turned and saw Anselm, impassive on his horse,

gazing sternly at him. In a moment the savage and lawless duke was

transformed to a pallid, stammering wretch with downcast eyes, begging

permission to kiss the old man's hand and to offer him a noble escort

to safeguard him through his territory. It was the moral influence of

prelates such as this and monks such as St. Bernard that enabled the

hierarchy to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, to cleanse the

bishoprics and abbeys, to wrest the privilege of conferring benefices

from lay potentates and feudal seigneurs who bartered them for money,

and to make and unmake kings.

The end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth centuries saw

the culmination of the power of the reformed orders. All over France,

religious houses--the Grande Chartreuse, Fontevrault, Citeaux,

Clairvaux--sprang up as if by enchantment. Men and women of all

stations and classes flocked to them, a veritable host of the Lord,

"adorning the deserts with their holy perfection and solitudes by

their purity and righteousness."

St. Bernard, the terror of mothers and of wives, by his austerity, his

loving-kindness,[42] his impetuous will and masterful activity, his

absolute faith and remorseless logic, his lyric and passionate

eloquence, carried all before him and became the dictator of

Christendom. He it was who with pitying gesture as of a kind father,

his eyes suffused with tender joy, received Dante from the hands of

Beatrice in the highest of celestial spheres, and after singing the

beautiful hymn to the Virgin, led him to the heaven of heavens, to the

very ecstasy and culmination of beatitude in the contemplation and

comprehension of the triune God Himself. But religious no less than

seculars are subdued by what they work in. Already in the tenth

century Richer complained that the monks of his time were beginning to

wear rich ornaments and flowing sleeves, and with their tight-fitting

garments[43] looked like harlots rather than monks.

[Footnote 42: He was said to be "kind even to Jews."]

[Footnote 43: The indignant scribe is most precise: they walked abroad

\_artatis clunibus et protensis natibus\_.]

In the polluting atmosphere of Philip's reign matters had grown worse.

St. Bernard denounced the royal abbey of St. Denis as "a house of

Satan, a den of thieves." "The walls of the churches of Christ were

resplendent with colour but His poor were naked and left to perish;

their stones were gilded with the money of the needy and wretched to

charm the eyes of the rich."

In 1095 the task of cleansing the Abbey of St. Maur des Fosses at

Paris seemed so hopeless, that the abbot resigned in despair rather

than imperil his soul, and a more resolute reformer was sought. In

1107 the bishop of Paris was commanded by Rome to proceed to the abbey

of St. Eloy and extirpate the evils there flourishing, for the nuns,

it was reported, had so declined in grace, owing to the proximity of

the court and intercourse with the world, that they had lost all sense

of shame and lived in open sin, breaking the bonds of common decency.

The scandal was so great that the bishop determined to cut them off

from the house of the Lord; the abbey was reduced to a priory and

given over to the abbot of the now reformed monastery of St. Maur, and

its vast lands were parcelled out into several parishes.[44] The

rights of the canons of Notre Dame were to be maintained; on St.

Eloy's day the abbot of St. Maur was to furnish them with six pigs,

two and a half measures of wine and three of fine wheat, and on St.

Paul's day with eight sheep, the same quantity of wine, six crowns and

one obole. The present Rue de la Cite and the Boulevard du Palais give

approximately the east and west boundaries of the suppressed abbey,

part of whose site is now occupied by the Prefecture de Police.

[Footnote 44: The reformers always discover the nunneries to be so

much more corrupt than the monasteries, but it is a little suspicious

that in every case the former are expropriated to the latter. The

abbot of St. Maur evidently had some qualms concerning the

expropriation of St. Eloy, and wished to restore it to the bishop.]

But the way of the reformer is a hard one. At the Council of Paris,

1074, the abbot of Pontoise was severely ill-treated for supporting,

against the majority of the Council, the pope's decrees excluding

married clerics from the churches, and the reform of the canons of

Notre Dame led to exciting scenes. Bishop Stephen of Senlis was sent

in 1128 to introduce the new discipline, but the archdeacons and

canons, supported by royal favour, resisted, and Bishop Stephen was

stripped of his revenues and hastened back to his metropolitan, the

archbishop of Sens. The archbishop laid Paris under interdict and the

influence of St. Bernard himself was needed to compose the quarrel.

On Sunday, August 20, 1133, when returning from a visitation to the

abbey of Chelles, the abbot and prior of St. Victor[45] at Paris were

ambushed and the prior was stabbed. Some years later, in the reign of

Louis VII., Pope Eugene III. came to seek refuge in Paris from the

troubles excited at Rome by the revolution of Arnold of Brescia, and

celebrated mass before the king at the abbey church of St. Genevieve.

The canons had stretched a rich, silken carpet before the altar on

which the pontiff's knees might rest, and when he retired to the

sacristy to disrobe, his officers claimed the carpet, according to

usage. The canons and their servants resisted, there was a bout of

fisticuffs and sticks, the king intervened, anointed majesty himself

was struck, and during the scuffle which ensued the carpet was torn to

shreds in a tug-of-war between the claimants. Here was urgent need for

reform. The pope decided to introduce the new discipline and appointed

a fresh set of canons. The dispossessed canons met them with insults

and violence, drowned their voices by howling and other indignities,

and only ceased on being threatened with the loss of their eyes and

other secular penalties.

[Footnote 45: \_See\_ note 2, p. 63.]

Louis VI., the \_noble damoiseau\_ as he is called by the Chronicle of

St. Denis, enthroned in 1108, was the pioneer of the great French

Monarchy, ever on the move, hewing his way, sword in hand, through his

domains, subduing the violence, and burning and razing the castles of

his insolent and disobedient vassals. The famous Suger, abbot of St.

Denis, was his wise and firm counsellor, who led the Church to make

common cause with him and lend her diocesan militia. The king would

have the peasant to till, the monk to pray, and the pilgrim and

merchant to travel in peace. He was an itinerant regal justiciary,

destroying the nests of brigands, purging the land with fire and sword

from tyranny and oppression. Wise in council, of magnificent courage

in battle, he was the first of the Capetians to associate the cause of

the people with that of the monarchy. They loved him as a valiant

soldier-king, destroyer and tamer of feudal tyrants, the protector of

the Church, the vindicator of the oppressed. He lifted the sceptre of

France from the mire and made of it a symbol of firm and just

government.

It is in Louis' reign that we have first mention of the Oriflamme

(golden flame) of St. Denis, which took the place of St. Martin's

cloak as the royal standard of France. The Emperor Henry V. with a

formidable army was menacing the land. Louis rallied all his friends

to withstand him and went to St. Denis to pray for victory. Pope

Eugene and Abbot Suger received Louis, who fell prostrate before the

relics. Suger then took from the altar the standard--famed to have

been sent by heaven, and formerly carried by the first liege man of

the abbey, the Count de Vexin, when the monastery was in danger of

attack--and handed it to the king: the pope gave him a pilgrim's

wallet. The sacred banner was fashioned of silk in the form of a

gonfalon, of the colours of fire and gold, and was suspended at the

head of a gilded lance.[46]

[Footnote 46: A modern reproduction may be seen in the church of St.

Denis, but the exact shape is doubtful, no less than three different

forms being known to antiquarians.]

The strenuous reign of Louis was marked by a great expansion of Paris,

which became more than ever the ordinary dwelling-place of the king

and the seat of his government. The market which from Roman times had

been held at the bifurcation of the northern road near the fields

(Champeaux), belonging to St. Denis of the Prison, was extended.

William of Champeaux founded the great abbey of St. Victor,[47] famed

for its sanctity and learning, where Abelard taught and St. Thomas of

Canterbury, whose hair shirt was long preserved there, and St. Bernard

lodged. At the urgent prayer of his wife Adelaide, the king built a

nunnery at Montmartre, and lavishly endowed it with lands, ovens, the

house of Guerri, a Lombard money-changer, some shops and a

slaughter-house in Paris, and a small \_bourg\_, still known as Bourg la

Reine, about five miles south of the city. Certain rights of fishing

at Paris, to which Louis VII. added five thousand herrings yearly from

the port of Boulogne, were also granted. The churches of Ste.

Genevieve la Petite, founded to commemorate the miraculous staying of

the plague of the burning sickness (\_les ardents\_); of St. Jacques de

la Boucherie; and of St. Pierre aux Boeufs, so named from the heads

of oxen carved on the portal, were also built.

[Footnote 47: The abbey was suppressed at the time of the Revolution

and the site is now occupied by the Halle aux Vins.]

CHAPTER V

\_Paris under Philip Augustus and St. Louis\_

During twenty-eight years of the reign of Louis VII. no heir to the

crown was born. At length, on the 22nd of August, 1165, Adelaide of

Champagne, his third wife, lay in child-bed and excited crowds

thronged the palace in the Cite. The king, "afeared of the number of

his daughters and knowing how ardently his people desired a child of

the nobler sex," was beside himself with joy when the desire of his

heart was held up to him; curious eyes espied the longed-for heir

through an aperture of the door and in a moment the good news was

spread abroad. There was a sound of clarions and of bells and the city

as by enchantment shone with an aureole of light. An English student

roused by the uproar and the glare of what seemed like a great

conflagration leapt to the window and beheld two old women hurrying by

with lighted tapers. He asked the cause. They answered: "God has given

us this night a royal heir, by whose hand your king shall suffer shame

and ill-hap." This was the birth of Philip le Dieu-donne--Philip sent

of Heaven--better known as Philip Augustus. Under him and Louis IX.

mediaeval Paris, faithfully reflecting the fortunes of the French

Monarchy, attained its highest development.

When Philip Augustus took up the sceptre at fifteen years of age, the

little realm of the Isle de France was throttled by a ring of great

and practically independent feudatories, and in extent was no larger

than half-a-dozen of the eighty-seven departments into which France is

now divided. The English king held the mouths of all the great rivers

and all the great cities, Rouen, Tours, Bordeaux. In thirty years

Philip had burst through to the sea, subdued the Duke of Burgundy and

the great counts, wrested the sovereignty of Normandy, Brittany and

Maine from the English Crown, won Poitou and Aquitaine, crushed the

emperor and his vassals in the memorable battle of Bouvines, and

become one of the greatest of European monarchs. The king, who had

owed his life to the excellence of his armour,[48] was received in

Paris with a frenzy of joy. The whole city came forth to meet him,

flowers were strewn in his path, the streets were hung with tapestry,

Te Deums sung in all the churches, and for seven days and nights the

popular enthusiasm expressed itself in dance, in song and joyous

revel. It was the first national event in France. The Count of

Flanders was imprisoned in the new fortress of the Louvre, where he

lay for thirteen years, with ample leisure to meditate on the fate of

rebellious feudatories. "Never after," say the chroniclers, "was war

waged on King Philip, but he lived in peace."

[Footnote 48: In the ardour of the fight the king found himself

surrounded by the enemy's footmen, was unhorsed, and while they were

vainly seeking for a vulnerable spot in his armour some French knights

had time to rescue him.]

Two vast undertakings make the name of Philip Augustus memorable in

Paris--the beginning of the paving of the city and the building of its

girdle of walls and towers. One day as the king stood at the window of

his palace, where he was wont to distract himself from the cares of

state by watching the Seine flow by, some carts rattled along the

muddy road beneath the window and stirred so foul and overpowering an

odour that the king almost fell sick. Next day the provost and the

sheriffs and chief citizens were summoned before him and ordered to

set about paving the city with stone. The work was not however

completed until the reign of Charles V., a century and a half later.

It was done well and lasted till the sixteenth century, when it was

replaced by the miserable cobbles, known as the pavement of the

League. Whether the city grew much sweeter is doubtful; certainly

Paris in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was as

evil-smelling as ever. Montaigne, in the second half of the sixteenth

century, complains that the acrid smell of the mud of Paris weakened

the affection he bore to that fair city, and Howell writes in 1620,

"the city is always dirty, and by perpetual motion the mud is beaten

into a thick, black and unctuous oil that sticks so that no art can

wash it off, and besides the indelible stain it leaves, gives so

strong a scent that it may be smelt many miles off, if the wind be in

one's face as one comes from the fresh air of the country." Horace

Walpole in the eighteenth century, called Paris "the beastliest town

in the universe."

[Illustration: WALL OF PHILIPPE AUGUSTE, COUR DE ROUEN.]

The great fortified wall of Philip Augustus began at the north-west

water-tower, which stood just above the present Pont des Arts, and

passed through the quadrangle of the Louvre, where a line on the

paving marks its course, to the Porte St. Honore, near the Oratoire.

It continued northwards within the line of the present Rue Jean

Jacques Rousseau and by the Rue du Jour to the Porte Montmartre, whose

site is marked by a tablet on No. 30 Rue Montmartre. Turning eastward

by the Painters' Gate (135 Rue St. Denis) and the Porte St. Martin,

near the Rue Grenier St. Lazare, the fortification described a curve

in a south-easterly direction by the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, where

traces of the wall have been found at No. 55, and where part of a

tower may be seen at No. 57. The line of the wall continued in the

same direction by the Lycee Charlemagne, No. 101 Rue St. Antoine,

where stood another gate, to the north-east water-tower, known as the

Tour Barbeau, which stood near No. 32 Quai des Celestins. The opposite

or southern division began at the south-east water-tower, La

Tournelle, and the Gate of St. Bernard on the present Quai de la

Tournelle, and went southward just within the Rues des Fosses St.

Bernard and Cardinal Lemoine, to the Porte St. Victor, near No. 2 Rue

des Ecoles. The wall then turned westward above the Rue Clovis, where

at No. 7 one of the largest and best-preserved remains may be seen. It

enclosed the abbey of St. Genevieve, continued within the Rue des

Fosses St. Jacques, and, between the Porte St. Jacques and the Porte

St. Michel doubled outwards to enclose the Parloir aux Bourgeois near

the south end of the Rue Victor Cousin. The south-western angle was

turned near the end of the Rue Soufflot and the beginning of the Rue

Monsieur le Prince. Crossing the Boulevard St. Germain, it then

followed within the line of the latter street, and continued within

the Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie. In the Cour de Rouen, entered through

the Passage du Commerce, No. 61 Rue St. Andre des Arts, an important

remnant may be seen with the base of a tower, and where the Rue Mazet

cuts the last-named street stood the Porte du Buci. We may now trace

the march of the wall and towers within the Rue Mazarine and across

the Rue Guenegaud, where in a court behind No. 29 other fragments

exist, to the south-west water-tower, the notorious Tour de Nesle[49]

whose site is occupied by the east wing of the Institut. The west

passage of the Seine was blocked by chains, which were drawn at night

from tower to tower and fixed on boats and piles just above the line

of the present Pont des Arts. A similar chain blocked the east passage

of the river, drawn from the Tour Barbeau to La Tournelle, crossing

the islands now known as the Isle St. Louis. The wall was twenty years

building and was completed in 1211. It was eight feet thick, pierced

by twenty-four gates and fortified by about five hundred towers. Much

of the land it enclosed was not built upon; the \_marais\_ on the north

bank were drained and cultivated for market and fruit gardens.

[Footnote 49: Jeanne de Burgogne, queen of Philip le Long, lived at

the Hotel de Nesle, and is said to have seduced scholars by night into

the tower, had them tied in sacks and flung into the Seine. If we may

believe Villon, this was the queen--

"Qui commanda que Buridan

Fust jette en ung sac en Seine."

Legend adds that the schoolman, made famous by his thesis, that if an

ass were placed equidistant between two bundles of hay of equal

attraction he would die of hunger before he could resolve to eat

either, was saved by his disciples, who placed a barge, loaded with

straw, below the tower to break his fall.]

The moated chateau of the Louvre, another of Philip's great buildings

stood outside the wall, on the site of the old Frankish camp or

\_Lower\_, and commanded the valley route to Paris. It was at once a

fortress, a treasury, a palace and a prison. Parts of two wings of the

structure are incorporated in the present palace of the Louvre, and

the site of the remaining wings, the massive keep and the towers, are

marked out on the pavement of the quadrangle.

The king erected also (1181-1183) two great warehouses at the old

market at Champeaux: one for the drapers, the other for the weavers,

that the merchants might sell their wares under cover and lock up

their goods at night. They were known as \_les Halles\_, and the market

ever since has borne that name. Here too Philip caused to be burnt at

the stake the first heretics[50] executed at Paris, sparing the women

and other simple folk who had been misled by the chief sectaries, of

whom one, beyond the reach of earthly penalties and buried in the

cemetery of les Innocents, was finally excommunicated, his bones

exhumed and flung on a dungheap. "\_Beni soit le Seigneur en toutes

choses!\_" says Pigord the chronicler who tells the story.

[Footnote 50: It should be remembered that heresy was the solvent

antisocial force of the age and was regarded with the same feelings of

abhorrence as anarchist doctrines and propaganda are regarded by

modern statesmen.]

Of the impression that the Paris of Philip Augustus made on a

provincial visitor, we were able, fortunately, to give some account.

"I am at Paris," writes Guy of Bazoches, about the end of the twelfth

century, "in this royal city, where the abundance of nature's gifts

not only retains those that dwell there but invites and attracts those

who are afar off. Even as the moon surpasses the stars in brightness,

so does this city, the seat of royalty, exalt her proud head above all

other cities. She is placed in the bosom of a delicious valley, in the

centre of a crown of hills, which Ceres and Bacchus enrich with their

gifts. The Seine, that proud river which comes from the east, flows

there through wide banks and with its two arms surrounds an island

which is the head, the heart, and the marrow of the whole city; two

suburbs extend to right and left, even the lesser of which would

rouse the envy of many another city. These suburbs communicate with

the island by two stone bridges; the Grand Pont towards the north in

the direction of the English sea, and the Petit Pont which looks

towards the Loire. The former bridge, broad, rich, commercial, is the

centre of a fervid activity, and innumerable boats surround it laden

with merchandise and riches. The Petit Pont belongs to the

dialecticians, who pace up and down disputing. In the island adjacent

to the king's palace, which dominates the whole town, the palace of

philosophy is seen where study reigns alone as sovereign, a citadel of

light and immortality."

After Louis VIII.'s brief reign of three years, there rises to the

seat of kings at Paris one of the gentlest and noblest of the sons of

men, a prince indeed, who, amid all the temptations of absolute power

maintained a spotless life, and at death laid down an earthly crown to

assume a fairer and an imperishable diadem among the saints in heaven.

All that was best in mediaevalism--its desire for peace and order and

justice; its fervent piety, its passion to effect unity among Christ's

people and to wrest the Holy Land from the pollution of the infidel;

its enthusiasm for learning and for the things of the mind; its love

of beauty--all are personified in the life of St. Louis.

The young prince was eleven years of age when his father died. During

his minority he was nurtured in learning and piety[51] by his mother,

Blanche of Castile, whose devotion to her son, and firm and wise

regency were a fitting prelude to the reign of a saintly king. Even

after he attained his majority, St. Louis always sought his mother's

counsel and was ever respectful and submissive to her will. When the

news of her death reached him in the Holy Land, he went to his

oratory, fell on his knees before the altar, submissive to the will of

God, and cried out with tears in his eyes, that he had loved the

queen, "his most dear lady and mother, beyond all mortal creatures."

[Footnote 51: She was wont to say to her son--"I would rather see thee

die than commit a mortal sin."]

The king's conception of his office was summed up in two

words--\_Gouverner bien\_. "Fair son," said he one day to Prince Louis,

his heir, "I pray thee win the affection of thy people. Verily, I

would rather that a Scotchman came from Scotland and ruled the kingdom

well and loyally than that thou shouldst govern it ill." Joinville his

biographer tells with charming simplicity how the king after hearing

mass in the chapel at Vincennes outside Paris was wont to walk in the

woods for refreshment and then, sitting at the foot of an old oak

tree, whose position is still shown, would listen to the plaints of

his poorer people without let of usher or other official and

administer justice to them. At other times, clothed in a tunic of

camlet, a surcoat of wool (\_tiretaine\_) without sleeves, a mantle of

black taffety, and a hat with a peacock's plume, he would walk with

his Council in the garden of his palace in the Cite, and on the poorer

people crowding round him all speaking at once he would cry: "Silence!

one at a time," and call for a carpet to be spread on the ground, on

which he would sit, surrounded with his councillors, and judge them

diligently.

In 1238 St. Louis was profoundly shocked by the news that the crown of

thorns was a forfeited pledge at Venice for an unpaid loan advanced by

some Venetian merchants to the Emperor Baldwin of Constantinople. He

paid the debt,[52] redeemed the pledge, and secured the relic for

Paris. The king met his envoys at Sens, and barefooted, himself

carried the sacred treasure enclosed in three caskets, one of wood,

one of silver and one of gold, to Paris. The procession took eight

days to reach the city, and so great were the multitudes who thronged

to see it, that a large platform was raised in a field outside the

walls, from which several prelates exposed it in turn to the

veneration of the people. Thence it was taken to the cathedral of

Notre Dame, the king dressed in a simple tunic, and barefoot, still

carrying the relic. From the cathedral it was transferred to the royal

chapel of St. Nicholas within the precincts of the palace. A year

later the Emperor Baldwin was constrained to part with other relics,

including a piece of the true cross, the blade of the lance and the

sponge of the Passion. To enshrine them and the crown of thorns the

chapel of St. Nicholas was demolished and the beautiful Sainte

Chapelle built in its place. The upper chapel was dedicated to the

relics; the lower to the Blessed Virgin, and on solemn festivals the

king would himself expose the relics to the people. St. Louis was

zealous in his devotion and for a time attended matins in the new

chapel at midnight, until, suffering much headache in consequence, he

was persuaded to have the office celebrated in the early morning

before prime. His piety, however, was by no means austere: he had all

the French gaiety of heart, dearly loved a good story, and was

excellent company at table, where he loved to sit conversing with

Robert de Sorbon, his chaplain. "It is a bad thing," he said one day

to Joinville, "to take another man's goods, because \_rendre\_ (to

restore) is so difficult, that even to pronounce the word makes the

tongue sore by reason of the r's in it."

[Footnote 52: By a subtle irony, part of the money was derived from

the tribute of the Jews of Paris.]

[Illustration: LA SAINTE CHAPELLE.]

At another time they were talking of the duties of a layman towards

Jews and Infidels. "Let me tell you a story," said St. Louis. "The

monks of Cluny once arranged a great conference between some learned

clerks and Jews. When the conference opened, an old knight who for

love of Christ was given bread and shelter at the monastery,

approached the abbot and begged leave to say the first word. The

abbot, after some protest against the irregularity, was persuaded to

grant permission, and the knight, leaning on his stick, requested that

the greatest scholar and rabbi among the Jews might be brought before

him. 'Master,' said the knight, 'do you believe that the Blessed

Virgin Mary gave birth to Jesus and held Him at her breast, and that

she is the Virgin Mother of God?' The Jew answered that he believed it

not at all. 'Then,' said the knight, 'fool that thou art to have

entered God's house and His church, and thou shalt rue it,' Thereupon

he lifted his stick, smote the rabbi under the ear and felled him to

the ground. The terrified Jews fled, carrying their master with them,

and so," said St. Louis, "ended the conference. And I tell you, let

none but a great clerk dispute; the business of a layman when he hears

the Christian religion defamed is to defend it with his sharp sword

and thrust his weapon into the miscreant's body as far as it will go."

St. Louis, however, did not apply the moral in practice. Although

severe in exacting tribute from the Jews, he spent much money in

converting them and held many of their orphan children at the font; to

others he gave pensions, which became a heavy financial burden to

himself and his successors. He was stern with blasphemers, whose lips

he caused to be branded with a hot iron. "I have heard him say,"

writes Joinville, "with his own mouth, that he would he were marked

with a red-hot iron himself if thereby he could banish all oaths and

blasphemy from his kingdom. Full twenty-two years have I been in his

company, and never have I heard him swear or blaspheme God or His holy

Mother or any Saint, howsoever angry he may have been: and when he

would affirm anything, he would say, 'Verily it is so, or verily it is

not so,' Before going to bed he would call his children around him and

recite the fair deeds and sayings of ancient princes and kings,

praying that they would remember them for good ensample; for unjust

and wicked princes lost their kingdoms through pride and avarice and

rapine." When he was in the east he heard of a Saracen lord of Egypt

who caused all the best books of philosophy to be transcribed for the

use of young men, and he determined to do the like for the youth of

Paris. Five thousand scribes were employed to copy the Scriptures and

the writings of the Fathers and classic authors, preserved in various

abbeys in France. He had a convenient and safe place built at the

treasury of the Sainte Chapelle, where he housed the books, for a

church without a library was said to be a fortress without ammunition.

Scholars had free access to them, and he himself was wont in his

leisure time to shut himself up there for study, reading rather the

Holy Fathers than the writings of the best doctors of his own time.

St. Louis was a steadfast friend to the religious orders. On his

return from the Holy Land he brought with him six monks from Mount

Carmel and established them on the north bank of the Seine, near the

present Quai des Celestins; they were subsequently transferred to the

University quarter, on a site now occupied by the Marche aux Carmes.

The prior of the Grande Chartreuse was also prayed to spare a few

brothers to found a house in Paris; four were sent, and the king

endowed them with his Chateau de Vauvert, including extensive lands

and vineyards. The chateau was reputed to be haunted by evil spirits,

and the street leading thither as late as the last century was known

as the Rue d'Enfer. St. Louis began a great church for them, and the

eight cells, each with its three rooms and garden, were increased to

thirty before the end of his reign; in later times the order became

one of the richest in Paris and occupied a vast expanse of land to the

south of the Luxembourg. The fine series of paintings illustrating the

life of St. Bruno, by Lesueur, now in the Louvre, was executed for the

smaller cloister of the monastery. The Grands Augustins were

established on the south bank of the Seine, near the present Pont

Neuf, and the Serfs de la Vierge, known later as the Blancs Manteaux,

from their white cloaks, in the Marais. They were subsequently

amalgamated with the Guillemites, or the Hermits of St. William, and

at No. 14 Rue des Guillemites some remains of their monastery may yet

be seen. The church of the Blancs Manteaux, rebuilt in the seventeenth

century, also exists in the street of that name.

In 1217 the first of the Dominicans were seen at Paris. On the 12th of

September seven preaching friars, among whom were Laurence the

Englishman and a brother of St. Dominic, established themselves in a

house near the \_parvis\_ of Notre Dame. In 1218 the University gave

them a home opposite the church of St. Etienne des Grez (St. Stephen

of the Greeks), in the Rue St. Jacques, and in the following year,

when St. Dominic came to Paris, the brothers had increased to thirty.

The saint himself drew up the plans of their monastery and always

cherished a particular affection for the Paris house. Their church was

opened in 1220, and being dedicated to St. Jacques, the Dominicans

were known as Jacobins all over France. St. Louis endowed them with a

school; they soon became one of the most powerful and opulent of the

religious orders, and their church, a burial-place for kings and

princes. The Friars Minor soon followed. St. Francis himself, in his

deep affection for France, had determined to go to Paris and found a

house of his order, but being dissuaded by his friend, Cardinal

Ugolin, sent in 1216 a few of his disciples. These early friars, true

\_poverelli di Dio\_, would accept no endowment of house or money, and

supporting themselves by their hands, carried their splendid devotion

among the poor, the outcast, and the lepers of Paris. In 1230 the

Cordeliers, as they were called,[53] accepted the \_loan\_ of a house

near the walls in the south-western part of the city; St. Louis

built them a church, and left them at his death part of his library

and a large sum of money.[54] They too soon became rich and powerful

and their church one of the largest and most magnificent in Paris. St.

Bonaventure and Duns Scotus taught at their school of theology; their

monastery in the sixteenth century was the finest and most spacious in

Paris, with cells for a hundred friars and a vast refectory, which

still exists. St. Louis founded the hospital known as the

Quinze-Vingts (15 + 20) for three hundred poor knights whose eyes had

been put out by the Saracens. Subsequently it became a night shelter

for a like number of blind beggars whither they might repair after

their long quest in the streets of Paris. St. Louis at his death left

them an annual \_rente\_ of thirty livres parisis that every inmate

might have a good mess of pottage daily, and Philip le Bel ordered a

fleur-de-lys to be embroidered on their dress that they might be known

as the king's poor folk. The buildings, now transferred to the Rue de

Charenton, originally covered a vast area of ground between the Palais

Royal and the Louvre, and were sold in 1779 to a syndicate of

speculators by Cardinal de Rohan of diamond-necklace[55] notoriety; an

act of jobbery which brought his Eminence a handsome commission. The

Quinze-Vingts were privileged to place collecting-boxes and to beg

inside the churches. Since, however, the differences in the relative

opulence of churches was great, the right to beg in certain of the

richer ones was put up to auction every year, and those who promised

to pay the highest premium to the funds of the hospital were

adjudicated the privilege of begging there. This curious arrangement

was in full vigour until the latter half of the eighteenth century,

when the foundation was removed. Twelve blind brothers and twelve

seeing brothers--husbands of blind women who were lodged there on

condition that they served as leaders through the streets--had a share

in the management of the institution. Luxury seems to have sometimes

invaded the hostel, for in 1579 a royal degree forbade the sale of

wine to the brethren and denounced the blasphemy with which their

conversation was often tainted. In 1631 they were forbidden to use

stuffs other than serge or cloth for their garments, or to use velvet

for ornament.

[Footnote 53: On account of the cord they wore round their habit.]

[Footnote 54: St. Louis loved the Franciscans, and in the \_Fioretti\_ a

beautiful story is told how the king, in the guise of a pilgrim,

visiting Brother Giles at Perugia, knelt with the good friar in an

embrace of fervent affection for a great space of time in silence.

They parted without speaking a word, marvellously comforted.]

[Footnote 55: The innocence of Marie Antoinette in this scandalous

affair has been clearly established. See \_L'affaire du Collier\_, by M.

Funck Brentano. Paris, 1903.]

[Illustration: REFECTORY OF THE CORDELIERS.]

The establishment of the abbeys of St. Antoine, of the Friars of the

Holy Cross, and of the Sisters of St. Bega or Beguines, were also due

to the king's piety, and the whole city was surrounded with religious

houses. "Even as a scribe," says an old writer, "who hath written his

book illuminates it with gold and silver, so did the king illumine his

kingdom with the great quantity of the houses of God that he built."

St. Louis was, however, firm in his resistance to ecclesiastical

arbitrariness. The prelates complained to him on one occasion that

Christianity was going to the dogs, because no one feared their

excommunications, and prayed that he would order his sergeants to lend

the secular arm to enforce their authority. "Yes," answered the king,

"if you will give me the particulars of each case that I may judge if

your sentence be just." That, they objected, appertained to the

ecclesiastical courts, but St. Louis was inflexible, and they remained

unsatisfied.

Many were St. Louis' benefactions to the great hospital of Paris, the

Hotel Dieu. Rules, dating from 1217, for the treatment of the sick

poor were elaborated in his reign with admirable forethought. The

sick, after confession and communion, were to be put to bed and

treated as if they were the masters of the house. They were to be

daily served with food before the nursing friars and sisters, and all

that they desired was to be freely given if it could be obtained and

were not prejudicial to their recovery. If the sickness were dangerous

the patient was to be set apart and to be tended with especial

solicitude. The sick were never to be left unguarded and even to be

kept seven days after they were healed, lest they should suffer a

relapse. The friars and sisters were to eat twice a day: the sick

whenever they had need. A nurse who struck a patient was

excommunicated. Viollet le Duc was of opinion that in many respects

the Hotel Dieu in the Middle Ages was superior to our modern

hospitals. Among many details denoting the tender forethought of the

administrator, we may note that in the ward for the grievously sick

and infirm the beds were made lower, and 60 \_cottes\_ of white fur and

300 felt boots were provided to keep the poor patients warm when they

were moved from their beds to the \_chambres aisees\_. In later times,

lax management and the decline of piety which came with the religious

and political changes of the Renaissance made reform urgent, and in

1505 the Parlement appointed a committee of eight \_bourgeois clercs\_

to control the receipts. The buildings were much increased in 1636,

but were never large enough, and in 1655 the priory of St. Julien was

united to the hospital. "As many as 6000 patients," says Felibien,

writing in 1725, "have been counted there at one time, five or six in

one bed." No limitations of age or sex or station or religion or

country were set. Everybody was received, and in Felibien's time the

upkeep amounted to 500,000 livres per annum. The old Hotel Dieu was

situated to the south of Notre Dame, and stood there until rebuilt on

its present site in 1878.

St. Louis sought diligently over all the land for the \_grand sage

homme\_ who would prove an honest and fearless judge, punishing the

wicked without regard to rank or riches; and what he exacted of his

officers he practised himself. He punished his own brother, the Count

of Artois, for having forced a sale of land on an unwilling man, and

ordered him to make restitution. The Sire de Coucy, one of the most

powerful of his barons, was summoned to Paris and in spite of his

bravado, arrested, imprisoned in the Louvre and sentenced to death,

for having hanged three young fellows for poaching. The sale of the

provostship of Paris was abolished and a man of integrity, Etienne

Boileau, appointed with adequate emoluments. So completely was this

once venal office rehabilitated, that no seigneur regarded the post as

beneath him. Boileau was wont to sleep in his clothes on a camp bed in

the Chatelet to be in readiness at any hour, and often St. Louis would

be seen sitting beside the provost on the judgment seat, watching over

the administration of justice. The judicial duel in civil cases was

forbidden; the Royal Watch instituted to police the streets of Paris;

the charters of the hundred crafts of Paris were confirmed and many

privileges granted to the great trade guilds.

In 1270 St. Louis put on a second time the crusader's badge, "the dear

remembrance of his dying Lord," and met his death in the ill-fated

expedition to Tunis. So feeble was the king when he left Paris, that

Joinville carried him from the Hotel of the Count of Auxerre to the

Cordeliers, where the old friends and fellow-warriors in the Holy Land

parted for ever. When stricken with the plague the dying monarch was

laid on a couch strewn with ashes. He called his son, the Count of

Alencon to him, gave wise and touching counsel, and, after holy

communion, recited the seven penitential psalms: having invoked

"Monseigneurs St. James and St. Denis and Madame St. Genevieve," he

crossed his hands on his heart, gazed towards heaven and rendered his

soul to his Creator. \_Piteuse chouse est et digne de pleurer le

trepassement de ce saint prince\_, says Joinville, to whom the story

was told by the king's son--"A piteous thing it is and worthy of tears

the passing away of this holy prince."

The bones of the dead king, from which the flesh[56] had been removed

by boiling, were sent for burial to St. Denis, which he had chosen for

the place of his sepulture. Joinville,[57] his friend and companion,

from whose priceless memoirs we have chiefly drawn, ends his story

thus:--"I make known to all readers of this little book that the

things which I say I have seen and heard of the king are true, and

steadfastly shall they believe them. And the other things of which I

testify but by hearsay, take them in a good sense if it please you,

praying God that by the prayers of Monseigneur St. Louis it may please

Him to give us those things that He knoweth to be necessary as well

for our bodies as for our souls. Amen."

[Footnote 56: It was buried in the church of Monreale at Palermo.]

[Footnote 57: Joinville was a brave and tender knight; he tells us

that before starting to join the crusaders at Marseilles he called all

his friends and household before him, and declared that if he had

wronged any one of them reparation should be made. After a severe

penance he was assoiled, and as he set forth, durst not turn back his

eyes lest his heart should be melted at leaving his fair chateau of

Joinville and his two children whom he loved so dearly.]

King Louis was tall of stature, with a spare and graceful figure; his

face was of angelic sweetness, with eyes as of a dove, and crowned

with abundant fair hair. As he grew older he became somewhat bald and

held himself slightly bent. "Never," says Joinville, when describing a

charge led by the king, which turned the tide of battle, "saw I so

fair an armed man. He seemed to sit head and shoulders above all his

knights; his helmet of gold was most fair to see, and a sword of

Allemain was in his hand. Four times I saw him put his body in danger

of death to save hurt to his people."

[Illustration: INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME.]

CHAPTER VI

\_Art and Learning at Paris\_

Two epoch-making developments--the creation of Gothic architecture and

the rise of the University of Paris--synchronise with the period

covered by the reigns of Philip Augustus and St. Louis, and may now

fitly be considered.

The memory of the Norman terror had long passed from men's minds. The

Isle de France had been purged of robber lords, and with peace and

security, wealth and population had increased. The existing churches

were becoming too small for the faithful and new and fairer temples

replaced the old: the massive square towers, the heavy walls and thick

pillars of the Norman builders, blossomed into grace and light and

beauty. Already in the beginning of the twelfth century the church of

St. Denis was in urgent need of extension. On festival days so great

were the crowds pressing to view the relics, that many people had been

trodden under foot, and Abbot Suger determined to build a larger and

nobler church. Great was the enthusiasm of the people as the new

temple rose. Noble and burgess, freeman and serf, harnessed themselves

like beasts of burden to the ropes and drew the stone from the quarry.

A profound silence reigned, broken only by the murmur of those who

confessed their sins when a halt was made. A trumpet sounded, banners

were unfurled, and the silent host resumed its way. Arrived at the

building the whole multitude burst forth into a song of praise. All

would lend their aid in raising the new house of God and of His holy

martyrs, and the burial-place of their kings. In 1161 Maurice de

Sully, a peasant's son, who had risen to become bishop of Paris,

determined to erect a great minster adequate to the demands of his

time. The old churches of Notre Dame and of St. Stephen[58] and many

houses were demolished, and a new street, called of Notre Dame, was

made. Sully devoted the greater part of his life and private resources

to the work. The king, the pope, seigneurs, guilds of merchants and

private persons, vied with each other in making gifts. Two years were

spent in digging the foundations of the new Notre Dame, and in 1163

Pope Alexander III. is said to have laid the first stone. In 1182, the

choir being finished, the papal legate, Henri de Chateaux-Marcay,

consecrated the high altar, and in 1185 the Patriarch of Jerusalem

celebrated mass in the choir. At Sully's death, in 1196, the walls of

the nave were erect and partly roofed, and the old prelate left a

hundred livres for a covering of lead. The transepts and nave were

completed in 1235.

[Footnote 58: The relics were transferred to a new church of St.

Stephen (St. Etienne du Mont), built by the abbot of St. Genevieve as

a parish church for his servants and tenants.]

In 1240 an ingenious and sacrilegious thief, climbing to the roof to

haul up the silver candlesticks from the altar by a noose in a rope,

set fire to the altar cloth, and the choir was seriously injured.

Sully's work had been Romanesque, and choir and apse were now rebuilt

in the new style, to harmonise with the remainder of the church. By

the end of the thirteenth century the chapels round the apse and in

the nave, the Porte Rouge and the south portal were added, and the

great temple was at length completed. The choir of St. Germain des

Pres and the exquisite little church of St. Julien le Pauvre were

rebuilt at the end of the twelfth century, and the beautiful

refectory of St. Martin des Champs was created about 1220. But the

culmination of Gothic art is reached in the wondrous sanctuary that

St. Louis built for the crown of thorns, "the most precious piece of

Gothic," says Ruskin, "in Northern Europe." Michelet saw a whole world

of religion and poetry--tears of piety, mystic ecstasy, the mysteries

of divine love--expressed in the marvellous little church, in the

fragile and precious paintings of its windows.[59] The work was

completed in three years, and has been so admirably restored by

Viollet le Duc that the visitor may gaze to-day on this pure and

peerless gem almost as St. Louis left it, for the gorgeous interior

faithfully reproduces the mediaeval colour and gold. During the

Revolution it was used as a granary and then as a club. It narrowly

escaped destruction, and men now living can remember seeing the old

notices on the porch of the lower chapel--\_Propriete nationale a

vendre\_. All that remains of the relics has long been transferred to

the treasury of Notre Dame. The old Quinze-Vingts, the Chartreux, the

Cordeliers, St. Croix de la Bretonnerie, St. Catherine, the Blancs

Manteaux, the Mathurins and other masterpieces of the Gothic builders

have all disappeared.

[Footnote 59: The early glass-workers were particularly fond of their

beautiful red. "Wine of the colour of the windows of the Sainte

Chapelle," was a popular locution of the time.]

Gothic architecture was eminently a product of the Isle de France.

"France not only \_led\_," says Mr. Lethaby, "but \_invented\_. In a very

true sense what we call Gothic is Frenchness of the France which had

its centre in Paris." The thirteenth century rivals the finest period

of Greek art for purity, simplicity, nobility and accurate science of

construction. Imagination was chastened by knowledge, but not

systematised into rigid rules. Each master solved his problem in his

own way, and the result was a charm, a variety, and a fertility of

invention, never surpassed in the history of art. Early French

sculpture is a direct descendant of Greek art, which made its way into

Gaul by the Phoenician trade route, and the Merovingian Franks were

always in touch with the Eastern Mediterranean, and with the stream of

early Byzantine[60] art. French artists achieved a perfection in the

representation of the human form which anticipated by a generation the

work of the Pisani in Italy, for the early thirteenth-century statues

on the west front of Chartres Cathedral are carved with a naturalness

and grace which the Italian masters never surpassed, and the

marvellously mature and beautiful silver-gilt figure of a king, in

high relief, found in 1902 immured in an old house at Bourges and

exhibited in 1904 among the Primitifs Francais at the Louvre, was

wrought more than a century before the birth of Donatello. Some

fragments of the old sculptures that adorned St. Denis and other

twelfth and thirteenth-century churches may still be found in the

museums of Paris. The influence of the French architects, as Emile

Bertaux has demonstrated in the first volume of his \_Art dans l'Italie

Meridionale\_, extended far beyond the limits of France, and is clearly

traceable in the fine hunting-palace, erected for Frederic II. in the

thirteenth century, at Castello del Monte, near Andria, in Apulia. But

of the names of those who created these wonderful productions few are

known; the great masterpieces of the thirteenth century are mostly

anonymous. Jean de Chelles, one of the masons of Notre Dame, has left

his name on the south portal and the date, Feb. 12, 1257, on which it

was begun, "in honour of the holy Mother of Christ." He was followed

by Pierre de Montereau, "master of the works of the church of Blessed

Mary at Paris," whose name thus appears in a deed of sale dated 1265.

The Sainte Chapelle is commonly attributed to Pierre de Montereau, but

the attribution is a mere guess.

[Footnote 60: The researches of Professor Strzygowski of Gratz, and

other authorities in the field of Byzantine and Eastern archaeology,

tend to prove the dominant importance of the Christian East in the

development of early ecclesiastical architecture and the subordinate

influence of Roman models.]

Nor did the love of beauty during this marvellous age express itself

solely in architecture. If we were asked to specify one trait which

more than any other characterises the "dark ages" and differentiates

them from modern times, we should be tempted to say, love of

brightness and colour. Within and without, the temples of God were

resplendent with silver and gold, with purple and crimson and blue;

the saintly figures and solemn legends on their porches, the capitals,

the columns, the groins of the vaultings, the very crest of the roof,

were lustrous with colour and gold. Each window was a complex of

jewelled splendour; the pillars and walls were painted or draped with

lovely tapestries and gorgeous banners: the shrines and altars

glittered like Aaron's breastplate, with precious stones--jasper and

sardius and chalcedony, sapphire and emerald, chrysolite and beryl,

topaz and amethyst and pearl. The Church illuminated her sacred books

with exquisite painting, bound them with precious fabrics, and clasped

them with silver and gold; the robes of her priests and ministrants

were rich with embroideries. "People," said William Morris, "have long

since ceased to take in impressions through their eyes," indeed so

insensible, so atrophied to colour have the eyes of moderns grown amid

their drab surroundings, that the aspect of a building wherein skilful

hands have in some small degree essayed to realise the splendour of

the past dazes the beholder; a sense of pain rather than of delight

possesses him and he averts his gaze.

Nor were the churches of those early times anything more than an

exquisite expression of what men were surrounded by in their daily

lives and avocations. The houses[61] and oratories of noble and

burgess were rich with ivories exquisitely carved, with sculptures and

paintings, tapestry and enamels: the very utensils of common domestic

use were beautiful. Men did not prate of art: they wrought in love and

simplicity. The very word art, as denoting a product of human activity

different from the ordinary daily tasks of men, was unknown. If

painting was an art, even so was carpentry. A mason was an artist: so

was a shoemaker. Astronomy and grammar were arts: so was spinning.

Apothecaries and lawyers were artists: so was a tailor. Dante[62] uses

the word \_artista\_ as denoting a workman or craftsman, and when he

wishes to emphasise the degeneracy of the citizens of his time as

compared with those of the old Florentine race, he does so by saying

that in those days their blood ran pure even \_nell' ultimo artista\_

(in the commonest workman). Let us be careful how we speak of these

ages as "dark"; at least there were "retrievements out of the night."

Already before the tenth century the basilica of St. Germain des Pres

was known as St. Germain \_le dore\_ (the golden), from its glowing

refulgence, and St. Bernard as we have seen, declaimed against the

resplendent colour and gold in the churches of his time. Never since

the age of Pericles has so great an effusion of beauty descended on

the earth as during the wondrous thirteenth century in the Isle de

France and especially in Paris.[63]

[Footnote 61: Brunetto Latini, in the thirteenth century contrasted

the high towers and grim stone walls of the fortress-palaces of the

Italian nobles with the large, spacious and painted houses of the

French, their rooms adorned \_pour avoir joie et delit\_ and surrounded

with orchards and gardens.]

[Footnote 62: Par. XVI. 51.]

[Footnote 63: Another delusion of moderns is that there was an absence

of personal cleanliness in those ages. In the census of the

inhabitants of Paris, who in 1292 were subject to the Taille, there

are inscribed the names of no less than twenty-six proprietors of

public hot baths, a larger proportion to population than exists

to-day, and Dr. Gasquet has described in his \_English Monastic Life\_

the admirable provisions for personal cleanliness made in mediaeval

monasteries.]

We pass from the enthusiasm of art to that of learning. From earliest

times, schools, free to the poor, had been attached to every great

abbey and cathedral in France. At the end of the eleventh century four

were eminent at Paris: the schools of St. Denis, where the young

princes and nobles were educated; of the Parvis Notre Dame, for the

training of young \_clercs\_,[64] the famous \_Scola Parisiaca\_, referred

to by Abelard; of St. Genevieve; and of St. Victor, founded by William

of Champeaux, one of the most successful masters of Notre Dame. The

fame of this teacher drew multitudes of young men from the provinces

to Paris, among whom there came, about 1100, Peter Abelard, scion of a

noble family of Nantes. By his wit, erudition and dialectical sublety

he soon eclipsed his master's fame and was appointed to a chair of

philosophy in the school of Notre Dame. William, jealous of his young

rival, compassed his dismissal, and after teaching for a while at

Melun, Abelard returned to Paris and opened a school on Mont St.

Genevieve, whither crowds of students followed him. So great was the

fame of this brilliant lecturer and daring thinker that his school was

filled with eager listeners from all countries of Europe, even from

Rome herself.

[Footnote 64: Hence the name of \_clerc\_ applied to any student, even

if a layman.]

Abelard was proud and ambitious, and the highest prizes of an

ecclesiastical and scholastic career seemed within his grasp. But

Fulbert, canon of Notre Dame, had a niece, accomplished and passing

fair, Heloise by name, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the great

teacher. It was proposed that Abelard should enter the canon's house

as her tutor, and Fulbert's avarice made the proposition an acceptable

one. Abelard, like Arnault Daniel, was a good craftsman in his mother

tongue, a facile master of \_versi d'amore\_, which he would sing with a

voice wondrously sweet and supple. Now Abelard was thirty-eight years

of age: Heloise seventeen. \_Amor al cor gentil ratto s'apprende\_,[65]

and Minerva was not the only goddess who presided over their meetings.

For a time Fulbert was blind, but scandal cleared his eyes and Abelard

was expelled from the house; Heloise followed and took refuge with her

lover's sister in Brittany, where a child, Astrolabe, was born.

Peacemakers soon intervened and a secret marriage was arranged, which

took place early one morning at Paris, Fulbert being present. But the

lovers continued to meet; scandal was again busy and Fulbert published

the marriage. Heloise, that the master's advancement in the Church

might not be impeded, gave the lie to her uncle and fled to the nuns

of Argenteuil. Fulbert now plotted a dastardly revenge. By his orders

Abelard was surprised in his bed, and the mutilation which, according

to Eusebius, Origen performed on himself, was violently inflicted on

the great teacher. All ecclesiastical preferment was thus rendered

canonically impossible; Abelard became the talk of Paris, and in

bitter humiliation retired to the abbey of St. Denis. Before he made

his vows, however, he required of Heloise that she should take the

veil. The heart-broken creature reproached him for his disloyalty,

and repeating the lines which Lucan puts into the mouth of Cornelia

weeping for Pompey's death, burst into tears and consented to take the

veil.

[Footnote 65: "Love is quickly caught in gentle heart."--Inf. V. 100.]

A savage punishment was inflicted by the ecclesiastical courts on

Fulbert's ruffians, who were made to suffer the \_lex talionis\_ and the

loss of their eyes: the canon's property was confiscated. The great

master, although forbidden to open a school at St. Denis, was

importuned by crowds of young men not to let his talents waste, and

soon a country house near by was filled with so great a company of

scholars that food could not be found for them. But enemies were

vigilant and relentless, and he had shocked the timid by doubting the

truth of the legend that Dionysius the Areopagite had come to France.

In 1124 certain of Abelard's writings on the Trinity were condemned,

and he took refuge at Nogent-sur-Seine, near Troyes, under the

patronage of the Count of Champagne. He retired to a hermitage of

thatch and reeds, the famous Paraclete, but even there students

flocked to him, and young nobles were glad to live on coarse bread and

lie on straw, that they might taste of wisdom, the bread of the

angels. Again his enemies set upon him; he surrendered the Paraclete

to Heloise and a small sisterhood, and accepted the abbotship of St.

Gildes in his own Brittany. A decade passed, and again he was seen in

Paris. His enemies now determined to silence him, and St. Bernard, the

dictator of Christendom, denounced his writings. Abelard appealed for

a hearing, and the two champions met in St. Stephen's church at Sens

before the king, the hierarchy and a brilliant and expectant audience;

the ever-victorious knight-errant of disputation, stood forth, eager

for the fray, but St. Bernard simply rose and read out seventeen

propositions from his opponent's works, which he declared to be

heretical. Abelard in disgust left the lists, and was condemned

unheard to perpetual silence. The pope, to whom he appealed, confirmed

the sentence, and the weary soldier of the mind, old and heart-broken,

retired to Cluny; he gave up the struggle, was reconciled to his

opponents, and died absolved by the pope near Chalons in 1142. His

ashes were sent to Heloise, and twenty years later she was laid beside

him at the Paraclete. A well-known path, worn by generations of

unhappy lovers, leads to a monument in Pere-la-Chaise Cemetery at

Paris which marks the last resting-place of Abelard and Heloise, whose

remains were transferred there in 1817.

It is commonly believed that Abelard's school on Mont St. Genevieve

was the origin of the Latin Quarter in Paris, but the migration to the

south had probably begun before Abelard came, and was rather due to

the overcrowding of the episcopal schools. Teachers and scholars began

to swarm to the new quarter over the bridge where quiet, purer air and

better accommodation were found. Ordinances of Bishop Gilbert, 1116,

and Stephen, 1124, transcribed by Felibien, make this clear. So

disturbed were the canons by the numbers of students in the cloister,

that \_externes\_ were to be no longer admitted, nor other schools

allowed on the north side where the canons lodged. The growing

importance of the new schools, which tended to the advantage of the

abbey of St. Genevieve, soon alarmed the bishops, and the theologians

were ordered to lecture only between the two bridges (the Petit and

Grand Ponts.) But it was Abelard's brilliant career that attracted

like a lodestar the youth of Europe to Paris, and made that city the

"oven where the intellectual bread of the world was baked."

Providence, it was said, had given Empire to Germany, Priestcraft to

Italy, Learning to France. What a constellation of great names glows

in the spiritual firmament of mediaeval Paris: William of Champeaux,

Peter Lombard, Maurice de Sully, Pierre de Chartreux, Abelard,

Gilbert[66] l'Universel, Adrian IV., St. Thomas of Canterbury, and his

biographer John of Salisbury. Small wonder that the youth of the

twelfth century sought the springs of learning at Paris!

[Footnote 66: Afterwards bishop of London.]

[Illustration: NOTRE DAME AND PETIT PONT.]

There was no discipline or college life among the earliest students.

Each master, having obtained his license from the bishop's chancellor,

rented a room at his own cost, and taught what he knew--even, it was

sometimes complained, what he did not know. We read of one Adam du

Petit Pont, who, in the twelfth century, expounded Aristotle in the

back-room of a house on the bridge amid the cackle of cocks and hens,

and whose \_clientele\_ had many a vituperative contest with the

fish-fags of the neighbourhood. The students grouped themselves

according to nationalities, and with their masters held meetings in

any available cloister, refectory, or church. When funds were needed,

a general levy was made and any balance that remained was spent in a

festive gathering in the nearest tavern. The aggregation of thousands

of young men, some of whom were cosmopolitan vagabonds, gave rise to

many evils. Complaints are frequent among the citizens of the

depredations and immoralities of riotous \_clercs\_, who lived by their

wits or by their nimble fingers, or by reciting or singing licentious

ballads:--the \_paouvres escolliers\_, whose miserable estate,

temptations, debauchery, ignoble pleasures, remorse and degradation

have been so pathetically sung by Francois Villon, master of arts,

poet, bohemian, burglar and homicide. The richer scholars often

indulged in excesses, and of the vast majority who were poor, some

died of hunger. It was the spectacle of half-starving \_clercs\_ begging

for bread that evoked the compassion of pious founders of colleges,

which originally were simply hostels for needy scholars. On the return

of Louis VII. from a pilgrimage to Becket's shrine, his brother Robert

founded about 1180 the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury and a hostel

for fifteen students, who, in 1217, were endowed with a chapel of

their own, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and were then known as the poor

scholars of St. Nicholas.[67] In 1171 a London merchant (Jocius de

Londonne), passing through Paris on his return from the Holy Land,

touched by the sight of some starving students begging their bread,

founded a hostel for eighteen poor scholars at the Hotel Dieu, who in

return for lodging and maintenance were to perform the last Christian

rites to the friendless dead. This, known as the college of the

Dix-huit, was afterwards absorbed in the Sorbonne. In 1200 Etienne

Belot and his wife, burgesses of Paris, founded a hostel for thirteen

poor scholars who were known as the \_bons enfants\_. In all, some dozen

colleges were in being when St. Louis came to the throne. In 1253, St.

Louis' almoner, Robert of Cerbon or Sorbon, a poor Picardy village,

founded[68] a modest college of theology, and obtained from Blanche of

Castile a small house above the palace of the Thermae where he was able

to maintain a few poor students of theology. Friends came to his aid

and soon sixteen were accommodated, to whom others, able to maintain

themselves, were added. In 1269 a papal bull confirmed the

establishment of the \_pauvres maistres estudiants\_ in the faculty of

theology at Paris. Even when enriched by later founders it was still

called \_la pauvre Sorbonne\_. By the renown of their erudition the

doctors of the Sorbonne became the great court of appeal in the Middle

Ages in matters of theology, and the Sorbonne synonymous with the

university. Some of the hostels were on a larger scale. The college of

Cardinal Lemoine, founded in 1302 by the papal legate, housed sixty

students in arts and forty in theology. Most were paying residents,

but a number of bursaries were provided for those whose incomes were

below a certain amount. Each \_boursier\_ was given daily two loaves of

white bread of twelve ounces, "the common weight in the windows of

Paris bakers."

[Footnote 67: The two churches still existed in the eighteenth century

and stood on the site of the southern Cours Visconti and Lefuel of the

present Louvre.]

[Footnote 68: The actual originator was, however, the queen's

physician, Robert de Douai, who left a sum of money which formed the

nucleus of the foundation.]

In 1304, Jeanne of Navarre, wife of Philip the Fair, left her mansion

near the Tour de Nesle and 2000 livres annually to found the college

of Navarre for seventy poor scholars, twenty in grammar, thirty in

philosophy, and twenty in theology. The first were allowed four sous

weekly; the second, six; the third, eight. If any were possessed of

annual incomes respectively of thirty, forty and sixty livres, they

ceased to hold bursaries. The maintenance fund seems, however, to have

been mismanaged, for we soon read of the scholars of the college

walking the streets of Paris every morning crying--"Bread, bread, good

people, for the poor scholars of Madame of Navarre!"

Some forty colleges were in existence by the end of the fourteenth

century and had increased to fifty by the end of the fifteenth; in the

seventeenth, Evelyn gives their number as sixty-five. In Felibien's

time some had disappeared, for in his map (1725) forty-four colleges

only are marked. Nearly the whole of these colleges clustered around

the slopes of Mont St. Genevieve, which at length became that

Christian Athens that Charlemagne dreamt of. Each college had its own

rules. Generally students were required to attend matins (in summer at

3 a.m., winter at 4), mass, vespers and compline. When the curfew of

Notre Dame sounded, they retired to their dormitories. Leave to sleep

out was granted only in very exceptional cases. Tennis was allowed,

cards and dice were forbidden. The college of Montaigu, founded in

1314 by Archbishop Gilles de Montaigu, housed eighty-two poor scholars

in memory of the twelve apostles and seventy disciples. There the rod

was never spared to the \_faineant\_; the discipline so severe, that the

college became the terror of the youth of Paris, and fathers were wont

to sober their libertine sons by threatening to make \_capetes\_[69] of

them. This was the \_College de Pouillerye\_ denounced by Rabelais and

notorious to students as the \_College des Haricots\_, because they were

fed there chiefly on beans. Erasmus was a poor \_boursier\_ there,

disgusted at its mean fare and squalor, and Calvin, known as the

"accusative," from his austere piety. Desmoulins, the inaugurator of

the Revolution, and St. Just, its fiery and immaculate apostle, sat on

its benches. To obtain admission to the college of Cluny (1269) the

scholar must pass an entrance examination. He then spent two years at

logic, three at metaphysics, two in Biblical studies; he held weekly

disputations and preached every fortnight in French; he was

interrogated every evening by the president on his studies during the

day. If students evinced no aptitude for learning they were dismissed;

if only moderate progress were made, the secular duties of the college

devolved upon them. It was the foundation of these colleges which

organised themselves, about 1200, into powerful corporations of

masters and scholars (\_universitates magistrorum et scholiarum\_) that

gave the university its definite character.

[Footnote 69: The Montaigu scholars were called \_capetes\_ from their

peculiar \_cape fermee\_, or cloak, such as Masters of Arts used to

wear. The Bibliotheque Ste. Genevieve occupies the site of the

college.]

[Illustration: TOWER IN RUE VALETTE IN WHICH CALVIN IS SAID TO HAVE

LIVED.]

When the term "university" first came into use is unknown. It is met

with in the statutes (1215) which, among other matters, define the

limits of age for teaching. A master in the arts must not lecture

under twenty-one; of theology under thirty-five. Every master must

undergo an examination as to qualification and moral fitness at the

Episcopal Chancellor's Court. Early in the twelfth century the four

faculties of Law, Medicine, Arts and Theology were formed and the

national groups reduced to four: French, Picards, Normans and English.

Each group elected its own officers, and in 1245 at latest the \_Quatre

Nations\_ were meeting in the church of St. Julien le Pauvre to choose

a common head or rector, who soon superseded the chancellor as head

of the university. The rectors in process of time exercised almost

sovereign authority in the Latin Quarter; they ruled a population of

ten thousand masters and students, who were exempt from civic

jurisdiction. In 1200 some German students ill-treated an innkeeper

who had insulted their servant. The provost of Paris and some armed

citizens attacked the students' houses and blood was shed, whereupon

the masters of the schools complained to the king, who was fierce in

his anger, and ordered the provost and his accomplices to be cast into

prison, their houses demolished and vines uprooted. The provost was

given the choice of imprisonment for life or the ordeal by water. Then

followed a series of ordinances which abolished secular jurisdiction

over the students and made them subject to ecclesiastical courts

alone.

In the reign of Philip le Bel a provost of Paris dared to hang a

scholar. The rector immediately closed all classes until reparation

was made, and on the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin the \_cures\_

of Paris assembled and went in procession, bearing a cross and holy

water to the provost's house, against which each cast a stone, crying,

in a loud voice--"Make honourable reparation, thou cursed Satan, to

thy mother Holy Church, whose privileges thou hast injured, or suffer

the fate of Dathan and Abiram." The king dismissed his provost, caused

ample compensation to be made, and the schools were reopened.

The famous Petit Pre aux Clercs (Clerks' Meadow) was the theatre of

many a fight with the powerful abbots of St. Germain des Pres.[70]

From earliest times the students had been wont to take the air in the

meadow, which lay between the monastery and the river, and soon

claimed the privilege as an acquired right. In 1192 the inhabitants of

the monastic suburb resented their insolence, and a free fight ensued,

in which several scholars were wounded and one was killed. The rector

inculpated the abbot, and each appealed to Rome, with what result is

unknown. After nearly a century of strained relations and minor

troubles, Abbot Gerard in 1278 had walls and other buildings erected

on the way to the meadow: the scholars met in force and demolished

them. The abbot, who was equal to the occasion, rang his bells, called

his vassals to arms and sent a force to seize the gates of the city

that gave on the suburb, to prevent reinforcements reaching the

scholars; his retainers then attacked the rioters, killed several and

wounded many. The rector complained to the papal legate and threatened

to close the schools if reparation were not made and justice done

within fifteen days, whereupon the legate ordered the provost of the

monastery to be expelled for five years. The royal council forced the

abbot to exile ten of his vassals, to endow two chantries for the

repose of the souls of slain \_clercs\_ and compensate their fathers by

fines of two hundred and four hundred livres respectively, and to pay

the rector two hundred livres to be distributed among poor scholars.

In 1345 another bloody fight took place between the monks and the

scholars over the right to fish there.

[Footnote 70: There were two Pres, the Petit Pre roughly represented

by the area now enclosed by the Rues de Seine, Jacob and Bonaparte;

and the Grand Pre which extended nearly to the Champ de Mars. A narrow

stream, the Petite Seine, divided them.]

Many circumstances contributed to make Paris the capital of the

intellectual world in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. France has

ever been the home of great enthusiasms and has not feared to "follow

where airy voices lead." The conception and enforcement of a Truce of

God (\_Treve de Dieu\_) whereby all acts of hostility in private or

public wars ceased during certain days of the week or on church

festivals; the noble ideal of Christian chivalry; the first

crusade--all had their origin in France. The crusaders carried the

prestige of the French name and diffused the French idiom over Europe.

It was a French monk preaching in France who gave voice to the general

enthusiasm; a French pope approved his impassioned oration; a French

shout "\_Dieu le veut\_" became the crusader's war-cry. The conquest of

the Holy Land was organised by the French, its first Christian king

was a French knight, its laws were indited in French, and to this day

every Christian in the East is a Frank whatever tongue he may speak.

The French jurists were famed for their supreme excellence all over

Western Europe. In the thirteenth century Brunette Latini wrote his

most famous work, the \_Livres dou Tresor\_, in French, because it was

\_la parleure plus delitable, il plus commune a toutes gens\_ ("the most

delightful of languages and the most common to all peoples"). Martin

da Canale composed his story of Venice in French for the same reason,

and Marco Polo dictated his travels in French in a Genoese prison.

When St. Francis was sending the brothers to establish the order in

distant lands, he himself chose France, but was dissuaded by his

friend, Cardinal Ugolin. "When inebriated with love and compassion for

Christ," says the writer of the \_Speculum\_, "and overflowing with

sweetest melody of the Spirit, ofttimes would he find utterance in the

French tongue; the strains of the divine whisperings which his ear had

caught he would express in a French song of joyous exultation, and

making the gestures of one playing a viol, he would sing in French of

our Lord Jesus Christ."

Never in the history of civilisation were men possessed with such

passion for the spiritual life or such faith in the reasoning faculty

as in the thirteenth century in Paris. The holiest mysteries were

analysed and defined; everywhere was a search for new things.

Conservative Churchmen became alarmed and complained of disputants and

blasphemers exercising their wits at every street corner. The four

camel-loads of manuscripts, the works and commentaries of Aristotle,

brought by the Jews from Spain--a monstrous and mutilated version

translated from Greek into Arabic and from Arabic into Latin--became

the battle-ground of the schools. The Church at first forbade the

study of Aristotle, then by the genius of Aquinas, Christianised and

absorbed him; his works became a kind of intellectual tennis-ball

bandied between the Averroists, who carried their teachings to a

logical consequence, and the more orthodox followers of Aquinas. For

three years the faculty was torn asunder by the rival factions. Siger

of Brabant, whose eternal light Dante saw refulgent amid other doctors

of the Church in the heaven of the Sun, was an Averroist; Siger--

"Che leggendo nel vico degli strami

Sillogizzo invidiosi veri."[71]

[Footnote 71: Par. X. 136. "Who lecturing in Straw St. deduced truths

that brought him hatred."]

The Rue du Fouarre (Straw), where Siger taught and perhaps Dante

studied was the street of the Masters of the Arts. Every house in it

was a hostel for scholars or a school. It was in the Rue du Fouarre

that Pantagruel "held dispute against all the regents, professors of

arts and orators and did so gallantly that he overthrew them all and

set them all upon their tails." The street still exists, though wholly

modernised, opposite the foot of the Petit Pont. Its name has been

derived from the straw spread on the floor of the schools or on which

the students sat, but there is little doubt that Benvenuto da

Imola's[72] explanation, that it was so named from a hay and straw

market held there, is the correct one.

[Footnote 72: Benvenuto was certainly in France and possibly in Paris

during the fourteenth century. At any rate he would be familiar with

Parisian students, many of whom were Italians.]

The wonderful thirteenth century saw the meridian glory of the

university. It was the age of the great Aristotelian schoolmen who all

taught at Paris--Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus and

Roger Bacon, their candid critic, who carried the intellectual

curiosity of the age beyond the tolerance of his Franciscan superiors

and twice suffered disciplinary measures at Paris.

In the fourteenth century the university of Paris was as renowned as

ever. Among many tributes from great scholars we choose that of

Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, who in his \_Philobiblon\_ writes: "O

Holy God of gods in Zion, what a mighty stream of joy made glad our

hearts whenever we had leisure to visit Paris, the Paradise of the

world, and to linger there; where the days seemed ever few for the

greatness of our love! There are delightful libraries more aromatic

than stores of spicery; there are luxuriant parks of all manners of

volumes; there are Academic meads shaken by the tramp of scholars;

there are lounges of Athens; walks of the Peripatetics; peaks of

Parnassus; and porches of the Stoics. There is seen the surveyor of

all arts and sciences Aristotle, to whom belongs all that is most

excellent in doctrine, so far as relates to this passing sublunary

world; there Ptolemy measures epicycles and eccentric apogees and the

nodes of the planets by figures and numbers; there Paul reveals the

mysteries; there his neighbour Dionysius arranges and distinguishes

the hierarchies; there the virgin Carmentis reproduces in Latin

characters all that Cadmus collected in Phoenician letters; there

indeed opening our treasures and unfastening our purse-strings we

scattered money with joyous heart and purchased inestimable books with

mud and sand."

In 1349 the number of professors (\_maistres-regents\_) on the rolls was

502; in 1403 they had increased to 709, to which must be added more

than 200 masters of theology and canon law. "The University," wrote

Pope Alexander IV. in a papal bull, "is to the Church what the tree of

life was to the earthly Paradise, a fruitful source of all learning,

diffusing its wisdom over the whole universe; there the mind is

enlighted and ignorance banished and Jesus Christ gives to His spouse

an eloquence which confounds all her enemies."

But decadence soon ensued. The multiplication and enrichment of

colleges proved fatal to the old democratic vigour and equality. Some

colleges pretended to superiority and the movement lost its unity.

Scholasticism had done its work and no new movement took its place.

Teachers lost all originality and did but ruminate and comment on the

works of their great predecessors. Schools declined in numbers,

scholars in attendance and ordinances were needed to correct the

abuses covered by the title of scholar. The Jacobin and Cordelier

teachers, moreover, had exhausted much life from the university; but

its fame continued, and Luther in his early conflicts with the papacy

appealed against the pope to the university of Paris. But it made the

fatal blunder of opposing the Reform and the Renaissance, instead of

absorbing them, and the interest of those great movements centres

around the college of France.

In the general decay, however, the Jesuit College of Clermont, known

later as of Louis le Grand, stood forth renowned and exuberant. During

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the erudition of its

teachers, their excellent method and admirable discipline, made it the

premier college of Paris and in the heyday of its fame five hundred

scholars crowded its halls, among them the scions of the nobility of

France. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the university had

its seat in the college and concentrated there the endowments, or such

as had escaped spoliation, of twenty-six suppressed colleges. The

college of Louis le Grand and nine others of the multitude that

clustered around the hill of St. Genevieve, were all that survived

when the Revolution burst forth, and it is not without interest to

note that on 19th June 1781, the central body sitting at the famous

Jesuit college unanimously awarded a prize of six hundred livres to a

poor young \_boursier\_ of the college of Arras, named Louis Francois

Maximilian Marie Robespierre, for twelve years of exemplary conduct

and of success in examinations and competitions.

Before we close this chapter a word of acknowledgment is due to the

mediaeval church in Paris for her careful fostering of elementary

education. By the Taille of 1292 already referred to, we learn that

schools for children of both sexes were distributed nearly over the

whole of the city radiating from the mother church of Notre Dame. At

the beginning of the fifteenth century twenty-one parishes had one or

two of these schools; in 1449 a thousand schoolboys took part in a

procession to Notre Dame to render thanks for the recovery of

Normandy. The Church inspected the sanitary condition of the schools

and exacted a standard of proficiency for the qualification of masters

and mistresses.

CHAPTER VII

\_Conflict with Boniface VIII.--The States-General--The

Destruction of the Knights-Templars--The Parlement\_

In 1302 the eyes of Europe were again drawn to Paris where the Fourth

Philip, surnamed the Fair, a prince who, in Dante's grim metaphor,

scourged the shameless harlot of Rome from head to foot, and dragged

her to do his will in France, was grappling with the great pontiff,

Boniface VIII.--the most resolute upholder of the papacy in her claim

to universal secular supremacy--and essaying a task which had baffled

the mighty emperors themselves.

The king knowing he had embarked on a struggle in which the greatest

potentates had been worsted, determined to appeal to the patriotism of

all classes of his subjects and fortify himself on the broad basis of

such popular opinion as then existed. For the first time the

States-General were summoned, after the burning of the papal bull in

Paris on the memorable Sunday of 11th February 1302. Their meeting

marks an epoch in French history, and for the first time members of

the \_Tiers Etat\_ (the third estate, or commons), sat beside the

privileged orders of clergy and nobles, and were recognised as one of

the legitimate orders of the realm. The assembly was convoked to meet

in Notre Dame on the 10th of April. The question was the old one

which had rent Christendom asunder for centuries: Was the pope at Rome

to be supreme over the princes and peoples of the earth in secular as

well as in spiritual matters? The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and

though the prelates spoke with a somewhat timid voice, the assembled

members swore to risk their lives and property rather than sacrifice

the honour of the crown and their own liberties to the insolent

usurpation of Rome. Excommunication followed, but Philip had ordered

all the passes from Italy to be guarded, so that no papal letter or

messenger should enter France. "Boniface, who," says Villani, the

Florentine chronicler, "was proud and scornful, and bold to attempt

every great deed, magnanimous and puissant," replied by announcing the

publication of a bull deposing the king from his throne and releasing

his subjects from their allegiance. Philip at an assembly in the

garden of the palace in the Cite, and in presence of the chief

ecclesiastical, religious and lay authorities, again laid his case

before the people and read an appeal against the pope to a future

Council of the Church.

The bull of deposition was to be promulgated on 8th September. On the

7th, while the aged pope was peacefully resting at his native city of

Anagni, Guillaume de Nogaret, Philip's minister, bearing the royal

banner of France, Sciarra Colonna and other disaffected Italian

nobles, with three hundred horsemen, flung themselves into Anagni,

crying--"Death to Pope Boniface." The papal palace was unguarded: at

the first alarm the cardinals fled and hid themselves, and all but a

few faithful servants forsook their master. The defenceless pope

believed that his hour was come, but, writes Villani, "Great-souled

and valiant as he was, he said, 'Since like Jesus Christ I must be

taken by treachery and suffer death, at least I will die like a pope.'

He commanded his servants to robe him in the mantle of Peter, to

place the crown of Constantine on his head and the keys and crozier in

his hands." He ascended the papal throne and calmly waited. Guillaume,

Sciarra and the other leaders burst into the apartment, sword in hand,

uttering the foulest of insults; but awed and cowed by the indomitable

old pontiff, who stood erect in appalling majesty, their weapons

dropped as though their hands were palsied and none durst offend him.

They set a guard outside the room and proceeded to loot the palace.

For three days the grand old pope--he was eighty-six years of

age--remained a prisoner, until the people of Anagni rallied and

rescued him, and he returned to Rome. In a month the humiliated

Boniface died of a broken heart, and before two years were passed his

successor in Peter's chair, Pope Clement V., revoked all his bulls and

censures, expunged them from the papal register, solemnly condemned

his memory and restored the Colonna family to all their honours.

Dante, who hated Boniface as cordially as Philip did, and cast him

into hell, was yet revolted at the cruelty of the "new Pilate, who had

carried the fleur-de-lys into Anagni, who made Christ captive, mocked

Him a second time, renewed the gall and vinegar, and slew Him between

two living thieves." But the "new Pilate was not yet sated." The

business at Anagni had only been effected \_spendendo molta moneta\_;

the disastrous battle of Courtrai and the inglorious Flemish wars had

exhausted the royal treasury; and the debasement of the coinage

availing nought, Philip turned his lustful eyes on a once powerful lay

order, whose chief seat was at Paris and whose wealth and pride were

the talk of Christendom.

After the capture of Jerusalem and the establishment there of a

Christian kingdom, pilgrims flocked to the holy places. Soon, however,

piteous stories reached Jerusalem of the cruel spoliation and murder

of unarmed pilgrims, on their journey from the coast, by hordes of

roving lightly-armed Bedouins, against whom the heavily-armed Franks

were powerless. The evil was growing well-nigh intolerable when, in

1118, two young French nobles, Hugh of Payens and Godfrey of St. Omer,

with other seven youths of highest birth, bound themselves into a lay

community, with the object of protecting the pilgrims' way. They took

the usual vows of poverty, charity and obedience; St. Bernard drew up

their Rule--and we may be sure it was austere enough--pope and

patriarch confirmed it. Their garb was a mantle of purest white linen

with a red cross embroidered on the shoulder. The order was housed in

a wing of the palace, which was built on the site of Solomon's Temple,

hard by the Holy Sepulchre, and its members called themselves the Poor

Soldiers of Christ and of Solomon's Temple. Their banner, half of

black, half of white, was inscribed with the device "\_non nobis

Domine\_." Their battle-cry "Beauceant," and their seal, two figures on

horseback, have not been satisfactorily interpreted--the latter

probably portrays a knight riding away with a rescued pilgrim. Soon

the little band of nine was joined by hundreds of devoted youths from

rich and noble families; endowments to provide them with arms and

horses and servants flowed in, and thus was formed the most famous,

the purest and the most heroic body of warriors the world has ever

seen. Hugh de Payens had gathered three hundred Knights-Templars

around him at Jerusalem: in five years nearly every one had been slain

in battle. But enthusiasm filled the ranks faster than they were mowed

down: none ever surrendered and the order paid no money for ransom.

When hemmed in by overwhelming numbers, they fought till the last man

fell, or died, a wounded captive, in the hands of the Saracens. Of

the twenty-two Grand Masters, seven were killed in battle, five died

of wounds, and one of voluntary starvation in the hands of the

infidel.

When Acre was lost, and the last hold of the Christians in the Holy

Land was wrested from them, only ten Knights-Templars of the five

hundred who fought there escaped to Cyprus. They chose Jacques de

Molay for Grand Master, replenished their treasury and renewed their

members; but their mission was gone for ever. The order was exempt

from episcopal jurisdiction and subject to the pope alone; its wealth,

courage and devotion were rusting for lack of employment. Boniface

VIII., with that grandeur and daring which make of him, despite his

faults, so magnificent a figure in history, conceived the idea of

uniting them with the other military orders--the Hospitallers and the

Teutonic Knights--and making of the united orders an invincible army

to enforce on Europe the decrees of a benevolent and theocratic

despotism. They soon became suspected and hated by bishops and kings

alike, and at length were betrayed by the papacy itself to their

enemies.

In 1304, a pair of renegade Templars,[73] who for their crimes were

under sentence of imprisonment for life in the prison at Toulouse,

sought an introduction to the king, and promised in return for their

liberty to give information of certain monstrous crimes and sacrileges

of common and notorious occurrence in the order. Depositions were

taken and sent to Philip's creature, Pope Clement V. Some

communication passed between them, but no action was taken and the

matter seemed to have lapsed. About a year after these events the

pope wrote an affectionate letter to Jacques de Molay, inviting him to

bring the treasure of the order and his chief officers to France, to

confer with himself and the king respecting a new crusade. Jacques and

his companions, suspecting nothing, came and were received by pope and

king with great friendliness: the treasure, twelve mules' load of gold

and silver, was stored in the vaults of the great fortress of the

Templars at Paris. Some rumours reached de Molay of the delation made

by the Toulousian prisoners, but the pope reassured him in an

interview, April 1307, and lulled him into security. On 14th September

of the same year the royal officers of the realm were ordered to hold

themselves armed for secret service on 12th October, and sealed

letters were handed to them to be opened that night. At dawn on the

13th, all the Templars in France were arrested in their beds and flung

into the episcopal gaols, and the bishops then proceeded to "examine"

the prisoners. One hundred and forty were dealt with in Paris, the

centre of the order. The charges and a confession of their truth by

the Grand Master were read to them; denial, they were told, was

useless: liberty would be the reward of confession, imprisonment the

penalty of denial.

[Footnote 73: The contemporary chronicler, Villani, says of one of

these scoundrels that he "was named Nosso Dei, one of our Florentines,

a man filled with every vice."]

A few confessed and were set free. The remainder were "examined."

Starvation and torture of the most incredible ferocity did their work.

Thirty-six died under the rack in Paris, and many more in other

places; most of the remainder confessed to anything the inquisitors

required. Clement, warned by the growing feeling in Europe, now became

alarmed, and the next act in the drama opens at the abbey of St.

Genevieve in Paris, where a papal commission sat to hear what the

Templars had to say in their defence. All were invited to give

evidence and promised immunity in the name of the pope. Hundreds came

to Paris to defend their order,[74] but having been made to understand

by the bishops that they would be burned as heretics if they retracted

their confessions, they held back for a time until solemnly assured by

the papal commissioners that they had nothing to fear, and might

freely speak. Ponzardus de Gysiaco, preceptor of Payens, then came

forward and disclosed the atrocious means used to extort confessions,

and said if he were so tortured again he would confess anything that

were demanded of him; he would face death, however horrible, even by

boiling and fire, in defence of his order, but long-protracted and

agonising torture was beyond human endurance. Ponzardus was sent back

to confinement and the warders were bidden to see that he suffered

naught for what he had said. The rugged old master, Jacques de Molay,

scarred by honourable wounds, the marks of many a battle with the

infidel, was brought before the court and his alleged confession read

to him. He was stupefied, and swore that if his enemies were not

priests he would know how to deal with them. A second time he was

examined and preposterous charges of unnatural crimes were preferred

against the order by the king's chancellor, Guillaume de Nogaret. They

were drawn from a chronicle at St. Denis, and based on certain

statements alleged to have been made by Saladin, Sultan of Babylon

(Egypt). Again he was stupefied, and declared he had never heard of

such things. And now the Templars' courage rose. Two hundred and

thirty-one came forward, emaciated, racked and torn; among them one

poor wretch was carried in, whose feet had been burnt by slow

fires.[75] Nearly all protested that the confessions had been wrung

from them by torture, that their accusers were perjurers, and that

they would maintain the purity of their order \_usque ad mortem\_ ("even

unto death"). Many complained that they were poor, illiterate

soldiers, neither able to pay for legal defence nor to comprehend the

charges indicted in Latin against them. It was Philip's turn now to be

alarmed, but the prelates were equal to the crisis. The archbishop of

Sens, metropolitan of Paris and brother of the king's chief adviser,

convoked a provincial court at his palace in Paris, and condemned to

the stake fifty-four of the Knights who had retracted their

confessions. On the 10th of May the papal commissioners were appealed

to: they expressed their sorrow that the episcopal court was beyond

their jurisdiction, but would consider what might be done. Short time

was allowed them. The stout-hearted archbishop was not a man to show

weakness; he went steadily on with his work, and in spite of appeals

from the papal judges for delay, the fifty-four were led forth on the

afternoon of the 12th[76] to the open country outside the Porte St.

Antoine, near the convent of St. Antoine des Champs, and slowly

roasted to death. They bore their fate with the constancy of martyrs,

each protesting his innocence with his last breath, and declaring

that the charges alleged against the order were false. Two days later,

six more were sent to the stake at the Place de Greve. In spite of

threats, the prelates went on with their grim work of terror. Many of

the bravest Templars still gave the lie to their traducers, but the

majority were cowed; further confessions were obtained, and the pope

was satisfied. The proudest, bravest and richest order in Christendom

was crushed or scattered to the four corners of the world; their vast

estates were nominally confiscated to the Knights Hospitallers. But

our "most dear brother in Christ, Philip the king, although he was not

moved by avarice nor intended the appropriation of the Templars'

goods"[77] had to be compensated for the expense of the prosecution:

the treasure of the order failed to satisfy the exorbitant claims of

the crown, and the Hospitallers were said to have been impoverished

rather than enriched by the transfer.

[Footnote 74: The indictment covers seven quarto pages. The charges

may be briefly classified as blasphemy, heresy, spitting and trampling

on the crucifix, obscene and secret rites, and unnatural crimes.]

[Footnote 75: An approved method of extracting confessions. As late as

1584 at the examination of a papal emissary, the titular archbishop of

Cashel, before the Lords Justices, Archbishop Loftus and Sir H. Wallop

at Dublin, the easy method failing to do any good "we made

commission," writes Loftus to Walsingham, "to put him to torture such

as your honour advised us, which was to toast his feet against the

fire with hot boots. Yielding to the agony he confessed,"

etc.--Froude's \_History\_, x. p. 619.]

[Footnote 76: There is a significant entry on page 273 of the

published trial: \_in ista pagina nihil est scriptum\_. The empty page

tells of the moment when the papal commissioners, having heard that

the fifty-four had been burned, suspended the sitting.]

[Footnote 77: \_Nihil sibi appropriare intendebat.\_]

[Illustration: PALACE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF SENS.]

The last act was yet to come. On 11th March 1314, a great stage was

erected in the \_parvis\_ of Notre Dame, and there, in chairs of state,

sat the pope's envoy, a cardinal, the archbishop of Sens, and other

officers of Christ's Church on earth. The Grand Master, Jacques de

Molay, and three preceptors were exposed to the people; their alleged

confession and the papal bull suppressing the order, and condemning

them to imprisonment for life, were read by the cardinal. But, to the

amazement of his Eminence, when the clauses specifying the enormities

to which the accused had confessed were being recited, the veteran

Master and the preceptor of Normandy rose, and in loud voices, heard

of all the people, repudiated the confession, and declared that they

were wholly guiltless, and ready to suffer death. They had not long to

wait. Hurried counsel was held with the king, and that same night

Jacques de Molay and the preceptor of Normandy were brought to a

little island on the Seine, known as the Isle of the Trellises,[78]

and burnt to death, protesting their innocence to the last.

[Footnote 78: Or the isle of the Jews, which, with its sister islet of

Bussy, were subsequently joined to the island of the Cite, and now

form the Place Dauphine and the land that divides the Pont Neuf.

Philip watched the fires from his palace garden.]

"God pays debts, but not in money." An Italian chronicler relates that

the Master, while expiring in the flames, solemnly cited pope and king

to meet him before the judgment-seat of God. In less than forty days

Clement V. lay dead: in eight months Philip IV. was thrown by his

horse. Seven centuries later the grisly fortress of the Templars

opened its portals, and the last of the unbroken line of the kings of

France was led forth to a bloody death.

Those who would read the details of the dramatic examination at Paris

before the papal commissioners, may do so in the minutes published by

Michelet.[79] The great historian declares that a study of the

evidence shook his belief in the Templars' innocence, and that if he

were writing his history again, he must needs alter his attitude

towards them. Such is not the impression left on the mind of the

present writer. Moreover it has been pointed out that there is a

suspicious identity in the various groups of testimonies,

corresponding to the episcopal courts whence such testimonies came.

The royal officers, after the severest search, could find not a single

compromising document in the Templars' houses, nothing but a few

account books, works of devotion and copies of St. Bernard's Rule.

There were undoubtedly unworthy and vicious knights among the fifteen

thousand Templars belonging to the order, but the charges brought

against them are too monstrous for belief. The call which they had

responded to so nobly, however, had long ceased. They were wealthy,

proud and self-absorbed. Sooner or later they must infallibly have

gone the way of all organisations which have outlived their use and

purpose. It is the infamy of their violent destruction for which pope

and king must answer at the bar of history.

[Footnote 79: It is to be hoped that some English scholar will do for

these most important records, the earliest report of any great

criminal trial which we possess, what Mr. T. Douglas Murray has done

for the Trial and Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc.]

Philip's reign is also remarkable for the establishment of the

Parlement in Paris. From earliest times of the Monarchy, the kings had

dispensed justice, surrounded by the chief Churchmen and nobles of the

land, thus constituting an ambulatory tribunal which was held wherever

the sovereign might happen to be. In 1302 Philip restricted it to

judicial functions, and housed it in his palace of the Cite, which on

the kings ceasing to dwell there in 1431 became the Palais de Justice.

The ancient palace was rebuilt and enlarged by Philip. A vast hall

with a double barrel-roof decorated with azure and gold, supported by

a central row of columns adorned with statues of the kings of

France--the most spacious and most beautiful Gothic chamber in

France--and other courts and offices accommodated the Parlement. The

tribunal was at first composed of twenty-six councillors or judges, of

whom thirteen were lawyers, presided over by the royal chancellor, and

sat twice yearly for periods of two months. It consisted of three

chambers or courts.[80] The nobles who at first sat among the lay

members gradually ceased to attend owing to a sense of their legal

inefficiency, and the Parlement became at length a purely legal body.

During the imprisonment of John the Good in England, the

Parlement[81] sat \_en permanence\_, and henceforth became the \_cour

souveraine et capitale\_ of the kingdom. The purity of its members was

maintained by severest penalties. In 1336 one of the presidents was

convicted of receiving bribes and hanged. Twelve years later the

falsification of some depositions was punished with the same severity,

and in 1545 a corrupt chancellor was fined 100,000 livres, degraded,

and imprisoned for five years. The chief executive officer of the

Parlement, known as the Concierge, appointed the bailiffs of the court

and had extensive local jurisdiction over dishonest merchants and

craftsmen, whose goods he could burn. His official residence, known as

the Conciergerie, subsequently became a prison, and so remains to this

day. The entrance flanked by the two ancient \_tours de Cesar et

d'Argent\_, is one of the most familiar objects in Paris. There the

Count of Armagnac was assassinated and the cells are still shown where

Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland, and many of the chief victims of the

Terror were lodged before their execution; where Danton, Hebert,

Chaumette, and Robespierre followed each other in one self-same

chamber.

[Footnote 80: In the seventeenth century the councillors had increased

to one hundred and twenty and the courts to seven.]

[Footnote 81: The term "Parlement" was originally applied to the

transaction of the common business of a monastic establishment after

the conclusion of the daily chapter.]

[Illustration: PALAIS DE JUSTICE, CLOCK TOWER AND CONCIERGERIE.]

CHAPTER VIII

\_Etienne Marcel--the English Invasions--The

Maillotins--Murder of the Duke of Orleans--Armagnacs and

Burgundians\_

With the three sons of Philip who successively became kings of France,

the direct line of the Capetian dynasty ends: with the accession of

Philip VI. in 1328, the house of Valois opens the sad century of the

English wars--a period of humiliation and defeat, of rebellious and

treacherous princes, civil strife, famine and plague, illumined only

by the heroism of a peasant-girl, who, when king and nobles were sunk

in shameless apathy or sullen despair, saved France from utter

extinction. Pope after pope sought to make peace, but in vain: \_Hui

sont en paix, demain en guerre\_ ("to-day peace, to-morrow war") was

the normal and inevitable situation until the English had wholly

subjected France or the French driven the English to their natural

boundary of the Channel.

Never since the days of Charlemagne had the French Monarchy been so

powerful as when the Valois came to the throne: in less than a

generation Crecy and Poitiers had made the English name a terror in

France, and a French king, John the Good, was led captive to England.

In 1346 Paris saw her \_faubourgs\_ wasted, the palace of St. Germain

and the fortress of Montjoie St. Denis[82] spoiled and burnt, and the

English camp fires nightly glowing. Once again, as in the dark Norman

times, she rose and determined to save herself. Etienne Marcel, the

leader of the movement, whose statue now stands near the site of the

Maison aux Piliers was a rich merchant prince of old family, a member

of the great drapers' guild, and elected Provost of the \_Marchands

d'Eau\_ in 1355. He it was who bought for 2400 florins of gold the

Maison des Dauphins, better known as the Maison aux Piliers or Hotel

de Ville, on the Place de Greve and transferred thither the seat of

the civic administration from the old Parloir aux Bourgeois, enclosed

in the south wall of Paris. The Dauphin,[83] who had assumed the title

of Lieutenant-General, convoked the States-General at Paris, but he

was forced by Marcel and his party to grant some urgent reforms, and a

Committee of National Defence was organised by the trade guilds and

the provost, who became virtually dictator of Paris. Marcel's rule was

however stained by the butchery of the Marshal of Champagne and the

Duke of Normandy before the very eyes of the Dauphin in the palace of

the Cite, who, horrified, fled to Compiegne to rally the nobles.

During the ensuing anarchy the poor, dumb, starving serfs of France,

in their hopeless misery and despair, rose in insurrection and swept

like a flame over the land. Froissart, who writes from the distorted

stories told him by the seigneurs, has woefully exaggerated the

atrocities of the \_Jacquerie\_."[84] There was much arson and pillage,

but barely thirty of the nobles are known to have perished. Of the

merciless vengeance taken by the seigneurs there is ample

confirmation: the wretched peasants were easily out-manoeuvred and

killed like rats by the mail-clad nobles and their men-at-arms.

Meanwhile the Dauphin was marching on Paris: Marcel seized the Louvre

and set 3000 workmen to fortify the city. In less than a year the

greater part of the northern walls, with gates, bastilles and fosses,

was completed--the greatest feat, says Froissart, the provost ever

achieved. A citizen army was raised, whose hoods of red and blue, the

colours of Paris, distinguished them from the royal sympathisers.

Marcel turned for support to the \_Jacques\_, and on their suppression

essayed to win over Charles of Navarre. On 30th November 1357, Charles

stood on the royal stage on the walls of the abbey of St. Germain des

Pres, whence the kings of France were wont to witness the judicial

combats in the Pres aux Clercs, and addressed an assembly of 10,000

citizens. \_Moult longuement\_ he sermonised, says the \_Grandes

Chroniques\_, so that dinner was over in Paris before he finished.

After yet another harangue at the Maison aux Piliers on 15th June

1358, he was acclaimed by people with "Navarre! Navarre!" and elected

the Captain of Paris. An obscure period of plot and counterplot

followed which culminated in the ruin of Marcel and his followers.

Froissart accuses the provost of a treacherous intent to open the

gates of St. Honore and of St. Antoine to Navarre's English

mercenaries at midnight on 31st July, and gives a dramatic story of

the discovery of the plot and slaying of the provost by Jean Maillart,

his friend and associate. We supplement his version from the Chronicle

of St. Denis: on the last day of July, Marcel and his suite repaired

to the bastille of St. Denis and ordered the guards to surrender the

keys to Charles of Navarre's treasurer. Maillart, who had been won

over by the Dauphin, had preceded him. The guard refused to hand over

the keys and an angry altercation ensued between the former friends.

Maillart mounted horse, seized a royal banner, sped to the Halles and

to the cry of "Montjoie St. Denis!" called the royal partizans to

arms: a similar appeal was made by Pepin des Essards. Meanwhile Marcel

had reached the bastille of St. Antoine, where he was met by Maillart

and the royal partizans. "Stephen, Stephen!" cried the latter, "what

dost thou here at this hour?" "I am here," answered the provost, "to

guard the city whose governor I am." "\_Par Dieu\_," retorted Maillart,

"thou art here for no good," and turning to his followers, said,

"Behold the keys which he holds to the destruction of the city." Each

gave the other the lie. "Good people," protested Marcel, "why would

you do me ill? All I wrought was for your good as well as mine."

Maillart for answer smote at him, crying, "Traitor, \_a mort, a mort\_!"

There was a stubborn fight, and Maillart felled the provost by a blow

with his axe; six of the provost's companions were slain, and the

remainder haled to prison. Next day the Dauphin entered Paris in

triumph, and the popular leaders were executed on the Place de Greve.

The provost's body was dragged to the court of the church of St.

Catherine du Val des Ecoliers, naked, that it might be seen of all, on

the very spot where the bodies of the Marshal of Champagne and the

Duke of Normandy had been flung six months before: after a long

exposure it was cast into the Seine. All the reforms were revoked by

the king, but the remembrance of the time when the merchants and

people of Paris had dared to speak to their royal lord face to face of

justice and good government, was never obliterated.

[Footnote 82: The royal war-cry, "Montjoie St. Denis," was uttered

when the king took the Oriflamme from the altar at St. Denis.]

[Footnote 83: During John the Good's reign, the province of Dauphiny

had been added to the French crown, and the king's eldest son took the

title of Dauphin.]

[Footnote 84: So called from the familiar appellation "Jacques

Bonhomme," applied half in contempt, half in jest, by the seigneurs to

the peasants who served them in the wars.]

Next year the English peril again threatened Paris. The invasion of

1359 resembled a huge picnic or hunting expedition. The king of

England and his barons brought their hunters, falcons, dogs and

fishing tackle. They marched leisurely to Bourg la Reine, less than

two leagues from Paris, pillaged the surrounding country and turned to

Chartres, where tempest and sickness forced Edward III. to come to

terms. After the treaty of Bretigny, in 1360, the Parisians saw their

good King John again, who was ransomed for a sum equal to about ten

million pounds of present-day value. The memory of this and other

enormous ransoms exacted by the English, endured for centuries, and

when a Frenchman had paid his creditors he would say,--\_j'ai paye mes

Anglais\_.[85] ("I have paid my English.") A magnificent reception was

accorded to the four English barons who came to sign the Peace at

Paris. They were taken to the Sainte Chapelle and shown the fairest

relics and richest jewels in the world, and each was given a spine

from the crown of thorns, which he deemed the noblest jewel that could

be presented to him.

[Footnote 85: Howell mentions the locution in a letter dated 1654.]

The Dauphin, who on the death of good King John in London (1364)

became Charles V., by careful statesmanship succeeded in restoring

order to the kingdom and to its finances[86] and in winning some

successes against the English.

[Footnote 86: Charles taxed and borrowed heavily. Even the members of

his household were importuned for loans, however small. His cook lent

him frs. 67.50.]

In 1370 their camp fires were again seen outside Paris: but Marcel's

wall had now been completed. Charles refused battle and allowed them

to ravage the suburbs with impunity. Before the army left, an English

knight swore he would joust at the gates of the city, and spurred

lance in hand against them. As he turned to ride back, a big butcher

lifted his pole-axe, smote the knight on the neck and felled him; four

others battered him to death, "their blows," says Froissart, "falling

on his armour like strokes on an anvil."

By wise council rather than by war Charles won back much of his

dismembered country. He was a great builder and patron of the arts.

The Louvre, being now enclosed within the new wall and no longer part

of the defences of Paris, was handed over to Raymond of the Temple,

Charles' "beloved mason," to transform into a sumptuous palace with

apartments for himself and his queen, the princes of the blood and the

officers of the royal household. The rooms were decorated with

sculpture by Jean de St. Romain, \_tailleur d'ymages\_ and other carvers

in stone, and with paintings, by Jean d'Orleans. Each suite was

furnished with a private chapel, those of the king and queen being

carved with much "art and patience." A gallery was built for the

minstrels and players of instruments. A great garden was planted

towards the Rue St. Honore on the north and the old wall of Philip

Augustus on the east, in which were an "Hotel des Lions," or

collection of wild beasts, and a tennis court, where the king and

princes played. The palace accounts still exist, with details of

payments for "wine for the stone-cutters which the king our lord gave

them when he came to view the works." Jean Callow and Geoffrey le

Febre were paid for planting squares of strawberries, hyssop, sage,

lavender, balsam, violets, and for making paths, weeding and carrying

away stones and filth; others were paid for planting bulbs of lilies,

double red roses and other good herbs. Twenty francs were paid to

Gobin d'Ays, "who guards our nightingales of our chastel of the

Louvre." The first royal library was founded by Charles, and Peter the

Cage-maker was employed to protect the library windows of stained

glass from birds--it overlooked the falconry--and other beasts, by

trellises of wire. In order that scholars might work there at all

hours, thirty small chandeliers were provided and a silver lamp was

suspended from the vaulting. Solemn masters at \_grants gages\_ were

employed to translate the most notable books[87] from Latin into

French; scribes and bookbinders of the university were exempted from

the watch. An interesting payment of six francs in gold, made to

Jacqueline, widow of a mason "because she is poor and helpless and her

husband met his death in working for the king at the Louvre,"

demonstrates that royal custom had anticipated modern legislation.

[Footnote 87: This priceless collection of books, which at length

filled three rooms, was appropriated for a nominal sum by the Duke of

Bedford during the English occupation in Paris and sent to England. A

few, barely fifty, have survived, of which the greater number have

been acquired by the Bibliotheque Nationale.]

Charles surrendered the royal palace in the Cite, associated with

bitter memories of Marcel's dictatorship, to the Parlement, and partly

bought, partly erected an irregular group of exquisite Gothic mansions

and chapels which he furnished with sumptuous magnificence and

surrounded with tennis courts, falconries, menageries, delightful and

spacious gardens--a \_hostel solennel des grands esbattements\_,

"where," as the royal edict runs, "we have had many joys and with

God's grace have recovered from several great sicknesses, wherefore we

are moved to that hostel by love, pleasure and singular affection."

This royal city within a city, known as the Hotel St. Paul, covered

together with the monastery and church of the Celestins, a vast space,

now roughly bounded by the Rue St. Paul, the quai des Celestins and

the Rue de Sully, the Rue de l'Arsenal and the Rue St. Antoine.

Charles VII. was the last king who dwelt there; the buildings fell to

ruin, and between 1519 and 1551 were gradually sold. No vestige of

this palace of delight now remains, nothing but the memory of it in a

few street names,--the streets of the Fair Trellis, of the Lions of

St. Paul, of the Garden of St. Paul, and of the Cherry Orchard. To

Charles V. is also due the beautiful chapel of Vincennes and the

completion of Etienne Marcel's wall. This third enclosure, began at

the Tour de Billi, which stood at the angle formed by the Gare de

l'Arsenal and the Seine, extended north by the Boulevard Bourdon, the

Place de la Bastille, and the line of the inner Boulevards to the

Porte St. Denis; it then turned south-west by the old Porte

Montmartre, the Place des Victoires and across the garden of the

Palais Royal to the Tour du Bois, a little below the present Pont du

Carrousel. It was fortified by a double moat and square towers. The

south portion was never begun. In 1370, Charles' provost, Hugues

Aubriot, warned his royal master that the Hotel St. Paul would be

difficult to defend, and advised him to replace the Bastille[88] of

St. Antoine by a great stronghold which might serve as a state

prison[89] and as a defence from within and without. In 1380 the dread

Bastille of sinister fame, with its eight towers, was raised--ever a

hateful memory to the citizens, for it was completed by the royal

provost when the provost of the merchants had been suppressed by

Charles VI. in 1383.

[Footnote 88: Each gate of the new wall was defended by a kind of

fortress called a Bastide or Bastille.]

[Footnote 89: Aubriot is said to have been the first prisoner

incarcerated in the dungeon of his own Bastille.]

"Woe to thee O land, when thy king is a child!" During the minority

and reign of Charles VI. France lay prostrate under a hail of evils

that menaced her very existence, and Paris was reduced to the

profoundest misery and humiliation. The breath had not left the old

king's body before his elder brother, the Count of Anjou, who was

hiding in an adjacent room, hastened to seize the royal treasure and

the contents of the public exchequer. No regent had been appointed,

and the four royal dukes, the young king's uncles of Anjou, Burgundy,

Bourbon, and Berri, began to strive for power.

In 1382 Anjou, who had been suffered to hold the regency, sought to

enforce an unpopular tax on the merchants of Paris. A collector having

seized an old watercress seller at the Halles with much brutality, the

people revolted, armed themselves with the loaded clubs (\_maillotins\_)

stored in the Hotel de Ville for use against the English, attacked and

put to death with great cruelty some of the royal officers and opened

the prisons. The court temporised, promised to remit the tax and to

grant an amnesty; but with odious treachery caused the leaders of the

movement to be seized, put them in sacks and flung them at dead of

night into the Seine. The angry Parisians now barricaded their streets

and closed their gates against the king. Negotiations followed and by

payment of 100,000 francs to the Duke of Anjou the citizens were

promised immunity and the king and his uncles entered the city. But

the court nursed its vengeance, and after the victory over the

Flemings at Rosebecque, Charles and his uncles with a powerful force

marched on Paris. The Parisians, 20,000 strong, stood drawn up in arms

at Montmartre to meet him. They were asked who were their chiefs and

if the Constable de Clisson might enter Paris. "None other chiefs have

we," they answered, "than the king and his lords: we are ready to obey

their orders." "Good people of Paris," said the Constable on his

arrival at their camp, "what meaneth this? meseems you would fight

against your king." They replied that their purpose was but to show

the king the puissance of his good city of Paris. "'Tis well," said

the Constable, "if you would see the king return to your homes and

put aside your arms."

On the morrow, 11th January 1383, the king and his court, with 12,000

men-at-arms, appeared at the Porte St. Denis, and there stood the

provost of the merchants with the chief citizens in new robes, holding

a canopy of cloth of gold. Charles, with a fierce glance, ordered them

back; the gates were unhinged and flung down; the royal army entered

as in a conquered city. A terrible vengeance ensued. The President of

the Parlement and other civil officers, with three hundred prominent

citizens, were arrested and cast into prison. In vain was the royal

clemency entreated by the Duchess of Orleans, the rector of the

university and chief citizens all clothed in black. The bloody diurnal

work of the executioner began and continued until a general pardon was

granted on March 1st on payment of an enormous fine. The liberties of

the city met the same fate. The Maison aux Piliers reverted to the

crown, the provostship of the merchants, and all the privileges of the

Parisians, were suppressed, and the hateful taxes reimposed. Never had

the heel of despotism ground them down so mercilessly; yet was no

niggardly welcome given to Isabella of Bavaria, Charles' consort, on

her entry into Paris in 1389. "I, the author of this book," says

Froissart, after describing at length the usual incidents of a royal

procession--the fountains running with wines, aromatic with Orient

spices, the music, the ballets, the spectacles, the sumptuous

decorations--"I marvelled when I beheld such great foison, for all the

grant Rue St. Denis was as richly covered with cloth of camelot and of

silk like as were all the cloth had for nothing or that we were in

Alexandria or Damascus." A curious incident is related by the

chronicler of St. Denis; Charles, desirous of being present incognito

at the wondrous scene, bade Savoisy take horse and let him ride

behind \_en croupe\_. Thus mounted the pair rode to the Chatelet to see

the queen pass. There they found much people and a strong guard of

sergeants, armed with stout staves with which the officers smote amain

to keep back the press, and in the scuffle the king received many a

thwack on the shoulders, whereat was great merriment when the thing

was known at court in the evening. Three years later a royal progress

of far different nature was witnessed in Paris. The king, a poor

demented captive, was borne in by the Duke of Orleans to the Hotel St.

Paul. In 1393, when he had somewhat recovered from his madness, a

grand masked ball was given to celebrate the wedding of one of the

ladies of honour who was a widow. The marriage of a widow was always

the occasion of riotous mirth, and Charles disguised himself and five

of his courtiers as satyrs. They were sewed up in tight-fitting

vestments of linen, which were coated with resin and pitch and covered

with rough tow; on their heads they wore hideous masks. While the

ladies of the court were celebrating the marriage the king and his

companions rushed in howling like wolves and indulged in the most

uncouth gestures and jokes. The Duke of Orleans, drawing too near with

a torch to discover their identity, set fire to the tow and in a

second they were enveloped in so many shirts of Nessus. Unable to

fling off their blazing dresses they madly ran hither and thither,

suffering the most excruciating agony and uttering piteous cries. The

king happened to be near the young Duchess of Berri who, with

admirable presence of mind, flung her robe over him and rescued him

from the flames. One knight saved himself by plunging into a large tub

of water in the kitchen, one died on the spot, two died on the second

day, another lingered for three days in awful torment. The horror of

the scene[90] so affected Charles that his madness returned more

violently than ever. His queen abandoned him and he was left to wander

like some wild animal about his rooms in the Hotel St. Paul, untended,

unkempt, verminous, his only companion his low-born mistress Odette.

[Footnote 90: The scene is quaintly illustrated in an illuminated copy

of Froissart in the British Museum.]

The bitterness of the avuncular factions was now intensified. The

House of Burgundy by marriage and other means had grown to be one of

the most powerful in Europe and was at fierce enmity with the House of

Orleans. At the death of Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, his son

Jean sans Peur, sought to assume his father's supremacy as well as his

title: the Duke of Orleans, strong in the queen's support, determined

to foil his purpose. Each fortified his hotel in Paris and assembled

an army. Friends, however, intervened; they were reconciled, and in

November 1407 the two dukes attended mass at the Church of the Grands

Augustins, took the Holy Sacrament and dined together. As Jean rose

from table the Duke of Orleans placed the Order of the Porcupine round

his neck; swore \_bonne amour et fraternite\_, and they kissed each

other with tears of joy. On 23rd November a forged missive was handed

to the Duke of Orleans, requiring his attendance on the queen. He set

forth on a mule, accompanied by two squires and five servants carrying

torches. It was a sombre night, and as the unsuspecting prince rode up

the Rue Vieille du Temple behind his little escort, humming a tune and

playing with his glove, a band of assassins fell upon him from the

shadow of the postern La Barbette, crying "\_a mort, a mort\_" and he

was hacked to death. Then issued from a neighbouring house at the

sign of Our Lady, Jean sans Peur, a tall figure concealed in a red

cloak, lantern in hand, who gazed at the mutilated corpse. "\_C'est

bien\_," said he, "let's away." They set fire to the house to divert

attention and escaped. Four months before, the house had been hired on

the pretext of storing provisions, and for two weeks a score of

assassins had been concealed there, biding their time. On the morrow,

Burgundy with the other princes went to asperse the dead body with

holy water in the church of the Blancs Manteaux, and as he drew nigh,

exclaiming against the foul murder, blood is said to have issued from

the wounds. At the funeral he held a corner of the pall, but his guilt

was an open secret, and though he braved it out for a time he was

forced to flee to his lands in Flanders for safety. In a few months,

however, Jean was back in force at Paris, and a doctor of the Sorbonne

pleaded an elaborate justification of the deed before the assembled

princes, nobles, clergy and citizens at the Hotel St. Paul. The poor

crazy king was made to declare publicly that he bore no ill-will to

his dear cousin of Burgundy, and later, on the failure of a conspiracy

of revenge by the queen and the Orleans party, to grant full pardon

for a deed "committed for the welfare of the kingdom." The cutting of

the Rue Etienne Marcel has exposed the strong machicolated tower still

bearing the arms of Burgundy (two planes and a plumb line), which Jean

sans Peur built to fortify the Hotel de Bourgogne, as a defence and

refuge against the Orleans faction and the people of Paris. The

Orleans family had for arms a knotted stick, with the device "\_Je

l'ennuis\_": the Burgundian arms with the motto, "\_Je le tiens\_,"

implied that the knotted stick was to be planed and levelled.

The arrival of Jean sans Peur, and the fortification of his hotel were

the prelude to civil war, for the Orleanists and their allies had

rallied to the Count of Armagnac, whose daughter Anne, the new Duke

Louis of Orleans had married, and fortified themselves in their

stronghold on the site now occupied by the Palais Royal.

[Illustration: TOWER OF JEAN SANS PEUR.]

The Armagnacs, for so the Orleanists were now called, thirsted for

revenge, and for five years Paris was the scene of frightful

atrocities as each faction gained the upper hand and took a bloody

vengeance on its rivals. At length the infamous policy of an alliance

with the English was resorted to. The temptation was too great for the

English king, and in 1415 Henry V. met the French army, composed

almost entirely of the Armagnacs, at Agincourt, and inflicted on it a

defeat more disastrous than Crecy or Poitiers. The famous oriflamme of

St. Denis passed from history in that fatal year of 1415. The Count of

Armagnac hurried to Paris, seized the mad king and the dauphin, and

held the capital.

In 1417 the English returned under Henry V. The Burgundians had

promised neutrality, and the defeated Armagnacs were forced in their

need to "borrow[91] of the saints." But hateful memories clung to them

in Paris and they were betrayed. On the night of 29th May 1418, the

son of an ironmonger on the Petit Pont, who had charge of the wicket

of the Porte St. Germain, crept into his father's room and stole the

keys while he slept. The gate was then opened to the Burgundians, who

seized the person of the helpless and imbecile king. Some Armagnacs

escaped, bearing the dauphin with them, and the remainder were flung

into prison. The Burgundian partisans in the city, among whom was the

powerful corporation of the butchers and fleshers, now rose, and on

Sunday, 14th June, ran to the prisons. A night of terror ensued.

Before dawn, fifteen hundred Armagnacs were indiscriminately butchered

under the most revolting circumstances; the count himself perished,

and a strip of his skin was carried about Paris in mockery of the

white scarf of the Armagnacs. Jean sans Peur and Queen Isabella[92]

entered the city, amid the acclamation of the people, and soon after a

second massacre followed, in spite of Jean's efforts to prevent it.

Burgundy was now master of Paris, but the Armagnacs were swarming in

the country around and the English marching without let on the city.

In these straits he sought a reconciliation with the dauphin and his

Armagnac counsellors at Melun, on 11th July 1419. On 10th September a

second conference was arranged, and duke and dauphin, each with ten

attendants, met in a wicker enclosure on the bridge at Montereau. Jean

doffed his cap and knelt to the dauphin, but before he could rise was

felled by a blow from an axe and stabbed to death.

[Footnote 91: They melted down the reliquaries in the Paris churches.]

[Footnote 92: In 1417 Charles, returning from a visit to the queen at

the castle of Vincennes, met the Chevalier Bois-Burdon going thither.

He ordered his arrest, and under torture a confession reflecting on

the queen's honour was extorted. Bois-Burdon was delivered to the

provost at the Chatelet, and one night, \_sans declarer la cause au

people\_, sewn in a sack and dropped into the Seine. The queen was

banished to Tours, and her jewels and treasures confiscated. Furious

with the king and the Armagnac faction, she made common cause with the

Duke of Burgundy.]

In 1521 a monk at Dijon showed the skull of Jean sans Peur to Francis

I., and pointing to a hole made by the assassin's axe, said: "Sire, it

was through this hole that the English entered France." On receipt of

the news of his father's murder, the new Duke of Burgundy, Philip le

Bon, flung himself into the arms of the English, and by the treaty of

Troyes on May 20, 1420, Henry V. was given a French princess to wife

and the reversion of the crown of France, which, after Charles' death,

was to be united ever more to that of England. But the French crown

never circled Henry's brow: on August 31, 1422, he lay dead at

Vincennes. His body after being embalmed was exposed with great pomp

in the royal abbey of St. Denis before its translation to Westminster

Abbey and an infant son of nine months was left to inherit the dual

monarchy. Within a few weeks of Henry's death the hapless king of

France was entombed under the same roof; a royal herald cried "for

God's pity on the soul of the most high and most excellent Charles,

king of France, our natural sovereign lord," and in the next breath

hailed "Henry of Lancaster, by the grace of God, king of France and of

England, our sovereign lord." All the royal officers broke their

wands, flung them in the tomb and reversed their maces as a token that

their functions were at an end. The red rose of Lancaster was added to

the arms of Paris and at the next festival the Duke of Bedford was

seen in the Sainte Chapelle of St. Louis, exhibiting the crown of

thorns to the people as Regent of France, and a statue[93] of Henry V.

of England was raised in the great hall of the Palais de Justice,

following on the line of the kings of France from Pharamond to

Charles.

[Footnote 93: The statue was mutilated at the expulsion of the English

in 1446 and was destroyed in the fire of 1618.]

CHAPTER IX

\_Jeanne d'Arc--Paris under the English--End of the English Occupation\_

The occupation of Paris by the English was the darkest hour in her

story, yet amid the universal misery and dejection the treaty of

Troyes was hailed with joy. When the two kings, riding abreast \_moult

noblement\_, followed by the Dukes of Clarence and Bedford, entered

Paris after its signature, the whole way from the Porte St. Denis to

Notre Dame was filled with people crying, "\_Noel, noel!\_"

The university, the parlement, the queen-mother, the whole of North

France, from Brittany and Normandy to Flanders, from the Channel to

the line of the Loire, accepted the situation, and the Duke of

Burgundy, most powerful of the royal princes, was a friend of the

English. Yet a few French hearts beat true. While the regent Duke of

Bedford was entering Paris, a handful of knights unfurled the royal

banner at Melun, crying--"Long live King Charles, seventh of the name,

by the grace of God king of France!" And what a pitiful incarnation of

national independence was this to whom the devoted sons of France were

now called to rally!--a feeble youth of nineteen, indolent,

licentious, mocked at by the triumphant English as the "little king of

Bourges."

The story of the resurrection of France at the call of an untutored

village girl is one of the most enthralling dramas of history, which

may not here be told. When all men had despaired; when the cruelty,

ambition and greed of the princes of France had wrought her

destruction; when the miserable dauphin at Chinon was prepared to seek

safety by an ignominious flight to Spain or Scotland; when Orleans,

the key to the southern provinces, was about to fall into English

hands--the means of salvation were revealed in the ecstatic visions of

a simple peasant maid. Jeanne deemed her mission over after the solemn

coronation at Rheims, but to her ill-hap, was persuaded to follow the

royal army after the retreat of the English from Senlis, and on 23rd

August she occupied St. Denis. She declared at her trial that her

voices told her to remain at St. Denis, but that the lords made her

attack Paris. On the 8th September the assault was made, but it was

foiled by the king's apathy, the incapacity and bitter jealousy of his

counsellors, and the action of double-faced Burgundy. In the afternoon

Jeanne, while sounding the depth of the fosse with her lance,[94] was

wounded by an arrow in the thigh. She remained till late evening, when

she was carried away to St. Denis at whose shrine she hung up her

arms--her mysterious sword from St. Catherine de Fierbois and her

banner of pure white, emblazoned with the fleur-de-lys and the figure

of the Saviour, with the device "Jesu Maria."

[Footnote 94: An equestrian statue in bronze stands at the south end

of the Rue des Pyramides, a few hundred yards from the spot where the

Maid fell before the Porte St Honore.]

Six months later, while Charles was sunk in sloth at the chateau of

Sully, Jeanne was captured by the Burgundians at the siege of

Compiegne, and her enemies closed on her like bloodhounds. The

university of Paris and the Inquisition wrangled for her body, but

English gold bought her from her Burgundian captors and sent her to a

martyr's death at Rouen. Those who would read the sad record of her

trial may do so in the pages of Mr. Douglas Murray's translation of

the minutes of the evidence, and may assist in imagination at the

eighteen days' forensic baiting of the hapless child (she was but

nineteen years of age), whose lucid simplicity broke through the

subtle web of theological chicanery which was spun to entrap her by

the most cunning of the Sorbonne doctors.

"The English burnt her," says a Venetian merchant, "thinking that

fortune would turn in their favour, but may it please Christ the Lord

that the contrary befall them!" And so in truth it happened. Disaster

after disaster wrecked the English cause; the Duke of Bedford died,

Philip of Burgundy and Charles were reconciled, and Queen Isabella

went to a dishonoured grave. The English were driven out of Paris, and

in 1453, of all the "large and ample empery" of France, won at the

cost of a hundred years of bloodshed and cruel devastation, a little

strip of land at Calais and Guines alone remained to the English

crown. Charles, who with despicable cowardice had suffered the heroic

Maid to be done to death by the English without a thought of

intervention, was moved to call for a tardy reparation of the

atrocious injustice at Rouen; and a quarter of a century after the Te

Deum sung in Notre Dame at Paris for her capture, another, a very

different scene, was witnessed in the cathedral. "The case for her

rehabilitation," says Mr. Murray, "was solemnly opened there, and the

mother and brothers of the Maid came before the court to present their

humble petition for a revision of her sentence, demanding only 'the

triumph of truth and justice.' The court heard the request with some

emotion. When Isabel d'Arc threw herself at the feet of the

Commissioners, showing the papal rescript and weeping aloud, so many

joined in the petition that at last, we are told, it seemed that one

great cry for justice broke from the multitude."

The story of Paris under the English is a melancholy one. Despite the

coronation of the young king at Notre Dame and the rigid justice and

enlightened policy of Bedford's regency, they failed to win the

affection of the Parisians. Rewards to political friends, punishments

and confiscations inflicted on the disaffected, the riotous and

homicidal conduct of some of the English garrison, the depression in

commerce and depreciation of property brought their inevitable

consequences--a growing hatred of the English name.[95] The chapter of

Notre Dame was compelled to sell the gold vessels from the treasury.

Hundred of houses were abandoned by their owners, who were unable to

meet the charges upon them. In 1427 by a royal instrument the rent of

the Maison des Singes was reduced from twenty-six livres to fourteen,

"seeing the extreme diminution of rents."

[Footnote 95: In 1421 and 1422 the people of Paris had seen Henry V.

and his French consort sitting in state at the Louvre, surrounded by a

brilliant throng of princes, prelates and barons. Hungry crowds

watched the sumptuous banquet and then went away fasting, for nothing

was offered them. "It was not so in the former times under our kings,"

they murmured, "then was open table kept, and servants distributed the

meats and wine even of the king himself."]

Some curious details of life in Paris under the English have come down

to us. By a royal pardon granted to Guiot d'Eguiller, we learn that he

and four other servants of the Duke of Bedford, and of our "late very

dear and very beloved aunt the Duchess of Bedford whom God pardon,"

were drinking one night at ten o'clock in a tavern where hangs the

sign of \_L'Homme Arme\_.[2] Hot words arose between them and some other

tipplers, to wit, Friars Robert, Peter, and William of the Blancs

Manteaux, who were disguised as laymen and wearing swords. Friar

Robert lost his temper and struck at the servants with his naked

sword. The friar, owing to the strength of the wine or to inexperience

in the use of secular weapons, cut off the leg of a dog instead of

hitting his man; the friars then ran away, pursued by three of the

servants--Robin the Englishman, Guiot d'Eguiller and one Guillaume.

The fugitive friars took refuge in a deserted house in the Rue du

Paradis (now des Francs Bourgeois), and threw stones at their

pursuers. There was a fight, during which Guillaume lost his stick and

snatching Guiot's sword struck at Friar Robert through the door of the

house. He only gave one "\_cop\_," but it was enough, and there was an

end of Friar Robert.

A certain Gilles, a \_povre homme laboureur\_, went to amuse himself at

a game of tennis in the hostelry kept by Guillaume Sorel, near the

Porte St. Honore, and fell a-wrangling with Sorel's wife concerning

some lost tennis balls. Madame Sorel clutched him by the hair and tore

out some handfuls. Gilles seized her by the hood, disarranged her

coif, so that it fell about her shoulders, "and in his anger cursed

God our Creator." This came to the bishop's ears, and Gilles was cast

for blasphemy into the bishop's oven, as the episcopal prison was

called, where he lay in great misery. He was examined and released on

promising to offer a wax candle of two pounds' weight before the image

of our Lady of Paris at the entrance of the choir of Notre Dame.

The fifteen years of English rule at Paris came to a close in 1446.

Three years before that date, a goldsmith was at \_dejeuner\_ with a

baker and a shoemaker, and they fell a-talking of the state of trade,

of the wars and of the poverty of the people of Paris. The

goldsmith[96] grumbled loudly and said that his craft was the poorest

of all; people must have shoes and bread, but none could afford to

employ a goldsmith. Then, thinking no evil, he said that good times

would never return in Paris until there were a French king, the

university full again, and the Parlement obeyed as in former times.

Whereupon Jean Trolet, the shoemaker, added that things could not last

in their present state, and that if there were only five hundred men

who would agree to begin a revolution, they would soon find thousands

leagued with them. Jean Trolet's loose tongue cost him dear, but the

general unrest which this incident illustrates burst forth in plot

after plot, and on 13th April, 1446, the Porte St. Jacques was opened

by some citizens to the Duke of Richemont, Constable of France, who,

with 2000 knights and squires, entered the city and, to the cry of

\_Ville gagnee!\_ the fleur-de-lys waved again from the ramparts of

Paris. The English garrison under Lord Willoughby fortified themselves

in the Bastille of St. Antoine but capitulated after two days. Bag and

baggage, out they marched, circled the walls as far as the Louvre, and

embarked for Rouen amid the execrations of the people. Never again did

an English army enter Paris until the allies marched in after Waterloo

in 1815.

[Footnote 96: The fifteenth-century goldsmiths of Paris: Loris, the

Hersants, and Jehan Gallant, were famed throughout Europe.]

CHAPTER X

\_Louis XI. at Paris--The Introduction of Printing\_

Paris saw little of Charles VII. who, after the temporary activity

excited by the expulsion of the English, had sunk into his habitual

torpor and bondage to women. In 1461 the wretched monarch, morbid and

half-demented, died of a malignant disease, all the time haunted by

fears of poison and filial treachery. The people named him Charles \_le

bien servi\_ (the well-served), for small indeed was the praise due to

him for the great deliverance.

When the new king, Louis XI., quitted his asylum at the Burgundian

court to be crowned at Rheims and to repair to St. Denis, he was

shocked by the contrast between the rich cities and plains of Flanders

and the miserable aspect of the country he traversed--ruined villages,

fields that were so many deserts, starving creatures clothed in rags,

and looking as if they had just escaped from dungeons.

It is beyond the scope of the present work to describe the successful

achievement of Louis' policy of concentrating the whole government in

himself as absolute sovereign of France, by the overthrow of feudalism

and the subjection of the great nobles with their almost royal power

and state. His indomitable will, his consummate patience, his profound

knowledge of human motives and passions, his cynical indifference to

means, make him one of the most remarkable of the kings of France. In

1465, menaced by a coalition of nobles, the so-called League of the

Public Good, Louis hastened to the capital. Letters expressing his

tender affection for his dear city of Paris preceded him--he was

coming to confide to them his queen and hoped-for heir; rather than

lose his Paris, which he loved beyond all cities of the world, he

would sacrifice half his kingdom. But the Parisians were far from

being impressed by the majesty of their new monarch. "Our king," says

De Comines, "used to dress so ill that worse could not be--often

wearing bad cloth and a shabby hat with a leaden image stuck in it."

When he entered Abbeville with the magnificent Duke of Burgundy, the

people said "\_Benedicite!\_ is that a king of France? Why, his horse

and clothes together are not worth twenty francs!" and a Venetian

ambassador was amazed to see the most mighty and most Christian king

take his dinner in a tavern on the market-place of Tours, after

hearing mass in the cathedral. The citizens remembered, too, his

refusal to accord them some privileges granted to other cities; they

were sullen at first and would not be wooed. The university declined

to arm her scholars, Church and Parlement were hostile. The idle,

vagabond \_clercs\_ of the Palais and the Cite composed coarse gibes and

satirical songs and ballads against his person. Louis, however, set

himself with his insinuating grace of speech to win the favour of the

Parisians. He supped with the provost and sheriffs and their wives at

the Hotel de Ville. He chose six members from the burgesses, six from

the Parlement and six from the university, to form his Council, and

with daring confidence, decided to arm Paris. A levy of every male

able to bear arms between sixteen and sixty years of age was made, and

the citizen army was reviewed near St. Antoine des Champs, in the

presence of the king and queen. From 60,000 to 80,000 men, half of

them well-armed, marched past, with sixty-seven banners of the trades

guilds, not counting those of the municipal officers, the Parlement

and the university. The nobles were checkmated, and they were glad to

accede to a treaty which gave them ample spoils, and Louis, time to

recover himself. The "Public Good" was barely mentioned.

Louis, when at Paris, refused to occupy the Louvre and chose to dwell

in the new Hotel des Tournelles, near the Porte St. Antoine, built for

the Duke of Bedford and subsequently presented to Louis when Dauphin

by his royal father; for thither a star led him one evening as he left

Notre Dame. Often would he issue \_en bourgeois\_ from the Tournelles to

sup with his gossips in Paris and scarcely a day passed without the

king being seen at mass in Notre Dame.

"When King Louis," says De Comines, "retired from the interview[97]

with Edward IV. of England, he spake with me by the way and said he

found the English king too ready to visit Paris, which thing was not

pleasing to him. The king was a handsome man and very fond of women;

he might find some affectionate mistress there, who would speak him so

many fair words that she would make him desire to return; his

predecessors had come too often to Paris and Normandy, and he did not

like his company this side the sea, but beyond the sea he was glad to

have him for friend and brother."

[Footnote 97: At the conclusion of the Hucksters' Peace at Amiens.]

Louis had long desired to punish the Count of St. Pol for treachery,

and as a result of a treaty with Charles of Burgundy, in 1475, had him

at length in the Bastille. Soon on a scaffold in the Place de Greve

his head rolled from his body at a tremendous \_coup\_ of Petit Jean's

sword, and a column of stone twelve feet high erected where he fell,

gave terrible warning to traitorous princes, however mighty; for the

count was Constable of France, the king's brother-in-law, a member of

the Imperial House of Luxemburg, and connected with many of the

sovereign families of Europe.

Two years later another noble victim, the Duke of Nemours, fell into

the king's power and saw the inside of one of Louis' iron cages in the

Bastille. The king, who had learnt that the chains had been removed

from the prisoner's legs, that he might go to hear mass, commanded his

jailer not to let him budge from his cage except to be tortured

(\_gehenne\_) and the duke wrote a piteous letter, praying for clemency

and signing himself \_le pauvre Jacques\_. In vain: him, too, the

headsman's axe sent to his account at the Halles.

The news of the humiliating Peace of Peronne, after the king had

committed the one great folly of his career by gratuitously placing

himself in Charles the Bold's power,[98] was received by the Parisians

with many gibes. The royal herald proclaimed at sound of trumpet by

the crossways of Paris: "Let none be bold or daring enough to say

anything opprobrious against the Duke of Burgundy, either by word of

mouth, by writing, by signs, paintings, roundelays, ballads, songs or

gestures." On the same day a commission seized all the magpies and

jackdaws in Paris, whether caged or otherwise, which were to be

registered according to their owners, with all the pretty words that

the said birds could repeat and that had been taught them: the pretty

word that these chattering birds had been taught to say was "Peronne."

Louis' abasement at Peronne was, however, amply avenged by the battle

of Granson, when the mighty host of "invincible" Charles was

overwhelmed by the Switzers in 1476. A year later, the whole fabric

of Burgundian ambition was shattered and the great duke lay a

mutilated and frozen corpse before the walls of Nancy. Louis' joy at

the destruction of his enemy was boundless, but in the very

culmination of his success he was struck down by paralysis, and though

he rallied for a time the end was near. Haunted by fear of treachery,

he immured himself in the gloomy fortress of Plessis. The saintly

Francesco da Calabria, relics from Florence, from Rome, the Holy Oil

from Rheims, turtles from Cape Verde Islands--all were powerless; the

arch dissembler must now face the ineluctable prince of the dark

realms, who was not to be bribed or cajoled even by kings.

[Footnote 98: The reader will hardly need to be reminded that this

amazing folly forms one of the principal episodes in Scott's \_Quentin

Durward\_.]

When at last Louis took to his bed, his physician, Jacques Cottier,

told him that most surely his hour was come. Confession made, he gave

much political counsel and some orders to be observed by \_le Roi\_, as

he now called his son, and spoke, says De Comines, "as dryly as if he

had never been ill. And after so many fears and suspicions Our Lord

wrought a miracle and took him from this miserable world in great

health of mind and understanding. Having received all the sacraments

and suffering no pain and always speaking to within a paternoster of

his death, he gave orders for his sepulture. May the Lord have his

soul and receive him in the realm of Paradise!"

It was in Louis' reign that the art of printing was introduced into

Paris. As early as 1458 the master of the mint had been sent to Mainz

to learn something of the new art, but without success. In 1463, Fust

and his partner, Schoeffer, had brought some printed books to Paris,

but the books were confiscated and the partners were driven out of the

city, owing to the jealousy of the powerful corporation of the scribes

and booksellers, who enjoyed a monopoly from the Sorbonne of the sale

of books in Paris; and in 1474 Louis paid an indemnity of 2500 crowns

to Schoeffer for the confiscation of his books and for the trouble he

had taken to introduce printed books into his capital. In 1470, at the

invitation of two doctors of the Sorbonne, Guillaume Fichet and Jean

de la Puin, Ulmer Gering of Constance and two other Swiss printers set

up a press near Fichet's rooms in the Sorbonne. In 1473 a press was at

work at the sign of the Soleil d'Or (Golden Sun), in the Rue St.

Jacques, under the management of two Germans, Peter Kayser, Master of

Arts, and John Stohl, assisted by Ulmer Gering. In 1483 the last-named

removed to the Rue de la Sorbonne, where the doctors granted to him

and his new partner, Berthold Rumbolt of Strassburg, a lease for the

term of their lives. They retained their sign of the Soleil d'Or,

which long endured as a guarantee of fine printing. The earliest works

had been printed in beautiful Roman type, but unable to resist the

favourite Gothic introduced from Germany, Gering was led to adopt it

towards the year 1480, and the Roman was soon superseded. From 1480 to

1500 we meet with many French printers' names: Antoine Verard, Du Pre,

Cailleau, Martineau, Pigouchet--clearly proving that the art had then

been successfully transplanted.

The re-introduction of Roman characters about 1500 was due to the

famous house of the Estiennes, whose admirable editions of the Latin

and Greek classics are the delight of bibliophiles. Robert Estienne

was wont to hang proof sheets of his Greek and Latin classics outside

his shop, offering a reward to any passer-by who pointed out a

misprint or corrupt reading. Their famous house was the meeting-place

of scholars and patrons of literature. Francis I. and his sister

Margaret of Angouleme, authoress of the Heptameron, were seen there,

and legend says that the king was once kept waiting by the

scholar-printer while he finished correcting a proof. All the

Estienne household, even the children, conversed in Latin, and the

very servants are said to have grown used to it. In 1563 Francis I.

remitted 30,000 livres of taxes to the printers of Paris, as an act of

grace to the professors of an art that seemed rather divine than

human. But in spite of royal favour printing was a poor career. The

second Henry Estienne, who composed a Greek-Latin lexicon, died in

poverty at a hospital in Lyons; the last of the family, the third

Robert Estienne, met a similar miserable end at the Hotel Dieu in

Paris. So great was the reaction in the university against the

violence of the Lutherans and the daring of the printers, that in 1534

all the presses were ordered to be closed. In 1537 no book was allowed

to be printed without permission of the Sorbonne, and in 1556 an order

was made, it is said at the instance of Diane de Poitiers, that a copy

in vellum of every book printed by royal privilege should be deposited

at the royal library. After Gering's death the forty presses then

working in Paris were reduced to twenty-four, in order that every

printer might have sufficient work to live by and not be tempted by

poverty to print prohibited books or execute cheap and inferior

printing.

CHAPTER XI

\_Francis I.--The Renaissance at Paris\_

The advent of the printing-press and the opening of a Greek

lectureship by Gregory Tyhernas and Hermonymus of Sparta at the

Sorbonne warns us that we are at the end of an epoch. With the

accession of Charles VIII. and the beginning of the Italian wars a new

era is inaugurated. Gothic architecture had reached its final

development and structural perfection, in the flowing lines of the

flamboyant style;[99] painting and sculpture, both in subject and

expression, assume a new aspect. The diffusion of ancient literature

and the discovery of a new world, open wider horizons to men's minds,

and human thought and human activity are directed towards other, and

not always nobler, ideals. Mediaevalism passes away and Paris begins to

clothe herself in a new vesture of stone.

[Footnote 99: Flamboyant windows were a natural, technical development

of Gothic. The aim of the later builders was to facilitate the

draining away of the water which the old mullioned windows used to

retain.]

The Paris of the fifteenth century was a triple city of overhanging

timbered houses, "thick as ears of corn in a wheatfield," of narrow,

crooked streets,[100] unsavoury enough, yet purified by the vast open

spaces and gardens of the monasteries, from which emerged the

innumerable spires and towers of her churches and palaces and

colleges. In the centre was the legal and ecclesiastical Cite, with

its magnificent Palais de Justice; its cathedral and a score of fair

churches enclosed in the island, which resembled a great ship moored

to the banks of the Seine by five bridges all crowded with houses. One

of the most curious characteristics of Old Paris was the absence of

any view of the river, for a man might traverse its streets and

bridges without catching a glimpse of the Seine.

[Footnote 100: The drainage of an old city was offensive to the smell

rather than essentially insanitary. "Mediaeval sewers," says Dr.

Charles Creighton in his \_History of Epidemics in Britain\_, pp. 323-4,

"were banked-up water-courses ... freely open to the greatest of all

purifying agents, the oxygen of the air."]

The portal of the Petit Chatelet at the end of the Petit Pont opened

on the university and learned district on the south bank of the Seine,

with its fifty colleges and many churches clustering about the slopes

of the mount of St. Genevieve, which was crowned by the great

Augustine abbey and church founded by Clovis. Near by, stood the two

great religious houses and churches of the Dominicans and Franciscans,

the Carthusian monastery and its scores of little gardens, the lesser

monastic buildings and, outside the walls, the vast Benedictine

abbatial buildings and suburb of St. Germain des Pres, with its

stately church of three spires, its fortified walls, its pillory and

its permanent lists, where judicial duels were fought. On the north

bank lay the busy, crowded industrial and commercial district known as

the Ville, with its forty-four churches, the hotels of the rich

merchants and bankers, the fortified palaces of the nobles, all

enclosed by the high walls and square towers of Charles the Fifth's

fortifications, and defended at east and west by the Bastille of St.

Antoine and the Louvre. To the east stood the agglomeration of

buildings known as Hotel St. Paul, a royal city within a city, with

its manifold princely dwellings and fair gardens and pleasaunces

sloping down to the Seine; hard by to the north was the Duke of

Bedford's Hotel des Tournelles, with its memories of the English

domination. At the west, against the old Louvre, were among others,

the hotels of the Constable of Bourbon and the Duke of Alencon, and

out in the fields beyond, the smoking kilns of the Tuileries (tile

factories).

[Illustration: TOWER OF ST. JACQUES.]

North and east and west of the municipal centre, the Maison aux

Piliers, on the Place de Greve, was a maze of streets filled with the

various crafts of Paris. The tower of the great church of St. Jacques

de la Boucherie, as yet unfinished, emerged from the butchers' and

skinners' shops and slaughter-houses, which at the Rue des Lombards

met the clothiers and furriers; the cutlers and the basket-makers were

busy in streets now swept away to give place to the Avenue Victoria.

Painters, glass-workers and colour merchants, grocers and druggists,

made bright and fragrant the Rue de la Verrerie, weavers' shuttles

rattled in the Rue de la Tixanderie (now swallowed up in the Rue de

Rivoli); curriers and tanners plied their evil-smelling crafts in the

Rue (now Quai) de la Megisserie, and bakers crowded along the Rue St.

Honore. The Rue des Juifs sheltered the ancestral traffic of the

children of Abraham. At the foot of the Pont au Change, on which were

the shops of the goldsmiths and money-lenders stood the grim

thirteenth-century fortress of the Chatelet, the municipal guard-house

and prison; to the north in the Rue de Heaumarie (Armourers) lay the

Four aux Dames or prison of the abbesses of Montmartre; further on

westward stood the episcopal prison, or Four de l'Eveque. North-west

of the Chatelet was the Hotel du Chevalier du Guet or watch-house and

round about it a congeries of narrow, crooked lanes, haunts of

ill-fame, where robbers lurked and vice festered. A little to the

north were the noisy market-place of the Halles and the cemetery of

the Innocents with its piles of skulls, and its vaulted arcade

painted (1424) with the Dance of Death. Further north stood the

immense abbey of St. Martin in the Fields, with its cloister and

gardens and, a little to the west, the grisly crenelated and turreted

fortress of the Knights-Templars, huge in extent and one of the most

solid edifices in the whole kingdom. This is the Paris conjured from

the past with such magic art by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame," and

gradually to be swept away in the next centuries by the Renaissance,

pseudo-classic and Napoleonic builders and destroyers, until to-day

scarcely a wrack is left behind.

With the Italian campaigns of Charles VIII., \_notre petit roi\_, as

Brantome calls him, and of the early Valois-Orleans kings, France

enters the arena of European politics, wrestles with the mighty

Emperor Charles V. and embarks on a career of transalpine conquest.

But in Italy, conquering France was herself conquered by the charm of

Italian art, Italian climate and Italian landscape. When Charles VIII.

returned to Paris from his expedition to Naples he brought with him a

collection of pictures, tapestry, and sculptures in marble and

porphyry, that weighed thirty-five tons; by him and his successors

Italian builders, Domenico da Cortona and Fra Giocondo, were employed.

The latter supervised the rebuilding of the Petit Pont and after the

destruction of the last wooden Pont Notre Dame in 1499--when the whole

structure, with its houses and shops, fell with a fearful crash into

the river--he was made head of the Commission of Parisian artists who

replaced it by a noble stone bridge, completed in 1507. This, too, was

lined with tall gabled houses of stone, and adorned with the arms of

Paris and statues of Notre Dame and St. Denis. On its restoration in

1659 the facades of the houses were decorated with medallions of the

kings of France held by caryatides bearing baskets of fruit and

flowers on their heads. These houses were the first in Paris to be

numbered, odd numbers on one side, even on the other, and were the

first to be demolished when, on the eve of the Revolution, Louis XVI.

ordered the bridges to be cleared.

The French Renaissance is indissolubly associated with Francis I., who

in 1515 inherited a France welded into a compact, absolute monarchy,

and inhabited by a prosperous and loyal people; for the twelfth Louis

had been a good and wise ruler, who to the amazement of his people

returned to them the balance of a tax levied to meet the cost of the

Genoese Expedition, which had been over estimated, saying, "It will be

more fruitful in their hands than in mine." Commerce had so expanded

that it was said that for every merchant seen in Paris in former times

there were, in his reign, fifty. Scarce a house was built along an

important street that was not a merchant's shop or for the practice of

some art. Louis introduced the cultivation of maize and the mulberry

into France, and so rigid was his justice that poultry ran about the

open fields without risk of pillage from his soldiers. It was the

accrued wealth of his reign, and the love inspired by "Louis, father

of his people,"[101] that supported the magnificence, the luxury and

the extravagance of Francis I. The architectural creations of the new

style were first seen in Touraine, in the royal palaces of Blois and

Chambord, and other princely and noble chateaux along the luscious and

sunny valleys of the Loire. Italian architecture was late in making

itself felt in Paris, where the native art made stubborn resistance.

[Footnote 101: The good king's portrait by an Italian sculptor may be

seen in the Louvre, Room VII., and on his monument in St. Denis he

kneels beside his beloved and \_chere Bretonne\_, Anne of Brittany whose

loss he wept for eight days and nights.]

[Illustration: PONT NOTRE DAME.]

The story of the state entry of Francis I. into Paris after the death

of Louis XII., as told by Galtimara, Margaret of Austria's envoy, who

witnessed the scene from a window, is characteristic. After the solemn

procession which was \_belle et gorgiaise\_ he saw the king, clothed in

a glittering suit of armour and mounted on a barbed charger, accoutred

in white and cloth of silver, prick his steed, making it prance and

rear, \_faisant rage\_, that he might display his horsemanship, his fine

figure and dazzling costume before the queen and her ladies. It was

all \_bien gorriere a voir\_. "Born between two adoring women," says

Michelet, "Francis was all his life a spoilt child." Money flowed

through his hands like water[102] to gratify his ambition, his

passions and his pleasures. Doubtless his interviews with Da Vinci at

Amboise, where he spent much of his time in the early years of his

reign, fired that enthusiasm for art, especially for painting, which

never wholly left him; for the veteran artist, although old and

paralysed in the right hand, was otherwise in possession of all his

incomparable faculties.

[Footnote 102: "He was well named after St. Francis, because of the

holes in his hands," said a Sorbonne doctor.]

[Illustration: CHAPEL, HOTEL DE CLUNY.]

The question as to the existence of an indigenous school of painting

before the Italian artistic invasion is still a subject of

acrimonious discussion among critics; there is none, however, as to

its existence in the plastic arts. The old French tradition died hard,

and not before it had stamped upon Italian Renaissance architecture

the impress of its native genius and adapted it to the requirements of

French life and climate. The Hotel de Cluny, finished in 1490, still

remains to exemplify the beauty of the native French domestic

architecture modified by the new style. The old Hotel de Ville,[103]

designed by Dom. da Cortona and submitted to Francis in 1532, was

dominated by the French style, and not until nearly a century after

the first Italian Expedition were the last Gothic builders superseded.

The fine Gothic church of St. Merri was begun as late as 1520 and not

finished till 1612, and the transitional churches of St. Etienne and

St. Eustache remind one, by the mingling of Gothic and Renaissance

features, of the famous metamorphosis of Agnel and Cianfa in Dante's

Inferno, and one is tempted to exclaim, \_Ome, come ti muti! Vedi, che

gia non sei ne duo ne uno!\_[104]

[Footnote 103: The authorship of this famous building is much

canvassed by authorities. M.E. Mareuse, secretary of the Committee of

Inscriptions, affirms that Domenico must be considered the \_unique

architecte\_ of our old Municipal Palace: other writers claim with

equal confidence Pierre Chambiges as the architect. Charles Normand

after an exhaustive examination of documents, declares that the

Italian master's design was followed in the south court, but that

after his death in 1549 the design was ordered to be revised and the

great facade was erected in a style wholly different from the original

plan. This eminent authority inclines to the belief that the new

design was due to Du Cerceau. Certain it is that French masters were

associated with Domenico, for we know that on the 19th June 1534, a

rescript came from the city fathers to the masters Pierre Chambiges,

Jacques Arasse, Jehan Aesselin, Loys Caquelin and Dominique de

Cortona, reminding them that it would be more seemly to push the works

forward and keep an eye on the workmen instead of going away to dine

together.]

[Footnote 104: "Ah! me, how thou art changed! See, thou art neither

two nor one."]

[Illustration: TOWER OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT.]

After the death of Da Vinci Francis never succeeded in retaining a

first-rate painter in his service. Andrea del Sarto and Paris Bordone

did little more than pay passing visits, and the famous school of

Fontainebleau was founded by Rosso and Primaticcio, two decadent

followers of Michel Angelo. The adventures of that second-rate artist

and first-rate bully, Benvenuto Cellini, at Paris, form one of the

most piquant episodes in artistic autobiography. After a gracious

welcome from the king he was offered an annual retaining fee of three

hundred crowns. He at once dismissed his two apprentices and left in a

towering rage, only returning on being offered the same appointments

that had been enjoyed by Leonardo da Vinci--seven hundred crowns a

year, and payment for every finished work. The Petit Nesle[105] was

assigned to Cellini and his pupils as a workshop, the king assuring

him that force would be needed to evict the possessor--it had been

assigned to the provost--adding, "Take great care you are not

assassinated." On complaining to the king of the difficulties he met

with and the insults offered to him on attempting to gain possession,

he was answered: "If you are the Benvenuto I have heard of, live up to

your reputation; I give you full leave." Benvenuto took the hint,

armed himself, his servants and two apprentices, and bullied the

occupants and rival claimants out of their wits. It was at this Tour

de Nesle that Francis paid Cellini a surprise visit with his mistress

Madame d'Estampes, his sister Margaret of Valois, the Dauphin and his

wife Catherine de' Medici, the Cardinal of Lorraine, Henry II. of

Navarre, and a numerous train of courtiers. The artist and his merry

men were at work on the famous silver statue of Jupiter for

Fontainebleau, and amid the noise of the hammering the king entered

unperceived. Cellini had the torso of the statue in his hand, and at

that moment a French lad who had caused him some little displeasure

had felt the weight of the master's foot, which sent him flying

against the king. But the artist had done a bad day's work by evicting

a servant of Madame d'Estampes from the tower, and the injured lady

and Primaticcio, her \_protege\_, decided to work his ruin. When Cellini

arrived at Fontainebleau with the statue, Francis ordered it to be

placed in the grand gallery decorated by Rosso. Primaticcio had just

arranged there the casts which he had been commissioned to bring from

Rome, and Benvenuto saw what was meant--his own work was to be

eclipsed by the splendour of the masterpieces of ancient art. "Heaven

help me!" cried he, "this is indeed to fall against the pikes!" Now

the god held the globe of the earth in the left hand, the thunderbolt

in the right. The artist contrived to thrust a portion of a large wax

candle as a torch between the flames of the bolt, and set the statue

up on its gilded pedestal. Madame entertained the king late at table,

hoping that he would either forget the work or see it in a bad light;

but when Francis entered the gallery late at night, followed by his

courtiers, "which by God's grace was my salvation," says Cellini, the

statue was illuminated by a flood of light from the torch which so

enhanced its beauty that the king was ravished with delight, and

expressed himself in ecstatic praise, declaring the statue to be more

beautiful and more marvellous than any of the antique casts around.

His enemies were thus discomfited, and on Madame d'Estampes

endeavouring to depreciate the work, she was grossly mocked by the

artist in a very characteristic and quite untranscribable way.

Benvenuto was more than ever patronised by the king, who did him the

great honour of accosting him as \_mon ami\_, and approving his scheme

for the fortification of Paris. Cellini often recalled with pleasure

the four years he spent with the \_gran re Francesco\_ at Paris.

[Footnote 105: The Petit Nesle comprised the south-west gate and

tower: the Grand Nesle, the Hotel de Nesle within the wall. See p.

68.]

"The French are remembered in Italy only by the graves they left

there," said De Comines, and once again the Italian campaigns ended in

disaster. At the defeat of Pavia, in 1525--the Armageddon of the

French in Italy--the efforts and sacrifices of three reigns were lost

and the \_gran re\_, whose favourite oath is said to have been \_foi de

gentilhomme\_, went captive to the king of Spain in Madrid, whence he

issued, stained by perjury, and three years later, signed "the moral

annihilation of France in Europe," at Cambray.

During the tranquil intervals that ensued on this rude awakening from

dreams of an Italian Empire, and between the third and fourth wars

with the emperor, the king was able to initiate a project that had

long been dear to him. "Come," says Michelet, "in the still, dark

night, climb the Rue St. Jacques, in the early winter's morning. See

you yon lights? Men, yea, old men, mingled with children, are

hurrying, a folio under one arm, in the hand an iron candlestick. Do

they turn to the right? No, the old Sorbonne is yet sleeping snug in

her warm sheets. The crowd is going to the Greek schools. Athens is at

Paris. That man with the fine beard in majestic ermine is a descendant

of emperors--Jean Lascaris: that other doctor is Alexander, who

teaches Hebrew."

The schools they were pressing to were those of the Royal College of

France. Already in 1517 Erasmus had been offered a salary of a

thousand francs a year, with promise of further increment, to

undertake the direction of the college, but declined to leave his

patron the emperor. The prime movers in the great scheme were the

king's confessor, Guillaume Parvi, and the famous Grecian, Guillaume

Bude, who in 1530 was himself induced to undertake the task which

Erasmus had declined. Twelve professors were appointed in Greek,

Hebrew, mathematics, philosophy, rhetoric and medicine, each of the

twelve with a salary of two hundred gold crowns (about L80), and the

dignity of royal councillors. The king's vast scheme of a great

college and magnificent chapel, with a revenue of 50,000 crowns for

the maintenance (\_nourriture\_) of six hundred scholars, where the most

famous doctors in Christendom should offer gratuitous teaching in all

the sciences and learned languages, was never executed. Too much

treasure had been wasted in Italy, and it was not till the reign of

Louis XIII. that it was partially carried out. The first stone was

laid in 1610, the works were slowly continued under succeeding reigns,

and the project had only been partially carried out when the monarchy

fell. The college as we now see it was not completed till 1842. Chairs

were founded for Arabic by Henry III., for surgery, anatomy and botany

by Henry IV., and for Syrian by Louis XIV. Little is changed to-day;

the placards, so familiar to students in Paris, announcing the

lectures are indited in French instead of in Latin as of old; the

lectures are still free to all, and the most famous scholars of the

day teach there, but in French and not in Latin.[106]

[Footnote 106: Students in Paris in the days of King Francis had cause

to remember gratefully that monarch's solicitude, for a maximum of

charges was fixed, and an order made that every hotel-keeper should

affix his prices outside the door, that extortion might be avoided.

Among other maxima, the price of a pair of sheets, to "sleep not more

than five persons," was to be five deniers (a penny).]

How dramatic are the contrasts of history! While the new learning was

organising itself amid the pomp of royal patronage; while the young

Calvin was sitting at the feet of its professors and the Lutheran

heresy germinating at Paris, Ignatius Loyola, an obscure Spanish

soldier and gentleman, thirty-seven years of age, was sitting--a

strange mature figure--among the boisterous young students at the

College of St. Barbara, patiently preparing himself for dedication to

the service of the menaced Church of Rome; and in 1534, on the

festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a little group of

six companions met around the fervent student, in the crypt of the old

church at Montmartre, and decided to found on the holy hill of St.

Denis' martyrdom the first house of the Society of Jesus.

In 1528, says the writer of the so-called \_Journal d'un Bourgeois de

Paris\_, the king began to pull down the great tower of the Louvre, in

order to transform the chateau into a \_logis de plaisance\_, "yet was

it great pity for the castle was very fair and high and strong, and a

most proper prison to hold great men."

The tall, massive keep, which darkened the royal apartments in the

south wing, was the tower here meant, and after some four months'

work, and an expenditure of 2,500 livres, the grim pile, with its

centuries of history, was cleared away. Small progress, however, had

been made with the restoration of the old chateau up to the year 1539,

when the heavy cost of preparing the west wing for the reception of

the Emperor Charles V., induced Francis to consider a plan which

involved the replacement of the whole fabric by a palace in the new

Renaissance style, and the picturesque palace with its high crenelated

walls, its strong towers, high-pitched roofs, dormer windows, and tall

chimneys, its gilded emblazonry, its vanes, splendid with azure and

gold glittering in the sun, as painted in the Duke of Berry's \_Book of

Hours\_, was doomed. In 1546 Pierre Lescot, Seigneur de Clagny, was

appointed architect without salary, but given the office of almoner to

the king, and made lay abbot of Clermont. Pierre Lescot was an

admirable artist, who has left us some of the finest examples of early

French Renaissance architecture in Paris. But Francis lived only to

see the great scheme begun, most of Lescot's work being done under

Henry II.

From the same anonymous writer we learn something of Parisian life in

the reign of Francis I. One day a certain Monsieur Cruche, a popular

poet and playwright, was performing moralities and novelties on a

platform in the Place Maubert, and among them a farce "funny enough to

make half a score men die of laughter, in which the said Cruche,

holding a lantern, feigned to perceive the doings of a hen and a

salamander."[107] The amours of the king with the daughter of a

councillor of the Parlement, named Lecoq, were only too plainly

satirised. But it is ill jesting with kings. A few nights later,

Monsieur Cruche was visited by eight disguised courtiers, who treated

him to a supper in a tavern at the sign of the Castle in the Rue de la

Juiverie, and induced him to play the farce before them. When the

unhappy player came to the first scene, he was set upon by the king's

friends, stripped and beaten almost to death with thongs. They were

about to put him in a sack and throw him into the Seine, when poor

Cruche, crying piteously, discovered his priestly tonsure, and thus

escaped.

[Footnote 107: The salamander was figured on the royal arms of

Francis.]

After the defeat at Pavia, the king became morbidly pious. By trumpet

cry at the crossways of Paris, we learn from the \_Journal\_,

games--quoits, tennis, contreboulle--were prohibited on Sundays;

children were forbidden to sing along the streets, going to and from

school; blasphemers[108] were to be severely punished. In 1527 a

notary was burned alive in the Place de Greve for a great blasphemy of

our Lord and His holy Mother. In June of the next year some Lutherans

struck down and mutilated an image of the Virgin and Child at a street

corner near St. Gervais; the king was so grieved and angry that he

wept violently, and offered a reward of one hundred gold crowns, but

the offenders could not be found. Daily processions came from the

churches to the spot, and all the religious orders, clothed in their

habits, followed "singing with such great fervour and reverence that

it was fair to see." The rector, doctors, masters, bachelors and

scholars of the university, and children with lighted tapers, went

there in great reverence. On Corpus Christi day the street was draped

and a fair canopy stretched over the statue. The king himself walked

in procession, bearing a white taper, his head uncovered in \_moult

gran reverence\_; hautboys, clarions and trumpets played melodiously;

cardinals, prelates, great seigneurs and nobles, each with his taper

of white wax, followed, with the royal archers of the guard in their

train. On the morrow a procession from all the parishes of Paris, with

banners, relics and crucifixes, accompanied by the king and nobles,

brought a new and fair image of silver, two feet in height, which the

king had caused to be made. Francis himself ascended a ladder and

placed it where the other image had stood, then kissed it and

descended with tears in his eyes. Thrice he kneeled and prayed, the

bishop of Lisieux, his almoner, reciting fair orisons and lauds to the

honour of the glorious Virgin and her image. Again the trumpets,

clarions and hautboys played the \_Ave Regina caelorum\_, and the king,

the cardinal of Louvain, and all the nobles presented their tapers to

the Virgin. Next day the Parlement, the provost and sheriffs, came and

put an iron trellis round the silver image for fear of robbers.[109]

[Footnote 108: For the first offence a fine; for the second, the lips

to be cloven; for the third, the tongue pierced; for the fourth,

death.]

[Footnote 109: The image was stolen in 1545 and replaced by one of

wood. This was struck down in 1551, and the bishop of Paris

substituted for it one of marble.]

Never were judicial and ecclesiastical punishments so cruel and

recurrent as during the period of the Renaissance. It is a common

error to suppose that judicial cruelty reached its culmination in the

Middle Ages.[110] Punishments are described with appalling iteration

in the pages we are following. The Place de Greve was the scene of

mutilations, tortures, hangings, and quarterings of criminals and

traitors, the king and his court sometimes looking on. Coiners of

false money were boiled alive at the pig-market; robbers and assassins

were broken on the wheel and left to linger in slow agony (\_tant

qu'ils pourraient languir\_). The Lutherans were treated like vermin,

and to harbour them, to possess or print or translate one of their

books, meant a fiery death. In 1525 a young Lutheran student was put

in a tumbril and brought before the churches of Notre Dame and St.

Genevieve, crying mercy from God and Mary and St. Genevieve; he was

then taken to the Place Maubert, where, after his tongue had been

pierced, he was strangled and burnt. A \_gendarme\_ of the Duke of

Albany was burnt at the pig-market for having sown Lutheran errors in

Scotland.

[Footnote 110: "The moral brutality of the Renaissance is clearly shown

in its punishments. In this matter it reached with perfection its

prototype, the times of the cruel Roman Emperors.... Never has

'justice' been more barbarous; not even in the darkest Middle Ages has

torture been more refined, more devilish, than in the days of

Humanism.... Truly it is no accident that immediately after, indeed,

even before, the end of the Renaissance, everywhere in Western Europe

the fires began to glow wherein thousands of unhappy wretches expired

in torments for the sake of their faith; men's minds were only too

well prepared for such horrors." GUSTAV KORTING (\_Anfaenge der

Renaissancelitteratur\_, pp. 161, 162.)]

On Corpus Christi day, 1532, a great procession was formed, the king

and provost walking bare-headed to witness the burning of six

Lutherans--a scene often repeated. The Fountain of the Innocents, the

Halles, the Temple, the end of the Pont St. Michel, the Place Maubert,

and the Rue St. Honore were indifferently chosen for these ghastly

scenes. Almost daily the fires burnt. A woman was roasted to death for

eating flesh on Fridays. In 1535, so savage were the persecutions,

that Pope Paul III., with that gentleness which almost invariably has

characterised the popes of Rome in dealing with heresy, wrote to

Francis protesting against the horrible and execrable punishments

inflicted on the Lutherans, and warned him that although he acted from

good motives, yet he must remember that God the Creator, when in this

world, used mercy rather than rigorous justice, and that it was a

cruel death to burn a man alive; he therefore prayed and required the

king to appease the fury and rigour of his justice and adopt a policy

of mercy and pardon. This noble protest was effective, and some

clemency was afterwards shown. But in 1547 the fanatical king, a mass

of physical and moral corruption, soured and gloomy, went to his end

amid the barbarities wreaked on the unhappy Vaudois Protestants. The

cries of three thousand of his butchered subjects and the smoke from

the ruins of twenty-five towns and hamlets were the incense of his

spirit's flight.

One important innovation at court, fraught with evil, is due to

Francis. "In the matter of ladies," says Du Bellay, "I must confess

that before his time they frequented the court but rarely and in

small numbers, but Francis on coming to his kingdom and considering

that the whole decoration of a court consisted in the presence of

ladies, willed to people it with them more than was the custom in

ancient times." Then was begun that unhappy intervention of women in

the government of the state, the results of which will be only too

evident in the further course of this story.

[Illustration: LA FONTAINE DES INNOCENTS.]

CHAPTER XII

\_Rise of the Guises--Huguenot and Catholic--the Massacre of St.

Bartholomew\_

"Beware of Montmorency and curb the power of the Guises," was the

counsel of the dying Francis to his son. Henry II., dull and

heavy-witted that he was, neglected the advice, and the Guises

flourished in the sun of royal favour. The first Duke of Guise and

founder of his renowned house was Claude, a poor cadet of Rene II.,

Duke of Lorraine. He succeeded in allying by marriage his eldest son

and successor, Francis, to the House of Bourbon; his second son,

Charles, became Cardinal of Lorraine, and his daughter, wife to James

V. of Scotland. Duke Francis, by his military genius and wise

statesmanship; Charles, by his learning and subtle wit, exalted their

house to the lofty eminence it enjoyed during the stirring period that

now opens. In 1558, after the disastrous defeat of Montmorency at St.

Quentin, when Paris lay at the mercy of the Spanish and English

armies, the duke was recalled from Italy and made Lieutenant-General

of the realm. By a short and brilliant campaign, he expelled the

English from Calais, and recovered in three weeks the territory held

by them for more than two hundred years. Francis gained an unbounded

popularity, and rose to the highest pinnacle of success; but short

time was left to his royal master wherein to enjoy a reflected glory.

On the 27th June 1559, lists were erected across the Rue St. Antoine,

between the Tournelles and the Bastille. The peace with Spain, and the

double marriage of the king's daughter to Philip II. of Spain and of

his sister to the Duke of Savoy, were to be celebrated by a

magnificent tournament in which the king, proud of his strength and

bodily address, was to hold the field with the Duke of Guise and the

princes against all comers. For three days the king distinguished

himself by his triumphant prowess, and at length challenged the Count

Montgomery de Lorge, captain of the Scottish Guards; the captain

prayed to be excused, but the king insisted and the course was run.

Several lances were broken, but in the last encounter, the stout

captain failed to lower his shivered lance quickly enough, and the

broken truncheon struck the royal visor, lifted it and penetrated the

king's eye. Henry fell senseless and was carried to the palace of the

Tournelles, where he died after an agony of eleven days. Fifteen years

later, Montgomery was captured fighting with the Huguenots, and

beheaded on the Place de Greve while Catherine de' Medici looked on

"\_pour gouter\_," says Felibien quaintly, "\_le plaisir de se voir

vangee de la mort de son mary\_." The tower in the interior of the

Palais de Justice, where the unhappy Scottish noble was imprisoned

after his capture, was known as the Tour Montgomery, until demolished

in the reign of Louis XVI. There was, however, little love lost

between Henry's queen, Catherine de' Medici, and her royal husband,

who had long neglected her for the maturer charms of his mistress,

Diane de Poitiers.

[Illustration: WEST WING OF LOUVRE BY PIERRE LESCOT.]

Henry saw Lescot's admirable design for the reconstruction of the west

wing of the Louvre completed. The architect had associated a famous

sculptor, Jean Goujon, with him, who executed the beautiful figures in

low relief which still adorn the quadrangle front between the Pavilion

de l'Horloge and the south-west angle, and the noble Caryatides, which

support the musicians' gallery in the Salle Basse, or Grande Salle of

Charles V.'s Louvre, now known as the Salle des Caryatides. The

agreement, dated 5th September 1550, awards forty-six livres each for

the four plaster models and eighty crowns each for the four carved

figures. Lescot preserved the external wall of the old chateau as the

kernel of his new wing, and the enormous strength of the original

building of Philip Augustus may be estimated by the fact that the

embrasures of each of the five casements of the first floor looking

westwards now serve as offices. So \_grandement satisfait\_ was Henry

with the perfection of Lescot's work, that he determined to continue

it along the remaining three wings, that the court of the Louvre might

be a \_cour non-pareille\_. The south wing was, however, only begun when

his tragic death occurred, and the present inconsequent and huge

fabric is the work of a whole tribe of architects, whose intermittent

activities extended over the reigns of nine French sovereigns.

Lescot and Goujon were also associated in the construction of the most

beautiful Renaissance fountain in Paris, the Fontaine des Innocents,

which formerly stood against the old church of the Innocents at the

corner of the Rue aux Fers. It was while working on one of the figures

of this fountain that Jean Goujon is traditionally said to have been

shot as a Huguenot during the massacre of St. Bartholomew.[111]

[Footnote 111: A document recently discovered at Modena however,

proves that Goujon, after the massacre of Vassy, fled to Italy with

other Protestants and died in obscurity at Bologna.]

[Illustration: TRITONS AND NEREIDS FROM THE OLD FONTAINE DES

INNOCENTS. \_Jean Goujon.\_]

Europe was now in travail of a new era, and unhappy France reeled

under the tempest of the Reformation. A daring spirit of enquiry and

of revolt challenged every principle on which the social fabric had

been based, and the only refuge in the coming storm in France was the

Monarchy. Never had its power been more absolute. The king's will was

law--a harbour of safety, indeed, if he were strong and wise and

virtuous: a veritable quicksand, if feeble and vicious. And to

pilot the state of France in these stormy times, Henry II. left a

sickly progeny of four princes, miserable puppets, whose favours were

disputed for thirty years by ambitious and fanatical nobles, queens

and courtesans.

Francis II., a poor creature of sixteen years, the slave of his wife

Marie Stuart and of the Guises, was called king of France for

seventeen months. He it was who sat daily by Mary in the royal garden,

on the terrace at Amboise overlooking the Loire, and, surrounded by

his brothers and the ladies of the court, gazed at the revolting and

merciless executions of the Protestant conspirators,[112] who, under

the Prince of Conde, had plotted to destroy the Guises and to free the

king from their influence. It was the first act in a horrible drama, a

dread pursuivant of the civil and religious wars which were to

culminate in the massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris. The stake was a

high one, for the victory of the reformers would sound the death-knell

of the Catholic cause in Europe. There is little reason to doubt that

the queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, who now emerges into

prominence, was genuinely sincere in her disapproval of the horrors of

Amboise, and in her efforts to bring milder counsels to bear in

dealing with the Huguenots whom she feared less than the Guises; but

the fierce passions roused by civil and religious hatred were

uncontrollable. When the Huguenot noble, Villemongis, was led to the

scaffold at Amboise, he dipped his hands in the blood of his

slaughtered comrades, and, lifting them to heaven, cried: "Lord,

behold the blood of Thy children; Thou wilt avenge them." It has been

truly said that the grass soon grows over blood, shed on the

battle-field; never over blood shed on the scaffold. Treachery and

assassination were the interludes of plots and battles, and the

thirst for vengeance during thirty years was never slaked. In 1563 the

Duke of Guise was shot in the back by a fanatical Huguenot, and as the

wounded Prince of Conde was surrendering his sword to the Duke of

Anjou after the defeat of 1569, the Baron de Montesquieu, \_brave et

vaillant gentilhomme\_, says Brantome, rode up, exclaiming: "Mort Dieu!

kill him! kill him!" and blew out the wounded captive's brains with a

pistol shot.

[Footnote 112: One thousand two hundred are said to have suffered

death during the month of vengeance.]

The treaty of St. Germain, which has so often been charged on

Catherine as an act of perfidy, was rather an imperative necessity, if

respite were to be had from the misery into which the land had fallen.

Its conditions were honourably carried out, and Catholic excesses were

impartially and severely repressed. Charles IX., who was now twenty

years of age and strongly attached to Coligny, began to assert his

independence of the queen-mother and of the Guises,[113] and his first

movement was in the direction of conciliation. The young king offered

the hand of his fair sister, Princess Marguerite, to Henry of Navarre,

and received the Admiral and Jeanne of Navarre with much honour at

court. Pressure was brought to bear upon him, but, pope or no pope,

said Charles, he was determined to conclude the marriage and himself

would take Margot by the hand in open church and give her away. The

party of the Guises, and especially Paris, were furious. The capital,

with the provost, the Parlement, the university, the prelates, the

religious orders, had always been hostile to the Huguenots. The people

could with difficulty be restrained at times from assuming the office

of executioners as Protestants were led to the stake. Any one who did

not uncover as he passed the image of the Virgin at the street

corners, or who omitted to bend the knee as the Host was carried by,

was attacked as a Lutheran. When the heralds published the peace with

the Huguenots at the crossways of Paris, filth and mud were thrown at

them, and they went in danger of their lives: now Coligny and his

Huguenots were holding their heads high in Paris, proud and insolent

and a heretic prince of Navarre was to wed the king's sister.

[Footnote 113: Henry of Guise had succeeded to the dukedom after his

father's assassination.]

Jeanne of Navarre died soon after her arrival at court,[114] but the

alliance was hurried on. The betrothal took place in the Louvre, and

on Sunday, 17th August 1572, a high dais was erected outside Notre

Dame for the celebration of the marriage. When the ceremony had been

performed by the Cardinal de Bourbon, Henry conducted his bride to the

choir of the cathedral, and went walking in the bishop's garden while

mass was sung. The office ended, he returned and led his wife to the

bishop's palace to dinner, and a magnificent state supper at the

Louvre concluded this momentous day. Three days of balls, masquerades

and tourneys followed, amid the murmuring of a sullen populace. These

were the \_noces vermeilles\_--the red nuptials--of Marguerite of France

and Henry of Navarre.

[Footnote 114: Suspicions of poison were entertained by the Huguenots.

Jeanne, in a letter to the Marquis de Beauvais, complained that holes

were made in her rooms and wardrobes that she might be spied upon.]

Meanwhile Catherine and Charles had differed on a matter of foreign

policy. Her support of the Prince of Orange against Spain in the

Netherlands was conditional on an alliance with England and the

marriage of her son the Duke of Alencon with Elizabeth. But the

English Queen's habitual duplicity made any reliance on her word

impossible and when Marie learned that Elizabeth, while professing her

inclination for the Duke and her desire to aid the Protestant cause

in Flanders, was protesting to her Council that she would never marry

a boy with a pock-spoiled face, and was in secret communication with

Alva, to turn the situation to her own profit, she flung herself into

Guise's arms and abandoned Coligny and the Huguenots: for the

disastrous defeat of the Protestants at Mons and the growing fury of

the Catholic fanatics at Paris, threatened to wreck the throne, and

while Elizabeth was toying with these tremendous issues the furies

were let loose. Charles still chivalrously determined to stand by

Coligny. Catherine, terrified at the result of her own work, and

resolved to regain her ascendency, conspired with her third son, the

Prince of Anjou, the future Henry III., to destroy and have done with

the Protestants. Coligny had often been warned of the danger he would

run in Paris, but the stout old soldier knew no fear, and came to take

part in the festivities of the wedding. The sounds of revelry had

barely died away when Coligny, who was returning from the Louvre, by

the east gate, the Porte Bourbon, to his hotel, walking slowly and

reading a petition, was fired at from a window as he passed the

cloister of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and wounded in the arm. He

stopped and noted the house whence the smoke came: it was the house of

the preceptor of the Duke of Guise. The king was playing at tennis

when the news reached him: he flung down his racquet, exclaiming,

"What! shall I never be in peace? must I suffer new trouble every

day?" and went moody and pensive to his chamber. In a few moments the

Prince of Conde and Henry of Navarre burst in, uttering indignant

protests, and begged permission to leave Paris. Charles assured them

he would do justice, and that they might safely remain: in the

afternoon he went with his mother and the princes to visit the

admiral. The king asked to be left alone in the wounded man's chamber,

remained a long time with him, and protesting that though the wound

was his friend's, the grief was his own, swore to avenge him.

Coligny once again was warned by his friends to beware of the court,

but he refused to distrust Charles. Many and conflicting are the

reports of what followed. We shall not be accused of any Protestant

bias if we base our story mainly on that of the two learned

Benedictine priests[115] who are responsible for five solid tomes of

the \_Histoire de la Ville de Paris\_. On the morrow of the attempt on

Coligny's life, the queen-mother invited Charles and his brother of

Anjou to walk, after dinner, in the garden of her new palace in the

Tuileries:[116] they were joined by the chief Catholic leaders, and a

grand council was held. The queen dwelt on the perilous situation of

the monarchy and the Catholic cause, and urged that now was the time

to act: Coligny lay wounded; Navarre and Conde were in their power at

the Louvre; for ten Huguenots in Paris the Catholics could oppose a

thousand armed men; rid France of the Huguenot chiefs and a formidable

evil were averted. Her course was approved, but the leaders shrank

from including the two princes of Navarre and Conde: they were to be

given their choice--recantation or death. By order of the king 12,000

arquebusiers were placed along the river and the streets, and arms

were carried into the Louvre. The admiral's friends, alarmed at the

sinister preparations, protested to Charles but were reassured and

told to take Cosseins and fifty arquebusiers to guard his house. The

provost of Paris was then summoned by the Duke of Guise and ordered to

arm and organise the citizens and proceed to the Hotel de Ville at

midnight. The king, Guise said, would not lose so fair an opportunity

of exterminating the Huguenots. The Catholic citizens were to tie a

piece of white linen on their left arm and place a white cross in

their caps that they might be recognised by their friends. At midnight

the windows of their houses were to be illuminated by torches, and at

the first sound of the great bell at the Palais de Justice the bloody

work was to begin. Meanwhile Catherine, doubtful of Charles, repaired

to his chamber with Anjou and her councillors to fix his wavering

purpose; she heaped bitter reproaches upon him, worked on his fears

with stories of a vast Huguenot conspiracy and hinted that cowardice

prevented him from seizing the fairest opportunity that God had ever

offered, to free himself from his enemies. She repeated an Italian

prelate's vicious epigram: "\_Che pieta lor ser crudel, che crudelta

lor ser pietosa\_,"[117] and concluded by threatening to leave the

court with the Duke of Anjou rather than witness the destruction of

the Catholic cause. Charles, who had listened sullenly, and, if we may

believe Anjou, for a long while angrily refused to sacrifice Coligny,

was at length stung by the taunt of cowardice and broke into a

delirium of passion; he swore by \_la mort dieu\_ to compass the death

of every Huguenot in France, that none might be left to reproach him

afterwards.

[Footnote 115: Felibien and Lobineau, 1725.]

[Footnote 116: Catherine was accustomed to treat of important state

matters requiring absolute secrecy in her new garden. The

\_pourparlers\_ between her and Lord Buckhurst, relative to the proposed

marriage of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, took place under

the trees in the Tuileries garden.]

[Footnote 117: "That to show pity was to be cruel to them: to be cruel

to them was to show pity."]

[Illustration: CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

\_French School, 16th Century.\_]

Catherine gave him no time for farther vacillation. The great bell of

St. Germain l'Auxerrois was rung, and at two in the morning of Sunday,

St. Bartholomew's Day, 24th August 1572, the Duke of Guise and his

followers issued forth to do their Sabbath morning's work. Cosseins

saw his leader coming and knew what was expected of him. Guise, who

believed the blood of his murdered father lay on Coligny's head,

made sure of his vengeance. The admiral's door was forced, his

servants were poignarded, and Besme, a German in the service of Guise,

followed by others, burst into his room. The old man stood erect in

his \_robe de chambre\_, facing his murderers. "Art thou the admiral?"

demanded Besme. "I am he," answered Coligny with unfaltering voice

and, gazing steadily at the naked sword pointed at his breast, added,

"Young man, thou shouldst show more respect to my white hairs; yet

canst thou shorten but little my brief life." For answer he was

pierced by Besme's sword and stabbed to death by his companions. Guise

stood waiting in the street below and the body was flung down to him

from the window. He wiped the blood from the old man's face, looked at

it, and said, "It is he!" Spurning the body with his foot he cried,

"Courage, soldiers! we have begun well; now for the others, the king

commands it." Meanwhile the bell of the Palais de Justice, answering

that of St. Germain, was booming forth its awful summons, and the

citizens hastened to perform their part.

All the Huguenot nobles dwelling near the admiral were pitilessly

murdered, and a similar carnage took place at the Louvre. Marguerite,

the young bride of Navarre, in her Memoirs, tells of the horrors of

that morning, how, when half-asleep, a wounded Huguenot nobleman

rushed into her chamber, pursued by four archers, and flung himself on

her bed imploring protection, followed by a captain of the guard from

whom she gained his life. She entreated the captain to lead her to her

sister's room, and as she fled thither, more dead than alive, another

fugitive was hewn down by a hallebardier only three paces from her;

she fell fainting in the captain's arms. Meanwhile Charles, the

queen-mother, and Anjou, after the violent scene in the king's

chamber, had lain down for two hours' rest and then went to a window

which overlooked the \_basse-cour\_ of the Louvre, to see the "beginning

of the executions." If we may believe Henry's story, they had not been

there long before the sound of a pistol shot filled them with dread

and remorse, and a messenger was sent to bid Guise spare the admiral

and stay the whole undertaking; but the nobleman who had been sent

returned saying that Guise had told him it was too late: the admiral

was dead, and the executions had begun all over the city. A dozen

Protestant nobles of the suites of Conde and Navarre, who at the

king's invitation had taken up their quarters in the Louvre, were

seized; one was even dragged from a sick-bed: all were taken to the

courtyard and hewn in pieces by the Swiss guards under the eyes of

Charles, who cried: "Let none escape." Meantime the Catholic leaders

had been scouring the streets on horseback, shouting to the people

that a Huguenot conspiracy to murder the king had been discovered, and

that it was the king's wish that all the Huguenots should be

destroyed.

A list of the Huguenots in Paris had been prepared and all their

houses marked. None was spared. Old and young, women and children,

were pitilessly butchered. All that awful Sunday the orgy of slaughter

and pillage went on; every gate of the city had been closed and the

keys brought to the king. Night fell and the carnage was not stayed.

Two days yet and two nights the city was a prey to the ministers of

death, and some Catholics, denounced by personal enemies, were

involved in the massacre. The resplendent August sun, the fair sky and

serene atmosphere were held to be a divine augury, and a white thorn

in the cemetery of the Innocents blooming out of season was hailed as

a miracle and a visible token from God that the Catholic religion was

to blossom again by the destruction of the Huguenots. The murders did

not wholly cease until September. Various were the estimates of the

slain--20,000, 5,000, 2,000. A goldsmith named Cruce went about

displaying his robust arm and boasting that he had accounted for 400

Huguenots. The streets, the front of the Louvre, the public places

were blocked by dead bodies; tumbrils[118] were hired to throw them

into the Seine, which literally for days ran red with blood.

[Footnote 118: The municipality gave presents of money to the archers

who had taken part in the massacre, to the watermen who prevented the

Huguenots from crossing the Seine, and to grave-diggers for having

buried in eight days about 1,100 bodies.]

[Illustration: PETITE GALERIE OF THE LOUVRE.]

The princes of Navarre and Conde saw the privacy of their chambers

violated by a posse of archers on St. Bartholomew's morning; they were

forced to dress and were haled before the king, who with a fierce look

and glaring eyes, swore at them, reproached them for waging war upon

him, and ordered them to change their religion. On their refusal he

grew furious with rage, and by dint of threats wrung from them a

promise to go to mass.

Charles is said to have stood at a window in the Petite Galerie of the

Louvre and to have fired across the river with a long arquebus on some

Huguenots who, being lodged on the southern side, in the Huguenot

quarter, known as \_la petite Geneve\_, had escaped massacre, and were

riding up to learn what was passing. The statement is much canvassed

by authorities. It is at least permissible to doubt the assertion,

since the first floor[119] of the Petite Galerie, where the king is

traditionally believed to have placed himself, was not in existence

before the time of Henry IV. If the ground floor be meant, a further

difficulty arises from the fact that the southern end was not

furnished with a window in Charles IX.'s time.

[Footnote 119: Now known as the Galerie d'Apollon.]

On the 26th of August the king was forced to avow responsibility

before the Parlement for measures which he alleged had been necessary

to suppress a Huguenot insurrection aiming at the assassination of

himself and the royal family and the destruction of the Catholic

religion in France. The ears of the Catholic princes of Europe and of

the pope were abused by this specious lie; they believed that the

Catholic cause had been saved from ruin; the so-called victory was

hailed with transports of joy, and a medal was struck in Rome to

celebrate the defeat of the Huguenots.[120]

[Footnote 120: \_Ugonottorum strages.\_ Inscription on the obverse of

the medal.]

Such was the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris. The death-roll of

the victims is known to the Recording Angel alone. It was a tremendous

folly no less than an indelible crime, for it steeled the heart of

every Protestant to avenge his slaughtered brethren. To "take Paris

justice" became synonymous with assassination all over Protestant

Europe.

Many of the Huguenot leaders escaped from Paris while the soldiers

sent to despatch them were pillaging, and the flames of civil strife

burst forth fiercer than ever. The court had prepared for massacre,

not for war; and while the king was receiving the felicitations of the

courts of Spain and Rome, he was forced by the Peace of La Rochelle to

concede liberty of conscience to the Protestants and to restore their

sequestered estates and offices. After two years of agony of mind and

remorse, Charles IX. lay dying of consumption, abandoned by all save

his faithful Huguenot nurse. The blood flowing from his nostrils

seemed a token of God's wrath; and moaning "Ah! \_ma mie\_, what

bloodshed! what murders! I am lost! I am lost!" the poor crowned

wretch passed to his account. He had not yet reached his twenty-fourth

year.

CHAPTER XIII

\_Henry III.--The League--Siege of Paris by Henry IV.--His Conversion,

Reign and Assassination\_

When the third of Catherine's sons, having resigned the sovereignty of

Poland, was being consecrated at Rheims, the crown is said to have

twice slipped from his head, the insentient diadem itself shrinking in

horror from the brow of a prince destined to pollute it with deeper

shame. Treacherous and bloody, Henry mingled grovelling piety with

debauchery, and made of the court at Paris a veritable Alsatia, where

paid assassins who stabbed from behind and \_mignons\_ who struck to the

face, were part of the train of every prince. The king's minions with

their insolent bearing, their extravagant and effeminate dress, their

hair powdered and curled, their neck-ruffles so broad that their heads

resembled the head of John the Baptist on a charger,--gambling,

blaspheming swashbucklers--were hateful alike to Huguenot and

Catholic. On 29th April 1578 three of them fought out a famous quarrel

with three of the Guises' bullies at the horse market subsequently

converted into the Place Royale. The duel began at five o'clock in the

morning and was fought so furiously that three of the combatants lost

their lives. Quelus, the king's favourite minion, with fifteen wounds,

lingered for thirty-three days, Henry constantly at his bedside and

offering in vain large sums of money to the surgeons to save him.

Less than four years after St. Bartholomew the Peace of 1576 gave the

Huguenots all they had ever demanded or hoped for. In 1582 died the

Duke of Alencon, Catherine's last surviving son and heir to the

throne; Henry, in spite of a pilgrimage on foot by himself and his

queen to Notre Dame de Clery from which they returned with blistered

feet, gave no hope of posterity and the Catholic party were confronted

by the possibility of the sceptre of St. Louis descending to a

relapsed heretic. A tremendous wave of feeling ran through France, and

a Holy League was formed to meet the danger, with the Duke of Guise as

leader. The king tried in vain to win some of the Huguenot and League

partisans by the solemn institution of the Order of the Holy

Ghost,[121] in the church of the Augustinians, to commemorate his

elevation to the thrones of Poland and France on the day of Pentecost.

The people were equally recalcitrant. When Henry entered Paris after

the campaign of 1587, they shouted for their idol, the Balafre,[122]

crying, "Saul has slain his thousands but David his tens of

thousands." The king in his jealousy and disgust forbade Guise to

enter Paris; Guise coolly ignored the command, and a few months later

arrived at the head of a formidable train of nobles, amid the joyous

acclamation of the people, who greeted him with chants of "\_Hosannah,

Filio David!\_" Angry scenes followed. The duke sternly called his

master to duty, and warned him to take vigorous measures against the

Huguenots or lose his crown; the king, pale with anger, dismissed him

and prepared to strike.

[Footnote 121: Examples of magnificent costumes of the order may be

seen in the Cluny Museum.]

[Footnote 122: The Duke of Guise was so called from his face being

scarred by a wound received at the battle of Dolmans.]

On the night of the 11th May a force of Royal Guards and 4,000 Swiss

mercenaries entered Paris, but the Parisians, with that genius for

insurrection which has always characterised them, were equal to the

occasion. The sixteen sections into which the communal government of

the city was divided met; in the morning the people were under arms;

and barricades and chains blocked the streets. The St. Antoine

section, ever to the front, stood up to the king's Guards and to the

Swiss advancing to occupy their quarter, defeated them, and with

exultant cries rushed to threaten the Louvre itself. Henry was forced

to send his mother to treat with the duke; she returned with terms

that meant a virtual abdication. Henry took horse and fled, vowing he

would come back only through a breach in the walls. But Guise was

supreme in Paris, and the pitiful monarch was soon forced to yield; he

signed the terms of his own humiliation, and went to Blois to meet

Guise and the States-General with bitterness in his heart, brooding

over his revenge. Visitors to the chateau of Blois, which has the same

thrilling interest for the traveller as the palace of Holyrood, will

recall the scene of the tragic end of Guise, the incidents of which

the official guardians are wont to recite with dramatic gesture.

Fearless and impatient of warnings, the great captain fell into the

trap prepared for him and was done to death in the king's chamber,

like a lion caught in the toils. Henry, who had heard mass and prayed

that God would be gracious to him and permit the success of his

enterprise, hastened to his mother, now aged and dying. "Madame," said

he, "I have killed the king of Paris and am become once more king of

France." The Cardinal of Lorraine, separated from the king's chamber

only by a partition, paled as he heard his nephew's struggles. "\_Ne

bougez pas\_," said the Marshal of Aumont putting his hand to his

sword, "the king has some accounts to settle with you too." Next

morning the old cardinal was led out and hewn in pieces. The two

bodies were burnt and the ashes scattered to the winds to prevent

their being worshipped as relics: it was Christmas Eve of 1588.

The stupid crime brought its inevitable consequences--

"Revenge and hate bring forth their kind,

Like the foul cubs their parents are."

The Commune of Paris and the Leaguers were stung to fury; the Sorbonne

declared the king deposed; the pope banned him and a popular preacher

called for another blood-letting. Henry, in a final act of shame and

despair, flung himself into the king of Navarre's arms, and on the

31st July 1589, the two Henrys encamped at St. Cloud and threatened

Paris with an army of 40,000 men. On the morrow Jacques Clement, a

young Dominican friar, after preparing himself by fasting, prayer and

holy communion, left Paris with a forged letter for the king, reached

the camp and asked for a private interview. While Henry was reading

the letter the friar snatched a knife from his sleeve and mortally

stabbed him.[123] He lingered until 2nd August, and after pronouncing

Henry of Navarre his lawful successor and bidding his Council swear

allegiance to the new dynasty, the last of the thirteen Valois kings

passed to his doom. Catherine de' Medici had already preceded him,

burdened with the anathemas of the Cardinal of Bourbon. The people of

Paris swore that if her body were brought to St. Denis they would

fling it to the shambles or into the Seine, and a famous theologian,

preaching at St. Bartholomew's church, declared to the faithful that

he knew not if it were right to pray God for her soul, but that if

they cared to give her in charity a Pater or an Ave they might do so

for what it was worth. This was the reward of her thirty years of

devoted toil, of vigils and of plots to further the Catholic cause.

Not until a quarter of a century had passed were her ashes laid beside

those of her husband in the rich Renaissance tomb, which still exists,

in the royal church of St. Denis. Jacques Clement, who had been cut to

pieces by the king's Guards, was worshipped as a martyr, and his

mother rewarded for having given birth to the saviour of France.

[Footnote 123: The king had premonitions of a violent end. One day,

after keeping Easter at Negeon with great devotion, he suddenly

returned to the Louvre and ordered all the lions, bears, bulls, and

other wild animals kept in the \_Hotel des Lions\_, reconstructed in

1570 for Charles IX., for baiting by dogs, to be shot. He had dreamt

that he was set upon and eaten by wild beasts.]

Henry of Navarre, unable to carry on the siege with a divided army,

directed his course for Normandy. The exultant Parisians proclaimed

the Cardinal of Bourbon king, under the title of Charles X., and the

Duke of Mayenne, with a large army, marched forth to give battle to

Henry. So confident were the Leaguers of victory, that their leaders

hired windows along the Rue St. Antoine to witness the return of the

duke bringing the "Bearnais"[124] dead or a prisoner. Henry did indeed

return, but it was after a victorious campaign. He captured the

Faubourg St. Jacques, and fell upon the abbey of St. Germain des Pres

while the astonished monks were preparing to sing mass, climbed the

steeple of the church and gazed on Paris. Having refreshed his troops,

the Bearnais suffered them to pillage the city south of the Seine, and

turned to the west to fix his capital at Tours. In 1590 he won the

brilliant victory at Ivry over the armies of the League and of Spain

which Macaulay has popularised in a stirring poem: the road to Paris

was open and Henry sat down to besiege the city.

[Footnote 124: So called derisively, because he was born and brought

up in the poor province of Bearn, in the Pyrenees.]

The Leaguers fought and suffered with the utmost constancy;

reliquaries were melted down for money, church bells for cannon, and

the clergy and religious orders were caught by the military

enthusiasm. The bishop of Senlis and the prior of the Carthusians, two

valiant Maccabees, were seen, crucifix in one hand, a pike in the

other, leading a procession of armed priests, monks and scholars

through the streets. Friars from the mendicant orders were among them,

their habits tucked up, hoods thrown back, casques on their heads and

cuirasses on their breasts. All marched sword by side, dagger in

girdle, musket on shoulder, the strangest army of the church militant

ever seen. As they passed the Pont Notre Dame the papal legate was

crossing in his carriage, and was asked to stop and give his blessing.

After this benediction a salvo of musketry was called for, and some of

the host of the Lord, forgetting that their guns were loaded with

ball, killed a papal officer and wounded a servant of the ambassador

of Spain.

Four months the Parisians endured starvation and all the attendant

horrors of a siege, the incidents of which, as described by

contemporaries, are so ghastly that the pen recoils from transcribing

them. At length, when they were at the last extremity, the Duke of

Parma arrived with a Spanish army, forced Henry to raise the siege,

and revictualled the city. After war, anarchy. In November 1591 it was

discovered that secret letters were passing between Brizard, an

officer in the service of the Duke of Mayenne in Paris, and a royalist

at St. Denis. The sections demanded Brizard's instant execution, and

on his discharge by the Parlement the \_cure\_ of St. Jacques fulminated

against that body and declared that cold steel must be tried (\_faut

jouer des couteaux\_). A secret revolutionary committee of ten was

appointed, and a \_papier rouge\_ or lists of suspects in all the

districts of Paris was drawn up under three categories: P. (\_pendus\_),

those to be hanged; D. (\_dagues\_), those to be poignarded; C.

(\_chasses\_), those to be expelled. On the night of the 15th November a

meeting was held at the house of the \_cure\_ of St. Jacques, and in the

morning the president of the Parlement, Brisson, was seized and

dragged to the Petit Chatelet, where a revolutionary tribunal, in

black cloaks, on which were sewn large red crosses, condemned him to

death. Meanwhile two councillors of the Parlement, Larcher and Tardif,

had been seized, the latter by the \_cure\_ of St. Cosme, and haled to

the Chatelet. All three were dragged to a room, and the executioner

was forced to hang them from a beam; the bodies were then stripped, an

inscription was hung about their necks, and they were suspended from

the gallows in the Place de Greve. The sections believed that Paris

would rise: they only shocked the more orderly citizens. The Duke of

Mayenne, who was at Lyons, on the receipt of the news hastened to

Paris, temporised a while and, when sure of support, seized four of

the most dangerous leaders of the sections and hanged them without

trial in the Salle basse of the Louvre. All save the more violent

partisans were now weary of the strife and the Leaguers themselves

were divided. The sections aimed at a theocratic democracy; another

party favoured the Duke of Mayenne; a third, the Duke of Guise; a

fourth, the Infanta of Spain. It was decided to convoke the

States-General at Paris in 1593, and a conference was arranged with

Henry's supporters at Suresnes. Crowds flocked there, crying, "Peace,

peace; blessed be they who bring it; cursed they who prevent it."

Henry knew the supreme moment was come. France was still profoundly

Catholic: he must choose between his religion and France. He chose to

heal his country's wounds and perhaps to save her very existence.

Learned theologians were deputed to confer with him at Paris, whom he

astonished and confounded by his knowledge of Scripture; they declared

that they had never met a heretic better able to defend his cause. But

on 23rd July 1573, he professed himself convinced, and the same

evening wrote to his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrees, that he had spoken

with the bishops, and that a hundred anxieties were making St. Denis

hateful to him. "On Sunday," he adds, "I am to take the perilous leap.

\_Bonjour\_, my heart; come to me early to-morrow. It seems a year since

I saw you. A million times I kiss the fair hands of my angel and the

mouth of my dear mistress."

On Sunday, under the great portal of St. Denis, the archbishop of

Bourges sat enthroned in a chair covered with white damask and

embroidered with the arms of France and of Navarre. He was attended by

many prelates and the prior and monks of St. Denis: the cross and the

book of the Gospels were held before him. Henry drew nigh. "Who are

you?" demanded the archbishop. "I am the king." "What do you ask?" "I

wish to be received in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman

Church." "Is it your will?" "Yes, I will and desire it." Henry then

knelt and made profession of his faith, kissed the prelate's ring,

received his blessing and was led to the choir, where he knelt before

the high altar and repeated his profession of faith on the holy

Gospels amid cries of "\_Vive le roi!\_"

The clerical extremists in Paris anathematised all concerned. Violent

\_cures\_ again donned their armour, children were baptised and mass was

sung by cuirassed priests. The \_cure\_ of St. Cosme seized a partisan,

and with other fanatics of the League hastened to the Latin Quarter to

raise the university. But the people were heartsick of the whole

business; and when Henry entered Paris after his coronation at

Chartres, resplendent in velvet robes embroidered with gold and seated

on his dapple grey charger, his famous helmet with its white plumes

ever in his hand saluting the ladies at the windows, he was hailed

with shouts of joy. Shops were reopened, the artisan took up his tools

and the merchant went to his counter with a sigh of relief. A general

amnesty was proclaimed, and the Spanish garrison were allowed to

depart with their arms. As they filed out of the Porte St. Denis in

heavy rain, three thousand strong, the king was sitting at a window

above the gates. "Remember me to your master," he cried, "but do not

return." On the morrow the provost and sheriffs and chief citizens

came to the Louvre bearing presents of sweetmeats, sugar-plums and

malmsey wine. "Yesterday I received your hearts, to-day I receive your

sweets," the king remarked; all were charmed by his wit, his

forbearance and generosity. The stubborn university was last to give

way, but when the doctors of theology learnt that Henry had touched

for the king's evil and that many had been cured, they too were

convinced. Paris, "well worth a mass," was wooed and won. The

memorable Edict of Nantes established liberty of worship and political

equality for the Protestants. The war with Spain was brought to a

successful issue, and Henry, with his minister the Duke of Sully,

probably the greatest financial genius France has ever known, by wise

and firm statesmanship lifted the country from bankruptcy to

prosperity and contentment.

[Illustration: HOTEL DE SULLY.]

Henry, like one of his predecessors, had of \_bastards et bastardes une

moult belle compagnie\_, but as yet no legitimate heir. A divorce from

Marguerite of Valois and a politic marriage with the pope's niece,

Marie de' Medici,[125] gave him a magnificent dowry (600,000 golden

crowns and a yearly income of 20,000), an additional bond to the

papacy, and several children. Margot, once convinced that the divorce

was not to enable Henry to marry that \_bagasse\_ Gabrielle, made small

objection and soon consoled herself. In 1606 one of her discarded

lovers was executed in front of her dwelling in the palace of the

archbishop of Sens for having shot his rival in her affections, a

young page of twenty, as he was handing her into her carriage.

[Footnote 125: Her majesty, we learn from the \_Memoires\_ of L'Estoile,

was of a rich figure, stout, fine eyes and complexion. She used no

paint, powder or other \_vilanie\_.]

Like all his race, Henry was susceptible to the charms of the

daughters of Eve, but, unlike his descendants, he never sacrificed

France to their tears and wiles. When the question of the succession

was urgent and he thought of marrying Gabrielle d'Estrees, Sully

opposed the union. The impatient Gabrielle used all her powers of

fascination to compass the dismissal of the great minister, who was

present at the interview in her room at the cloister of St. Germain,

and who has left us a vivid description of the scene. Gabrielle burst

into passionate reproaches and employed in turn all the arts of

feminine guile. Her eyes streaming with tears, sobbing and wailing,

she seized her royal lover's hand and smothered it with kisses; she

called for a poignard that by plunging it into her heart he might

behold his image graven there; she appealed to his love for their

children and flung herself hysterically on the bed, protesting she

could live no longer seeing herself disgraced, and a servant whom so

many complained of, preferred to a mistress whom all praised. It was

of no avail. "Let me tell you," answered Henry, calmly, "if I must

choose between you and Sully, I would sooner part with ten mistresses

such as you than one faithful servant such as he."

In 1610 the king was making great preparations for a war with Austria,

and, on the 14th May, desiring to consult Sully, who was unwell in his

rooms at the Arsenal, he determined to spare him the fatigue of

travelling to the Louvre, and to drive to the Arsenal. With much

foreboding the king had agreed to the coronation of Marie de' Medici,

which had been celebrated at St. Denis with great pomp. The ceremony

was attended by two sinister incidents: the Gospel for the day, taken

from Mark x., included the answer of Jesus to the Pharisees who

tempted Him by asking--"Is it lawful for a man to put away his

wife?"--the Gospel was hurriedly changed; and when the usual largesse

of gold and silver pieces was thrown to the crowd not a voice cried,

"\_Vive le roi\_," or "\_Vive la reine\_." That night the king tossed

restless on his bed, pursued by evil dreams. On the morrow his

counsellors begged him to defer his journey, but nineteen plots to

assassinate him had already failed: he gently put aside their

warnings, and repeated his favourite maxim that fear had no place in a

generous heart. It was a warm day, and the king entered his open

carriage, attended by the Dukes of Epernon and Montbazon and five

other courtiers; a number of \_valets de pied\_ followed him. In the

narrow Rue de la Ferronnerie the carriage was stopped by a block in

the traffic, and the servants were sent round by the cemetery of the

Innocents. While the king was listening to the reading of a letter by

the Duke of Epernon, one Francis Ravaillac, who had been watching his

opportunity for twelve months, placed his foot on a wheel of the

coach, leaned forward, and plunged a knife into the king's breast.

Before he could be seized he pulled out the fatal steel and doubled

his thrust, piercing him to the heart. "\_Je suis blesse\_," cried

Henry, and never spoke again. Ravaillac was seized, and all the

refined cruelties inflicted on regicides were practised upon him. He

was dragged to the Place de Greve, his right hand cut off, and, with

the fatal knife, flung into the flames; the flesh was torn from his

arms, breast and legs; melted lead and boiling oil were poured into

the wounds. Horses were then tied to each of his four limbs, the body

was torn to pieces and burnt to ashes.[126] Some writers have

inculpated the Jesuits for the murder, but it may more reasonably be

attributed to the fury of a crazy fanatic. Certain it is that Henry's

heart was given to the Jesuits for the church of their college of la

Fleche, which was founded by him.

[Footnote 126: In 1586 six poor wretches convicted of plotting the

assassination of Queen Elizabeth were dragged to Tyburn, "hanged but

for a moment, taken down while the susceptibility of agony was

unimpaired and cut in pieces afterwards with due precautions for the

protraction of the pain."--Froude's \_History\_.]

The first Bourbon king has left his impress on the architecture of

Paris. "Soon as he was master of Paris," says a contemporary, "one saw

naught but masons at work." Small progress had been made during the

reign of Henry II.'s three sons with their father's plans for the

rebuilding of the Louvre. The work had been continued along the river

front after Lescot's death in 1578 by Baptiste du Cerceau, and

Catherine de' Medici had erected a gallery on the south, known as the

Petite Galerie--a ground-floor building with a terrace on top,

intended for a meeting-place and promenade but not for residence. She

had also begun in 1564 the palace of the Tuileries, which, like the

Louvre, was designed to be a quadrangular building and of which the

west wing alone was ever constructed, but abandoned it on being warned

by her astrologer, Ruggieri, that she should die under the ruins of a

house near St Germain.[127] Henry, soon after he had entered Paris,

elaborated a vast scheme for finishing the Tuileries, demolishing the

churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas, quadrupling the size of the

old Louvre, and joining the two palaces by continuing the Grande

Galerie, already begun by Catherine, to the west, to afford a means of

escape in the event of an attack on the Louvre. Towards the east the

hotels d'Alencon, de Bourbon and the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois

were to be demolished, and a great open space was to be levelled

between the new east front of the Louvre and the Pont Neuf. At Henry's

accession Catherine's architects, Philibert de l'Orme and Jean

Bullant, had completed the superb domed central pavilion of the

Tuileries, with its two contiguous galleries, and begun the end

pavilions, the former using the Ionic order as a delicate flattery of

Catherine, "since among the ancients that order was employed in

temples dedicated to a goddess." The gardens, with the famous maze and

Palissy's beautiful grotto or fountain, had been completed in 1476,

and for some years were a favourite promenade for Catherine and her

court. Henry's plans were so far carried out that on New Year's day,

1606, he could lead the Dauphin along the Grande Galerie to the

Pavilion de Flore at the extreme west of the river front, and enter

the south wing of the Tuileries which had been extended to meet it.

The Pavilion de Flore thus became the angle of junction between the

two palaces. An upper floor was imposed on the Petite Galerie, and

adorned with paintings representing the kings of France. Unhappily the

fire of 1661 destroyed all the portraits save that of Marie de' Medici

by Porbus, and all the subsequent decorations by Poussin. Henry

intended the ground floor of the Grande Galerie for the accommodation

of his best craftsmen--painters, sculptors, goldsmiths, tapestry

weavers, smiths, and others. The quadrangle, however, remained as the

last Valois had left it--half Renaissance, half Gothic--and the

north-east and south-east towers of the original chateau were still

standing to be drawn by Sylvestre towards the middle of the

seventeenth century.

[Footnote 127: The new palace was situated in the parish of St.

Germain l'Auxerrois, the parish church of the Louvre.]

The unfinished Hotel de Ville was taken in hand after more than

half-a-century and practically completed.[128] The larger, north

portion of the Pont Neuf was built, the two islets west of the Cite

were incorporated with the island to form the Place Dauphine and the

ground that now divides the two sections of the bridge--a new street,

the Rue Dauphine, being cut through the garden of the Augustins and

the ruins of the college of St. Denis. The Place Royale (now des

Vosges) was designed and partly built--that charming relic of

seventeenth and eighteenth century fashionable Paris, where Moliere's

\_Precieuses\_ lived.

[Footnote 128: The north tower was left only partially constructed,

and was finished by Louis XIII.]

Henry also partly rebuilt the Hotel Dieu, created new streets, and

widened others.[129] New fountains and quays were built; the Porte du

Temple was reopened, and the Porte des Tournelles constructed.

Unhappily, some of the old wooden bridges remained, and on Sunday,

22nd December 1596, the Pont aux Meuniers (Miller's Bridge), just

below the Pont au Change, suddenly collapsed, with all its shops and

houses, and sixty persons perished. They were not much regretted, for

most of them had enriched themselves by the plunder of Huguenots, and

during the troubles of the League. The bridge was rebuilt of wood, at

the cost of the captain of the corps of archers, and as the houses

were painted each with the figure of a bird, the new bridge was known

as the Pont aux Oiseaux (Bridge of Birds). It spanned the river from

the end of the Rue St. Denis and the arch of the Grand Chatelet to the

Tour de l'Horloge of the Palais de Justice. In 1621, however, it and

the Pont au Change were consumed by fire in a few hours and, in 1639,

the two wooden bridges were replaced by a bridge of stone, the Pont au

Change, which stood until rebuilt in 1858.

[Footnote 129: By a curious coincidence the widening of the Rue de la

Ferronnerie had been ordered just before the king was assassinated.]

[Illustration: OLD HOUSES NEAR PONT ST. MICHEL, SHOWING SPIRE OF THE

STE. CHAPELLE.]

We are able to give the impression which the Paris of Henri Quatre

made on an English traveller, a friend of Ben Jonson and author of

\_Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five months' Travell\_. The

first objects that met Coryat's eye are characteristic. As he

travelled along the St. Denis road he passed "seven[130] faire

pillars of freestone at equal distances, each with an image of St.

Denis and his two companions, and a little this side of Paris was the

fairest gallows I ever saw, built on Montfaucon, which consisted of

fourteene fair pillars of freestone." He notes "the fourteene gates of

Paris, the goodly buildings, mostly of fair, white stone and"--a

detail always unpleasantly impressed on travellers--"the evil-smelling

streets, which are the dirtiest and the most stinking I ever saw in

any city in my life. Lutetia! well dothe it brooke being so called

from the Latin word \_lutum\_, which signifieth dirt." Coryat was

impressed by the bridges--"the goodly bridge of white freestone nearly

finished (the Pont Neuf); a famous bridge that far exceedeth this,

having one of the fairest streets in Paris called our Ladies street;

the bridge of Exchange where the goldsmiths live; St. Michael's

bridge, and the bridge of Birds." He admires the "Via Jacobea, full of

booke-sellers' faire shoppes, most plentifully furnished with bookes,

and the fair building, very spacious and broad, where the Judges sit

in the Palais de Justice, the roofs sumptuously gilt and embossed,

with an exceeding multitude of great, long bosses hanging downward."

Coryat next visited the fine quadrangle of the Louvre, whose outside

was exquisitely wrought with festoons, and decked with many stately

pillars and images. From Queen Mary's bedroom he went to a room[131]

"which excelleth not only all that are now in the world but also all

that were since the creation thereof, even a gallery, a perfect

description whereof would require a large volume, with a roofe of most

glittering and admirable beauty. Yea, so unspeakably fair is it that a

man can hardly comprehend it in his mind that hath not seen it with

his bodily eyes." The Tuileries gardens were the finest he ever beheld

for length of delectable walks.

[Footnote 130: They marked the seven resting-places of the saint as he

journeyed to St. Denis after his martyrdom.]

[Footnote 131: The Grande Galerie.]

Next day Coryat saw the one thing above all he desired to see, "that

most rare ornament of learning Isaac Casaubon," who told him to

observe "a certain profane, superstitious ceremony of the papists--a

bedde carried after a very ethnicall manner, or rather a canopy in the

form of a bedde, under which the Bishop of the city, with certain

priests, carry the Sacrament. The procession of Corpus Christi," he

adds, "though the papists esteemed it very holy, was methinks very

pitiful. The streets were sumptuously adorned with paintings and rich

cloth of arras, the costliest they could provide, the shews of Our

Lady street being so hyperbolical in pomp that it exceedeth all the

rest by many degrees. Upon public tables in the streets they exposed

rich plate as ever I saw in my life, exceeding costly goblets and what

not tending to pomp; and on the middest of the tables stood a golden

crucifix and divers other gorgeous images. Following the clergy, in

capes exceeding rich, came many couples of little singing choristers,

which, pretty innocent punies, were so egregiously deformed that moved

great pity in any relenting spectator, being so clean shaved round

about their heads that a man could perceive no more than the very

rootes of their hair."

At the royal suburb Coryat saw "St. Denis, his head enclosed in a

wonderful, rich helmet, beset with exceeding abundant pretious

stones," but the skull itself he "beheld not plainly, only the

forepart through a pretty, crystall glass, and by light of a wax

candle."

CHAPTER XIV

\_Paris under Richelieu and Mazarin\_

Before Coryat left Paris he rode a sorry jade to Fontainebleau which,

"though I did excarnificate his sides," would not stir until a

gentleman of the court drew his rapier and ran him to the "buttock."

At the palace he saw the "Dolphin whose face was full and fat-cheeked,

his hair black, his look vigorous and courageous." The Dolphin that

Coryat saw came to the throne, at nine years of age, in 1610, as Louis

XIII. For a time the regent, Marie de' Medici, was content to suffer

the great Sully to hold office, but soon favouritism and the greed of

princes, to the ill-hap of France, drove him in the prime of life from

Paris into the retirement of his chateau of Villebon, and a feeble and

venal Florentine, Concini, who came to Paris in the time of Marie,

took his place. The Prince of Conde, now a Catholic, the Duke of

Mayenne, and a pack of nobles fell upon the royal treasury like hounds

on their quarry. In 1614, so critical was the financial situation,

that the States-General were called to meet in the Salle Bourbon,[132]

but to little purpose. Recriminations were bandied between the

noblesse and the Tiers Etat. The insolence of the former was

intolerable. One member of the Tiers was thrashed by a noble and could

obtain no redress. The clergy refused to bear any of the public

burdens. The orator of the Tiers, speaking on his knees according to

usage, warned the court that despair might make the people conscious

that a soldier was none other than a peasant bearing arms, and that

when the vine-dresser took up the arquebus he might one day cease to

be the anvil and become the hammer. But there was no thought for the

common weal; each order wrangled for its own privileges, and their

meeting-place was closed on the pretext that the hall was wanted for a

royal ballet. No protest was raised, and the States-General never met

again until the fateful meeting at Versailles, in 1789, when a similar

pretext was tried, with very different consequences. Among the clergy,

however, sat a young priest of twenty-nine years of age, chosen for

their orator, Armand Duplessis de Richelieu, who made rapid strides to

fame.

[Footnote 132: In the Hotel de Bourbon, east of the old Louvre,

sometimes known as the Petit Bourbon. It was demolished to give place

to the new east facade of the Louvre.]

In 1616 the nobles were once more in arms, and Conde was again bought

off. The helpless court was in pitiful straits and the country

drifting to civil war, when Richelieu, who, meanwhile, had been made a

royal councillor and minister for foreign affairs, took the Conde

business in hand. He had the prince arrested in the Louvre itself and

flung into the Bastille; the noble blackmailers were declared guilty

of treason, and three armies marched against them. The triumph of the

court seemed assured, when Louis XIII., now sixteen years of age,

suddenly freed himself from tutelage, and with the help of the

favourite companion of his pastimes, Albert de Luynes, son of a

soldier of fortune, determined to rid himself of Concini. The

all-powerful Florentine, on 24th April 1617, was crossing the bridge

that spanned the eastern fosse of the Louvre, when the captain of the

royal Guards, who was accompanied by a score of gentlemen, touched him

on the shoulder and told him he was the king's prisoner. "I, a

prisoner!" exclaimed Concini, moving his hand towards his sword.

Before he could utter another word he fell dead, riddled with pistol

shots; Louis appeared at a window, and all the Louvre resounded with

cries of "\_Vive le roi!\_" Concini's wife, to whom he owed his

ascendency over the queen-mother, was accused of sorcery, beheaded and

burnt on the Place de Greve; Marie was packed off to Blois and

Richelieu exiled to his bishopric of Lucon. De Luynes, enriched by the

confiscated wealth of the Concini, now became supreme at Paris only to

demonstrate a pitiful incapacity. The nobles had risen and were

rallying round Marie; the Protestants were defying the state; but

Luynes was impotent, and soon went to a dishonoured grave, leaving

chaos behind him.

Richelieu's star was now in the ascendant. The king drew near to his

mother, and both turned to the one man who seemed able to knit

together the distracted state. A cardinal's hat was obtained for him

from Rome, and the illustrious churchman ruled in Paris for eighteen

years. Everything went down before his commanding genius, his iron

will and his indefatigable industry. "I reflect long," said he,

"before making a decision, but once my mind is made up, I go straight

to the goal. I mow down all before me, and cover all with my scarlet

robe." The Huguenots, backed by the English, aimed at founding an

independent republic: Richelieu captured La Rochelle[133] and wiped

them out as a political party. The great nobles sought to divide power

with the crown: he demolished their fortresses, made them bow their

necks to the royal yoke or chopped off their heads. They defied the

king's edict against duelling: the Count of Bouteville, the most

notorious duellist of his time, and the Count of Les Chapelles were

sent to the scaffold for having defiantly fought duels in the Place

Royale in open noonday, at which the Marquis of Buffy was killed. The

execution made a profound impression, for the Count was a Montmorency,

and the Condes, the Orleans, the Montmorencys and all the most

powerful nobles brought pressure to bear on the king and swore that

the sentence should never be carried out. But Richelieu was firm as a

tower. "It is an infamous thing," he told Louis, "to punish the weak

alone; they cast no baleful shade: we must keep discipline by striking

down the mighty." Richelieu crushed the Parlement and revolutionised

the provincial administrations. He maintained seven armies in the

field, and two navies on the seas at one and the same time. He added

four provinces to France--Alsace, Lorraine, Artois and Rousillon,

humiliated Austria and exalted his country to the proud position of

dominant factor in European politics. He foiled plot after plot and

crushed rebellion. The queen-mother, Gaston Duke of Orleans her second

son and heir to the throne, the Marquis of Cinq-Mars the king's own

favourite--each tried a fall with the great minister, but was thrown

and punished with pitiless severity. Marie herself was driven to

exile--almost poverty--at Brussels, and died a miserable death at

Cologne. The despicable Gaston, who twice betrayed his friends to save

his own skin, was watched, and when the queen, Anne of Austria, gave

birth to a son after twenty years of marriage, he was deprived of his

dignities and possessions and interned at Blois. The Marquis of

Cinq-Mars, and the last Duke of Montmorency, son and grandson of two

High Constables of France, felt the stroke of the headsman's axe.

[Footnote 133: The Church of Notre Dame des Victoires commemorates the

victory.]

In 1642, when the mighty cardinal had attained the highest pinnacle

of success and fame, a mortal disease declared itself. His physicians

talked the usual platitudes of hope, but he would have none of them,

and sent for the \_cure\_ of St. Eustache. "Do you pardon your enemies?"

the priest asked. "I have none, save those of the state," replied the

dying cardinal, and, pointing to the Host, exclaimed, "There is my

judge." Louis heard of his death without emotion, and simply

remarked--"Well, a great politician has gone." In six months his royal

master was gone too.

Paris, under Marie de' Medici and Richelieu, saw many and important

changes. In 1612 a new Jacobin monastery was founded in the Rue St.

Honore for the reformed Dominicans, destined later to be the theatre

of Robespierre's triumphs and to house the great Jacobin revolutionary

club.[134] In the same year the queen-regent bought a chateau and

garden from the Duke of Piney-Luxembourg, and commissioned her

architect, Solomon Debrosse, to build a new palace in the style of the

Pitti at Florence. The work was begun in 1615, and resulted in the

picturesque but somewhat Gallicised Italian palace which, after

descending to Gaston of Orleans and his daughter the Grande

Mademoiselle, ends a chequered career as palace, revolutionary prison,

house of peers, and socialist meeting-place by becoming the

respectable and dull Senate-house of the third Republic. The beautiful

Renaissance gardens have suffered but few changes; adorned with

Debrosse's picturesque fountain, they form one of the most charming

parks in Paris. The same architect was employed to restore the old

Roman aqueduct of Arcueil and finished his work in 1624. In 1614 the

equestrian statue in bronze of Henry IV., designed by Giovanni da

Bologna, and presented to Marie by Cosimo II. of Tuscany, reached

Paris after many vicissitudes and was set up on the Pont Neuf by

Pierre de Fouqueville, who carved for it a beautiful pedestal of

marble, whereon were inscribed the most signal events and victories of

Henry's reign. This priceless statue was melted down for cannon during

the Revolution, and for years its site was occupied by a \_cafe\_. In

1818, during the Restoration, another statue of Henry IV., by Lemot,

cast from the melted figure of Napoleon I. on the top of the Vendome

column, was erected where it now stands. The founder, who was an

imperialist, is said to have avenged the emperor by placing pamphlets

attacking the Restoration in the horse's belly.

[Footnote 134: The Marche St. Honore now occupies its site.]

[Illustration: THE MEDICI FOUNTAIN, LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.]

In the seventeenth century the Pont Neuf was one of the busiest

centres of Parisian life. Streams of coaches and multitudes of

foot-passengers passed by. Booths of all kinds displayed their wares;

quacks, mountebanks, ballad-singers and puppet-shows, drew crowds of

listeners. Evelyn describes the footway as being three to four feet

higher than the road; and at the foot of the bridge, says the

traveller, is a water-house, "whereon, at a great height is the story

of our Saviour and the Woman of Samaria pouring water out of a bucket.

Above is a very rare dyall of several motions with a chime. The water

is conveyed by huge wheels, pumps and other engines, from the river

beneath." This was the famous Chateau d'Eau, or La Samaritaine,

erected in 1608 and rebuilt in 1712 to pump water from the Seine and

distribute it to the Louvre and the Tuileries palaces. The timepiece

was an \_industrieuse horloge\_, which told the hours, days, and months.

The present baths of La Samaritaine mark its site and retain its name.

[Illustration: PONT NEUF.]

In 1624, Henry the Fourth's great scheme for enlarging and completing

the Louvre was committed by Richelieu to his architect, Jacques

Lemercier, and the first stone of the Pavilion de l'Horloge was laid

on 28th June by Louis. Lemercier was great enough and modest enough to

adopt his predecessor's design and having erected the pavilion,

continued Lescot's west wing northwards, turned the north-west angle

and carried the north wing to about a fourth of its designed extent.

The Pavilion de l'Horloge thus became the central feature of the west

wing, which was exactly doubled in extent. The south-east and

north-east towers of the eastern wing of the old Gothic Louvre,

however, remained intact, and even as late as 1650 Sylvestre's drawing

shows us the south-east tower still standing and the east wing only

partly demolished. Lemercier also designed a grand new palace for the

cardinal, north of the Rue St. Honore, including in the plans two

theatres: a small one to hold about six hundred spectators, and a

larger one, which subsequently became the opera-house, capacious

enough to seat three thousand. Magnificent galleries, painted by

Philippe de Champaigne and other artists, represented the chief events

in the cardinal's reign, and were hung with the portraits of the great

men of France, each with a Latin distich in letters of gold. The

courts were adorned with carvings of ships' prows and anchors,

symbolising the cardinal's function as Grand Master of Navigation;

spacious gardens, with an avenue of chestnut trees, which cost 300,000

francs to train, added to its splendours.

In this palace the great minister, busy with a yet vaster scheme for

building an immense Place Ducale to the north, passed away leaving its

stately magnificence to the king, whose widow, Anne of Austria,

inhabited it during the regency with her sons, Louis XIV. and Philip,

Duke of Orleans, the founder of the Bourbon-Orleans family. The famous

architect, Francois Mansard, was employed by her to extend the Palais

Royal as it was then called, which in 1652 was occupied by Henrietta

Maria, Charles I.'s widow, whose court ill repaid the hospitality of

France by acts of Vandalism. In 1661, on the marriage of Henrietta

Anne, her daughter, to the Duke of Orleans it was assigned to the

Orleans princes, a portion being reserved for Louis XIV. where he

lodged his mistress Mme. de la Valliere. The palace subsequently

became infamous as the scene of almost incredible orgies during the

regency. In 1730 Philip II.'s austere and pious son, Prince Louis,

after having made an \_auto-da-fe\_ of forty pictures of the nude from

the Orleans collection, permitted the destruction of Richelieu's

superb avenue of trees. The buildings were further extended by Philip

Egalite, who erected shops along the sides of the gardens, which as

\_cafes\_ and gambling-saloons became a haunt of fashionable vice and

dissipation in the late eighteenth century. The gardens of the royal

palaces had always been open to well-dressed citizens, but notices

forbade entrance to beggars, servants, and all ill-clad persons under

pain of imprisonment, the carcan, and other graver penalties. Egalite,

however, to win popularity, opened his gardens without restriction,

and they soon became the forum of the revolutionary agitation. Here

Camille Desmoulins declaimed his impassioned orations and called Paris

to arms. The gambling-hells, of which there were over three hundred,

survived the Revolution, and Bluecher and many an officer of the allied

armies lost immense sums there. The Palais Royal became subsequently

the residence of Louis Philippe, and now serves as the meeting-place

of the Conseil d'Etat.

In the early seventeenth century nine lovers of literature associated

themselves for the purpose of holding a friendly symposium, where they

discoursed of books, and read and criticised each other's

compositions; the meetings were followed by a modest repast and a

peripatetic discussion. The masterful cardinal, who would rule the

French language as well as the state, called the nine together, and in

1635 organised them into an Academie Francaise, whose function should

be to perfect and watch over the purity of the French tongue. The

Parlement granted letters-patent, limited the number of academicians

to forty, and required them to take cognisance of French authors and

the French language alone. The original nine, however, were far from

gratified, and always regretted the "golden age" of early days.

Richelieu established the Jardin des Plantes for the use of medical

students, where demonstrations in botany were given; he rebuilt the

college and church of the Sorbonne where his monument,[135] by

Girardon from Lebrun's designs, may still be seen. He cheapened the

postal service,[136] established the Royal Press at the Louvre which

in twenty years published seventy Greek, Latin, Italian and French

classics. He issued the first political weekly gazette in France, was

a liberal patron of men of letters and of artists, and saw the birth

and fostered the growth of the great period of French literary and

artistic supremacy.

[Footnote 135: In 1793 the tomb was desecrated, and the head removed

from the body, but in 1863, as an inscription tells, the head was

recovered by the historian Duruy, and after seventy years reunited to

the trunk.]

[Footnote 136: A letter from Paris to Lyons was taxed at two sous.]

Another of Henry the Fourth's plans for the aggrandisement of Paris

was carried out by the indefatigable minister. As early as 867 the

bishops of Paris had been confirmed by royal charter, in their

possession of the two islands east of the Cite, the Isle Notre Dame

and Isle aux Vaches. From time immemorial these had been used as

timber-yards, and in 1616 the chapter of the cathedral was induced to

treat with Christophe Marie, contractor for the bridges of France, and

others, who agreed to fill in the channel[137] which separated the

islands; to cover them with broad streets of houses and quays, and to

build certain bridges; but expressly contracted never to fill up the

arm of the Seine between the Isle Notre Dame, and the Cite. The first

stone of the new bridge which was to connect the islands with the

north bank was laid by Louis XIII. in 1614 and named Pont Marie, after

the contractor. In 1664 a church, dedicated to St. Louis, was begun

on the site of an earlier chapel by Levau, but not completed until

1726 by Donat.

[Footnote 137: The Rue Poulletier marks the line of the old channel

between the islands.]

The new quarter soon attracted the attention of rich financiers, civic

officers, merchants and lawyers, some of whose hotels were designed by

Levau, and decorated by Lebrun and Lesueur. Madame Pompadour's brother

lived there; the Duke of Lauzan, husband of the Grande Mademoiselle,

lived in his hotel on the Quai d'Anjou (No. 17); Voltaire lived with

Madame du Chatelet in the Hotel Lambert (No. 1 Quai d'Anjou). To the

\_precieuses\_ of Moliere's time the Isle St. Louis (for so it was

called) became the Isle de Delos, around whose quays the gallants and

ladies of the period were wont to promenade at nightfall. \_The Isle\_,

as it is now familiarly known, is one of the most peaceful quarters of

Paris, and has a strangely provincial aspect to the traveller who

paces its quiet streets.

In 1622 Paris was raised from its subjection to the Metropolitan of

Sens, and became for the first time the seat of an archbishopric; the

diocese was made to correspond to the old territories of the Parisii.

Among the many evils attendant on a monarchy, which Samuel recited to

the children of Israel, that of the possibility of a regency might

well have found place. Louis XIV. was less than five years of age when

his father died, and once again the great nobles turned the

difficulties of the situation to their own profit. By a curious

anomaly, while women were excluded from succession to the throne of

France, the queen-mother was invariably preferred to all other

claimants for the Regency, and Anne of Austria became regent in

accordance with old custom. She retained in office Cardinal Mazarin,

Richelieu's faithful disciple, chosen by him to continue the

traditions of his policy. The new cardinal-minister, scion of an old

Sicilian family, was a typical Italian; he had none of his

predecessor's virile energy and directness of purpose, but ruled by

his subtle wit and cool, calculating patience. "Time and I," was his

device. He was an excellent judge of men, and profoundly distrusted

"the unlucky," always satisfying himself that a man was "lucky,"

before he employed him. Conscious of his foreign origin, Mazarin

hesitated to take strong measures, and advised a policy of

conciliation with the disaffected nobles. Anne filled their pockets,

and for a time the whole language of the court is said to have

consisted of the five little words "\_La reine est si bonne\_." But the

ambitious courtiers soon aimed at higher game, and a plot was

discovered to assassinate the foreign cardinal; the Duke of Beaufort,

chief conspirator, a son of the Duke of Vendome, and grandson of Henry

IV., by Gabrielle d'Estrees, was imprisoned in the keep at Vincennes,

and his associates interned at their chateaux.

The finances which Richelieu had left in so flourishing a condition

were soon exhausted by the lavish benevolence of the court, and were

unhappily in the hands of Emery (a clever but cynical official, who

had formerly been a fraudulent bankrupt), whose rigorous exactions and

indifference to public feeling aroused the indignation of the whole

nation. In 1646, 23,800 defaulters lay rotting in the jails, and an

attempt to enforce an odious tax on all merchandise entering Paris led

to an explosion of popular wrath. The Parlement, by the re-assertion

of its claims to refuse the registration of an obnoxious decree of the

crown, made itself the champion of public justice; the four sovereign

courts met in the hall of St. Louis, and refused to register the tax.

Anne was furious and made the boy-king hold a "bed[138] of justice"

to enforce the registration of the decree. But the Parlement stood

firm, declared itself the guardian of the public and private weal,

claiming even to reform abuses and to discuss and vote on schemes of

taxation. So critical was the situation that the court was forced to

bend, and to postpone the humiliation of the Parlement to a more

convenient season. The glorious issue of the campaigns of Conde

against the Houses of Spain and Austria seemed to offer the desired

opportunity. On 26th August 1648, while a Te Deum was being sung at

Notre Dame for the victory of Lens, and a grand trophy of

seventy-three captured flags was displayed to the people, three of the

most stubborn members of the Parlement were arrested. One escaped, but

while the venerable Councillor Broussel was being hustled into a

carriage, a cry was raised, which stirred the whole of Paris to

insurrection. In the excitement a street porter was shot by a captain

of the Guards, the Marquis of Meilleraye, and the next morning the

court, aroused by cries of "Liberty and Broussel," found the streets

of Paris barricaded and the citizens in arms. De Retz, the suffragan

archbishop of Paris, came in his robes to entreat Anne to appease the

people, but was snubbed for his pains. "It is a revolt," she cried,

"to imagine a revolt possible; these are silly tales of those who

desire it: the king will enforce order." De Retz, angry and insulted,

left to join the insurrection and to become its leader. The venerable

president of the Parlement, Mole, and the whole body of members next

repaired to the Palais Royal with no better success: Anne's only

answer was a gibe. As they returned crestfallen from the Palais Royal

they were driven back by the infuriated people, who threatened them

with death, and clamoured for Broussel's release or Mazarin as a

hostage. Nearly all the councillors fled, but the president, with

exalted courage, faced them and, answering gravely, as if in his

judgment-seat, said, "If you kill me, all my needs will be six feet of

earth": he strode on with calm self-possession, amid a shower of

missiles and threats, to the hall of St. Louis. The echo of Cromwell's

triumph in England, however, seemed to have reached the Palais Royal,

and the queen-regent was at length induced to treat. The demands of

the people were granted and Broussel was liberated, amid scenes of

tumultuous joy.

[Footnote 138: So named from the wooden seat, or \_couche de bois\_,

covered with rich stuff embroidered with \_fleur-de-lys\_, on which the

king sat when he attended a meeting of the Parlement.]

In February of the next year the regency made an effort to reassert

its authority. The queen and the royal princes left Paris for the

palace of St. Germain and gathered an army under Conde: the Parlement

taxed themselves heavily, tried their hands at organising a citizen

militia, and allied themselves with the popular Duke of Beaufort, now

at liberty, and leader of a troop of brilliant but giddy young nobles.

The Bastille was captured by the Parlement, and the university

promised its support and a subsidy. Thus arose the civil war of the

Fronde, one of the most extraordinary contests in history, whose name

is derived from the puerile street fights with slings, of the

printers' devils and schoolboys of Paris. The incidents of the war

read like scenes in a comic opera. A hundred thousand armed citizens

were besieged by eight thousand soldiers. The evolution of a burlesque

form of cavalry, called the corps of the \_Portes Cocheres\_, formed by

a conscription of one horseman for every house with a carriage gate,

became the derision of the royal army. They issued forth, beplumed and

beribboned, and fled back to the city, amid the execrations of the

people, at the sight of a handful of troops. Every defeat--and the

Parisians were always defeated--formed a subject for songs and

mockery. Councils of war were held in taverns, and De Retz was seen

at a sitting of the Parlement in the hall of St. Louis with a poignard

sticking out of his pocket: "There is the archbishop's prayer-book,"

said the people. The more public-spirited members of the Parlement

soon, however, tired of the folly; Mazarin won over De Retz by the

offer of a cardinal's hat, and a compromise was effected with the

court, which returned to Paris in April 1649. The People were still

bitter against Mazarin, and invaded the Palais de Justice, demanding

the cardinal's signature to the treaty, that it might be burned by the

common hangman.

Successful generals are bad masters, and the jackboot was now supreme

at court. Soon Conde's insolent bearing and the vanity of his

\_entourage\_ of young nobles, dubbed \_petits maitres\_, became

intolerable: he was arrested at the Louvre, and sent to the keep at

Vincennes. But Mazarin, thinking himself secure, delayed the promised

reward to De Retz, who joined the disaffected friends of Conde: the

court, again foiled, was forced to release Conde, surrender the two

princes, and exile the hated Mazarin, who, none the less, ruled the

storm by his subtle policy from Cologne. Conde, disgusted alike with

queen and Parlement, now fled to the south, and raised the standard of

rebellion.

The second phase of the wars of the Fronde became a more serious

matter. Turenne, won over by the court, was given command of the royal

forces, and moved against Conde. The two armies, after indecisive

battles, raced to Paris and fought for its possession outside the

Porte St. Antoine. The Frondeurs occupied what is now the Faubourg St.

Antoine: the royalists the heights of Charonne. It was a stubborn and

bloody contest. The armies were led by the two greatest captains of

the age, and fought under the eyes of their king, who with the

queen-mother watched the struggle from the eminence now crowned by

the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. "I have seen not one Conde to-day, but

a dozen," cried Turenne, as victory inclined to the Royalists. The

last word was, however, with the Duke of Orleans: while he sat

hesitating in the Luxembourg, the Grande Mademoiselle ordered the guns

of the Bastille to be turned against Turenne, and the citizens opened

the gates to Conde. Again his incorrigible insolence and brutality

made Paris too hot for him, and with the disaffected princes he

returned to Flanders to seek help from his country's enemies--a fatal

mistake, which Mazarin was not slow to turn to advantage. He prudently

retired while public feeling was won over to the young king, who was

soon entreated by the Parlement and citizens to return to Paris. When

the time was ripe, Mazarin had the Duke of Orleans interned at Blois,

Conde was condemned to death \_in contumacio\_: De Retz was sent to

Vincennes. Ten councillors of the Parlement were imprisoned or

degraded, and in three months Mazarin returned to Paris with the pomp

and equipage of a sovereign. It was the end of the Fronde, and of the

attempt of the Parlement of Paris, a venal body[139] devoid of

representative basis, to imitate the functions of the English House of

Commons. The crown emerged from the contest more absolute than before,

and Louis never forgot the days when he was a fugitive with his

mother, and driven to lie on a hard mattress at the palace of St.

Germain. In 1655 the Parlement of Paris met to prepare remonstrances

against a royal edict: the young king heard of it while hunting at

Vincennes, made his way to the hall of St. Louis booted[140] and

spurred, rated the councillors and dissolved the sitting.

[Footnote 139: One of the schemes of Francis I. to raise money had

been to offer the benches to the highest bidders, and under the law of

1604 the office of councillor became a hereditary property on payment

to the court of one-sixtieth of its value. Moreover, the Parlement was

but a local body, one among several others in the provinces.]

[Footnote 140: The added indignity of the whip is an invention of

Voltaire.]

The years following on the internal peace were a period of triumphant

foreign war and diplomacy. Mazarin achieved his purpose of marrying

the Infanta of Spain to his royal master; he added to and confirmed

Richelieu's territorial gains and guided France at last to triumph

over the Imperial House of Austria. On 9th March 1661, after a

pathetic scene in his sumptuous palace, where the stricken old

cardinal dragged his tottering steps along its vast galleries, casting

a despairing look on the marvellous treasures of art he had collected

and sorrowing like a child at the idea of separating from them for

ever, the great Italian, "whose heart was French if his tongue were

not," confronted death at Vincennes with firmness and courage. Mazarin

was, however, a costly servant, who bled his adopted country to

satisfy his love for the arts and splendours of life, to furnish

dowries to his nieces, and to exalt his family. His vast palace (now

the Bibliotheque Nationale), with its library of 35,000 volumes,

freely open to scholars, was furnished with princely splendour. He

left 2,000,000 livres to found a college for the gratuitous education

of sixty sons of gentlemen from the four provinces--Spanish, Italian,

German and Flemish--recently added to the crown, in order that French

culture and grace might be diffused among them; they were to be taught

the use of arms, horsemanship, dancing, Christian piety, and

\_belles-lettres\_. A vast domed edifice was raised on the site of the

Tour de Nesle, and became famous as the College of the Four Nations.

It was subsequently expropriated and given by the Convention to the

five learned academies of France, and is now known as the Institut de

France.

[Illustration: THE INSTITUT DE FRANCE.]

CHAPTER XV

\_The Grand Monarque--Versailles and Paris\_

The century of Louis XIV., whose triumphs have been so extravagantly

celebrated by Voltaire, saw the culmination and declension of military

glory and literary splendour at Paris, and of regal magnificence at

Versailles. Gone were the times of cardinal dictators. When the

ministers came after Mazarin's death to ask the king whom they should

now address themselves to, the answer came like a thunderbolt: "To

me!"

What brilliant constellations of great men cast their influences over

the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign! "Sire," said Mazarin, when dying,

"I owe you all, but I can partially acquit myself by leaving you

Colbert:"--austere Colbert, whose Atlantean shoulders bore the burden

of five modern ministries; whose vehement industry, admirable science

and sterling honesty created order out of financial chaos and found

the sinews of war for an army of 300,000 men before the Peace of

Ryswick and 450,000 for the war of the Spanish succession; who

initiated, nurtured and perfected French industries; who created a

navy that crushed the combined English and Dutch fleets off Beachy

Head, swept the Channel for weeks, burnt English ports, carried terror

into English homes, and for a time paralysed English commerce.

Louvois, his colleague, organised an army that made his master the

arbiter of Europe; Conde and Turenne were its victorious captains.

Vauban, greatest of military engineers, captured towns in war and made

them impregnable in peace, and shared with Louvois the invention of

the combined musket and bayonet, the deadliest weapon of war as yet

contrived. De Lionne, by masterly diplomacy, prepared and cemented the

conquests of victorious generals. Supreme in arts of peace were

Corneille, Moliere, Racine, La Fontaine, Lebrun, Claude Lorrain,

Puget, Mansard, and Perrault. We shall learn in the sequel what the

Grand Monarque did with this unparalleled inheritance.

None of the great ones of the earth is so intimately known to us as

the magnificent histrion, whose tinselled grandeur and pompous egoism

have been laid bare by the Duke of St. Simon, prince of memoirists.

Never has the frippery of a court been shrivelled by such fierce and

consuming light, glaring like a fiery sun on its meretricious

splendours. And what a court it is! What a gilded crowd of princes and

paramours, harlots and bastards, struts, fumes and intrigues through

these Memoirs! By a few strokes of his pen, in words that bite like

acid, he etches for us the fools and knaves, the wife-beaters and

adulterers, the cardsharpers and gamesters, the grovelling sycophants

with their petty struggles for precedence or favour, their slang,

their gluttony and drunkenness, their moral and physical corruption.

External grandeur and regal presence,[141] a profound belief in his

divinely-appointed despotism, and in earlier years a rare capacity for

work, the lord of France certainly possessed. "He had a grand mien,"

says St. Simon, "and looked a veritable king of the bees." Much has

been made of Louis' incomparable grace and respectful courtesy to

women; but the courtesy of a king who doffs his hat to every serving

wench yet contrives a staircase to facilitate the debauching of his

queen's maids-of-honour, and exacts of his mistresses and the ladies

of his court submission to his will and pleasure, even under the most

trying of physical disabilities, is at least wanting in consistency.

Louis' mental equipment was less than mediocre; he was ignorant of the

commonest facts of history, and fell into the grossest blunders in

public. Like all small-minded men, he was jealous of superior merit

and preferred mediocrity rather than genius in his ministers. Small

wonder that his reign ended in shame and disaster.

[Footnote 141: Louis used, however, to stilt his low stature by means

of thick pads in his boots.]

On the 6th of June 1662, the young Louis, notwithstanding much public

misery consequent on two years of bad harvests, organised a

magnificent carrousel (tilting) in the garden that fronted the

Tuileries. Five companies of nobles, each led by the king or one of

the princes, were apparelled in gorgeous costumes as Romans, Persians,

Turks, Armenians and Indians. Louis, who arrayed as emperor, led the

Romans, was followed by a superb train of many squires, twenty-four

pages, fifty horses each led by two grooms, and fifty footmen dressed

as lictors, carrying gilded fasces. The royal princes headed similar

processions. So great was the display of jewels that all the precious

stones in the world seemed brought together; so richly were the

costumes of the knights and the trappings of the horses embroidered

with gold and silver that the cloth beneath could barely be seen. An

immense amphitheatre afforded seats for a multitude of spectators, and

in a smaller pavilion, richly gilded, sat the two queens of France,

the queen of England, and the royal princesses. The first day was

spent in tilting at Medusa heads and heads of Moors: the second at

rings. The king is said to have greatly distinguished himself by his

skill. Maria Theresa, his young queen, distributed the prizes, and the

garden was afterwards named the Place du Carrousel.

Louis, however, hated Paris, for his forced exile and the humiliations

of the Fronde rankled in his memory. Nor were the associations of St.

Germain any more pleasant. A lover of the chase and all too prone to

fall into the snares of "fair, fallacious looks and venerial trains,"

the retirement of his father's hunting lodge at Versailles, away from

the prying eyes and mocking tongues of the Parisians, early attracted

him. There he was wont to meet his mistress, Madame de la Valliere,

and there he determined to erect a vast pleasure-palace and gardens.

The small chateau, built by Lemercier in the early half of the

seventeenth century, was handed over to Levau in 1668, who, carefully

respecting his predecessor's work in the Cour de Marbre, constructed

two immense wings, which were added to by J.H. Mansard, as the

requirements of the court grew. The palace stood in the midst of a

barren, sandy plain, but Louis' pride demanded that Nature herself

should bend to his will, and an army of artists, engineers and

gardeners was concentrated there, who at the sacrifice of incredible

wealth and energy, had so far advanced the work that the king was able

to come into residence in 1682.

In spite of seas of reservoirs fed by costly hydraulic machinery at

Marly, which lifted the waters of the Seine to an aqueduct that led to

Versailles, the supply was deemed inadequate, and orders were given to

divert the river Eure between Chartres and Maintenon to the gardens of

the palace. For years an army of thirty thousand men was employed in

this one task, at a cost of money and human life greater than that of

many a campaign. So heavy was the mortality in the camp that it was

forbidden to speak of the sick, and above all of the dead, who were

carried away in cartloads by night for burial. All that remains of

this cruel folly are a few ruins at Maintenon.

After the failure of this scheme, subterranean water-courses were

contrived. The \_plaisir du roi\_ must be sated at any cost, and at

length a magnificent garden was created, filled with a population of

statues and adorned with gigantic fountains. Soon however, the king

tired of the bustle and noise of Versailles, and a miserable and

swampy site at Marly, the haunt of toads and serpents and creeping

things, was transformed into a splendid hermitage. Hills were

levelled, great trees brought from Compiegne, most of which soon died

and were as quickly replaced; fish-ponds, adorned by exquisite

paintings, were made and unmade; woods were metamorphosed into lakes,

where the king and a select company of courtiers disported themselves

in gondolas and where cascades refreshed their ears in summer heat;

precious paintings, statues and costly furniture charmed the eye

inside the hermitage--and all to receive the king and his intimates

from Wednesday to Saturday on a few occasions in the year. St. Simon

with passionate exaggeration declares that Marly cost more than

Versailles.[142] Nothing remains to-day of all this splendour: it was

neglected by Louis' successors and sold in lots during the Revolution.

[Footnote 142: Taine, basing his calculation on a MS. bound with the

monogram of Mansard, estimated the cost of Versailles in modern

equivalent at about 750,000,000 francs (L30,000,000 sterling.)]

After a life of wanton licentiousness, Louis, at the age of forty, was

captivated by the mature charms of a widow of forty-three, a colonial

adventuress of noble descent, who after the death of her husband, the

crippled comic poet Scarron, became governess to the king's children

by Madame de Montespan. Soon after the death of Maria Theresa, the

widow Scarron, known to history as Madame de Maintenon, was secretly

married to her royal lover, who for the remainder of his life remained

her docile slave.

A narrow bigot in matters of religion and completely under the

influence of fanatics, Madame de Maintenon persuaded Louis that a

crusade against heresy would be a fitting atonement for his past sins.

By the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 22nd October 1685, the

charter of Protestant liberties was destroyed, and those who had given

five out of ten marshals to France, including the great Turenne, were

denied the right of civil existence. Whole cities were depopulated;

tens of thousands (for the Huguenots had long ceased to exist as a

political force) of law-abiding citizens expatriated themselves and

carried their industries to enrich foreign lands.[143] Many pastors

were martyred, and drummers stationed at the foot of the scaffold

drowned their exhortations. Let us not say persecution is ineffective;

the Huguenots who at one time threatened to turn the scale in favour

of the Protestant powers and to wreck the Catholic cause in Europe,

practically disappear from history. On the whole, the measure was

approved by Paris; Racine, La Fontaine, the great Jansenist Arnault,

as well as Bossuet and Massillon, applauded. Louis was hailed a second

Constantine, and believed he had revived the times of the apostles.

But the consequences were far-reaching and disastrous. In less than

two months the Catholic James II. of England was a discrowned

fugitive, and the Calvinist William of Orange, the inveterate enemy of

France, sat in his place; England's pensioned neutrality was turned to

bitter hostility, and every Protestant power in Europe stirred to

fierce resentment. Seven years of war ensued, which exhausted the

immense resources of France; seven years,[144] rich in glory perhaps,

but lean years indeed to the dumb millions who paid the cost in blood

and money.

[Footnote 143: The writer, whose youth was passed among the

descendants of the Huguenot silk-weavers of Spitalfields, has

indelible memories of their sterling character and admirable

industry.]

[Footnote 144: Marshal Luxembourg was dubbed the \_Tapissier de Notre

Dame\_ (the upholsterer of Notre Dame), from the number of captured

flags he sent to the cathedral.]

After three short years of peace and recuperation, the acceptance of

the crown of Spain by Louis' grandson, Philip of Anjou, in spite of

Maria Theresa's solemn renunciation for herself and her posterity of

all claim to the Spanish succession, roused all the old jealousy of

France and brought her secular enemy, the House of Austria, to a new

coalition against her.

Woe to the nation whose king is thrall to women. The manner in which

this momentous step was taken is characteristic of Louis. Two councils

were held in Madame de Maintenon's room at Versailles; her advice was

asked by the king, and apparently turned the scale in favour of

acceptance. "For a hundred years," says Taine, "from 1672 to 1774,

every time a king of France made war it was by pique or vanity, by

family or private interest, or by condescension to a woman." Still

more amazing is the fact that, for years, the court of Madrid was

ruled by a Frenchwoman, Madame des Ursins, the \_camarera mayor\_ of

Philip's queen, who made and unmade ministers, controlled all public

appointments, and even persuaded the French ambassador to submit all

despatches to her before sending them to France. Madame de Maintenon

was equally omnipotent at Versailles; she decided what letters should

or should not be shown to the king, kept back disagreeable news, and

held everybody in the hollow of her hand, from humblest subject to

most exalted minister. This was the atmosphere from which men were

sent to meet the new and more potent combination of States that

opposed the Spanish succession. Chamillart, a pitiful creature of

Madame de Maintenon's, sat in Colbert's place; gone were Turenne and

Conde and Luxembourg; the armies of the descendant of St. Louis were

led by the Duke of Vendome, a foul lecher, whose inhuman vices went

far to justify the gibe of Mephistopheles that men use their reason

"\_um thierischer als jedes Thier zu sein\_."

The victories of the Duke of Marlborough and of Prince Eugene spread

consternation at Versailles. When, in 1704, the news of Blenheim oozed

out, the king's grief was piteous to see. Scarce a noble family but

had one of its members killed, wounded, or a prisoner. Two years later

came the defeat of Ramillies, to be followed in three months by the

disaster at Turin. The balls and masquerades and play at Marly went

merrily on; but at news of the defeat of Oudenarde and the fall of

Lille, even the reckless courtiers were subdued, and for a month

gambling and even conversation ceased. At the sound of an approaching

horseman they ran hither and thither, with fear painted on their

cheeks. Wildest schemes for raising money were tried; taxes were

levied on baptisms and marriages; sums raised for the relief of the

poor and the maintenance of highways were expropriated, and the

wretched peasants were forced to repair the roads without payment,

some dying of starvation at their work. King and courtiers, with

ill-grace, sent their plate to the mint and a plan for the recapture

of Lille was mooted, in which Louis was to take part, but, for lack of

money, the king's ladies were not to accompany him to the seat of war

as they had hitherto done.[145] The expedition was to remain a

secret; but the infatuated Louis could withhold nothing from Madame de

Maintenon, who never rested until she had foiled the whole scheme and

disgraced Chamillart, for having concealed the preparations from her.

[Footnote 145: In a previous campaign the king had taken his queen and

two mistresses with him in one coach. The peasants used to amuse

themselves by coming to see the "three queens."]

Versailles had now grown so accustomed to defeats that Malplaquet was

hailed as half a victory; but, in 1710, so desperate was the condition

of the treasury, that a financial and social \_debacle\_ was imminent.

The Dauphin, on leaving the opera at Paris, had been assailed by

crowds of women shouting, "Bread! bread!" and only escaped by throwing

them money and promises. To appease the people, the poor were set to

level the boulevard near St. Denis, and were paid in doles of

bread--bad bread. Even this failed them one morning, and a woman who

made some disturbance was dragged to the pillory by the archers of the

watch. An angry mob released her, and proceeded to raid the bakers'

shops. The ugly situation was saved only by the firmness and sagacity

of the popular Marshal Boufflers. Another turn of the financial screw

was now meditated, and, as the taxes had already "drawn all the blood

from his subjects, and squeezed out their very marrow," the conscience

of the lord of France was troubled. His Jesuit confessor, Le Tellier,

promised to consult the Sorbonne, whose learned doctors decided that,

since all the wealth of his subjects rightly belonged to the king, he

only took what was his own.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the quarrel between

Jansenists and Jesuits concerning subtle doctrinal differences had

grown acute through the publication of Pascal's immortal \_Lettres

Provinciales\_, and by Quesnel's \_Reflexions Morales\_ which the Jesuits

had succeeded in subjecting to papal condemnation. In 1709, Le Tellier

induced his royal penitent to decree the destruction of one of the

two Jansenist establishments, and Port Royal des Champs, between

Versailles and Chevreuse, rendered famous by the piety and learning of

Arnault, Pascal and Nicolle, was doomed. On the night of 28th October

1709, the convent was surrounded by Gardes Francaises and Suisses, and

on the following morning the chief of the police, with a posse of

archers of the watch entered, produced a \_lettre de cachet\_, and gave

the nuns a quarter of an hour to prepare for deportation. The whole of

the sisters were then brutally expelled, "\_comme on enleve les

creatures prostituees d'un lieu infame\_," says St. Simon, and

scattered among other religious houses in all directions. The friends

of the buried were bidden to exhume their dead, and all unclaimed

bodies were flung into a neighbouring cemetery, where dogs fought for

them as for carrion. The church was profaned, all the conventual

buildings were razed and sold in lots, not one stone being left on

another; the very ground was ploughed up and sown, "not, it is true

with salt," adds St. Simon, and that was the only favour shown.

Two years after the scene at Port Royal, amid the heartless gaiety of

the court, the Angel of Death was busy in Louis' household. On 14th

April 1711, the old king's only lawful son, the Grand Dauphin,

expired; on 12th February 1712, the second Dauphiness, the sweet and

gentle Adelaide of Savoy, Louis' darling, died of a malignant fever;

six days later the Duke of Burgundy, her husband, was struck down; on

8th March, the Duke of Brittany, their eldest child, followed them.

Three Dauphins had gone to the vaults of St. Denis in less than a

year; mother, father, son, had died in twenty-four days--a sweep of

Death's scythe, enough to touch even the hearts of courtiers. In a few

days the king gave orders for the usual play to begin at Marly, and

the dice rattled while the bodies of the Dauphin and Dauphiness lay

yet unburied.

In May 1714, the Duke of Berri, son of the Grand Dauphin, died, and

the sole direct heir to the throne was now the king's great-grandson,

the Duke of Anjou, a sickly child of five years. On September 1715,

the Grand Monarque made a calm and an edifying end to his long reign

of seventy-two years, declaring that he owed no man restitution, and

trusted in God's mercy for what he owed to the realm. He called the

young child, who was soon to be Louis XV., to his bedside, and

apparently without any sense of irony, exhorted him to remember his

God, to cherish peace, to avoid extravagance, and study the welfare of

his people. After receiving the last sacraments he repeated the

prayers for the dying in a firm voice and, calling on God's aid,

passed peacefully away. None but his official attendants, his priest

and physicians, saw the end: two days before, Madame de Maintenon had

retired to St. Cyr.

The demolition of what remained of mediaeval Paris proceeded apace

during Louis XIV.'s lifetime, and, at his death, the architectural

features of its streets were substantially those of the older Paris of

to-day. Colbert had taken up the costly legacy of the unfinished

Louvre before the petrified banalities of Versailles and Marly had

engulfed their millions, and, in 1660, the Hotel de Bourbon was given

over to the housebreakers to make room for the new east wing of the

palace. So vigorously did they set to work that when Moliere, whose

company performed there three days a week in alternation with the

Italian opera, came for the usual rehearsal, he found the theatre half

demolished. He applied to the king, who granted him the temporary use

of Richelieu's theatre in the Palais Royal, and his first performance

there was given on 20th January 1661.

Levau was employed to carry on Lemercier's work on the Louvre, and had

succeeded in completing the north wing and the river front in harmony

with Lescot's design, when in 1664 Colbert stayed further progress and

ordered him to prepare a model in wood of his proposed east wing.

Levau was stupefied, for he had elaborated with infinite study a

design for this portion of the palace, which he regarded as of supreme

importance, and which he hoped would crown his work. He had already

laid the foundations and erected the scaffolding when the order came.

Levau made his model, and a number of architects were invited to

criticise it: they did, and unanimously condemned it. Competitive

designs were then exhibited with the model and submitted to Colbert,

who took advantage of Poussin's residence at Rome to send them to the

great Italian architects for their judgment. The Italians delivered a

sweeping and general condemnation, and Poussin advised that Bernini

should be employed to design a really noble edifice. Louis was

delighted by the suggestion, and the loan of the architect of the

great Colonnade of St. Peter's was entreated of the pope by the king's

own hand in a letter dated 11th April 1665.

Bernini, in spite of his sixty-eight years, came to Paris, accompanied

by his son, where he was treated like a prince, and drew up a scheme

of classic grandeur. Levau's work on the east front was destroyed, and

in October 1665, Bernini's foundations were begun. The majestic new

design, however, ignored the exigencies of existing work and of

internal convenience, and gave opportunities for criticisms and

intrigue, which Colbert and the French architects,[146] forgetting

for the moment all domestic rivalry, were not slow to make the most

of. The offended Italian, three days after the ceremony of laying the

foundation stone by the king on the 17th October 1665, left to winter

in Rome, promising to return with his wife in the following February.

He carried with him a munificent gift of 3000 gold louis and a pension

of 12,000 livres for himself and of 1,200 for his son. The pension was

paid regularly up to 1674, but the great Bernini was never seen in

Paris again.

[Footnote 146: Bernini, according to Charles Perrault, was short in

stature, good-humoured, and seasoned his conversation with parables,

good stories and \_bons mots\_; never tiring of talking of his own

country, of Michel Angelo and of himself. For a full history of these

intrigues, see Ch. Normand's \_Paris\_.]

Among the designs originally submitted to Colbert, and approved by him

and Lebrun, was one which had not been sent to Rome. It was the work

of an amateur, Claude Perrault, a physician, whose brother, Charles

Perrault, was chief clerk in the Office of Works. This was brought

forth early in 1667, and a commission, consisting of Levau, Lebrun,

Claude Perrault and others, appointed to report on its practicability.

Levau promptly produced his own discarded designs, and both were

submitted to the king for a final decision on 13th May. Louis was

fascinated by the stately classicism of Perrault's design, and this

was adopted. "Architecture must be in a bad state," said his rivals,

"since it is put in the hands of a physician." Colbert seems, however,

to have distrusted Claude's technical powers and on his brother

Charles' advice a council of specialists, consisting of Levau, Lebrun,

and Claude was appointed under the presidency of Colbert. Charles was

made secretary and many were the quarrels between the rival architects

over practical details. Perrault's new wing was found to be

seventy-two feet too long, but the sovereign fiat had gone forth, the

new east facade was raised and the whole of Levau's river front was

masked by a new facade, rendered necessary by the excessive length of

Perrault's design. The whole south wing[147] is in consequence much

wider than any of the others which enclose the great quadrangle. Poor

Levau's end was hastened by vexation and grief. Even to this day the

north-east wing of Perrault's facade projects unsymmetrically beyond

the line of the north front. The work has been much criticised and

much praised. It evoked Fergusson's ecstatic admiration, was extolled

by Reynolds and eulogised by another critic as one of the finest

pieces of architecture in any age. Strangely enough, neither of these

ever saw, nor has anyone yet seen, more than a partial and stunted

realisation of Perrault's design, for, as the accompanying

reproduction of a drawing by Blondel demonstrates, the famous east

front of the Louvre is like a giant buried up to the knees, and the

present first-floor windows were an afterthought, their places having

been designed as niches to hold statues. The exactitude of Blondel's

elevations was finally proved in 1903 by the admirable insight of the

present architect of the Louvre, Monsieur G. Redon, who was led to

undertake the excavations which brought to light a section of

Perrault's decorated basement, by noticing that the windows of the

ground floor evidently implied a lower order beneath. This basement,

seven and a half metres in depth, now buried, was in Perrault's scheme

designed to be exposed by a fosse of some fifteen to twenty metres in

width, and the whole elevation and symmetry of the wing would have

immensely gained by the carrying out of his plans.

[Footnote 147: Levau's south facade was not completely hidden by

Perrault's screen, for the roofs of the end and central pavilions

emerged from behind it until they were destroyed by Gabriel in 1755.]

[Illustration: PORTION OF THE EAST FACADE OF THE LOUVRE FROM BLONDEL'S

DRAWING, SHOWING PERRAULT'S BASE.]

The construction was, however, interrupted in 1676, owing to the

king's abandonment of Paris. Colbert strenuously protested against the

neglect of the Louvre, and warned his master not to squander his

millions away from Paris and suffer posterity to measure his grandeur

by the ell of Versailles. It availed nothing. In 1670, 1,627,293

livres were allotted to the Louvre; in 1672 the sum had fallen to

58,000 livres; in 1676 to 42,082; in 1680 the subsidies practically

ceased, and the great palace was utterly neglected until 1754 when

Perrault's work was feebly continued by Gabriel and Soufflot.

Two domed churches in the south of Paris--the Val de Grace and St.

Louis of the Invalides--were also erected during Louis XIV.'s

lifetime. Among the many vows made by Anne of Austria during her

twenty-two years' unfruitful marriage was one made in the sanctuary of

the nunnery of the Val de Grace, to build there a magnificent church

to God's glory if she were vouchsafed a Dauphin. At length, on 18th

April 1645, the proud queen was able to lead the future king, a boy of

seven years, to lay the first stone. The church was designed by F.

Mansard on the model of St. Peter's at Rome, and was finished by

Lemercier and others.

A refuge had been founded as early as Henry IV.'s reign in an old

abbey in the Faubourg St. Marcel, for old and disabled soldiers. Louis

XIV., the greatest creator of \_invalides\_ France had seen, determined

in 1670 to extend the foundation, and erect a vast hospital, capable

of accommodating his aged, crippled or infirm soldiers. Bruant and

J.H. Mansard[148] among other architects were employed to raise the

vast pile of buildings which, when completed, are said to have been

capable of housing 7,000 men. A church dedicated to St. Louis was

comprehended in the scheme, and, in 1680, a second Eglise Royale was

erected, whose gilded dome is so conspicuous an object in south Paris;

the Eglise Royale, which Mansard designed, was subsequently added to

the church of St. Louis, and became its choir. Louis XIV.,

anticipating Napoleon's maxim that war must support war, raised the

funds needed for the foundation by ingeniously requiring all ordinary

and extraordinary treasurers of war to retain two deniers[149] on

every livre that passed through their hands.

[Footnote 148: Jules Hardouin, the younger Mansard, was a nephew and

pupil of Francois Mansard, and assumed his uncle's name. The latter

was the inventor of the Mansard roof.]

[Footnote 149: The sixth part of a sou.]

The old city gates of the Tournelle, Poissonniere (or St. Anne), St.

Martin, St. Denis, the Temple, St. Jacques, St. Victor, were

demolished, and triumphal arches, which still remain, erected to mark

the sites of the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin. Another arch, of St.

Antoine, was designed to surpass all existing or ancient monuments of

the kind, and many volumes were written concerning the language in

which the inscription should be composed, but the devouring maw of

Versailles had to be filled, and the arch was never completed. The

king for whose glory the monument was to be raised, cared so little

for it, that he suffered it to be pulled down.

Many new streets[150] were made, and others widened, among them the

ill-omened Rue de la Ferronnerie. The northern ramparts were levelled

and planted with trees from the Porte St. Antoine in the east to the

Porte St. Honore in the west, and in 1704 it was decided to continue

the planting in the south round the Faubourg St. Germain. The Place

Louis le Grand (now Vendome), and the Place des Victoires were

created; the river embankments were renewed and extended, and a fine

stone Pont Royal by J.H. Mansard, the most beautiful of the existing

bridges of Paris, was built to replace the old wooden structure that

led from the St. Germain quarter to the Tuileries. This in its turn

had replaced a ferry (\_bac\_) established by the Guild of Ferrymen, to

transport the stone needed for the construction of the Tuileries, and

the street which leads to the bridge still bears the name of the Rue

du Bac. The Isle Louviers was acquired by the Ville, and the

evil-smelling tanneries and dye-houses that disfigured the banks of

the Seine between the Greve and the Chatelet were cleared away; many

new fountains embellished the city, and ten new pumps increased the

supply of water. The poorer quarters were, however, little changed

from their old insanitary condition. A few years later Rousseau, fresh

from Turin, was profoundly disappointed by the streets of Paris as he

entered the city by the Faubourg St. Marceau. "I had imagined," he

writes, "a city as fair as it was great, and of a most imposing

aspect, whose superb streets were lined with palaces of marble and of

gold. I beheld filthy, evil-smelling, mean streets, ugly houses black

with dirt, a general air of uncleanness and of poverty, beggars and

carters, old clothes shop and tisane sellers."

[Footnote 150: Twelve alone were added to the St. Honore quarter by

levelling the Hill of St. Roch and clearing away accumulated rubbish.]

[Illustration: RIVER AND PONT ROYAL.]

It is now time to ask what had been done with the magnificent

inheritance which the fourteenth Louis had entered upon at the opening

of his reign: he left to his successor, a France crushed by an

appalling debt of 2,400,000,000 livres; a noblesse and an army in

bondage to money-lenders; public officials and fund-holders unpaid,

trade paralysed, and the peasants in some provinces so poor that even

straw was lacking for them to lie upon, many crossing the frontiers

in search of a less miserable lot. Scarcity of bread made disease

rampant at Paris, and as many as 4,500 sick poor were counted at one

time in the Hotel Dieu alone. Louis left a court that "sweated

hypocrisy through every pore," and an example of licentious and

unclean living and cynical disregard of every moral obligation, which

ate like a cancer into the vitals of the aristocracy.

CHAPTER XVI

\_Paris under the Regency and Louis XV.--The brooding Storm\_

Under the regency of the profligate Philip of Orleans, a profounder

depth was sounded. The vices of Louis' court were at least veiled by a

certain regal dignity, and the Grand Monarque was always keenly

sensitive, and at times nobly responsive, to any attack upon the

honour of France; but under the regent, libertinage and indifference

to national honour were flagrant and shameless. The Abbe Dubois, a

minister worthy of his prince, was, says St. Simon, "a mean-looking,

thin little man, with the face of a ferret, in whom every vice fought

for mastery." This creature profaned the seat of Richelieu and

Colbert, and rose to fill a cardinal's chair. The revenues of seven

abbeys fed his pride and luxury, and his annual income was estimated

at 1,534,000 livres, including his bribe from the English Government.

Visitors to Venice whose curiosity may have led them into the church

of S. Moise, will remember to have seen there a monument to a famous

Scotchman--John Law. This is the last home of an outlaw, a gambler,

and an adventurer, who, by his amazing skill and effrontery, plunged

the regency into a vortex of speculation, and for a time controlled

the finances of France. He persuaded the regent that by a liberal

issue of paper money he might wipe out the accumulated national

deficit of 100,000,000 livres, revive trade and industry, and

inaugurate a financial millennium. In 1718 Law's Bank at Paris after

a short and brilliant career as a private venture, was converted into

the Banque Royale, and by the artful flotation of a gigantic trading

speculation called the Mississippi Company, the bank-notes and company

shares were so manipulated that the latter were inflated to twenty

times their nominal value. The whole city seethed in a ferment of

speculation. The offices of the Bank in the Rue Quincampoix were daily

besieged by a motley crowd of princes, nobles, fine ladies,

courtesans, generals, prelates, priests, bourgeois and servants. A

hunchback made a fortune by lending his back as a desk; lacqueys

became masters in a day, and a \_parvenu\_ foot-man, by force of habit,

jumped up behind his own carriage in a fit of abstraction. The

inevitable catastrophe came at the end of 1719. The Prince of Conti

was observed taking away three cartloads of silver in exchange for his

paper; a panic ensued, every holder sought to realise, and the

colossal fabric came down with a crash, involving thousands of

families in ruin and despair. Law, after bravely trying to save the

situation and narrowly escaping being torn in pieces, fled to poverty

and death at Venice, and the financial state of France was worse than

before. Law was not, however, absolutely a quack; there was a seed of

good in his famous system of mobilising credit, and the temporary

stimulus it gave to trade permanently influenced mercantile practice

in Europe.

In 1723, Louis XV. reached his legal majority. The regent became chief

minister, and soon paid the penalty of his career of debauchery,

leaving as his successor the Duke of Bourbon, degenerate scion of the

great Conde and one of the chief speculators in the Mississippi

bubble. A perilous lesson had two years before been instilled into the

mind of the young Louis. After his recovery from an illness, an

immense concourse of people had assembled at a \_fete\_ given in the

gardens of the Tuileries palace; enormous crowds filled every inch of

the Place du Carrousel and the gardens; the windows and even the roofs

of the houses were alive with people crying "\_Vive le roi!\_" Marshal

Villeroi led the little lad of eleven to a window, showed him the sea

of exultant faces turned towards him, and exclaimed, "Sire, all this

people is yours; all belongs to you. Show yourself to them, and

satisfy them; you are the master of all."

The Infanta of Spain, at four years of age, had been betrothed to the

young king, and in 1723 was sent to Paris to be educated for her

exalted future. She was lodged in the Petite Galerie of the Louvre,

over the garden still known as the Garden of the Infanta,[151] and

after three years of exile the homesick little maid was returned to

Madrid; for Louis' weak health made it imperative that a speedy

marriage should be contracted if the succession to the throne were to

be assured. The choice finally fell on the daughter of Stanislaus

Leczynski, a deposed king of Poland and a pensioner of France.

Voltaire relates that the poor discrowned queen was sitting with her

daughter Marie in their little room at Wissembourg when the father,

bursting in, fell on his knees, crying, "Let us thank God, my child!"

"Are you then recalled to Poland?" asked Marie. "Nay, daughter, far

better," answered Stanislaus, "you are the queen of France." A

magnificent wedding at Fontainebleau exalted gentle, pious Marie from

poverty to the richest queendom in Europe; to a life of cruel neglect

and almost intolerable insult.

[Footnote 151: It extended as far as the entrance to the quadrangle

opposite the Pont des Arts. Blondel's drawings show a double line of

trees, north and south, enclosing a Renaissance garden of elaborate

design: a charming \_bosquet\_, or wood, filled the eastern extremity.]

The immoral Duke of Bourbon was followed by Cardinal Fleury, and at

length France experienced a period of honest administration, which

enabled the sorely-tried land to recover some of its wonted

elasticity. The Cardinal was, however, dominated by the Jesuits, and

both Protestants and Jansenists felt their cruel hand. During the

persecution of the Jansenists in 1782 a deacon, named Paris, died and

was canonised by the popular voice. Miracles were said to have been

wrought at his sepulchre in the cemetery of St. Medard; fanatics flung

themselves down on the tomb and writhed in horrible convulsions. So

great was the excitement and disorder that the Archbishop of Paris

denounced the miracles as the work of Satan, and the Government

ordered the cemetery to be closed. The next morning a profane

inscription was found over the entrance to the cemetery:--

"\_De par le roi defense a Dieu

De faire miracle en ce lieu.\_"[152]

[Footnote 152: "By order of the king, God is forbidden to work

miracles in this place."]

Before Louis sank irrevocably into the slothful indulgence that

stained his later years, he was stirred to essay a kingly \_role\_ by

Madame de Chateauroux, the youngest of four sisters who had

successively been his mistresses. She fired his indolent imagination

by appeals to the memory of his glorious ancestors, and the war of the

Austrian succession being in progress, Louis set forth with the army

of the great Marshal Saxe for Metz, where in August 1744 he was

stricken down by a violent fever, and in an access of piety was

induced to promise to dismiss his mistress and return to his abused

queen. As he lay on the brink of death, given up by his physicians

and prepared for the end by the administration of the last sacraments,

a royal phrase admirably adapted to capture the imagination of a

gallant people came from his lips. "Remember," he said to Marshal

Noailles, "remember that when Louis XIII. was being carried to the

grave, the Prince of Conde won a battle for France." The agitation of

the Parisians as the king hovered between life and death was

indescribable. The churches were thronged with sobbing people praying

for his recovery; when the courtiers came with news that he was out of

danger they were borne shoulder high in triumph through the streets,

and fervent thanksgiving followed in all the churches. People hailed

him as Louis le Bien-Aime; even the callous heart of the king was

pierced by their loyalty and he cried, "What have I done to deserve

such love?" So easy was it to win the affection of this warm-hearted

people.

The brilliant victories of Marshal Saxe, and the consequent Peace of

Aix-la-Chapelle, brought some years of prosperity. Wealth increased;

Paris became more than ever a centre of intellectual splendour and

social refinement, where the arts administered to luxurious ease and

to the fair frailties of passion. But it was a period of riotous pride

and regal licentiousness unparalleled even in the history of France.

Louis XIV. at least exacted good breeding and wit in his mistresses:

his descendant enslaved himself to the commonest and most abandoned of

women. For twenty years the destinies of the people, and the whole

patronage of the Government, the right to succeed to the most sacred

and exalted offices in the Church, were bartered and intrigued for in

the chamber of a harlot and procuress, and under the influence of the

Pompadours and the Du Barrys a crowned \_roue\_ allowed the state to

drift into financial, military and civil[153] disaster.

[Footnote 153: In 1753 between 20th January and 20th February two

hundred persons died of want (\_misere\_) in the Faubourg St. Antoine.]

"Authentic proofs exist," says Taine, "demonstrating that Madame de

Pompadour cost Louis XV. a sum equal to about seventy-two millions of

present value (L2,880,000)." She would examine the plans of campaign

of her marshals in her boudoir, and mark with patches (\_mouches\_) the

places to be defended or attacked. Such was the mad extravagance of

the court that to raise money recourse was had to taxation of the

clergy, which the prelates successfully resisted; the old quarrel with

the Jansenists was revived, and soon Church and Crown were convulsed

by an agitation that shook society to its very base. During the

popular ferment the king was attacked in 1757 by a crack-brained

fanatic named Damiens, who scratched him with a penknife as he was

entering his coach at Versailles. The poor crazy wretch, who at most

deserved detention in an asylum, was first subjected to a cruel

judicial torture, then taken to the Place de Greve, where he was

lacerated with red-hot pincers and, after boiling lead had been poured

into the wounds, his quivering body was torn to pieces by four horses,

and the fragments burned to ashes.

A few years later the long-suffering Jansenists were avenged with

startling severity. The Jesuits, to their honour be it said, shocked

by the infamies of the royal seraglio in the Parc aux Cerfs, made use

of their ascendency at Court to awaken in the king's mind some sense

of decency: they did but add the bitter animosity of Madame de

Pompadour to the existing hostility of the Parlement of Paris. Louis,

urged by his minister the Duke of Choiseul, and by the arts of his

mistress, abandoned the Jesuits to their enemies: the Parlement

suppressed the Society, secularised its members and confiscated its

property.

The closing years of the Well-Beloved's reign were years of

unmitigated ignominy and disaster. Indian conquests were muddled away,

and the gallant Dupleix died broken-hearted and in misery at Paris.

Canada was lost. During the Seven Years' War the incapacity and

administrative corruption of Madame de Pompadour's favourites made

them the laughing-stock of Paris. In 1770 the Duke of Choiseul refused

to tolerate the vile Du Barry, whom we may see in Madame Campan's

Memoirs sitting on the arm of Louis' chair at a council of state,

playing her monkey tricks to amuse the old sultan, snatching sealed

orders from his hand and making the royal dotard chase her round the

council chamber. She swore to ruin the duke and, aided by a cabal of

Jesuit sympathisers and noble intriguers, succeeded in compassing his

dismissal. The Parlement of Paris paid for its temerity: it and the

whole of the parlements in France were suppressed, and seven hundred

magistrates exiled by \_lettres de cachet\_. Every patriotic Frenchman

now felt the gathering storm. Madame Campan writes that twenty years

before the crash came it was common talk in her father's house (he was

employed in the Foreign Office) that the old monarchy was rapidly

sinking and a great change at hand. Indeed, the writing on the wall

was not difficult to read. The learned and virtuous Malesherbes and

many another distinguished member of the suppressed parlements warned

the king of the dangers menacing the crown, but so sunk was its wearer

in sensual stupefaction that he only murmured: "Well, it will last my

time," and with his flatterers and strumpets uttered the famous

words--"\_Apres nous le deluge\_." So lost to all sense of honour was

Louis, that he defiled his hands with bribes from tax-farmers who

ground the faces of the poor, and became a large shareholder in an

infamous syndicate of capitalists that bought up the corn of France in

order to export and then import it at enormous profit. This abominable

\_Pacte de Famine\_ created two artificial famines in France; its

authors battened on the misery of the people, and for any who lifted

their voices against it the Bastille yawned.

In 1768 the poor abused and neglected queen, Marie Leczinska died. The

court sank from bad to worse: void now of all dignity, all gaiety, all

wit and all elegance, it drifted to its doom. Six years passed, when

Louis was smitten by confluent small-pox and a few poor women were

left to perform the last offices on the mass of pestiferous corruption

that once was the fifteenth Louis of France.[154] None could be found

to embalm the corpse, and spirits of wine were poured into the coffin

which was carried to St. Denis without pomp and amid the

half-suppressed curses of the people. Before the breath had left the

body, a noise as of thunder was heard approaching the chamber of the

Dauphin and Marie Antoinette: it was the sound of the courtiers

hastening to grovel before the new king and queen. Warned that they

had now inherited the awful legacy of the French monarchy, they flung

themselves in tears on their knees, and exclaimed--"O God, guide and

protect us! We are too young to govern."

[Footnote 154: Some conception of the insanitary condition of the

court may be formed by the fact that fifty persons were struck down

there by this loathsome disease during the king's illness.]

The degradation of the monarchy during the reign is reflected in the

condition of the Louvre. Henry IV.'s great scheme, which Louis XIII.

had inherited and furthered, included a colossal equestrian statue,

which was to stand on a rocky pedestal in the centre of a new Place,

before the east front of the Louvre, but the regency revoked the

scheme, and for thirty years nothing was done. It had even been

proposed under the ministry of Cardinal Fleury to pull the whole

structure down and sell the site. The neglect of the palace during

these years is almost incredible. Perrault's fine facade was hidden by

the half-demolished walls of the Hotels de Longueville, de Villequier,

and de Bourbon. The east wing itself was unroofed on the quadrangle

side and covered with rotting boarding. Perrault's columns on the

outer facade were unchannelled, the capitals unfinished, the portal

unsculptured, and the post-office stabled its horses along the whole

of the wing from the middle entrance to the north angle. The royal

apartments of Anne of Austria in the Petite Galerie were used as

stables; so, too, were the halls where now is housed the collection of

Renaissance sculpture. The Infanta's garden was a yard where grooms

exercised their horses; a colony of poor artists and court attendants

were lodged in the upper floors, and over most of the great halls

entresols were constructed to increase this kind of accommodation. The

building was described as a huge caravanserai, where each one lodged

and worked as he chose, and over which might have been placed the

legend, "\_Ici on loge a pied et a cheval\_." Worse still, an army of

squatters, ne'er-do-wells, bankrupts and defaulting debtors took

refuge in the wooden sheds left by the contractors, or built others--a

miserable gangrene of hovels--against the east facade. Perrault's base

had been concealed by rubbish and apparently forgotten. Stove-pipes

issued from the broken windows of the upper floors, the beautiful

stone-work was blackened by smoke, cracked by frost and soiled by

rusting iron clamps; the quadrangle was a chaos of uncut stone,

rubbish and filth, in the centre of which, where the king's statue was

designed to stand, the royal architect had built himself a large

mansion; a mass of mean houses encumbered the Carrousel, and the

almost ruined church of St. Nicholas was a haunt of beggars. Such a

grievous eyesore was the building that the provost in 1751 offered, in

the name of the citizens, to repair and complete the palace if a part

were assigned to them as an Hotel de Ville. In 1754 Madame de

Pompadour's brother, M. de Marigny, had been appointed Commissioner of

Works, and Louis was persuaded to authorise the repair and completion

of the Louvre. Gabriel being made architect set about his work in 1758

by clearing out the squatters and the accumulated rubbish in the

quadrangle, and evicting the occupants of the stables. The ruins of

the Hotels de Longueville, de Villequier, and de Bourbon were

demolished and grass plots laid before Perrault's east front, which

was restored and for the first time made visible. The west front,

giving on the quadrangle, was then repaired and the third floor nearly

completed, when funds were exhausted and it was left unroofed. An

epigram, put into the mouth of the king of Denmark, who visited Paris

in 1768, tersely describes the condition of the palace at this time:--

"J'ai vu le Louvre et son enceinte immense,

Vaste palais qui depuis deux cent ans,

Toujours s'acheve et toujours se commence.

Deux ouvriers, manoeuvres faineants,

Hatent tres lentement ces riches batiments

Et sont payes quand on y pense."[155]

[Footnote 155: "I have seen the Louvre and its huge enclosure, a vast

palace which for two hundred years is always being finished and always

begun. Two workmen, lazy hodmen, speed very slowly those rich

buildings, and are paid when they are thought of."]

During Louis XVI.'s reign little or nothing was done. Soufflot was

making feeble efforts to complete Perrault's north front when the

Revolution came to arrest his work. So lost to reverence and devoid of

artistic sentiment were the official architects of this period, that a

sacrilege worse than any wrought by revolutionists was perpetrated at

the instance of the canons of Notre Dame. Louis XIV. had begun the

vandalism by demolishing the beautiful old Gothic high altar and

replacing it by a huge, ponderous anachronism in marble, on whose

foundation stone, laid in 1699, was placed an inscription to the

effect that Louis the Great, son of Louis the Just, having subdued

heresy, established the true religion in his realm and ended wars

gloriously by land and sea, built the altar to fulfil the vow of his

father, and dedicated it to the God of Arms and Master of Peace and

Victory under the invocation of the Holy Virgin, patroness and

protector of his States. The beautiful fifteenth-century stalls, the

choir screen, and many of the fine old Gothic tombs of marble and

bronze in the church, the monuments of six centuries, were destroyed.

But to the reign of Louis the Well-Beloved was reserved the crowning

infamy: in 1741 the glorious old stained-glass windows, rivalling

those of Chartres in richness, were destroyed by Levreil and replaced

by grisaille with yellow fleur-de-lys ornamentation. Happily the

destruction of the rose windows was deemed too expensive, and they

escaped. The famous colossal statue of St. Christopher, the equestrian

monument of Philip le Bel, and a popular statue of the Virgin, were

broken down by these clerical iconoclasts. In 1771 the canons

instructed Soufflot to throw down the pillar of the central porch,

with its beautiful statue of Christ, to make room for their

processions to enter. The priceless sculpture of the tympanum was cut

through to make a loftier and wider entrance, and the whole symmetry

of the west front was grievously destroyed.[156] This hideous

architectural deformity remained until a son of the Revolution,

Viollet le Duc, restored the portal to its original form. After the

havoc wrought at Notre Dame, Soufflot's energies were diverted to the

holy mount of St. Genevieve. Louis XV. had attributed his recovery at

Metz to the intercession of the saint, and in 1754, when the abbot

complained to the king of the almost ruined condition of the abbey

church, he found a sympathetic listener. Soufflot and the chapter, who

shared the prevalent contempt of Gothic, decided to abandon the

venerable old pile, with its millennial associations of the patron

saint of Paris, and to build a grand domed classic temple on the abbey

lands to the west. Funds for the sacred work were raised by levying a

tax on public lotteries. The old church, with the exception of the

tower, was finally demolished in 1802, when the rude stone coffin

which had held the body of St. Genevieve until it was burnt by

revolutionary fanatics, was transferred to St. Etienne du Mont.

[Footnote 156: The aspect of the west front with Soufflot's

"improvements" is well seen in \_Les Principaux Monuments Gothiques de

l'Europe\_, published in Brussels, 1843.]

[Illustration: SOUTH DOOR OF NOTRE DAME.]

On 6th September 1764, the crypt of the new St. Genevieve being

completed, the Well-Beloved laid the first stone of the church.

Scarcely was the scaffolding removed after thirteen years of

constructive labour, and the expenditure of sixteen millions of

livres, when it became necessary to call in Soufflot's pupil Rondelet,

to shore up the walls and strengthen the columns which had proved too

weak to sustain the weight of the huge cupola. But before the temple

was consecrated, the Revolutionists came, and noting its monumental

aspect used it with admirable fitness as a Pantheon Francais for the

remains of their heroes; the dome designed to cover the relics of St.

Genevieve soared over the ashes of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Rousseau and

Marat. Thrice has this unlucky fane been the prize of Catholic and

Revolutionary reactionaries. In 1806 Napoleon I. restored it to

Christian worship; in 1822 the famous inscription--"\_Aux grands Hommes

la Patrie reconnaissante\_" was removed by Louis XVIII., and replaced by

a dedication to God and St. Genevieve; in 1830 Louis Philippe, the

citizen king, transferred it to secular and monumental uses, and

restored the former inscription; in 1851 the perjured Prince-President

Napoleon, while the streets of Paris were yet red with the blood of

his victims, again surrendered it to the Catholic Church; in 1885 it

was reconverted to a national Walhalla for the reception of Victor

Hugo's remains.

The pseudo-classic church of St. Sulpice, begun in 1665 and not

completed until 1777, is a monument of the degraded taste of this

unhappy time. At least three architects, Gamart, Levau and the Italian

Servandoni, are responsible for this monstrous pile, whose towers have

been aptly compared by Victor Hugo to two huge clarionets. The

building has, however, a certain \_puissante laideur\_, as Michelet said

of Danton, and is imposing from its very mass, but it is dull and

heavy and devoid of all charm and imagination. Nothing exemplifies

more strikingly the mutation of taste that has taken place since the

eighteenth century than the fact that this church is the only one

mentioned by Gibbon in the portion of his autobiography which refers

to his first visit to Paris, where it is distinguished as "one of the

noblest structures in Paris."

CHAPTER XVII

\_Louis XVI.--The Great Revolution--Fall of the Monarchy\_

Crowned vice was now succeeded by crowned folly. The grandson of Louis

XV., a well-meaning but weak and foolish youth, and his thoughtless,

pleasure-loving queen, were confronted by state problems that would

have taxed the genius of a Richelieu in the maturity of his powers.

Injustice, misery, oppression, discontent, were clamant and almost

universal; taxes had doubled since the death of Louis XIV.; there were

30,000 beggars in Paris alone, and from 720,000 in 1700 the population

had in 1784 decreased to 620,000. The penal code was of inhuman

ferocity; law was complicated, ruinous and partial, and national

credit so low that loans could be obtained only against material

pledges and at interest five times as great as that paid by England.

Wealthy bishops and abbots[157] and clergy, noblesse and royal

officials, were wholly exempt from the main incidents of taxation; for

personal and land taxes, tithes and forced labour, were exacted from

the common people alone. No liberty of worship, nor of thought:

Protestants were condemned to the galleys by hundreds; booksellers met

the same fate. Authors and books were arbitrarily sent by \_lettres de

cachet\_ to the Bastille or Vincennes. Yet in spite of all repression,

a generation of daring, witty, emancipated thinkers in Paris was

elaborating a weapon of scientific, rationalistic and liberal doctrine

that cut at the very roots of the old \_regime\_. "I care not whether a

man is good or bad," says the Deity in Blake's prophetic books, "all I

care, is whether he is a wise man or a fool." While France was in

travail of the palingenesis of the modern world, the futile king was

trifling with his locks and keys and colouring maps, the queen playing

at shepherdesses at Trianon or performing before courtiers, officers

and equerries the \_roles\_ of Rosina in the \_Barbier de Seville\_ and of

Colette in the \_Devin du Village\_, the latter composed by the

democratic philosopher, whose \_Contrat Social\_ was to prove the Gospel

of the Revolution.[158] Jean Jacques Rousseau, the solitary,

self-centred Swiss engraver and musician, has described for us in

words that will bear translation how an ineffaceable impression of the

sufferings of the people was burnt into his memory, and the fire of an

unquenchable hatred of their oppressors was kindled in his breast.

Journeying on foot between Paris and Lyons, he was one day diverted

from his path by the beauty of the landscape, and wandered about,

seeking in vain to discover his way. "At length," he writes, "weary,

and dying of thirst and hunger, I entered a peasant's house, not a

very attractive one, but the only one I could see. I imagined that

here as in Switzerland every inhabitant of easy means would be able to

offer hospitality. I entered and begged that I might have dinner by

paying for it. The peasant handed me some skim milk and coarse barley

bread, saying that was all he had. The milk seemed delicious and I ate

the bread, straw and all, but it was not very satisfying to one

exhausted by fatigue. The man scrutinised me and judged by my

appetite the truth of the story I had told. Suddenly, after saying

that he perceived I was a good, honest youth and not there to spy upon

him, he opened a trap door, descended and returned speedily with some

good wheaten bread, a ham appetising but rather high, and a bottle of

wine which rejoiced my heart more than all the rest. He added a good

thick omelette and I enjoyed a dinner such as those alone who travel

on foot can know. When it came to paying, his anxiety and fears again

seized him; he would have none of my money and pushed it aside,

exceedingly troubled, nor could I imagine what he was afraid of. At

last he uttered with a shudder the terrible words, \_commis, rats de

cave\_" ("assessors, cellar rats"). He made me understand that he hid

the wine because of the \_aides\_,[159] and the bread because of the

\_tailles\_,[160] and that he would be a ruined man if it were supposed

that he was not dying of hunger. That man, although fairly well-off,

dared not eat the bread earned by the sweat of his brow, and could

only escape ruin by pretending to be as miserable as those he saw

around him. I issued forth from that house indignant as well as

affected, deploring the lot of that fair land where nature had

lavished all her gifts only to become the spoil of barbarous

tax-farmers (\_publicans\_)." And Voltaire, that implacable avenger of

injustice, in verse that rends the heart, has in \_les Finances\_,

(1775), pictured a peaceful home ruined; its inmates evicted to

misery, to the galleys and to death, by the cruel exactions of the

royal director of the \_aides\_ and \_gabelles\_, with his \_sergents de la

finance habilles en guerriers\_. The elder Mirabeau too has told how he

saw a bailiff cut off the hand of a peasant woman who had clung to her

kitchen utensils when distraint was made on her poor possessions for

dues exacted by the tax-farmers. In 1776 two poor starving wretches

were hanged on the gallows of the Place de Greve at Paris for having

stolen some bread from a baker's shop.

[Footnote 157: Taine estimates the revenues of thirty-three abbots in

terms of modern values at from 140,000 to 480,000 francs (L5,600 to

L19,200). Twenty-seven abbesses enjoyed revenues nearly as large.]

[Footnote 158: The score of Rousseau's opera is still preserved in the

Bibliotheque Nationale.]

[Footnote 159: The Excise duty.]

[Footnote 160: Personal and land-taxes paid by the humbler classes

alone.]

"But though the gods see clearly, they are slow

In marking when a man, despising them,

Turns from their worship to the scorn of fools."

Half a century had elapsed since that meal in the peasant's house when

the Nemesis that holds sleepless vigil over the affairs of men stirred

her pinions and, like a strong angel with glittering sword, prepared

to avenge the wrongs of a people whose rulers had outraged every law,

human and divine, by which human society is held together. King,

nobles, and prelates had a supreme and an awful choice. They might

have led and controlled the Revolution; they chose to oppose it, and

were broken into shivers as a potter's vessel.

After the memorable cannonade at Valmy, a knot of defeated German

officers gathered in rain and wind moodily around the circle where

they durst not kindle the usual camp-fire. In the morning the army had

talked of nothing but spitting and devouring the whole French nation:

in the evening everyone went about alone; nobody looked at his

neighbour, or if he did, it was but to curse and swear. "At last,"

says Goethe, "I was called upon to speak, for I had been wont to

enliven and amuse the troop with short sayings. This time I said,

'From this day forth, and from this place, a new era begins in the

history of the world and you can all say that you were present at its

birth.'" This is not the place to write the story of the French

Revolution. Those who would read the tremendous drama may be referred

to the pages of Carlyle. As a formal history, that work of

transcendent genius is open to criticism, especially on the score of

accuracy in detail. Indeed to the present writer the magnificent and

solemn prosody seems to partake of the nature of a Greek chorus--the

comment of an idealised spectator, assuming that the hearer has the

drama unfolding before his eyes. Recent researches have supplemented

and modified our knowledge. It is no longer possible to accept the

more revolting representations of the misery[161] of the French

peasantry as true of the whole of France, for France before the

Revolution was an assemblage of many provinces of varying social

conditions, subjected to varying administrative laws. Nor can we

accept Carlyle's portraiture of Robespierre as history, after Louis

Blanc's great work. So far from Robespierre having been the

bloodthirsty protagonist of the later Terror, it was precisely his

determination to make an end of the more savage excesses of the

extreme Terrorists and to chastise their more furious pro-consuls,

such as Carrier and Fouche, that brought about his ruin. It was men

like Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varenne and Barrere, the bloodiest of

the Terrorists, who, to save their own heads, united to cast the odium

of the later excesses on Robespierre, and to overthrow him.[162] The

Thermidorians had no intention of staying the Terror and the actual

consequences of their success were wholly unexpected by them. But

whatever defects there be in Carlyle, his readers will at least

understand the significance of the Revolution, and why it is that the

terrible, but temporary excesses which stained its progress have been

so unduly magnified by reactionary politicians, while the cruelties of

the White Terror[163] are passed by.

[Footnote 161: It is difficult, however, to read the sober and

irrefutable picture of their miserable condition, given in the famous

Books II. and V. of Taine's \_Ancien Regime\_, without deep emotion.]

[Footnote 162: See also Bodley's \_France\_, where the author favours

the view that Robespierre was not a democrat with a thirst for blood,

but rather a man of government, destroyed as a reactionary by

surviving Revolutionists who saw their end coming.]

[Footnote 163: After the Thermidorian reaction in 1795, ninety-seven

Jacobins were massacred by the royalists at Lyons on 5th May; thirty

at Aix on 11th May. Similar horrors were enacted at Avignon, Arles,

and Marseilles, and at other places in the south.]

Camille Desmoulins has described in his Memoirs how on 11th July he

was lifted on the famous table, known as the tripod of the Revolution,

in front of the Cafe Foy, in the garden of the Palais Royal, and

delivered that short but pregnant oration which preceded the capture

of the Bastille on the 14th, warning the people that a St. Bartholomew

of patriots was contemplated, and that the Swiss and German troops in

the Champ de Mars were ready for the butchery. As the crowd rushed to

the Hotel de Ville, shouting "To arms!" they were charged by the

Prince de Lambesc at the head of a German regiment, and the first

blood of the Revolution in Paris was shed.

The Bastille, like the monarchy, was the victim of its past sins. That

grisly fortress, long useless as a defence of Paris, with the jaws of

its rusty cannon opening on the most populous quarter of the city to

overawe sedition, and its sinister memories of the Man in the Iron

Mask,[164] symbolised in the popular mind all that was hateful in the

old \_regime\_, though it had long ceased to be more than occasionally

used as a state prison. If we would restore its aspect we must imagine

the houses at the ends of the Rue St. Antoine and the Boulevard Henri

IV. away and the huge mass erect on their site and on the lines

marked in white stone on the present Place de la Bastille. A great

portal, always open by day, yawned on the Rue St. Antoine opposite the

Rue des Tournelles and gave access to the first quadrangle which was

lined with shops and the houses of the \_personnel\_ of the prison: then

came a second gate, with entrances for carriages and for foot

passengers, each with its drawbridge. Beyond these a second quadrangle

was entered, to the right of which stood the Governor's house and an

armoury. Another double portal to the left gave entrance across the

old fosse once fed by the waters of the Seine, to the prison fortress

itself, with its eight tall blackened towers, each divided into five

floors, and its crenelated ramparts.

[Footnote 164: A whole library has been written concerning the

identity of this famous prisoner. There is little doubt that the mask

was of velvet and not of iron, and that the mysterious captive who

died on 19th November 1703 in the Bastille, was Count Mattioli of

Bologna, who was secretly arrested for having betrayed the confidence

of Louis XIV.]

The Bastille, which in the time of the English rule, had seen as its

captains the Duke of Exeter, Falstaff, and invincible Talbot, was

first used in Richelieu's time as a permanent state prison, and filled

under Louis XIV. with Jansenists and Protestants, who were thus

separated from the prisoners of the common jails; and, later, under

Louis XV. by a whole population of obnoxious pamphleteers and

champions of philosophy. Books as well as their authors were

incarcerated, and released when considered no longer dangerous; the

tomes of famous \_Encyclopedie\_ spent some years there. From the middle

of the eighteenth century the horrible, dark and damp dungeons, half

underground and sometimes flooded, formerly inhabited by the lowest

type of criminals, were reserved as temporary cells for insubordinate

prisoners, and since the accession of Louis XIV. they were no more

used. The Bastille during the reigns of the three later Louis was the

most comfortable prison in Paris, and detention there rather than in

the other prisons was often sought for and granted as a favour; the

prisoners might furnish their rooms, and have their own libraries and

food. In the middle of the seventeenth century, certain rooms were

furnished at the king's expense for those who were without means. The

rooms were warmed, the prisoners well fed, and sums varying from three

to thirty-five francs per day, according to condition,[165] were

allotted for their maintenance. A considerable amount of personal

liberty was allowed to many and indemnities were in later years paid

to those who had been unjustly detained. But a prison where men are

confined indefinitely without trial and at a king's arbitrary pleasure

is none the less intolerable, however its horrors be mitigated.

Prisoners were sometimes forgotten, and letters are extant from

Louvois and other ministers, asking the governor to report how many

years certain prisoners had been detained, and if he remembered what

they were charged with. In Louis XIV.'s reign 2228 persons were

incarcerated there; in Louis XV.'s, 2567. From the accession of Louis

XVI. to the destruction of the prison the number had fallen to 289.

Seven were found there when the fortress was captured, the remainder

having been transferred to Vincennes and other prisons by the governor

who had some fears of treachery within but none of danger from

without. Four were accused of forgery, two insane; one, the Count of

Solages, accused of a monstrous crime, was detained there to spare the

feelings of his family. So unexpected was the attack, that although

well furnished with means of defence, the governor had less than

twenty-four hours' provisions in hand when the assault began.

[Footnote 165: Only five francs were allowed for a bourgeois; a man of

letters was granted ten; a Marshal of France obtained the maximum.]

The Bastille, some time before its fall, was already under sentence of

demolition, and various schemes for its disposal were before the

court. One project was to destroy seven of the towers, leaving the

eighth standing in a dilapidated state. On the site of the seven, a

pedestal formed of chains and bolts from the dungeons and gates was to

bear a statue of Louis XVI. in the attitude of a liberator, pointing

with outstretched hand towards the remaining tower in ruins. But Louis

XVI. was always too late, and the Place de la Bastille, with its

column raised to those who fell in the Revolution of July, 1830, now

recalls the second and final triumph of the people over the Bourbon

kings. Some stones of the Bastille were, however, "in order that they

might be trodden under foot by the people for ever," built into the

new Pont Louis Seize, subsequently called Pont de la Revolution and

now known as Pont de la Concorde; others were sold to speculators and

were retailed at prices so high that people complained that Bastille

stones were as dear as the best butcher's meat. Models of the

Bastille, dominoes, inkstands, boxes and toys of all kinds were made

of the material and had a ready sale all over France.

Far to the west and on the opposite side of the Seine is the immense

area of the Champ de Mars, where, on the anniversary of the fall of

the Bastille, was enacted the fairest scene of the Revolution. The

whole population of Paris, with their marvellous instinct of order and

co-operation, spontaneously set to work to dig the vast amphitheatre

which was to accommodate the 100,000 representatives of France, and

400,000 spectators, all united in an outburst of fraternal love and

hope to swear allegiance to the new Constitution before the altar of

the Fatherland. The king had not yet lost the affection of his people.

As he came to view the marvellous scene an improvised bodyguard of

excavators, bearing spades, escorted him about. When he was swearing

the oath to the Constitution, the queen, standing on a balcony of the

\_Ecole militaire\_, lifted up the dauphin as if to associate him in his

father's pledge. Suddenly the rain which had marred the great festival

ceased, the sun burst forth and flooded in a splendour of light, the

altar, Bishop Talleyrand, his four hundred clergy, and the king with

upraised hand. The solemn music of the \_Te Deum\_ mingled with the wild

paean of joy and enthusiasm that burst from half a million throats.

The unconscionable folly, the feeble-minded vacillation and miserable

trickery by which this magnificent popularity was muddled away is one

of the saddest tragedies in the stories of kings. It is clear from Sir

S. Romilly's letters that after the acceptance of the Constitution,

Louis was popular among all classes. But the people, with unerring

instinct, had fixed on the queen as one of the chief obstacles to what

might have been a peaceful revolution. Neither Marie Antoinette nor

Louis Capet comprehended the tremendous significance of the forces

they were playing with--the resolute and invincible determination of a

people of twenty-six millions to emancipate itself from the

accumulated wrongs of centuries. "\_Eh bien! factieux\_," said Marie to

the Commissioners from the Assembly after the return from Varennes,

"\_vous triomphez encore!\_" The despatches and opinions of American

ambassadors during this period are of much value. The democratic

Thomas Jefferson, reviewing in later years the course of events,

declared that had there been no queen there would have been no

revolution. Governor Morris, whose anti-revolutionary and conservative

leanings made him the friend and confidant of the royal family, writes

to Washington on January 1790: "If only the reigning prince were not

the small-beer character he is, and even only tolerably watchful of

events, he would regain his authority," but "what would you have," he

continues scornfully "from a creature who, in his situation, eats,

drinks, and sleeps well, and laughs, and is as merry a grig as lives.

He must float along on the current of events and is absolutely a

cypher." Nor would the court forego its crooked ways. "The queen is

even more imprudent," Morris writes in 1791, "and the whole court is

given up to petty intrigues worthy only of footmen and chambermaids."

Moreover, in its amazing ineptitude, the monarchy had already toyed

with republicanism by lending active military support to the

revolutionists in America, at a cost to the already over-burdened

treasury of 1,200,000,000 livres.

The American ambassador, Benjamin Franklin, was crowned at court with

laurel as the apostle of liberty, and in the very palace of

Versailles, medallions of Franklin were sold, bearing the inscription:

"\_Eripui coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis\_" ("I have snatched the

lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants"). The

revolutionary song, \_Ca ira\_, owes its origin to Franklin's invariable

response to inquiries as to the progress of the American revolutionary

movement.[166] There was explosive material enough in France to make

playing with celestial fire perilous, and while the political

atmosphere was heavy with the threatening storm, thousands of French

soldiers returned saturated with enthusiasm and sympathy for the

American revolution. Already before the Feast of the Federation the

queen had been in secret correspondence with the \_emigres\_ at Turin

and at Coblenz who were conspiring to throttle the nascent liberty of

France. Madame Campan relates that the queen made her read a

confidential letter from the Empress Catherine of Russia, concluding

with these words: "Kings ought to proceed in their career undisturbed

by the cries of the people as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by

the howling of dogs." Mirabeau was already in the pay of the monarchy;

and attempts were made to buy over Robespierre, who up to 10th August

was an avowed defender of the Constitution, by an offer of the

emoluments and the nominal post of tutor to the dauphin in return for

his support of the royal cause.

[Footnote 166: When Sir S. Romilly called on Franklin in 1783, the

latter expressed his amazement that the French Government had

permitted the publication of the American Constitution, which produced

a great impression in Paris. The music of \_Ca ira\_, taken from a dance

tune, \_Le Carillon National\_, very popular in the \_guinguettes\_ of

Paris, has been published in the \_Revolution Francaise\_ for 16th

December 1898.]

As early as December 1790 the court had been in secret communication

with the foreigner. Louis' brother, the Count of Artois (afterwards

Charles X.), with the queen's and king's approval, had made a secret

treaty with the House of Hapsburg, the hereditary enemy of France, by

which the sovereigns of Austria, Prussia and Spain agreed to cross the

frontier at a given signal, and close on France with an army a hundred

thousand strong. It was an act of impious treachery, and the beginning

of the doom of the French Monarchy. Yet if but some glimmer of

intelligence and courage had characterised the preparations for the

flight of the royal family to join the armed forces waiting to receive

them near the frontier, their lives at least had been saved.

The incidents of the four months' "secret" preparations to leave the

Tuileries as described by Madame Campan--the disguised purchases of

elaborate wardrobes of underlinen and gowns; the making of a

dressing-case of enormous size, fitted with many and various articles

from a warming-pan to a silver porringer; the packing of the

diamonds--read like scenes in a comedy. The story of the pretended

flight of the Russian baroness and her family; the start delayed by

the queen losing her way in the slums of the Carrousel; the colossal

folly of the whole business has been told by Carlyle in one of the

most dramatic chapters in history.

The Assembly declared on hearing of Louis' flight, that the government

of the country was unaffected and that the executive power remained in

the hands of the ministers. After voting a levy of three hundred

thousand National Guards to meet the threatened invasion, they passed

calmly to the discussion of the new Penal Code.

The king returned to Paris through an immense and silent multitude.

"Whoever applauds the king," said placards in the street, "shall be

thrashed; whoever insults him, hung." The idea of a republic as a

practical issue of the situation was now for the first time put

forward by the extremists, but met with little sympathy, and a

Republican demonstration in the Champ de Mars was suppressed by the

Assembly by martial law at the cost of many lives. Owing to the

aversion felt by Marie Antoinette to Lafayette, who with affectionate

loyalty more than once had risked his popularity and life to serve the

crown, the court made the fatal mistake of opposing his election to

the mayoralty of Paris and paved the way for the triumph of Petion and

of the Dantonists.

At the news of the first victories of the invading Prussians and

\_emigres\_, Louis added to his amazing tale of follies by vetoing the

formation of a camp near Paris and by turning a deaf ear to the

earnest entreaties of the brave and sagacious Dumouriez and accepting

his resignation. He sent a secret agent with confidential instructions

to the \_emigres\_ and the coalesced foreign armies: the ill-starred

proclamation[167] of the Duke of Brunswick completed the destruction

of the monarchy. While the French were smarting under defeat and stung

by the knowledge that their natural defender, the king, was leagued

with their enemies, this foreign soldier warned a high-spirited and

gallant nation that he was come to restore Louis XVI. to his

authority, and threatened to treat as rebellious any town that opposed

his march, to shoot all persons taken with arms in their hands, and in

the event of any insult being offered to the royal family to take

exemplary and memorable vengeance by delivering up the city of Paris

to military execution and complete demolition. When the proclamation

reached Paris at the end of July 1792, it sounded the death knell of

the king and the triumph of the Republicans. Paris was now to become,

in Goethe's phrase, the centre of the "world whirlwind"--a storm

centre launching forth thunderbolts of terror. After the Assembly had

twice refused to bring the king to trial, the extremists were able to

organise and direct an irresistible wave of popular indignation

towards the Tuileries, and on 10th August the palace was stormed.

While a band of brave and devoted Swiss guards was being cut to pieces

in hundreds, the feeble and futile king had fled to the Assembly and

was sitting safely with his wife and children in a box behind the

president's chair.

[Footnote 167: It was composed by one of the \_emigres\_, M. de Limon,

approved by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, and

signed, against his better judgment, by the Duke of Brunswick.]

No room for compromise now. The printed trial of Charles I. was

everywhere sold and read. "This," people said, "was how the English

dealt with an impossible king and became a free nation." Old and new

were in death-grapple, and the lives of many victims, for the people

lost heavily,[168] had sealed the cause of the Revolution with a

bloody consecration. Unhappily, the city of Paris, like all great

towns in times of scarcity (and since 1780 scarcity had become almost

permanent), had been invaded by numbers of starving vagabonds--the

dregs that always rise to the surface in periods of political

convulsion, ready for any villainy. When news came of the capture of

Verdun, of the indecent joy of the courtiers, and that the road to

Paris was open to the avenging army of Prussians, the horrors of the

Armagnac massacres were renewed during four September days at the

prisons of Paris, while the revolutionary ministry and the Assembly

averted their gaze and, to their everlasting shame, abdicated their

powers. The September massacres were the application by a minority of

desperate and savage revolutionists of the \_ultima ratio\_ of kings to

a desperate situation: the tragedy of King Louis is the tragedy of a

feeble prince called to rule in a tremendous crisis, where weakness

and well-meaning folly are the fatalest of crimes.

[Footnote 168: The numbers have been variously estimated from 100 to

5000 killed on the popular side.]

On 21st September 1792 royalty was formally abolished, and on the

22nd, when "the equinoctional sun marked the equality of day and night

in the heavens," civil equality was proclaimed at Paris.

CHAPTER XVIII

\_Execution of the King--Paris under the First Republic--the

Terror--Napoleon--Revolutionary and Modern Paris\_

An inscription opposite No. 230 Rue de Rivoli indicates the site of

the old Salle du Manege, or Riding School,[169] of the Tuileries,

where the destinies of modern France were debated. Three

Assemblies--the Constituent, the Legislative and the prodigious

National Convention--filled its long, poorly-furnished amphitheatre,

decorated with the tattered flags captured from the Prussians and

Austrians, from 7th November 1789 to 9th May 1793.

[Footnote 169: The Academie d'Equitation was an expensive and

exclusive establishment where the young nobles and gentlemen of

fortune were taught fencing, riding and dancing. It was long and

narrow, 240 feet by 60, and only the most powerful voices could be

heard in the Assembly. The Rue de Rivoli between the Rues d'Alger and

de Castiglione cuts through the site.]

There, on Wednesday, 16th January 1793, began the solemn judgment of

Louis XVI. by 721 representatives of the people of France. The sitting

opened at ten o'clock in the morning, but not till eight in the

evening did the procession of deputies begin, as the roll was called,

to ascend the tribune, and utter their word of doom. All that long

winter's night, and all the ensuing short winter's day, the fate of a

king trembled in the balance, as the judgment: death--banishment:

banishment--death, with awful alternation echoed through the hall.

Amid the speeches of the deputies was heard the chatter of fashionable

women in the boxes, pricking with pins on cards the votes for and

against death, and eating ices and oranges brought to them by friendly

deputies. Above, in the public tribunes, sat women of the people,

greeting the words of the deputies with coarse gibes. Betting went on

outside. At every entrance, cries, hoarse and shrill, were heard of

hawkers selling "The Trial of Charles I." Time-serving Philip Egalite,

Duke of Orleans, voted \_la mort\_, but failed to save his skin. An

Englishman was there--Thomas Paine, author of the \_Rights of Man\_ and

deputy for Calais. His voice was raised for clemency, for temporary

detention, and banishment after the peace. "My vote is that of Paine,"

cried a member, "his authority is final for me." One deputy was

carried from a sick-bed to cast his vote in the scale of mercy; others

slumbering on the benches were awakened and gave their votes of death

between two yawns. At length, by eight o'clock on the evening of the

17th, exactly twenty-four hours after the voting began, the President

rose to read the result. A most august and terrible silence reigned in

the Assembly as President Vergniaud rose and pronounced the sentence

"Death" in the name of the French nation. The details of the voting as

given in the \_Journal de Perlet\_, 18th January 1793, are as follows:

"Of the 745 members one had died, six were sick, two absent without

cause, eleven absent on commission, four abstained from voting. The

absolute majority was therefore 361. Three hundred and sixty-six voted

for death, three hundred and nineteen for detention and banishment,

two for the galleys, twenty-four for death with various reservations,

eight for death with stay of execution until after the peace, two for

delay with power of commutation." Three Protestant ministers and

eighteen Catholic priests voted for death. Louis' defenders were there

and asked to be heard; they were admitted to the honours of the

sitting. At eleven o'clock the weary business of thirty-seven hours

was ended, only, however, to be resumed the next morning, for yet

another vote must decide between delay or summary execution. Again the

voice of Paine was heard pleading for mercy, but without avail. At

three o'clock on Sunday morning the final voting was over. Six hundred

and ninety members were present, of whom three hundred and eighty

voted for death within twenty-four hours.

To the guillotine on the fatal Place de la Revolution, formerly Place

Louis XV., the very scene of a terrible panic at his wedding

festivities which cost the lives of hundreds of sightseers, the

sixteenth Louis of France was led on the morning of 21st January 1793.

As he turned to address the people, Santerre ordered the drums to

beat--it was the echo of the drums reverberating through history which

had smothered the cries of the Protestant martyrs sent to the scaffold

by the fourteenth Louis a century before. This was the beginning of

that \_annee terrible\_, into which was crowded the most stupendous

struggle in modern history. Threatened by the monarchies of Europe,

united to crush the Revolution, France, in the tremendous words of

Danton, flung to the coalesced kings, the head of a king as a gage of

battle. A colossal energy, an unquenchable devotion were evoked by the

supreme crisis, and directed by a committee of nine inexperienced

young civilians, sitting in a room of the Tuileries at Paris, to whom

later Carnot, an engineer officer, was added. "The whole Republic,"

they proclaimed, "is a great besieged city: let France be a vast camp.

Every age is called to defend the liberty of the Fatherland. The

young men will fight: the married will forge arms. Women will make

clothes and tents: children will tear old linen for lint. Old men

shall be carried to the market-place to inflame the courage of all."

In twenty-four hours, 60,000 men were enrolled; in two months,

fourteen armies organised. Saltpetre for powder failed; it was torn

from the bowels of the earth. Steel, too, and bronze were lacking:

iron railings were transmuted into swords, and church bells and royal

statues into cannon. Paris became a vast armourer's shop. Smithy fires

in hundreds roared and anvils clanged in the open places--one hundred

and forty at the Invalides, fifty-four at the Luxembourg. The women

sang as they worked:--

"Cousons, filons, cousons bien,

V'la des habits de notre fabrique

Pour l'hiver qui vient.

Soldats de la Patrie

Vous ne manquerez de rien."[170]

[Footnote 170: "Sew we, spin we, sew we well, behold the coats we have

made for the winter that is coming. Soldiers of the Fatherland, ye

shall want for nothing."]

The smiths chanted to the rhythm of their strokes:--

"Forgeons, forgeons, forgeons bien!"

On the new standards waving in the breeze ran the legend: "The French

people risen against Tyrants." Toulon was in the hands of the English;

Lyons in revolt. With enemies in her camp, with one arm tied by the

insurrection in La Vendee, the Revolution hurled her ragged and

despised \_sans-culottes\_,[171] against her enemies. How vain is the

wisdom of the great! Burke thought that the Revolution had expunged

France in a political sense out of the system of Europe, and his

opinion was shared by every European statesman; but before the year

closed, the proud and magnificently accoutred armies of kings were

scattered over the borders, civil war was crushed, the Revolution

triumphant. Soon the "dwarfish, ragged \_sans-culottes\_, the small

black-looking Marseillaises dressed in rags of every colour," whom

Goethe saw tramping out of Mayence "as if the goblin king had opened

his mountains and sent forth his lively host of dwarfs," had forced

Prussia, the arch-champion of monarchy, to make peace and leave its

Rhine provinces in the hands of regicides. Meanwhile terror reigned in

Paris. In the frenzy of mortal strife the Revolution struck out

blindly and cut down friend as well as foe; the innocent with the

guilty. At least the guillotine fell swiftly and mercifully. Gone were

the days of the wheel, the rack, the boiling lead and the stake. Under

the \_ancien regime\_ the torture of \_accused\_ persons was one of the

sights shown to foreigners in Paris. Evelyn, when visiting the city in

1651, was taken to see the torture of an \_alleged\_ thief in the

Chatelet, who was "wracked in an extraordinary manner, so that they

severed the fellow's joints in miserable sort." Failing to extort a

confession, "they increased the extension and torture, and then

placing a horne in his mouth, such as they drench horses with, poured

two buckets of water down, so that it prodigiously swelled him." There

was another "malefactor" to be dealt with, but the traveller had seen

enough, and he leaves, reflecting that it represented to him "the

intolerable sufferings which our Blessed Saviour must needs undergo

when His body was hanging with all its weight upon the nailes of the

Crosse."

[Footnote 171: The term implied rather an excess than a defect of

nether garment and was applied in scorn by the fashionable wearers of

\_culottes\_ to the plebeian wearers of trousers.]

Too much prominence has been given by historians to the dramatic and

violent activities of the men of '93 to the exclusion of acts of

peaceful and constructive statesmanship. The 11,210 decrees issued by

the National Convention in Paris from September '92 to October '95,

included a comprehensive and admirable scheme for national education,

with provision for free meals in elementary schools and the moral and

physical training of the young. It fulminated against the degradation

of public monuments, ordered an inventory to be made of all

collections of works of art, and decided that the Republic be charged

with the maintenance of artists sent to Rome.

It decreed the adoption, began the discussion, and voted the most

important articles of the civil code. It inaugurated the telegraph and

the decimal system, established the uniformity of weights and

measures, the bureau of longitudes, reformed the calendar, instituted

the Grand Livre, increased and completed the Museum of Natural

History, opened the Museum of the Louvre, created the Conservatoire of

the Arts and Crafts, the Conservatoire of Music, the Polytechnic

School and the Institute.

The Convention abolished negro slavery in the French colonies, and

Wilberforce reminded a hostile House of Commons that infidel and

anarchic France had given example to Christian England in the work of

emancipation. In 1793 it was reported that the aged Goldoni had been

in receipt of a pension from the \_ancien regime\_ and was now dependent

on the slender resources of a compassionate nephew: the Convention at

once decreed as an act of justice and beneficence that the pension of

4000 livres should be renewed, and all arrears paid up. This is but

one of many acts of grace and succour among its records.

The closing months of '95 were sped with those whiffs of grape-shot

from the Pont Royal and the Rue St. Honore, that shattered the last

attempt, this time by the Royalists, at government by insurrection.

The Convention closed its stupendous career, and five Directors of

the Republic met in a room furnished with an old table, a sheet of

paper and an ink-bottle, and set about organising France for a normal

and progressive national life. But Europe had by her fatuous

interference with the internal affairs of France sown dragons' teeth

indeed and a nation of armed men had sprung forth, nursing hatred of

monarchy and habituated to victory. "\_Eh, bien, mes enfants\_," cried a

French general before an engagement when provisions were wanting to

afford a meal for his troops, "we will breakfast after the victory."

But militarism invariably ends in autocracy. The author of those

whiffs of grape-shot was appointed in 1796 Commander-in-Chief of the

army of Italy, and a new and sinister complexion was given to the

policy of the Republic. "Soldiers," cries Napoleon, "you are

half-starved and almost naked; the Government owes you much but can do

nothing for you. Your patience, your courage do you honour, but win

for you neither glory nor profit. I am about to lead you into the most

fertile plains of the world; you will find there great cities and rich

provinces; there you will reap honour, glory and riches. Soldiers of

Italy, will you lack courage?" This frank appeal to the baser motives

that sway men's minds, this open avowal of a personal ambition, was

the beginning of the end of Jacobinism in France. Soon the wealth of

Italy streamed into the bare coffers of the Directory at

Paris:--20,000,000 of francs from Lombardy, 12,000,000 from Parma and

Modena, 35,000,000 from the Papal States, an equally large sum from

Tuscany; one hundred finest horses of Lombardy to the five Directors,

"to replace the sorry nags that now draw your carriages"; convoys of

priceless manuscripts and sculpture and pictures to adorn Parisian

galleries. So persistent were these raids on the collections of art in

Italy that Napoleon is known there to this day as \_il gran ladrone\_

and the chief duty of the new French officials in Italy, said Lucien

Bonaparte, was to supervise the packing of pictures and statues for

Paris. No less than 5233 of these works of art were confiscated by the

Allies in 1815, and returned to their former owners.

In less than a decade the rusty old stage properties and the baubles

of monarchy were furbished anew, sacred oil from the little phial of

Rheims anointed the brow of a new dynast, and a Roman Pontiff blessed

the diadem with which a once poor, pensioned, disaffected Corsican

patriot crowned himself lord of France in Notre Dame. The old

pomposities of a court came strutting back to their places:--Arch

Chancellors, Grand Electors, Constables, Grand Almoners, Grand

Chamberlains, Grand Marshals of the Palace, Masters of the Horse,

Masters of the Hounds, Madame Mere and a bevy of Imperial Highnesses

with their ladies-in-waiting. One thing only was wanting, as a Jacobin

bitterly remarked--the million of men who were slain to end all that

mummery. The fascinating story of how this amazing transformation was

effected cannot be told here. The magician who wrought it was

possessed of a soaring imagination, of a mental instrument of

incomparable force and efficiency, of an iron will, a prodigious

intellectual activity, and a piercing insight into the conditions of

material success, rarely, if ever before, united in the same degree in

one man. Napoleon Bonaparte was of ancient, patrician Florentine

blood, and perchance the descendant of one of those of Fiesole--

"In cui riviva la sementa santa

Di quei Romani che vi rimaser quando

Fu fatto il nido di malizia tanta."[172]

He cherished a particular affection for Italy, and, so far as his

personal aims allowed, treated her generously. His descent into

Lombardy awakened the slumbering sense of Italian nationality. In more

senses than one, says Mr. Bolton King the historian of Italian unity,

Napoleon was the founder of modern Italy.

[Footnote 172: \_Inferno\_, XV. 76-78.--"In whom lives again the seed of

those Romans who remained there when the nest (Florence) of so much

wickedness was made."]

The reason of Napoleon's success in France is not far to seek. Two

streams of effort are clearly traceable through the Revolution. The

earlier thinkers, such as Montesquieu, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot

and the Encyclopedists, whose admiration for England was unbounded,

aimed at reforming the rotten state of France on the basis of the

English parliamentary and monarchical system: it was a middle-class

movement for the assertion of its interests in the state and for

political freedom. The aim of the Jacobin minority, inspired by the

doctrines of the \_Contrat Social\_ of Rousseau, was to found a

democratic state based on the principle of the sovereignty of the

people. If the French crown and the monarchies of Europe had allowed

the peaceful evolution of national tendencies, the Constitutional

reformers would have triumphed, but in their folly they tried to sweep

back the tide, with the result we have seen. For when everything is

put to the touch, when victory is the price of self-sacrifice, it is

the idealist who comes to the front, and as the nineteenth-century

prophet Mazzini taught, men will lay down their lives for principles

but not for interests.

Let us not forget that it was the Jacobin minority who in the heat and

glow of their convictions saved the people of France. Led astray by

their old guides, abandoned in a dark and trackless waste, their heads

girt with horror, menaced by destruction on every side, the people

groped, wandering hither and thither seeking an outlet in vain. At

length a voice was heard, confidant, thrilling as a trumpet call; "Lo

this is the way! follow, and ye shall emerge and conquer!" It may not

have been the best way, but it was \_a\_ way and they followed.

It is easy enough to pour scorn on the \_Contrat Social\_ as a political

philosophy, but an ideal, a faith, a dogma are necessary to evoke

enthusiasm, the contempt of material things and of death itself. These

the \_Contrat Social\_ gave. It defined with absolute precision the

principles latent in the movement of reform that broke up mediaevalism.

Does power descend from God, its primeval source; or does it ascend,

delegated from the people? Once stated, the French mind with its

intense lucidity and logicality saw the line of cleavage between old

and new--divine right: or sovereignty of the people--and bade all men

choose where they would stand. The \_Contrat Social\_ with its consuming

passion for social justice, its ideal of a state founded on the

sovereignty of the people, became the gospel of the time. Men and

women conned its pages by heart and slept with the book under their

pillows. Napoleon himself in his early Jacobin days was saturated with

its doctrines, and in later times astutely used its phrases as

shibboleths to cloak his acts of despotism. But in that terrible

revolutionary decade the Jacobins had spent their lives and their

energies. A profound weariness of the long and severe tension, and a

yearning for a return to orderly civil life came over men's minds. The

masses were still sincerely attached to the Catholic faith: the

middle-classes hailed with relief the advent of the strong man who

proved himself able to crush faction; the peasants were won by a

champion of the Revolution who made impossible the return of the

\_aides\_, the \_tailles\_, the \_gabelles\_, and all the iniquitous

oppressions of the \_ancien regime\_ and guaranteed them the possession

of the confiscated \_emigre\_ and ecclesiastical lands; the army

idolised the great captain who promised them glory and profit; the

Church rallied to an autocrat who restored the hierarchy. Moreover,

the brilliancy of Napoleon's military genius was balanced by an

all-embracing political sagacity. The chief administrative decrees of

the Convention, especially those relating to education and the civil

and penal codes, were welded into form by ceaseless energy. Everything

he touched was indeed degraded from the Republican ideal, but he drove

things through, imposed his own superhuman activity into his

subordinates, and became one of the chief builders of modern France.

"The gigantic entered into our very habits of thought," said one of

his ministers. But his efforts to maintain the stupendous twenty

years' duel with the combined forces of England and the continental

monarchies, and his own overweening ambition, broke him at length, and

he fell, to fret away his life caged in a lonely island in

mid-Atlantic.

The new ideas were none the less revolutionary of social life. The

salon, that eminently French institution, soon felt their power. The

charming irresponsible gaiety and frivolity of the old \_regime\_ gave

place to more serious preoccupation with political movements. The

fusing power of Rousseau's genius had melted all hearts; the solvent

wit of Voltaire and the precise science of the Encyclopedists were a

potent force even among the courtiers themselves. The centre of social

life shifted from Versailles to Paris and the salons gained what the

court lost. Fine ladies had the latest pamphlet of Sieyes read to them

at their toilette, and maids caught up the new phrases from their

mistresses' lips. Did a young gallant enter a salon excusing himself

for being late by saying, "I have just been proposing a motion at the

club," every fair eye sparkled with interest. A deputy was a social

lion, and a box for the National Assembly exchanged for one at the

opera at a premium of six livres. Speeches were rehearsed at the

salons and action determined. Chief of the hostesses was Madame[173]

Necker: at her crowded receptions might be seen Abbe Sieyes, the

architect of Constitutions; Condorcet, the philosopher; Talleyrand,

the patriotic bishop; Madame de Stael, with her strong, coarse face

and masculine voice and gestures. More intimate were the Tuesday

suppers at which a dozen chosen guests held earnest communion. Madame

de Beauharnais was noted for her excellent table, and her Tuesday and

Thursday dinners: at her rooms the masters of literature and music had

been wont to meet. Now came Buffon the naturalist; Bailly of Tennis

Court oath fame; Clootz, the friend of humanity. The widow of

Helvetius, with her many memories of Franklin, welcomed Volney, author

of the \_Ruins of Empires\_, and Chamfort, the candid critic of

Academicians. At the salon of Madame Pancroute, Barrere, the glib

orator of the Revolution, was the chief figure.

[Footnote 173: Mlle Curchod, for whom Gibbon "sighed as a lover but

renounced as a son."]

Julie Talma was famed for her literary and artistic circle. Here Marie

Joseph Chenier, the revolutionary dramatic poet of the Comedie

Francaise, declaimed his couplets. Here came Vergniaud, the eloquent

chief of the ill-fated Gironde; Greuze, the painter; Roland, the stern

and minatory minister, who spoke bitter words, composed by his wife,

to the king; Lavoisier, the chemist, who is said to have begged that

the axe might be stayed while he completed some experiments, and was

told that the Republic had no lack of chemists. Madame du Deffand,

whose hotel in the Rue des Quatre Fils still exists, welcomed

Voltaire, D'Alembert, Montesquieu and the Encyclopedists.

In the street, the great open-air salon of the people, was a feverish

going to and fro. Here were the tub-thumpers of the Revolution holding

forth at every public place; the strident voices of ballad-singers at

the street corners; hawkers of the latest pamphlets hot from the Quai

des Augustins; the sellers of journals crying the \_Pere Duchesne\_,

\_L'Ami du Peuple\_, the \_Jean Bart\_, the \_Vieux Cordelier\_. Crowds

gathered round Bassett's famous shop for caricature at the corner of

the Rue St. Jacques and the Rue des Mathurins. The walls of Paris were

a mass of variegated placards and proclamations. The charming signs of

the old \_regime\_, the Pomme rouge, the Rose Blanche, the Ami du

Coeur, the Gracieuse, the Trois Fleurs-de-lys Couronnees gave place

to the "Necker," the "National Assembly," the "Tiers," the

"Constitution"--these, too, soon to be effaced by more Republican

appellations. For on the abolition of the monarchy and the

inauguration of the Religion of Nature, the words "royal" and "saint"

disappear from the revolutionary vocabulary. A new calendar is

promulgated: streets and squares are renamed: Rues des Droits de

l'Homme, de la Revolution, des Piques, de la Loi, efface the old

landmarks. We must now say Rue Honore, not St. Honore, and Mont Marat

for Montmartre. Naturalists had written of the queen bee: away with

the hated word! She is now named of all good patriots the \_abeille

pondeuse\_, the egg-laying bee. In the Punch and Judy shows the gallows

gives place to the guillotine. No more emblems on playing cards of

king, queen, and knave: allegorical figures of Genius, Liberty and

Equality take their places, and since Law alone is above them all,

Patriotism, as it flings down its biggest card, shall cry no longer,

"Ace of trumps," but "Law of trumps," and "Genius of trumps." Chess

terms too were republicanised. Furniture becomes of Spartan

simplicity. The people lie down on patriotic beds and eat and drink

from patriotic mugs and platters. Lotteries are abolished, regulations

launched against the sale of indecent literature, drawings or

paintings; the open following of the profession of Rahab prohibited;

bull fights suppressed. Silver buckles are needed by the national war

chest: shoes shall now be clasped by patriotic buckles of copper. The

monarchial "\_vous\_" (you) shall give place to "\_toi\_" (thou); and

"monsieur" and "madame" to "\_citoyen\_" and "\_citoyenne\_." The formal

subscriptions to letters, "Your humble servant," "Your obedient

servant," shall no more recall the old days of class subjection; we

write now "Your fellow citizen," "Your friend," "Your equal." Every

house bears an inscription, giving the names and ages of the

occupants, decorated with patriotic colours of red, white and blue,

with figures of the Gallic cock and the \_bonnet rouge\_. Over every

public building runs the legend, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or

Death"[174]--it is even seen over the cages of the wild beasts at the

Jardin des Plantes.

[Footnote 174: The meaning of this much misunderstood phrase was

simply that the citizens were ready to sacrifice their lives in

defence of the revolutionary principles.]

Nowhere did the revolutionary ploughshare cut deeper than among the

clergy and the religious orders. Nearly forty monasteries and convents

were suppressed in Paris, and strange scenes were those when the

troops of monks and friars issued forth to secular life, some crying

"\_Vive Jesus le Roi, et la Revolution\_," for the new ideas had

penetrated even the cloister. The barbers' shops were invaded, and

strange figures were seen smoking their pipes along the Boulevards.

Some went to the wars; others, especially the Benedictines, appealed

for teaching appointments; many faithful to their vows, went forth to

poverty, misery, and death.

The nuns and sisters gave more trouble, and the scenes that attended

their expulsion and that of the non-juring clergy burned into the

memories of the pious. "What do they take from me?" cried the \_cure\_

of St. Marguerite in his farewell sermon. "My cure? All that I have is

yours, and it is you they despoil. My life? I am eighty-four years of

age, and what of life remains to me is not worth the sacrifice of my

principles." Descending the pulpit the venerable priest passed through

a sobbing congregation to a garret in one of the Faubourgs. There were

but few, however, who imitated the dignified protest of the \_cure\_ of

St. Marguerite. Many a pulpit rang with fiery denunciations, which

recalled the savage fanaticism of the League. Some of the younger

clergy and a few of the bishops were on the side of the early

Revolutionists. The Abbe Fouchet was the Peter the Hermit of the

crusade for Liberty, and so popular were his sermons in Notre Dame

that a seat there fetched twenty-four sous. But the corruption and

apostasy of the hierarchy as a whole, and their betrayal of the

people, had borne its acrid fruit of popular contempt and hostility,

and the fanaticism of the worship of Reason answered the fanaticism of

the Cross. In Notre Dame and other churches, which became Temples of

Reason, statues of Liberty replaced those of the \_ci-devant\_ Holy

Virgin and every \_Decadi\_ services were held in honour of Liberty or

of the Supreme Being. \_The Rights of Man\_, the Constitution,

despatches from the armies and new laws were read. Prayers were made

to the Supreme Being and Liberty was invoked. Patriotic hymns were

sung, virtuous acts in the sections recited and addresses on morality,

the domestic virtues and other ethical subjects were given. In some,

an orator of morality was appointed. Births, marriages and deaths were

announced and--an essential detail--\_collections\_ were made in aid of

suffering Humanity. A \_Decadi\_ Ritual[175] was printed with a

selection of hymns and prayers to be used in the Temples of Reason.

The services were crowded, famous preachers often evoked tears, tracts

were published and saints of Liberty were in course of evolution. But

less than eight years after Robespierre's solemn Festival of the \_Etre

Supreme\_ all the hierarchy of the old religion returned, sixty

archbishops and bishops, and an army of priests, and a gorgeous Easter

Mass in Notre Dame celebrated the reestablishment of the Catholic

faith by Napoleon, the heir of the Revolution.

[Footnote 175: The services seem to have been not very dissimilar to a

modern Ethical Society meeting. The notorious Festival of the 20th

Brumaire was a Fete of Liberty not of Reason, the mistake being due to

a careless transcription in the \_proces-verbal\_ of the Convention. A

living representative of Liberty was chosen as less likely to tend to

idolatry than an image of stone. See \_La Revolution Francaise\_, 14th

April 1899, \_La Deesse de la Liberte\_.]

It is not within the scope of the present work to deal with the later

annals of Paris. Superficial students of her modern history have

freely charged her with political irresponsibility and fickleness; no

charge could be less warranted by facts. For a thousand years her

citizens were loyal and faithful subjects of a monarchy, and endured

for a century and a half an infliction of misgovernment, oppression

and grinding taxation such as probably no other European people would

have tolerated. With touching fidelity and indomitable steadfastness

they have cherished the principles of the Great Revolution, in whose

name they swept the shams and wrongs of the \_ancien regime\_ away.

There is a profounder truth than perhaps Alphonse Karr imagined in his

famous epigram, \_Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose\_. Every

political upheaval of the nineteenth century in Paris has been at

bottom an effort to realise the revolutionary ideals of political

freedom and social equality in the face of external violence or

internal corruption and treachery. Twice the hated Bourbons were

reimposed on the people of Paris by the bayonets of the foreigner:

twice they rose and chased them away. A compromise followed--that of a

citizen king, Louis Philippe of Orleans, once a Jacobin doorkeeper and

a soldier of the Revolution, who had fought valiantly at Valmy and

Jemappes--but he too identified himself with reactionary ministers,

and became a fugitive to England, the bourne of deposed kings. The

Second Republic which followed grew distrustful of the people and

disfranchised at one stroke 3,000,000 citizens: one of the causes of

the success of the \_coup d'etat\_ of Napoleon III. was an astute edict

which restored universal suffrage.

During the negation of political rectitude and decency which

characterised the period of the Second Empire, a little band of

Republicans refused to bow the knee to the new pinchbeck Caesar, "the

man," says Freeman, "whose lips uttered the words \_je le jure\_ and

kept the oath by a December massacre." Inspired by Victor Hugo, their

fiery poet and seer, whose \_Chatiments\_ have the passionate intensity

of an Isaiah, they braved exile, poverty, calumny and flattery; they

"stooped into a dark, tremendous sea of doubt, pressed God's lamp to

their breasts and emerged" to witness a sad and bitter day of

reckoning, when the corruption and vice of the Second Empire were

swallowed up in shame and disaster at Sedan.[176] The Third Republic,

with admirable energy and patriotism, rose to save the self-respect of

France. The first and Imperial war, up to Sedan, was over in a month;

the second national and popular war endured for five months.

[Footnote 176: "The collapse of the Empire is tremendous. I have no

pity for the melodramatic villain who ends as he began, in causeless

and wanton blood." Lord Coleridge, \_Life\_, ii., p. 172.]

Dynastic and ecclesiastical ambition die hard, and the new Republic

has had to weather many a storm in her career of a third of a

century. Carducci in a fine poem has imagined Letizia, mother of the

Bonapartes, a wandering shade haunting the desolate house at Ajaccio,

recalling the tragic fate of her children, and, like a Corsican Niobe,

standing on her threshold, fiercely stretching forth her arms to the

savage Ocean, calling from America, from Britain, from burning Africa,

some one of her hapless progeny to find a haven in her breast. But the

assegais of South African savages laid low the last hope of the

Imperialists, and it may reasonably be predicted that neither the

shades nor the living descendants of Bonaparte or Bourbon will ever

trouble again the internal peace of France nor her people be ruled by

one "regnant by right divine and luck o' the pillow." Throughout the

whole land a profound desire of peace possesses men's minds[177] and a

firm determination to effect a material and moral recuperation from

the disasters of the Empire.

[Footnote 177: "We could rouse no enthusiasm," said the head of a

State Department to the writer at the time of the Fashoda incident,

"even for a war for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, much less

against England."]

The beneficent results of the Great Revolution have leavened the whole

world. In no small degree may it be said of France that by her stripes

we have been healed. With true insight the Revolutionists perceived

that national liberty is the one essential element of national

progress:--

"When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go,

Nor the second or third to go,

It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last."

But the great work is yet incomplete. Political liberty and equality

have been won. A more tremendous task awaits the peoples of the old

and new worlds alike--to achieve industrial emancipation and

inaugurate a reign of social justice. And we know that Paris will

have no small part in the solution of this problem.

\* \* \* \* \*

It now remains to consider the impress which this stormy period left

on the architecture of Paris. We have seen that the Convention

assigned the royal Palace of the Louvre for the home of a national

museum. The neglect of the fabric, however, continued. Already Marat

had appropriated four of the royal presses and their accessories for

the \_Ami du Peuple\_ and the types founded for Louis XIV. were used to

print the diatribes of the fiercest advocate of the Terror. All along

the south facade, print and cook shops were seen, and small

huckstering went on unheeded. In 1794 the ground floor of the Petite

Galerie was used as a Bourse. On the Place du Carrousel, and the site

of the Squares du Louvre were a mass of mean houses which remained

even to comparatively recent times. In 1805 the masterful will and

all-embracing activity of Napoleon were directed to the improvement of

Paris, which he determined to make the most beautiful capital in the

world. His architects, Percier and Fontaine, were set to work on the

Louvre, and yet another vast plan was elaborated for completing the

Palace. A northern wing, corresponding to Henry's IV.'s south wing,

was to be built eastwards along the new Rue de Rivoli, from the

Pavilion de Marsan at the north end of the Tuileries; the Carrousel

was to be traversed by a building, separating the two palaces,

designed to house the National Library, the learned Societies and

other bodies. The work was begun in 1812, the Emperor commanding that

the grand apartments were to be prepared for the sovereigns who would

come, \_a lui faire cortege\_, after the success of the Russian

campaign! Of this ambitious plan, however, all that was carried out

was a portion of the Rue de Rivoli facade, from the Pavilion de

Marsan to the Pavilion de Rohan, which latter was finished under the

Restoration. Some external decorative work was done on the south

facade. Perrault's Colonnade was restored, the four facades of the

quadrangle were completed, and a new bridge to lead to the "Palace of

the Arts" was built. Little or nothing was done to further Napoleon's

plan until the Republic of 1848 decreed the completion of the north

facade, which was actually achieved under the Second Empire by

Visconti in 1857, who built other structures, each with three courts,

inside the great space enclosed by the north and south wings to

correct their want of parallelism. Later (1862-1868), Henry the

Fourth's long gallery and the Pavilions de Flore and Lesdiguieres were

rebuilt, and smaller galleries were added to those giving on the Cour

des Tuileries: after the disastrous fire which destroyed the Tuileries

in 1871, the Third Republic restored the Pavilions de Flore and de

Marsan.

But the vicissitudes of this wonderful pile of architecture are not

yet ended. The discovery of Perrault's base at the east and of

Lemercier's at the north, will inevitably lead to their proximate

disclosure. Ample space remains at the east for the excavation of a

wide and deep fosse, which would expose the wing to view as Perrault

intended it; but on the Rue de Rivoli side the problem is more

difficult, and probably a narrow fosse, or \_saut de loup\_, will be all

that space will allow there.

Napoleon I.'s new streets near the Tuileries and the Louvre soon

became the fashionable quarter of Paris. The Italian arcades and every

street name recalled a former victory of the Consulate in Italy and

Egypt. The military glories of a revolutionary empire, which at one

time transcended the limits of that of Charlemagne; which crashed

through the shams of the old world and toppled in the dust their

imposing but hollow state, were wrought in bronze on the Vendome

Column, cast from the cannon captured from every nation in Europe. The

Triumphal Arch of the Carrousel, crowned by the bronze horses from St.

Mark's at Venice; the majestic Triumphal Arch of the Etoile--a

partially achieved project--all paraded the Emperor's fame. Of more

practical utility were the quays built along the south bank of the

Seine and the bridges of Austerlitz and Jena, which latter Bluecher

would have blown up had Wellington permitted it.

The erection of the new church of the Madeleine, begun in 1764, had

been interrupted by the Revolution, and in 1806, Napoleon ordered that

it should be completed as a Temple of Glory. The Restoration

transformed it to a Catholic church, which was finally completed under

Louis Philippe in 1842, and it soon became the most fashionable place

of worship in Paris. Napoleon drove sixty new streets through the

city, cleared away the posts that marked off the footways, began the

raised pavements and kerbs, and ordered the drainage to be diverted

from the gutters in the centre of the roadway.

The Restoration erected two basilicas--Notre Dame de Lorette and St.

Vincent de Paul. The Expiatory Chapel raised to the memory of Louis

XVI. and Marie Antoinette on the site of the old cemetery of the

Madeleine--where they lay, until transferred to St. Denis, in one red

burial with the brave Swiss Guards who vainly spent their lives for

them--is now threatened with demolition. Three new bridges--of the

Invalides, the Archeveche and Arcole--were added, and fifty-five new

streets.

Under the citizen king, Napoleon's Arch of Triumph of the Etoile was

completed, and the Columns of Luxor, on the Place de la Concorde, and

of July on the Place de la Bastille, were raised. It was the period of

the admirable architectural restorations of Viollet le Duc. The great

architect has described how his passion for Gothic was stirred when,

taken as a boy to Notre Dame, the rose window of the south transept

seized on his imagination. While gazing at it the organ began to play,

and he thought that the music came from the window--the shrill, high

notes from the light colours, the solemn, bass notes from the dark and

more subdued hues. It was a reverent and admiring spirit such as this

which inspired the famous architect's loving treatment of the Gothic

restoration in Paris and all over France. To him more than to any

other artist we owe the preservation of such masterpieces as Notre

Dame and the Sainte Chapelle.

But the great changes which have made modern Paris were effected under

the Second Empire. In 1854, when the Haussmannisation of the city

began, the Paris of the First Empire and of the Restoration remained

essentially unaltered. It was a city of a few grand streets and of

many mean ones. Pavements were still rare, and drainage was imperfect.

In a few years the whole aspect was changed. Twenty-two new boulevards

and avenues were created. Streets of appalling uniformity and

directness were ploughed through Paris in all directions. "Nothing is

more brutal than a straight line," says Victor Hugo, and there is

little of interest in the monotonous miles of dreary coincidence which

constitute the architectural legacy of the Second Empire.

The sad task of the Third Republic has been to heal the wounds and

cover up the destruction wrought by the Civil War of 1871. The chief

architectural creations of the Third Republic are the Hotel de Ville,

the new Sorbonne, the Trocadero, and the completion of the magnificent

and colossal temple, rich with precious marble and stone of every

kind, which, at a cost of L10,000,000 sterling, has been raised to

the Muses at the end of the Avenue de l'Opera. The Church, too, has

lavished her millions on the mighty basilica of the Sacre Coeur,

which towers over Paris from the heights of Montmartre.

[Illustration: HOTEL DE VILLE FROM RIVER.]

But some of the glory of past ages remains hidden away in corners of

the city; some has been recovered from the vandalism of iconoclastic

eighteenth-century architects, canons, revolutionists and

nineteenth-century prefects. Let us now wander awhile about the great

city and refresh our memories of her dramatic past by beholding

somewhat of the interest and beauty which have been preserved to us;

for "to be in Paris itself, amid the full, delightful fragrance of

those dainty visible things which Huguenots despised--that, surely,

were the sum of good fortune!"

"I see ... long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen

on the destruction of the old, perishing.... I see a

beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this

abyss, and in their struggles to be truly free, in their

triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I

see the evil of this time and of the previous time, of which

this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for

itself and wearing out."--DICKENS.

Part II: The City

SECTION I

\_The Cite--Notre Dame--The Sainte-Chapelle[178]--The Palais de

Justice\_[179]

[Footnote 178: Open 11-4 or 5. Closed Mondays and Chief Festivals.]

[Footnote 179: Open daily, except Sundays, 11-4.]

If the traveller will place himself on the Pont Royal, or on the Pont

du Carrousel, and look towards the Cite when the tall buildings, the

spire of the Sainte Chapelle and the massive grey towers of Notre Dame

are ruddy with the setting sun, he will enjoy a scene of beauty not

easily surpassed in Europe. Across the picture, somewhat marred by the

unlovely Pont des Arts, stride the arches of the Pont Neuf with their

graceful curves; below is the little green patch of garden and the

cascade of the weir; in the centre of the bridge the bronze horse with

Henry IV., its royal rider, almost hidden by the trees, stands facing

the site of the old garden of the Palais, where St. Louis sat on a

carpet judging his people, and whence Philip the Fair watched the

flames that were consuming the Grand Master and his companion of the

Knights Templars. To the left are the picturesque mediaeval towers of

the Conciergerie and the tall roof of the belfry of the Palais.

Around all are the embracing waters of the Seine breaking the light

with their thousand facets. The island, when seen from the east as one

sails down the river, is not less imposing, for the great mother

church of Notre Dame, with the graceful buttresses of the apse like

folded pinions, seems to brood over the whole Cite.

[Illustration: CHAPEL OF CHATEAU AT VINCENNES.]

[Illustration: NEAR THE PONT NEUF.]

From the time when Julius Caesar addressed his legions on the little

island of \_Lutetia Civitas Parisiorum\_ to the present day, two

millenniums of history have been enacted there, and few spots are to

be found in Europe where so many associations are crowded together. In

Gallo-Roman times the island was, as we have seen, even smaller, five

islets having been incorporated with it since the thirteenth century.

Some notion of the changes that have swept over its soil may be

conceived on scanning Felibien's 1725 map, where no less than eighteen

churches are marked, scarce a wrack of which now remains on the

island. We must imagine the old mediaeval Cite as a labyrinth of

crooked and narrow streets, with the present broad Parvis of Notre

Dame of much smaller extent, at a higher level, enclosed by a low wall

and approached by steps. Against the north tower leaned the Baptistery

(St. Jean le Rond) and St. Denis of the Ferry against the apse. St.

Pierre aux Boeufs, whose facade has been transferred to St.

Severin's on the south bank, stood at the east corner, St. Christopher

at the west corner of the present Hotel Dieu which covers the site of

eleven streets and three churches. The old twelfth-century hospital,

demolished in 1878, occupied the whole space south of the Parvis

between the present Petit Pont and the Pont au Double. It possessed

its own bridge, the Pont St. Charles, over which the buildings

stretched, and joined the annexe (1606), which, until 1909, existed on

the opposite side of the river.

NOTRE DAME.

The traveller who stands on the Parvis before the Church of Our Lady

at Paris beholds the embodiment and most perfect expression of early

Gothic architecture, the central type and model of the new style

created by the genius of the masters of the Isle de France in the late

twelfth and early thirteenth centuries. On the west front the builders

have lavished all their artistic powers in a synthetic exposition of

their outlook on life and eternity. As the worshipper approaches the

central portal his eye is arrested by a representation of the ultimate

and most solemn fact of human destiny, the Last Judgment. On the

lintel the dead are seen rising from their graves at the last trump;

prelate, noble and serf in one equality of doom. Above, the fine

figure of St. Michael is seen weighing souls in the balance. At his

left the damned are hauled in chains by grinning demons to Hell: at

his right the elect raise joyful eyes toward Heaven. Crowning the

tympanum is Christ the Judge, flanked by angels, and by the Virgin and

the Baptist kneeling in intercession while He shows His wounded hands.

On the archivolts are, to the right of the spectator, demons and

damned souls and quaint personifications of death: to his left the

heavenly host, choirs of angels, seated prophets and doctors and the

army of martyrs. On the jambs are the five wise and five foolish

virgins; apostles and saints on the embrasures of the door; below them

reliefs of the virtues, each symbolised above its opposite vice. On

the central pillar stands Christ in act of blessing; below Him,

bas-reliefs typifying the seven liberal arts.[180]

[Footnote 180: This portal suffered much from the vandalism of

Soufflot and his clerical employers of the eighteenth century (p.

252): all that remains of the original carvings in the tympanum is a

portion of the figure of Christ and the angels. The Revolutionary

Chaumette, when it was proposed to destroy the Gothic \_simulacra\_ of

superstition, protected the carvings on the west portals on the plea

that they related to astronomy, to philosophy and the arts. The

astronomer Dupuis was added to the Commission and the reliefs were

saved.]

We turn to the lovely portal of the Virgin under the north tower. In

the lower compartment of the tympanum is figured the ark of the

Covenant attended by prophets and kings; above, is the burial of the

Virgin, and crowning all, Our Lady in glory. On the archivolts are

angels, patriarchs, prophets, and kings. The jambs and casements are

decorated with thirty-seven marvellously vivid reliefs of the signs of

the Zodiac, the seasons and labours of the year, a kind of almanac of

stone of rare invention and execution. On the embrasures of the door

are, among others, the favourite Parisian saints: Denis, Genevieve and

Stephen. On the central pier, below the Virgin and Child, are the

Creation, Temptation and Fall. The whole of this portal will repay

careful inspection.

St. Anne's portal, under the south tower, is more archaic, and indeed

some of its sculptures are believed to have come from an earlier

Romanesque building. Along the lintel are seen episodes in the life of

St. Anne and in the life of Mary: in the central band, to the left,

are the Presentation, the Annunciation, the Visitation; in the middle

the Nativity in various scenes; to the right Herod, and the Adoration

of the Magi. The whole of these reliefs are twelfth-century work, with

the exception of the Presentation, which is thirteenth century. In the

hemicycle above are the Virgin and Child under a Byzantine canopy with

angels and founders on either side. On the central pier stands St.

Marcel, Bishop of Paris, banning the horrible serpent that made his

lair in a tomb: the retreating serpent's tail is seen on the pier.

Both on this and on the north portal traces of painting still remain.

Before leaving, we note the beautiful mediaeval wrought hinges

(restored) which came from the old church of St. Stephen and which

have been copied for the central portal. The three portals were

completed in 1208.

Above them and across the whole facade runs a gallery of kings,

twenty-eight in number--a perennial source of controversy. Authorities

are divided between the kings of France and the kings of Israel and

Judah, the royal ancestry of the Virgin. From the analogy of other

cathedrals we incline to the latter view. The gallery dates not later

than 1220, but the statues are modern reproductions. Yet higher, on

the pierced balustrade, is a group of the Virgin between two angels

and on either side, over the N. and S. portals, Adam and Eve. A

gallery of graceful columns knits the towers together (which were

intended to be crowned by spires) before they soar from the facade.

Between the towers, in olden times, as we know from an illumination in

a Froissart MS., stood a great statue of the Virgin. The whole of this

glorious fretwork of stone, including the tracery of the rose window,

was once refulgent with gold and azure and crimson, and the finished

front in its mediaeval glory has been compared to a colossal carved

and painted triptych.

[Illustration: NOTRE DAME--PORTAL OF ST. ANNE.]

On the central pier of the greater portal of the N. transept, called

of the Cloister, we note a fine ancient statue of the Virgin, famed

for its grace of expression. The smaller Porte Rouge, further

eastward, is remarkable for some well-preserved antique sculpture: a

Coronation of the Virgin in the tympanum and six scenes in the life of

St. Marcel in the archivolt: some old gargoyles and reliefs may be

seen on either side of the door.

We pursue our way by the east end of the cathedral, where in mediaeval

times was an open waste, the Motte aux Papelards, the playground of

the cathedral servants, the graceful outlines of the apse and the bold

sweep of the flying buttresses ever varying in beauty as we pace

around. The south portal (ill seen through the iron railings) called

of St. Stephen or of the Martyrs is decorated with statues of the

saint and of other martyrs, with scenes of their martyrdom. The

inscription (p. 88) may be seen at the base to the R.

[Illustration: NOTRE DAME--SOUTH SIDE.]

[Illustration: NOTRE DAME--SOUTH SIDE--FROM THE SEINE.]

We may now enter the noble and harmonious interior, unhappily bared of

its rich old decorations, its tombs and statues cleared away, its fine

Gothic altar destroyed by clerical and royal vandals to give place to

renaissance and pseudo-classic pomposities (p. 252). We approach the

choir from the right aisle, noting a fourteenth-century statue of the

Virgin and Child on the left as we reach the entrance, perhaps the

very statue before which \_povre Gilles\_ did his penance (p. 142) and

proceed to examine all that remains of the "histories" in stone on the

choir wall round the ambulatory, twenty-three in number, begun in 1319

by Master Jean Ravy, mason of Notre Dame, and finished (\_parfaites\_)

by Master Jean le Bouteiller in 1351, all \_dorez et bien peints\_.

Those on the choir screen were destroyed by the Cardinal Archbishop de

Noailles in 1725. On the north side are twelve reliefs drawn from

earlier New Testament history: on the south are nine from later

episodes in the life of Christ. These naive mediaeval sculptures of

varying merit will repay careful examination. The gilding and

colouring are modern. Of the jewelled splendour of the western rose

and of the two great rose windows of the transepts the eye will never

tire. With every changing light new beauties and new combinations of

colour reveal themselves. Those who care to read the subjects will

discern in the north transept rose, incidents depicted in the life of

the Virgin, and eighteen founders and benefactors: in the south are

apostles and bishops crowned by angels.

[Illustration: INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME.]

We return to the Porte Rouge in the Rue du Cloitre opposite which is

the Rue Massillon, where at Nos. 4 and 6 we may note some remains of

the cloisters and canons' dwellings, once a veritable city within a

city, fifty-one houses with gardens sequestered within a wall having

four gates. We continue to the Rue Chanoinesse, where, No. 10, is the

site of Canon Fulbert's house: at No. 18, by the courtesy of Messieurs

Allez Freres, we may visit the curious old fifteenth-century tower of

Dagobert[181] which marks the site of the old port of St. Landry and

affords a fine view of the north side of Notre Dame. We return to No.

10 and descend the Rue des Chantres to the Quai aux Fleurs: at No. 9,

the site of the house of Abelard and Heloise, an inscription recalls

the names of the unhappy lovers,

"... for ever sad, for ever dear,

Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear."

[Footnote 181: Now (1911) demolished.]

We turn westward along the Quai and ascend on our L., the narrow Rue

de la Colombe, across which a double line of stones traces the

position of the Gallo-Roman wall, that enclosed the Cite. We continue

to ascend, and on our L., No. 26 Rue Chanoinesse, we enter a small

court where we find a portion of the old pavement of St. Aignan's

church, with the almost effaced lineaments on the tombstones of those,

now forgotten, who were doubtless famous churchmen in their time, and

where St. Bernard wept a whole day, fearing that God had withdrawn

from him the power of converting souls. This faint trace of the past

wealth of churches remains, but where are the sanctuaries of Ste.

Genevieve des Ardents, St. Pierre des Arces, St. Denis of the Prison,

St. Germain le Vieux, Ste. Croix, St. Symphorien, St. Martial, St.

Bartholomew, and the church of the Barnabites, which replaced that of

St. Anne, which replaced the old Abbey church of St. Eloy, all

clustering around their parent church of Our Lady like nuns under

their patroness' mantle? Until comparatively recent times the church

of St. Marine was used as a joiner's workshop, and one of the chapels

of Ste. Madeleine, parish church of the water-sellers, served as a

wine merchant's store! All that survives of the ancient splendour of

the Cite are Notre Dame and some portions of the Palais, including the

Ste. Chapelle.

We turn R. to the Rue d'Arcole that has swept away the old church of

St. Landry, near which, until the reign of Louis XIII., a market was

held for the sale of foundling children at thirty sous. The scandal

was abolished by the efforts of the gentle St. Vincent de Paul, Anne

of Austria's confessor. Turning L. along this street we emerge on the

Parvis, which we skirt to the R. along the facade of the new Hotel

Dieu, and reach the Rue de la Cite. We turn R., cross to the L. and

follow the broad Rue de Lutece to the Palais de Justice.

THE SAINTE CHAPELLE AND THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

Entering the Cour du Mai by the great iron grille which has replaced

the old stone portal, flanked by two towers, a passage on the left

leads us to the Cour de la Ste. Chapelle (p. 86). We enter by the west

porch of the lower chapel. On the central pier is a restored figure of

the Virgin whose original is said to have bowed her head to the famous

Scotch theologian Duns Scotus, in recognition of his championship of

the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in 1304: in the decoration of

the base of the column and of the embrasures of the door, the

Fleur-de-Lys of St. Louis is seen alternating with the Castilian Tower

of his mother, Blanche of Castile, a decorative motive repeated in the

painting of the chapel.

Beautiful as are the vaultings and proportions of the lower chapel,

and the decoration, copied, as in the upper chapel, from traces of the

original colouring found under the whitewash, the visitor will

doubtless prefer to ascend, after a cursory inspection, the narrow,

winding stairway to the resplendent upper sanctuary, whose dazzling

brilliancy moved an ancient writer to declare that "in the contest

between light and darkness in architecture, the creator of the Ste.

Chapelle in the pride of his victory built with light itself." In the

apse, flooded by streams of colour falling from the windows, is the

platform or tribune where, in a rich reliquary of gold, glittering

with precious stones, and under a baldachin, the holy relics from

Constantinople were exposed in days of old. Part of the tribune is

preserved and one of the staircases by which it is ascended, that to

the N., is said to date from the founder's time, and may often have

been trodden by the very feet of St. Louis himself. Little else of the

interior furniture has escaped destruction. The beautiful high altar,

the rood loft, the choir stalls, have long disappeared. Four only of

the statues of the apostles bearing the crosses of consecration are

said to be originals--the fourth and fifth on each side of the nave

counting from the west door; the relics, or all that escaped the

political storms of the \_annee terrible\_, are now at Notre Dame, and

the reliquary that contained them went to feed the hungry war-chest of

the revolutionary armies. But the thirteenth-century jewelled windows,

as left to us by the admirable restorers of 1855, are of paramount

interest. The wealth of design and amplitude of the series are truly

amazing. The panels, numbering about eleven hundred, are a compendium

of sacred history and a revelation of the world to come: the whole

scene from the Creation to the Apocalypse is unrolled before our eyes,

pictured in a transparent symphony of colour. Seven windows of the

nave and four of the apse deal with Old Testament history: three at

the end of the apse with the New. The eighth window of the nave (the

first to the R. of entrance), dealing with the story of the

Translation of the relics from Constantinople, although the most

restored--nineteen only of the sixty-seven subjects are original--is

perhaps the most interesting, for among the nineteen may be seen St.

Louis figured by the contemporary artist: receiving the relics at

Sens; assisting to carry the relics, barefoot; taking part at the

exposition of the relics with his queen and his mother; receiving an

embassy from the Emperor Baldwin; carrying the Byzantine cross which

holds a portion of the true cross. Another of the original panels

contains a representation of the Cite with the enveloping arms of the

Seine. The rose window at the west end is obviously later, and dates

from the fifteenth century.

In olden times the lower part of the central window of the apse was

made of white glass that the people massed in the courtyard below

might behold the relics as St. Louis and his successors, after

exhibiting them to the privileged congregation in the chapel, turned

round to show them. Against the south wall of the nave is a little

oratory with a squint through which it is said Louis XI. used to

venerate the relics unobserved.

We step out from the west door of the upper chapel to examine the more

richly decorated upper portal. The carvings are all modern and, except

such as were suggested by traces of the old work, are copied from the

west front of Notre Dame and other churches. Many a solemn and many a

strange scene have been enacted in this royal oratory; the strangest

of all perhaps when Charles V. of France, the Holy Roman Emperor

Charles IV., and his son Wenceslaus, king of the Romans, in the \_role\_

of the three Holy Kings, came to venerate the relics and laid

oblations before the shrine.

Before we turn away from the building we should observe on the west

facade above the rose window wherein the architect has literally

sported with the difficulties of construction in stone a charming

design of fleurs-de-lys framed by quatrefoils along the balustrade;

the central design is an R. (rex), crowned by two angels. The present

spire is a fourth erection. The second, which replaced the original

spire in 1383, was one of the wonders of Paris, and fell a victim to

fire in 1630. A third, erected by Louis XIII., was demolished in 1791,

and in 1853 Lassus, Viollet le Duc's principal colleague in the

restoration of the chapel, designed the graceful fleche we see to-day.

We return to the Cour du Mai: on the R., before we ascend the great

stairway, we look down on the nine steps leading from the Vestibule

(now a Cafe Restaurant) of the Conciergerie, up which those doomed to

the guillotine ascended to the fatal tumbrils awaiting them in the

courtyard. We ascend to the Galerie Marchande: the stairway, rebuilt

after the fire of 1776, replaced the old flight of stairs at whose

feet heralds proclaimed treaties of peace and tournaments, criminals

were branded, and books condemned by the Parlement, burned. Here

Pantagruel loved to stand and cut the stirrup-straps of the fat

councillors' mules, and see the \_gros sufle de conseiller\_ fall flat

when he tried to mount; and here the clercs of the Basoche planted the

annual May-tree, brought from the forest of Bondy, with much playing

of drums and trumpets and elaborate ceremony.

The Galerie Marchande, formerly known as the Galerie Merciere, was

once a busy and fashionable bazaar, where lines of shops displayed

fans, shoes, slippers and other dainty articles of feminine artillery.

The further galleries were also invaded by the traders, who were only

finally evicted in 1842. We turn R. and enter the Grande Salle or, as

it is now known, the Salle des Pas Perdus. It, too, was once a busy

mart, booksellers especially predominating, most of whom had stations

there, much as we see them to-day, round the Odeon Theatre. Verard's

address was--"At the image of St. John the Evangelist, before Notre

Dame de Paris, and at the first pillar in the Grande Salle of the

Palais de Justice, before the chapelle where they sing the mass for

Messieurs of the Parlement." Gilles Couteau's address was at "The Two

Archers in the Rue de la Juiverie and at the third pillar at the

Palais." Every pillar had its bookseller's shop. In 1618 the great

chamber, the finest of its kind in Europe, with its rich stained

glass, its double vaultings resplendent with blue and gold, was gutted

by fire, and its long line of statues of the kings of France, from

Pharamond to Henry IV.--the \_rois faineants\_ with pendent arms and

lowered eyes, the valiant warrior kings with heads and arms

erect--disappeared for ever. This was the hall where the clercs of the

Basoche performed their \_farces\_, \_sottises\_ and \_moralites\_, and

where Victor Hugo has placed the scene of the famous performance of

the \_moralite\_, composed by Pierre Gringoire,[182] so vividly

described in the opening chapters of \_Notre Dame\_.

[Footnote 182: Notes exist of payments in 1502, 1505 to Pierre

Gringoire, \_histrion et facteur\_ for the mysteries--well and honestly

performed--at the entries of Madame la reine, before the portail of

the Chatelet.]

Debrosse, who built the new Salle in 1622, left a noble and harmonious

Renaissance chamber, which, again restored after the fire of 1776,

endured until its destruction by fire during the Commune. The present

rather frigid hall was completed in 1878 by J.L. Duc, who respected

the traditional form and amplitude of the older structures. Nearly

opposite the monument to Malesherbes (R.) was the position of the old

Pilier des Consultations, where the lawyers were wont to give

gratuitous legal help to the poor. The best time to visit the Hall is

in the afternoon, when the courts are sitting and when the footsteps

of the lawyers and their clients are indeed lost amid the buzz of

conversation as they pace up and down.

The \_Premiere Chambre\_ to the L., in the north-west corner of the

Hall, is one of the most profoundly interesting in the agglomerated

mass of buildings known as the Palais de Justice. This, now somewhat

reduced in size, was the old \_Grande Chambre\_, rebuilt by Louis XII.

on the occasion of his marriage with Princess Mary of England, which

replaced the earlier bed-chamber of St. Louis.

Fra Gioconda's sumptuous decorations of 1502, which won for it the

name of the \_Chambre doree\_, the gold used being, it is said, equal in

purity to the famous Dutch golden florin, have been partially

restored. Here the kings of France held their Beds of Justice; here

the Fronde held its sittings, and here on 15th April, 1654, the young

king Louis XIV. strode in, booted and spurred, and is said to have

uttered the famous words \_l'Etat c'est moi\_. Here too, renamed the

Salle Egalite, the dread Revolutionary Tribunal held its sittings and

condemned 2742 victims; here on 14th October 1793, at half-past four

in the morning, appeared Marie Antoinette, "widow of Louis Capet,"

before her implacable judges and heard her doom; hence the twenty-one

Girondins trooped forth to their common fate; here Robespierre,

St. Just, and, at length, the unwearied minister of death,

Fouquier-Tinville himself, the revolutionary public prosecutor, heard

their condemnation. We leave by the Cour du Mai and note, to our L.,

the restored clock tower, replacing the most ancient and famous clock

of Paris. It was renewed by Germain Pilon in 1588 and restored in

1685. Demolished during the Revolution, the face and decoration were

again renewed in 1852. The silvery-toned bell that hung here, called

the \_tocsin\_, cast in 1371 and known as the \_cloche d'argent\_, was

accused, together with the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, before the

Commune on 21st August 1792, of having given the signal for the

massacre of St. Bartholomew, and its immediate destruction was

ordered. We turn along the picturesque river facade, and between

its two mediaeval towers, de Cesar and d'Argent, enter the

Conciergerie.[183] The condemned cell of Marie Antoinette (transformed

into a chapel) and the cell of Robespierre are shown, together with

the chapel where the Girondins passed their last night and where their

legendary banquet is famed to have taken place. The so-called \_Cuisine

de St. Louis\_, a remain of the old Gothic palace of Philip le Bel, is

no longer shown. The third tower on the river facade, which we pass on

our way westward, has been wholly rebuilt. In the original tower was

the judicial torture-chamber (an adjunct of every court of justice in

olden times), used to wrest confessions from prisoners and evidence

from unwilling witnesses, hence its name of Tour Bon Bec or Bavarde.

The fine western facade and the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Cour

d'Assises, looking on the Place Dauphine, were completed in 1868.

[Footnote 183: Permission to visit on Thursdays, 9-5, to be obtained

by written application to the Prefect of Police, Rue de Lutece.]

Few Law Courts in Europe have so venerable a history as the Palais de

Justice. From the times when the Roman praetor set up his court, more

than two thousand years ago, to the present day, a temple of Law and

Justice has ever stood on this spot.

SECTION II

\_St. Julien le Pauvre--St. Severin--The Quartier Latin.\_

As we fare S. from the W. end of the Parvis of Notre Dame and cross

the Petit Pont, we behold the old Roman Road, now Rue St. Jacques,

rising straight before us and on the annexe of the Hotel Dieu,[184] to

the L. of the Place du Petit Pont find inscribed their names (p. 46),

who nearly twelve centuries ago dared:--

"For that sweet motherland which gave them birth,

Nobly to do, nobly to die."

On the site of the Place stood the Petit Chatelet, demolished in 1782,

a gloomy prison where many a rowdy student was incarcerated. To the L.

of the Rue du Petit Pont[184] we turn by the Rue de la Bucherie and on

our R. find the Rue St. Julien le Pauvre. Here on the L., hidden

behind a pair of shabby wooden gates, stands the modest little

twelfth-century church, now used for the Uniat Greek services, where

St. Gregory of Tours found the drunken impostor (pp. 32, 33), where

the University of Paris first held its sittings, and where twice a

year the royal provost attended to swear to preserve the privileges

of the rector, masters and scholars. Near by stood the house of

Buridan (\_note\_, p. 68). At the end of the street we turn R. by the

old Rues Galande and St. Severin: at No. 4 of the latter, we see a

trace of the original naming of the streets by Turgot, the marks of

the erasure of the word "Saint" during the Revolution being clearly

visible. Parallel with this street to the N. is the Rue de la

Huchette, from which opens the curious old Rue du Chat qui Peche and

the Rue Zacharie, in mediaeval times called Sac a Lie, which

communicates with the Rue St. Severin. To our L. is the fine Gothic

church of St. Severin, one of the most beautiful and interesting in

Paris, on the site of the oratory of Childebert I., where St. Cloud

was shorn and took his vows. On the thirteenth-century N. portal of

the tower have been replaced the two small lions in relief between

which, in olden times, the cures are said to have exercised justice.

We note the thirteenth-century W. portal, transferred from the old

church of St. Pierre aux Boeufs, and enter for the sake of the

beautiful Gothic interior, mainly fifteenth century, with its double

aisles and ambulatory and fine stained-glass in the nave. We turn L.,

on leaving, along the Rue des Pretres St. Severin (No. 5 is the site

of the old College de Lisieux) which is continued by the Rue

Boutebrie, in former times the Rue des Enlumineurs, famous for those

who practised the art, "\_che alluminare chiamata e in Parisi\_."[185]

At the end of the Rue des Pretres we turn L. along the picturesque Rue

de la Parcheminerie, where we may recall the old poet Corneille

sitting at a cobbler's stall while his gaping shoe was patched, and

where still remain, among other curious old houses, Nos. 6 and 7,

which in the thirteenth century were owned by the canons of Norwich

Cathedral, who maintained a number of scholars there. We are now on

the very foyer of the University quarter, in mediaeval times swarming

with poor scholars, the busy hive of knowledge, and so notorious for

its misery and rowdy depravity, that Charles V. during his regency had

the Rue du Fouarre closed at curfew by strong iron grilles. We pass on

to the Rue St. Jacques, then R. to the Boulevard St. Germain, again

sharply to the L. and descend the new Rue Dante, R. of which, in the

Rue Domat, are some quaint old houses: at 12 \_bis\_ is the site of the

old College de Cournouailles (Brittany). The Rue Dante is continued by

the Rue du Fouarre (Straw Street) where Siger taught (p. 103) and in

one of whose colleges the author of the \_Divina Commedia\_ probably sat

as a scholar. The houses are all modernised and the name alone

remains. We turn R. along the Rue Galande, noting R. the Rue des

Anglais which reminds us that there the English scholars congregated.

We pass on by the Rue Lagrange and reach the place Maubert of dread

memories, for here were burnt many a Protestant martyr and the famous

printer philosopher, Etienne Dolet, friend of Erasmus, of Marot and of

Melancthon, whose statue in bronze stands on the Place. Dolet's

martyrdom is still yearly celebrated there by democratic Parisians,

and the Place has always been famous for its barricades during the

Fronde and later Revolutionary times. We cross the Boulevard to the

Rue des Carmes, whose name recalls the Carmelite monastery founded by

St. Louis, and at No. 15 find the site of the old Italian College

(College des Lombards). Much of this "hostel of the poor Italian

scholars of the charity of Our Lady," as rebuilt by two Irish priests,

Michael Kelly and Patrick Moggin, still exists, including the chapel,

and is partly occupied by a Catholic Workmen's Club It gave shelter

to forty missionary priests and an equal number of poor Irish

scholars, and the earliest disciples of Loyola found temporary shelter

there. Some idea of the vast extent of the ancient foundation may be

gained by walking round to 34 Rue de la Montagne Ste. Genevieve on the

other side of the Marche where the principal portal may be seen. We

return to the Place Maubert, which we recross, and descend direct

before us to the Rue de la Bucherie on our L. This street was the

centre of the medical students, and from 1369 to the times of Louis

XIV. the Faculty of Medicine held its lectures and demonstrations

there. At No. 13 still remains the old anatomical and surgical theatre

of the Faculty erected in 1617, which has been acquired by the

Municipality, but had a neglected, almost ruined aspect when we last

passed (Feb. 1906).[186] We continue along this street and return to

the Place du Petit Pont.

[Footnote 184: The annexe, the inscription and the Rue du Petit

Pont--all have disappeared (1911).]

[Footnote 185: \_Purgatorio\_, XI. 81.]

[Illustration: ST. SEVERIN.]

[Illustration: OLD ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.]

SECTION III

\_Ecole des Beaux Arts\_[187]--\_St. Germain des Pres\_--\_Cour du

Dragon\_--\_St. Sulpice\_--\_The Luxembourg\_--\_The Odeon\_--\_The

Cordeliers\_--\_The Surgeons' Guild\_--\_The Musee Cluny\_[188]--\_The

Sorbonne\_[189]--\_The Pantheon\_[190]--\_St. Etienne du Mont\_--\_Tour

Clovis\_--\_Wall of Philip Augustus\_--\_Roman Amphitheatre\_

[Footnote 186: Now demolished (1911).]

[Footnote 187: Open Sundays, 10-4.]

[Footnote 188: Open 11-4 or 5, closed Mondays and Chief Festivals.]

[Footnote 189: May be visited Thursdays and Sundays, 11-4. Apply

Concierge, 7 Rue des Ecoles.]

[Footnote 190: Open 10-4 or 5, closed Mondays and Festivals.]

We cross to the S. bank of the Seine by the Pont du Carrousel (or des

Saints Peres). Opposite on the Quai Malaquais stands the Ecole des

Beaux Arts (on the site of the old Convent of the Petits Augustins

where Lenoir organised his museum), founded by the Convention and now

one of the most important art-teaching centres in Europe. We turn S.

by the Rue Bonaparte, and soon find the entrance, on the R., to the

first courtyard, in which we note, on our R., the fine Portal of the

Chateau of Anet, built for Diana of Poitiers by Delorme and Goujon

(1548): opposite the entrance, giving access to the second courtyard,

is placed a facade, transitional in style, from the Chateau of

Gaillon. An hour may profitably be spent on Sundays strolling through

the rooms viewing the interesting collection of casts and

reproductions of masterpieces of painting by the pupils of the school.

Delaroche's famous Hemicycle, representing the great artists of every

age, seventy-five figures larger than life, will be found in the

theatre of the Musee des Antiquites entered from the second courtyard.

We continue along the Rue Bonaparte past the new Academie de Medecine

and on our L. soon sight the grey pile of the old Abbey Church of St.

Germain des Pres, once refulgent in colour and gold. A part of the

great tower is said to have resisted the Norman conflagrations, but

the church as we now behold it, is that rebuilt 1000-1163; enlarged in

1237 and restored at various periods in the first half of the

nineteenth century. Of the great fortress-monastery, with its immense

domains of land; its cloisters, walls and towers; its prison and

pillory, over which the puissant abbots once held sway, only a memory

remains. The fortifications were razed in the seventeenth century and

gave place to artizans' houses. The famous Fair of St. Germain has

long been suppressed, where Henry IV. on the royal entry of Marie de'

Medici, after promising the merchants that they should grow rich,

since his queen had \_de l'argent frais\_, disappointed them all by

chaffering much and buying nothing. Over the entrance of the church

within the W. porch is a well-preserved Romanesque relief of the Last

Supper. Some bases and capitals of the triforium date from the twelfth

century, but the heavy Romanesque capitals of the eleventh century

nave are restorations, and the beautiful early Gothic choir has also

been much modified at various epochs. The interest of the interior is

enhanced to the lover of French art by Flandrin's admirable frescoes

(p. 391), illustrating scenes from the Old and New Testaments.

Unhappily, they are seen with difficulty, and a bright, sunny day is

necessary to appreciate the masterly art, the noble and reverent

spirit that animates them. One of the most successful and best seen is

the Entry into Jerusalem, L. of the choir.

If we turn by the Rue de l'Abbaye, N. of the church, we shall find

part of the sixteenth-century Abbot's Palace yet standing, and a walk

round the apse and the S. side of the church will afford a view of its

massive bulk, its flying buttresses and steep-pitched roof. Crossing

the Place St. Germain obliquely to the S.W. we reach the Rue de

Rennes: at No. 50 is the entrance of the picturesque Cour du Dragon

with an eighteenth-century figure of a Dragon carved over it. At the

end of this curious courtyard, paved, as old Paris was paved, with the

gutter down the middle, will be seen two old towers enclosing

stairways. We return to the Rue Bonaparte and faring still S. reach

the huge fabric of St. Sulpice with its massive, gloomy towers and

pretentious facade of cumbrous splendour. We enter for the sake of

Delacroix' fine paintings in the side chapel R. of entrance: Jacob

wrestling with the Angel; Heliodorus driven from the Temple; and St.

Michael and the Dragon. In this and in many of the numerous chapels

are other decorative paintings by modern artists, few of which will

probably appeal to the visitor. It was in this church that Camille

Desmoulins was wedded to Lucille, Robespierre acting as best man. On

the S. side of the ample Place St. Sulpice is the great Catholic

Seminary,[191] and the whole neighbourhood has an essentially

ecclesiastical character. Shops and emporiums displaying \_objets de

piete\_; all kinds of church furniture and art (most of it bad art)

abound. We continue our southward way by the Rue Ferou, opposite the

end of which is the Musee du Luxembourg containing a collection of

such contemporary sculpture and paintings as has been deemed worthy

of acquisition by the State. The rooms are crowded with statuary and

pictures which evince much talent and technical skill, but the visitor

will be impressed by few works of great distinction. The English

traveller, perchance, will leave with kindlier feelings towards those

responsible for the Chantrey pictures, though envious of a collection

whose catholicity embraces works by two great modern masters,

Londoners by option--Legros and Whistler. But any impression that may

be left on the traveller's mind by the inspection of the examples of

contemporary French art exhibited in this museum should be

supplemented and corrected by an examination of decorative works of

greater range in the chief public edifices, such as the Hotel de

Ville, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon and the Ecole de Medecine. We enter

the Luxembourg Gardens by the gate R. of the museum, turn L., pass the

facade of the palace and opposite its E. wing discover the charming

old Medici Fountain. After strolling about the delightful gardens,

unhappily by the erection of the Observatory in 1672 reduced by more

than one-third of their former extent, we leave by the gate N. of the

Medici Fountain which gives on the Rue Vaugirard opposite the Odeon

Theatre, formerly the \_Theatre de la Nation\_, where the \_Comedie

Francaise\_ performed for a few years after 1781. The Paris booksellers

still have their stalls inside the colonnade even as they used to do

in the great Salle of the Palais de Justice.

[Footnote 191: Now suppressed and the building taken over by the State

(1911).]

[Illustration: COUR DU DRAGON.]

Descending (R. of the Odeon) the Rues Corneille, Casimir Delavigne and

Antoine Dubois, we strike the Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine where (No. 15

to R.) will be seen the Refectory, all that remains of the great

Franciscan monastery, and now used as a pathological museum (Musee

Dupuytren), for medical students. In this hall was laid the body of

Marat after his assassination by Charlotte Corday, and the famous club

of the Cordeliers, where the gentler rhetoric of Camille Desmoulins

vied with the thunderous declamation of Danton to stir republican

fervour, met in the Hall of Theology. We pass to No. 5, where are some

remains of the old School of Surgery or Guild of SS. Cosmas and

Damian, founded by St. Louis; adjacent stood the church of St. Cosmas,

famous for the fiery zeal of its cure during the times of the League.

The surgeons of the Guild being compelled by their charter to give

professional aid to the poor every Monday, the churchwardens obtained

a papal Bull authorising them to erect in their church a suitable

consulting-room for the use of the patients. In 1694 the surgeons

built an anatomical theatre which, enlarged in 1710, is now used as an

art school. We continue our pilgrimage and, crossing the Boulevard St.

Michel to the Rue des Ecoles, descend on our L. the Rue de la Sorbonne

and find the entrance to the beautiful late Gothic palace built for

the abbots of Cluny in 1490.

[Illustration: TOWER AND COURTYARD OF HOTEL CLUNY.]

The delightful old mansion, (p. 159) now the Musee de Cluny, is

crowded with a selection of mediaeval and renaissance objects

unparalleled in Europe for variety and excellence and beauty. The

rooms themselves, with their fine carved chimney-pieces, where on

winter days wood-fires, fragrant and genial, burn, are not the least

charming part of the museum. Many of the exhibits (about 12,000) are

uncatalogued, and the old catalogue, long out of date, may well be

classed among the antiquities. The traveller will doubtless return

again and again to this rich and fascinating museum. The present

installation is provisional, and we do but indicate the chief classes

of objects exhibited, most of which are clearly labelled. L. of

vestibule, Rooms I. and II. contain a miscellaneous collection of

wood carving, statuary, ivories, etc. Room III. has some important

examples of carved and painted altar-pieces: 709 is late

fifteenth-century work; 712, Flemish of the sixteenth century; 710, a

German domestic altar-piece, near which stands a fine Flemish

altar-piece (no number), carved with scenes from the Passion. On a

screen in the centre are some important paintings, carvings and other

objects of ecclesiastical art from the Rothschild Collection. Room IV.

shows some beautiful renaissance furniture, cabinets, medals, etc. To

the R. is the smaller Room V. The chief exhibits here are an

eighteenth-century Neapolitan \_Creche\_, with more than fifty doll-like

figures; a rich tabernacle of plateresque Spanish work, and some

furniture of interest. We return and descend to Room VI. (on the R), a

large hall, where many important mediaeval sculptures will be seen. At

the four corners are thirteenth-century statues from the Ste.

Chapelle. We may also mention: 429 (under a glass case), some lovely

fourteenth-century statuettes, mourners from the tomb of Philip the

Bold, by the Burgundian artist, Claus Sluter; a painted statue of the

Baptist, Sienese work; statuette in wood of the Virgin, French art of

the fourteenth century; 725, statuette in wood of St. Louis from the

Ste. Chapelle. Other noteworthy examples of mediaeval plastic art by

French, Italian and Netherland craftsmen will be found in this room,

and around the walls are specimens of tapestries, carvings, paintings

and mosaics, among the last being some from St. Denis and one, 4763,

by David Ghirlandaio from St. Merri. We cross a passage to the

parallel Hall VII., where hang three grand pieces of early sixteenth

century Flemish tapestry, illustrating the story of David and

Bathsheba. Among the statuary are: 251, Virgin and Child, French work

of early sixteenth century; 448, The Three Fates, attributed to

Germain Pilon, and said to be portraits of Diana of Poitiers and her

daughters. 449, The Forsaken Ariadne; 456, Sleep; 450, Venus and

Cupid; 479, a small and beautiful entombment, are French work of the

sixteenth century. Hall VIII. Here are exhibited the sumptuously

decorated robes of the Order of the Holy Ghost (p. 187); other

examples of fine tapestry; a Venetian Galley Lamp; and some statuary

of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

We return to the passage and ascend the stairs to the first floor.

Here are three galleries devoted to Faiences and other specimens of

the potter's art of French, Italian, Flemish, German, Spanish, Persian

and Moorish provenance. All are of admirable craftsmanship, the

Italian (including some from Faenza itself, the home of Faience ware)

being of especial beauty and excellence. Among the Della Robbia ware

is an exquisite Child-Baptist by Andrea. We now ascend three steps to

the room which contains, among other objects, a matchless collection

of Limoges enamels; some Venetian glass; and the marvellous

fifteenth-century tapestries from Boussac, probably the finest of that

fine period which have survived to us. The upper portion illustrates

the Life and Martyrdom of St. Stephen; the lower, the story of the

Lady and the Unicorn, or the Triumph of Chastity.

We descend to the Gallery of Hispano-Moorish and Persian pottery, and

cross to a suite of small rooms where specimens of Jewish sanctuary

art, old musical instruments, wedding cassoni and Flemish cabinets are

displayed. We then turn R. to the Hall of Francis I., with a stately

bed of the period; carved cabinets and cupboards, and proceed direct

to the room devoted to the ivories. These are of extraordinary variety

and beauty, and range from the sixth century downwards. The next room

is crowded with an equally varied collection of bronze and iron work,

among which we note a fifteenth-century statuette in bronze of Joan of

Arc. The examples of the locksmith's art shown are of great beauty and

excellence. The elaboration of French keys has a peculiar origin.

Henry III., as a mark of royal favour, permitted his minions to

possess a key of his private apartment: as a piece of swagger the

royal favourite was wont to wear the key ostentatiously on his breast,

whereby French smiths were spurred in emulation to produce keys of

exquisite craftsmanship and design. Another kind of interest attaches

to the key (No. 5962 in the case on the L. as we enter) which was made

by Louis XVI. The following room contains specimens of the goldsmith's

art. 5104 is a curious sixteenth-century model of a ship in gilded

bronze, with figures of Charles V. and his court on the deck: it has

an ingenious mechanism for discharging toy cannon. 5299, is a set of

chessmen in rock crystal; 4988, the face of an altar, rich gold

repousse work, was given by the Emperor, Henry II., to Bale Cathedral.

The glass case in the centre holds nine golden Visigothic crowns found

near Toledo in 1860, the largest is that of King Reccesvinthus who

reigned in the latter half of the seventh century; 5044 is a

fourteenth-century Italian processional cross of great beauty. We

retrace our steps to the Hall of Francis I., turn R. and enter the

private chapel. Opposite the charming little apse are placed some

admirably preserved fourteenth-century reliefs in stone from the Abbey

of St. Denis. On leaving, we turn R. along the passage, hung with

armour and weapons, to the stairway, descend to Room VI., ground

floor, open a door at its W. end, and in the twinkling of an eye are

swept back nigh two thousand years along the stream of the ages, for

the frigidarium of the Baths of the Palace of the Caesars is before us,

a fabric of imperial architecture, spoiled of its decorations but yet

massive and strong, as of elemental strength, defiant of time, the

imperishable mark of Rome. We descend and find in the centre the altar

(p. 17), bearing the inscription of the \_Nautae\_. A statue of the

Emperor Julian; some thirteenth and fourteenth-century statues are

also exhibited. We may enter and rest in the garden where a

twelfth-century cloister portal from the Benedictine Abbey of

Argenteuil, a fourteenth-century portal from the Abbey of St. Denis,

and other fragments of architecture are placed.

[Illustration: ARCHES IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HOTEL CLUNY.]

We return to the Rue des Ecoles which we cross to the imposing new

University buildings. The vestibule, grand staircase and amphitheatre

are of noble and stately proportions and adorned with mural paintings,

among which Puvis de Chavannes' great composition, The Sacred Grove,

in the amphitheatre, is of chief interest.[192] We continue along the

Rue de la Sorbonne and soon reach the old chapel, all that remains of

Richelieu's Sorbonne, containing his tomb, a masterpiece of monumental

art of the late seventeenth century, designed by Lebrun and executed

by Girardon. The church of St. Benoist and its cloister, where

Francois Villon assassinated his rival Chermoye, has also been swept

away. We proceed by the Rue Victor Cousin, a continuation of the Rue

de la Sorbonne, and debouch on the broad Rue Soufflot. Turning L., an

inscription on No. 14 marks the site of the Dominican monastery where

the great schoolmen, Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas taught.

Opposite (No. 9), at the corner of the Rue St. Jacques is the site,

marked by a plan, of the old Porte St. Jacques of the Philip Augustus

wall. We are now on the Mount of St. Genevieve, crowned by the

majestic and eminent Pantheon, whose pediment is adorned by David

d'Angers' sculptures, representing La Patrie, between Liberty and

History, distributing crowns to her children. Among the figures are

Malesherbes, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Carnot, Bonaparte, behind

whom stand an old grenadier and the famous drummer-boy of Arcole.

[Footnote 192: The College de France may be seen further along the Rue

des Ecoles at the corner of the Rue St. Jacques.]

The Pantheon has the most magnificent situation and, except the new

church of the Sacre Coeur, is the most dominant building in Paris.

Its dome is seen from nearly every eminence commanding the city, and

has a certain stately, almost noble, aspect. But the spacious

interior, despite the efforts of the artists of the third Republic, is

chilling to the spectator. Swept and garnished, it has no warmth of

historical or religious associations; it is devoid of human sentiment.

The choice of painters to decorate the interior was an amazing act of

official insensibility. The most discordant artistic temperaments were

let loose on the devoted building. Puvis de Chavannes, the only

painter among them who has grasped the limitation of mural art, has

painted with restraint and noble simplicity incidents in the story of

St. Genevieve. Jean Paul Laurens is responsible for a splendid but

incongruous representation of the death of St. Genevieve. A St. Denis,

scenes in the lives of Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Jeanne

d'Arc, by Bonnat, Blanc, Levy, Cabanel and Lenepveu, are all excellent

work of the kind so familiar to visitors to the Salon at Paris, but

lacking in harmony and in inspiration. The angel appearing to Jeanne

d'Arc seems to have been modelled from a \_figurante\_ at the opera. The

visitor who has perused the opening chapters of this book will have no

difficulty in following the subjects depicted on the walls. A more

ambitious scheme of decoration was abruptly closed by the Coup d'Etat

of Napoleon III.: Chenavard, who had been commissioned, in 1848, to

decorate the interior by a series of forty cartoons, illustrating the

"History of Man from his first sorrows to the French Revolution,"

found his gigantic project made abortive by the Prince President's

treachery.

To the L. of the Pantheon, the library of St. Genevieve stands on the

site of the College Montaigu and behind, in the Rue Clotilde, will be

seen the steep-pitched roof of the old dormitory and refectory of the

monastery of St. Genevieve: to our L. stands the picturesque church of

St. Etienne du Mont (p. 85), whose interior is architecturally of much

interest. The triforium, supported by round pillars and arches, in its

turn supports a \_tournee\_, with another row of arches and pillars; some

fine sixteenth-century coloured glass still remains. Biard's florid

choir screen (p. 344) or \_jube\_ will at once attract the visitor, and

the ever-present worshippers around the rich shrine R. of the choir will

tell him that there such relics of the holy patroness of Paris as

survived the Revolution are preserved. Two inscriptions near by recall

the historical associations of the site. Leaving by the door this side

of the choir, we issue into the Rue Clovis: opposite we sight the

so-called Tower of Clovis, now enclosed in the buildings of the Lycee

Henri IV., and once the tower of the fine old abbey church of St.

Genevieve. A closer examination from the courtyard proves it to be

partly Romanesque, partly Gothic. We descend the Rue Clovis and at No. 7

find one of the best-preserved remains of the Philip Augustus wall.

Proceeding to the end of the Rue Clovis, we turn R., ascend the Rue

Cardinal Lemoine, and cross to the Rue Rollin, which we descend to its

intersection with the Rue Monge: in the Rue de Navarre opposite will be

found the ruins of the old Roman Arena (p. 13). To return, we descend

the Rue Monge, which terminates at the Place Maubert, where we find

ourselves on familiar ground; or we may re-ascend the Rue Rollin,

retracing our steps to the Rue Cardinal Lemoine, cross L. to the Place

Contrescarpe and on our L. find the interesting Rue Mouffetard with

curious old houses: 99, the site of the Palace of the Patriarchs of

Alexandria and Jerusalem, is now the Marche des Patriarchs. The street

terminates at the church of St. Medard, whose notorious cemetery (p.

245) is now a Square. We retrace our steps, noting L. the old fountain

at the corner of the Rue Pot de Fer, continue to the end of the Rue

Mouffetard, and descend by the Rue Descartes, where at No. 50 is an

inscription marking the site of the Porte St. Marcel called Porte

Bordet. We pass the Ecole Polytechnique, on the site of the old College

of Navarre, and continue down the Rue de la Montagne Ste. Genevieve to

the Place Maubert.

[Illustration: INTERIOR OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT.]

SECTION IV

\_The Louvre[193]--Sculpture: Ground Floor.\_

[Footnote 193: The Louvre is open from 9-5 in summer, from 10-4 in

winter. On Sundays it is open from 10-4. It is closed on Mondays and

holidays and on Thursdays till 1 o'clock.]

No other edifice in Europe contains so vast a treasure of things

beautiful and rare as the great royal palace of the Louvre, whose

growth we have traced in our story. From periods so remote that works

of art sometimes termed ancient are in comparison but of yesterday to

the productions of the generation of artists who have just passed

away, we may study the varying phases of the manifestation through the

ages of the artistic sense in man. From Egypt, Chaldea and Assyria,

from Persia, Phoenicia and Greece, rich and marvellous collections

afford a unique opportunity for the study of comparative aesthetics.

We may safely assume, however, that the traveller will be chiefly

interested in the manifold examples of the plastic and pictorial arts,

here exhibited, from Greece downwards. In the limited space at our

disposal we can do no more than indicate the principal and choicest

objects in the various rooms, praying those whose leisure and interest

impel them to more thorough examination of any one department, to

possess themselves of the admirable and exhaustive special catalogues

issued by the Directors of the Museum.

The nucleus of the gallery of sculpture and painting was formed by

Francis I. and the Renaissance princes at the palace of Fontainebleau,

where the canvases at the beginning of the seventeenth century had

reached nearly 200. Colbert, during the reign of Louis XIV. by the

purchase of the Mazarin and other Collections, added 647 paintings and

nearly 6000 drawings in ten years. In 1681 the Cabinet du Roi, for so

the collection of royal pictures was called, was transferred to the

Louvre. They soon, however, followed their owner to Versailles, but

some hundred were subsequently returned to Paris, where they might be

inspected at the Luxembourg Palace by the public on Wednesdays and

Saturdays. In 1709 Bailly, the keeper of the king's cabinet, took an

inventory of the paintings and they were found to number 2376. In 1757

all were again returned to Versailles, and it was not until 1793, when

the National Convention, on Barrere's motion, took the matter in hand,

that they were restored to the Parisians and, together with the works

of art removed from the suppressed churches and monasteries preserved

by Lenoir, formed the famous gallery of the Louvre, which was formally

opened to the public on the first anniversary of the memorable 10th of

August. The arrival of the artistic spoils from Italy was

stage-managed by Napoleon with consummate skill and imposing

spectacular effect. Amid the applauding multitudes of Parisians a long

procession of triumphal cars slowly wended its way, loaded with famous

pictures, securely packed, but each bearing its title in monumental

inscription. THE TRANSFIGURATION, by RAPHAEL: THE CHRIST, by TITIAN,

etc. Then followed the heavy rumbling of massive cars groaning under

the weight of sculptures, these too inscribed: THE APOLLO BELVEDERE:

THE LAOCOON, etc. Other chariots loaded with trunks containing famous

books, precious manuscripts, captured flags, trophies of arms, gave

the scene all the pomp and circumstance of a veritable Roman triumph.

These spoils, which almost choked the Louvre during Napoleon's reign,

were reduced by the return, in 1815, of 5233 works of art to their

original owners under British supervision, and during the removal of

the statues and pictures, ostentatiously effected to the bitter

humiliation of the Parisians, British sentinels were stationed along

the galleries and British soldiers stood under arms in the quadrangle

and the Place du Carrousel to protect the workmen.

Before beginning our artistic pilgrimage let us pay grateful tribute

to the memory of Alexandre Lenoir, to whose tact and love for the arts

we owe the preservation of so many priceless objects here, at St.

Denis, and other museums of Paris. Appointed by the National Assembly,

Director of a \_Commission pour les Monuments\_ formed to collect all

objects of art worthy of preservation during the search for lead

coffins to be cast into bullets, he induced the authorities to grant

him the use of the monastery of the Petits Augustins (now part of the

Ecole des Beaux Arts) for their storage. There the admirable official

succeeded in rescuing some 500 historical and royal monuments from

Paris and St. Denis and some 2,600 pictures from the confiscated

monasteries and ecclesiastical establishments, although existing

receipts for about 600 pictures reclaimed from Lenoir by the

Revolutionary Tribunal and burned, prove that he was only partially

successful. In 1793 the National Convention assigned the Petits

Augustins to Lenoir as a Museum of French Monuments, and the

collection was pieced together, somewhat unskilfully it is true, and

arranged in six rooms: many of the objects were in due time destined

to find their way back to St. Denis, others to enrich the Louvre.

(\_a\_) ANCIENT SCULPTURE.

Entering the quadrangle of the Louvre and making our way to the S.W.

angle we shall see, traced on the granite paving by a line of smaller

stones, the outline of the E. and N. walls and towers of the old

fortress of Philip Augustus, the position of the E. gateway, the Porte

de Bourbon, being marked by its two flanking towers. Enclosed within

these lines, the site of the massive old keep is shown by two circular

strings of stones on the asphalt. Lescot's and Goujon's beautiful

facade (p. 173) is now before us. Although the whole of the decorative

sculpture was designed by Goujon, only three groups of figures can be

safely attributed to his hand; those that adorn the three \_oeil de

boeuf\_ windows of the ground floor: Fame and Victory; Peace, and War

disarmed; History and Glory. Concerning the two first-named

figures--Fame blowing a trumpet, and a winged Victory offering a crown

of laurel--on either side of the window in the S.W. angle, it is

related that one day as King Henry II. sat at table with his

architect, he asked him what he had in mind when he made the design.

"Sire," answered Lescot, "by the first figure I meant Ronsard, and by

the trumpet, the power of his verse, which carried his name to the

four quarters of the earth." Ronsard, who was present, returned the

compliment by a flattering poetic epistle which he sent to Lescot.

Goujon's figures, destined for the pediment of the attic, were placed

by Napoleon I. most awkwardly over the entrances to the Egyptian and

Assyrian collections in the E. wing, and utterly spoiled of their

effect. The monograms on either side of the windows: two D's

interlaced with the bar of an H, or two C's with the whole of the

letter H, are variously interpreted as the initials of Diana of

Poitiers and Henry II. or Catherine de' Medici and Henry II.

We enter the palace by the Pavilion de l'Horloge (the clock pavilion)

and, turning L. find on our L. a door which opens to the Salle des

Caryatides (p. 173). Here, in the old Salle Basse, memories crowd upon

us--the dangling bodies of the four terrorist chiefs of the Sections

hanged by the Duke of Mayenne from the beams of the old ceiling; the

Red Nuptials of fair Queen Margot and Henri Quatre; the chivalrous and

handsome, but ill-fated young hero of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, on

his way, in 1576, to the Netherlands, his brain seething with romantic

dreams of rescuing Mary Queen of Scots and seating her beside himself

on the throne of England, taking part in a royal ball, disguised as a

Moor, and leaving, smitten by the charms of Queen Margot; the lying in

state of the murdered Henri; the dying Mazarin wheeled in his chair to

witness the royal performances by Moliere. Beneath our feet in the

\_caves\_ are part of the foundations of the old feudal chateau, and

pillars and fragments of old sculpture discovered in 1882-1884.

We note Goujon's Caryatides (p. 174), traverse the hall, filled with

Roman sculpture and, turning R. along the Corridor de Pan, enter the

Salle Grecque, which contains a small but precious collection of Greek

sculptures. In the centre are three archaic works: a draped Juno, and

in glass cases, a Head of Apollo, and a Head of a Man, the latter

still bearing traces of the original colouring. Also in cases are:

Head of a Lapith from the Parthenon; and Head of a woman attributed to

the sculptor Calamis, acquired in 1908 from the Humphrey Ward

collection. Three bas-reliefs from a temple of Apollo at Thasos show a

marked advance in artistic expression, which reaches its ultimate

perfection in the lovely fragment of the Parthenon frieze, and in a

mutilated metope from the same temple. An interesting comparison is

afforded by the metopes (The Labours of Hercules) from the Temple of

Jupiter at Olympia, earlier and transitional in style but admirable in

craftsmanship. On the walls and in the embrasures of the S. windows

are a number of stele, or sepulchral reliefs,[194] executed by

ordinary funeral masons, which will demonstrate the remarkable general

excellence of Attic sculpture in the finest period: 766, to Philis,

daughter of Cleomedes, is especially noteworthy. Even the inferior

reliefs are characterised by an atmosphere of dignified and restrained

melancholy.

[Footnote 194: The architectural framework is believed to represent

the portal of Hades.]

We return to the Corridor de Pan and continue past the Salle des

Caryatides through halls filled with Graeco-Roman work of secondary

importance, to the sanctuary of the serenely beautiful Venus of Melos,

the best-known and most admired of Greek statues in Europe. Much has

been written by eminent critics as to the attitude of the complete

statue. Three conflicting theories may be briefly summarised: (1) That

the left hand held an apple, the right supporting the drapery; (2)

that the figure was a Victory holding a shield and a winged figure on

an orb; (3) the latest conjecture, by Solomon Reinach, that the figure

is the sea-goddess Amphitrite, who held a trident in the extended left

arm. It was to this exquisite creation[195] of idealised womanhood

that the poet Heine dragged himself in May 1848 to bid adieu to the

lovely idols of his youth, before he lay, never again to rise, on his

mattress-grave in the Rue d'Amsterdam. "As I entered the hall," he

writes, "where the most blessed goddess of beauty, our dear lady of

Melos, stands on her pedestal, I well-nigh broke down, and fell at her

feet sobbing piteously, so that even a heart of stone must be

softened. And the goddess gazed at me compassionately, yet withal so

comfortless, as who should say: 'Seest thou not that I have no arms

and cannot help thee?'"

[Footnote 195: We are credibly informed that this priceless statue was

first offered to the English Government for 4,000 francs and refused!

The French Government bought it for 6,000 francs.]

To the R. of the Salle de la Venus de Milo is the Salle Melpomene,

with a fine colossal figure of the Tragic Muse, and, No. 419[196]

(163), an excellent Head of a Woman. We enter the Salle de la Pallas

de Velletri, and ranged along its centre find: 436, a fine bust of

Alexander the Great; the Venus of Arles, 439, said to be a copy of an

early work by Praxiteles; a magnificent Head of Homer, 440; and 441,

Apollo, the Lizard-slayer, after a bronze by Praxiteles. The colossal

Pallas, in a recess to the R., was found at Velletri in 1797: it is

another Roman reproduction of a Greek bronze. Near the entrance to the

next room stands a pleasing Venus, 525, and in the centre the famous

"Borghese Gladiator" or \_Heros Combattant\_, actually, a warrior

attacking a mounted Amazon. An inscription states that it is the work

of Agasias of Ephesus. To the R. is a fine Marsyas, doomed to be

flayed alive by order of Apollo; to L. 562, the Borghese Centaur, and

near the exit, 529, the charming Diana of Gabii, a Greek girl

fastening her mantle. We pass to the Salle du Tibre, in the centre of

which stands the famous Diana and the Stag, acquired for Francis I.,

much admired and over-rated by the sculptors of the renaissance: at

the end is a colossal group, symbolising the Tiber and Rome. We turn

R. and again enter the Corridor de Pan, pass through the Salle Grecque

and reach the Rotonde with the Borghese Mars in its centre. We turn

L., continue direct through Rooms XIV. to XVIII. the old Petite

Galerie[197] and the apartments of the queen mothers of France still

retaining their ceiling decorations by Romanelli. We then turn R. to

the spacious Salle d'Auguste, (XIX), at the end of which, in a recess,

stands a majestic draped statue of Augustus. In the centre are a bust,

1204, said to be the head of Antiochus III., king of Syria 223-187

B.C., and 1207 the stately Roman Orator as Mercury, which an

inscription on the tortoise states to be the work of Cleomanes, an

Athenian. In this and the subsequent halls are placed many imperial

busts[198] of much historical and some artistic interest.

[Footnote 196: Unfortunately the numeration of the sculpture in the

Louvre is in a most chaotic state. Some of the objects are unnumbered;

others retain their old numbers, yet others have both old and new

numbers.]

[Footnote 197: There was originally a fosse between it and the garden

which Marie de' Medici bridged by a wooden structure, known as the

Pont d'Amour, to facilitate interviews with her favourite Concini.]

[Footnote 198: It may not be inopportune to summarise here,

Bienkowski's criterion for dating Roman busts, which is as follows:

Augustan and Julio-Claudian epoch, head only rendered; Flavian,

shoulders rendered but juncture of arms not indicated; the sculptors

of Trajan's time included the juncture of the arms, and of Hadrian's

and the Antonines, part of the upper arm. Later, the bust developed to

a half-length figure. It is necessary of course to exclude decapitated

busts subsequently restored or fitted with heads of another epoch.]

We return to Room XVIII. where we find, 1205, the colossal bust of

Antinous, the beautiful young favourite of Hadrian, who in a fit of

melancholy flung himself into the Nile and (deified) became the most

popular of the gods in the Pantheon of the later Empire: the eyes were

originally formed of jewels. This is the bust referred to by J.A.

Symonds, in his \_Sketches and Studies in S. Europe\_, as by far the

finest of the simple busts of the imperial favourite. In Room XV. is a

statue, 1121, of the Emperor Julian, found at Paris, some curious

Mithraic reliefs, and, in Room XIV. are interesting Roman altars and

sacrificial reliefs. We again enter the Rotonde, turn L. and proceed

across the Vestibule Daru to the Escalier Daru, ascending which, we

are confronted by the majestic Victory of Samothrace, one of the

noblest examples of Greek art, wrought immediately before it had spent

its creative force and began to direct a subtle and technical mastery

to serve private luxury and pomp. We descend and return to the

Quadrangle.

(\_b\_) MEDIAEVAL AND RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE.

We cross the quadrangle to the S.E. and enter[199] the Musee des

Sculptures du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance, where the sense of

beauty inherent in the Gallic race is seen expressed in a medium which

has always appealed to its peculiar objective and lucid temperament.

We proceed to Room I., which contains some typical early Madonnas and

other figures in wood and stone; a fifteenth-century statuette in

marble (No. 211), in the embrasure of the second window, is worthy of

special attention. The fine sepulchral monument of Phil. Bot,

Seneschal of Burgundy, an effigy on a grave-stone borne by eight

mourners, illustrates a favourite design of the Burgundian sculptors.

The recumbent figure, 224, of Philippe VI. of France (1350),

attributed to Andrieu Beaunepveu, the art-loving Charles V's. \_cher

ymagier\_, is one of the earliest attempts at portraiture. Centre of

hall, 887 and 888, recumbent statues of Charles IV. and Jeanne

d'Evreux, fourteenth-century, by Jean de Liege. The tomb of Philippe

de Morvillier, 420, in the recess of a window, is an example of early

fifteenth-century acrolithic monumental sculpture; the head and hands

of the figure being of marble according to a common custom dating from

Greek times. On either side of the entrance are fine busts of Charles

VIII. and Marie of Anjou.

[Footnote 199: Now (1911) entered from the E. portal (\_Antiquites

Egyptiennes\_).]

Rooms II., IX. and X. should next be visited. In IX. stands the oldest

fragment of mediaeval sculpture in the Louvre, a capital from the old

abbey of St. Genevieve, whereon an eleventh-century artist has carved

a quaint relief of Daniel in the Lions' Den. The Virgin and Child in

the same room, 37, is late twelfth-century; the painted statue of

Childebert, 48, from the abbey of St. Germain, is an example of the

more mature art of the thirteenth century, as are also in Room II.,

78, a scene in the Inferno from Notre Dame, and two lovely angels from

the tomb of St. Louis' brother, in the embrasures of the window.

The fourteenth-century Madonnas in these mediaeval rooms possess a

peculiar, intimate character and mark the change of feeling which came

over French artists of the time. The impersonal, unemotional and regal

bearing of the thirteenth-century figures give way to a more

naturalistic treatment. The Virgin's impassive features soften;

they become more human; she turns to her child with a maternal smile

(which later becomes conventionalised into a simper), or permits a

caress. In Room X. are: 889, 890, two fifteenth-century statues,

admirable and living portraitures of Charles V. and his queen, from

the church of the Celestins, whose preservation is due to the

excellent Lenoir--statues famous in their day, and mentioned by the

contemporary Christine de Pisan as \_moult proprement faits\_; 892, a

fifteenth-century statue in wood of St. John; 943, Eve, a fine example

of the German school of the sixteenth century, painted and gilded;

other works are temporarily placed in this room. We return to Room

III., noting in passing (Room IX.) 875, a small thirteenth-century

relief of St. Matthew writing his Gospel at the dictation of an angel.

[Illustration: DIANA AND THE STAG.

\_Jean Goujon.\_]

The stubborn individuality of French sculptors who long resisted the

encroaching advance of the Italian renaissance is well seen in Room

III. by the works of Michel Colombe (? 1430-1570), after whom this

hall is named. The exquisite relief on the L. wall, St. George and the

Dragon, displays an art touched indeed by the new Italian life, but

impressed with an intimate charm and spirit which are eminently

French. The Virgin and Child, 143, and the tombs of Roberte Legendre

and her husband have also been ascribed to this truly great master.

The fine effigies of Philippe de Comines the annalist, and his wife,

126, are wrought in the traditional French manner, the decorations on

the tomb being obviously by another and Italianised artist; the shells

on the shields denote that the knight had made the pilgrimage to St.

James of Compostella in Galicia. Beneath is the tomb of their

daughter, Jeanne. The sixteenth-century Virgin of Ecouen, 144, is

typically French in treatment; the large relief on the L. wall from

the old church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, 199, is an excellent

example of transitional Franco-Italian sculpture; and the

half-reclining bronze effigy of Prince Carpi from the great Franciscan

church (the Cordeliers) of Paris, is wholly Italian in style. The

gruesome figure, \_La Mort\_, in the embrasure of a window, from the old

cemetery of Les Innocents, and a fine bust, 173, of John of Alesso,

will also be noted. We pass to Room IV., dominated by the most eminent

sculptor of the French renaissance, Jean Goujon (? 1520-1567), whose

famous Diana and the Stag, from a fountain at Diana of Poitiers'

chateau of Anet, marks the increasing influence of the Italians, and

especially of Cellini, who were attracted to Fontainebleau by the

patronage of Francis I. A more intimate example, however, of Goujon's

genius will be seen in the beautiful bas-reliefs on the L. wall,

Tritons and Nereids, from the Fontaine des Innocents, executed

1548-49, and those (R. wall) from the old choir screen of St. Germain

l'Auxerrois in 1544, happily rescued from clerical vandals.[200] For

sheer loveliness of form and poetry of outline, those reliefs are

unsurpassed by any contemporary artist. His younger contemporary,

Germain Pilon (1535-1590), is well represented in this room. The Three

Graces (\_trois graces decentes\_), which Catherine de' Medici

commissioned him to execute, to sustain an urn containing the heart of

her royal husband at the Celestins, is an early work; the admirable

kneeling bronze effigy, 257, of Rene of Birague, a maturer production.

The four cardinal virtues in oak were executed for the abbey church

of St. Genevieve: they were originally covered with stucco and held on

high the saint's reliquary. The too lachrymose Madonna in terra-cotta,

256, already ushers in the decadence. Portrait busts of Henry II.,

227, the vicious Henry III., 253, and of the feeble Charles IX., 252,

are also to be noted. Pilon's pupil, Bart. Prieur (d. 1611), is

responsible for the monument to the Constable Anne of Montmorency and

Madeleine of Savoy, in the recess of a window, and the three bronze

statues placed by the opposite wall. With Pierre Biard the elder, who

about 1600 executed the elaborate choir-screen of St. Etienne du Mont,

the French renaissance sinks to a not inglorious end. His Fame (224,

\_bis\_), in Room III. and a copy of Giov. da Bologna's Mercury, made

for the Duke of Epernon's tomb, hints at the impending pomposity and

extravagance of the later French pseudo-classic school. Room V.

affords an instructive comparison with some productions of the Italian

renaissance. 332, Florentine school, is a charming bust of Beatrice

d'Este, the girl bride of Lodovico il Moro, autocrat of Milan. The

fine bas-relief, 386, Julius Caesar, was formerly ascribed to

Donatello; 389, Virgin and Child, is also a school work; 403, the

Child-Baptist, is a good example of Mino da Fiesole's sweet and tender

style, as are some Madonna bas-reliefs in the embrasure of the first

window. Here, too, and in the next window, are some well-wrought early

renaissance reliefs in bronze (scenes in the life of a physician), by

a Paduan artist, from the tomb of a celebrated professor of Verona,

Marc'antonio della Torre. In the lunette of the R. wall is embedded

Cellini's Nymph of Fontainebleau, and on either side of the noble

portal from the Palazzo Stanza at Cremona, which forms the entrance to

Room VI., stand the divine Michael Angelo's so-called Two Slaves,

actually fettered Virtues intended for the unfortunate tomb of Pope

Julius II. These priceless statues, given to Francis I. by Robert

Strozzi, subsequently found their way to Richelieu's garden, and

during the later years of the monarchy lay neglected in a stable in

the Faubourg du Roule: when put up to auction in 1793 the vigilant and

admirable Lenoir seized them for his Musee National at the Augustins.

Among other objects we note, 396, a fine bust of Filippo Strozzi by

Benedetto da Maiano. We enter Room VI. The excellent bust of the

Baptist, 383, by Desiderio da Settignano is officially assigned to

Donatello, and the coloured Virgin and Child in wood to the Sienese

Jacopo della Quercia. Room VII. contains many beautiful specimens of

della Robbia ware, and among the statues and busts we note Louis XII.

by Lorenzo da Mugiano, of which the head has been restored.

Provisionally placed in this room is a recently acquired relief in

marble of the Madonna by Agostino di Duccio.

[Footnote 200: The canons decided that these were unworthy of the

enlightened taste of the eighteenth century and had them cleared away.

The relief of the Evangelists was discovered in 1850 embedded in the

wall of a house in the Rue St. Hyacinthe.]

[Illustration: ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. \_Michel Colombe.\_]

(\_c\_) MODERN SCULPTURE.

We cross the quadrangle to the N.W. and find the entrance to the Musee

des Sculptures Modernes, where we may trace the rapid decline and

utter degradation of French sculpture during the seventeenth and

eighteenth centuries, and some signs of its recovery during the

revolutionary period. Many causes contributed to the decay; the

essentially bourgeois and commonplace taste of Colbert and the

influence of his artistic henchman, Lebrun; the slavish worship of

Graeco-Roman and Roman models, fostered by the creation of the Ecole de

Rome; and the teachings of critics like Lessing and Winkelmann, who

drew their inspiration not from pure Greek models, but from the

decadent and sterile art of the Empire, stored in the Vatican. Among

the artists whose individuality stands forth from the mass of

sculptures in these rooms is Charles Antoine Coysevox (1640-1720), who

gives his name to Room I. to the L. of the vestibule. His chief works

are in the "royal pandemonium," at Versailles, but in the vestibule

will be found excellent examples of his art, 555, Nymph with a shell,

and 560, Shepherd playing a flute. In Room I., 561, Marie Adelaide of

Savoy as Diana; 557, a fine bronze bust of the great Conde and a bust

of Ant. Coypel acquired in 1910, are worth attention, as is also 552,

the grand monument to Mazarin in Room II. Pierre Puget (1622-1694),

who gives his name to this hall, began his career as a carver of

figure-heads at the arsenals of Toulouse and Marseilles. He was the

chief exponent of the bombastic and exuberant art of the century, and

the inventor of the peculiar gusty draperies in statuary known as the

\_coup de vent dans la statuaire\_. 794, Milo (the famous athlete of

Crotona), attacked by a Lion, his most popular work, and 796, a

relief, Diogenes and Alexander, esteemed by Gonse one of the most

\_eclatante\_ creations of modern sculpture, will be found in this room.

Some bronzes, 702-704, Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, and the child

Louis XIV., from an old monument on the Pont au Change by Simon

Guillain (1581-1658) are of interest. The Coustous, Nicholas

(1658-1733) and Guillaume (1677-1746), nephews and pupils of Coysevox

are represented in Room III. 547, Apollo presenting the Image of Louis

XIV. to France (embrasure of window); 548, Adonis (centre of room);

549, Julius Caesar; and 550, Louis XV., are due to the former: the

statue of Louis' queen Maria Leczinska, 543, to the latter, whose

masterpiece, the Horse-tamers of Marly, stands at the entrance of the

Champs Elysees opposite Coysevox', Mercury and Fame on winged horses,

at the entrance to the Tuileries Gardens. J.B. Pigalle (1714-1785) is

but poorly represented by: 785, a bronze bust of Guerin; and 781, a

Mercury in lead, which has much suffered from exposure to the

atmosphere in the Luxembourg Gardens. A most talented portraitist in

marble was J.J. Caffieri (1725-1792), whose seven masterly busts in

the foyer of the Theatre Francais, paid for by free passes, which the

artist promptly sold, will be familiar to playgoers. His diploma work,

The River, 518 (L. of entrance), and a bust of the poet Nivelle de la

Chaussee, 519 (embrasure of window), will be found in this room. J.A.

Houdon (1741-1828), whose admirable bust of Moliere, and marvellously

vivid statue of the seated Voltaire--the greatest production of

eighteenth-century French sculpture--will be also known to playgoers

at the Francais, gives his name to Room IV. Few artists maintained so

high and consistent a standard of excellence.[201] 716 is a replica in

bronze of a statue of Diana, executed for the Empress Catherine II. of

Russia; 708, Diderot; 711, Rousseau; 712 Voltaire; 713, Franklin; 715,

Washington; 717, Mirabeau, are busts of revolutionary heroes of which

many replicas exist, executed at seventy-two francs each (if with

shoulders ninety-six francs), to save himself from starvation during

the revolutionary period. Two exquisitely charming terra-cotta busts

in glass cases of the children, Louise and Alexandre Brogniart, and

1034, 1035, the original busts in plaster of Mme. Houdon and Sabine

Houdon, will also be noted. Like Caffieri, Houdon was an \_habitue\_ of

the Francais, and in his old age would totter to the theatre supported

by his servant, to calmly sleep the performance out. A favourite

exponent of the suave and languishing style that appealed to the

decadent tastes of the age was Antoine Pajou (1730-1809) here

represented by 775, a Bacchante, and 772, Maria Leczinska as Charity.

Other two works by Pigalle, 782, Love and Friendship, and 783, bust of

Marshal Saxe, may be noticed before quitting this room. Room V. is

dedicated to A.D. Chaudet (1763-1810), whose diploma work, Phorbas and

OEdipus, 533, is here shown; 537, a Bacchante, is a rather poor

example of the art of Claude Michel (1738-1814), known as Clodion

whose popularity rivalled that of his master Pajou, and whose

prodigious output of marble and terra-cotta sculpture failed to keep

pace with the demands of his clients. 777 is Pajou's, The Forsaken

Psyche. By the seductive and sentimental Canova are 523 and 524,

variants of a favourite theme, Love and Psyche.[202] With some sense

of relief we enter the more invigorating atmosphere of Room VI., named

after the sturdy Francois Rude (1784-1855), who flung off the yoke of

the Roman classicists, and from whose simple, austere atelier issued

works instinct with a new life, such as the dramatic group, The

Departure of the Volunteers of 1792, on the E. base of the Triumphal

Arch of the Etoile. Rude, who rescued the art from the fetid

atmosphere of a corrupt society and emancipated it from a hide-bound

pedagogy, is here represented by his Jeanne d'Arc, 813; Maurice de

Saxe, 811; and 815, Napoleon awakening to Immortality, a model for a

monument to the Emperor. In the centre are 810, Mercury in bronze, and

the Neapolitan fisher lad (no number). Rude's contemporary and

fellow-liberator, David d'Angers (1789-1856), chiefly renowned for his

pediment sculpture on the Pantheon (p. 330) is here represented by

566, Philopoeman, the famous general of the Achaen League; busts of

Arago and of Beranger; 567 \_bis\_, Child and Grapes, and a series of

medals in the embrasures of the windows. Of Antoine Barye (1796-1875),

pupil of pere Rude and another victorious assailant of the "Bastille

of Classicism," this room exhibits three masterly works in bronze;

494, Centaur and Lapith; 495, Jaguar and Hare; and (no number), Tiger

and Crocodile. A later contemporary and excellent master was Jean

Baptiste Carpeaux (1827-1875), after whom Room VII. is named. Here

stand his models for the famous group, Dancing, which adorns the Opera

facade; and for The Four Quarters of the World, at the Fountain of the

Observatoire. Among others of his productions may be cited a bronze

group, Ugolino and his Children. In a new room (Salle Moderne) are

some more recent works transferred from the Luxembourg, among which is

Chapu's Joan of Arc.

[Footnote 201: \_Copiez, copiez toujours et surtout copiez juste\_ was

his favourite maxim.]

[Footnote 202: The best criticism passed on this facile artist was

uttered by Flaxman: "That man's hand is too great for his head."]

SECTION V

\_The Louvre (continued)--Pictures: First Floor.\_

(\_a\_) FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

We enter by the Pavilion Denon, in the middle of the S. wing, opposite

the Squares du Louvre which are bounded on the W. by the Place du

Carrousel and the monument to Gambetta. Turning L. along the Galerie

Denon we mount the Escalier Daru to the first landing below the Winged

Victory (p. 341), turn R., ascend to a second landing, and on either

side find two charming frescoes from the Villa Lemmi, which was

decorated by Botticelli to celebrate the Nuptials of Lorenzo

Tornabuoni and Giovanna Albizzi.[203] To the L., 1297, The Three

Graces are presented to the bride; R., 1298, The Seven Liberal Arts to

the bridegroom. The latter fresco is generally believed to have been

the work of a pupil. On the wall that forms an angle with this is a

fresco, The Crucifixion, 1294, by Fra Angelico from the Dominican

monastery at Fiesole. A door L. of 1297 leads to

ROOM VII.

containing a small but choice collection of early Italian paintings,

all of which will repay careful study. We note on the entrance wall,

1260, a Virgin and Child by Cimabue--if indeed we may now assign any

work to that elusive personality.[204] L. of this is a genuine Giotto,

1312, described by Vasari: St. Francis receiving the Stigmata. In the

predella, Vision of Pope Innocent III.; Papal Confirmation of the

Rule; The Saint preaching to the Birds--each scene portrayed with all

the sweet simplicity of a chapter in the Fioretti. Below 1260 is a

predella, 1302, by Taddeo Gaddi: Death of the Baptist; the

Crucifixion; Martyrdom of the Saint. On the R. wall is 1301, a

conventional early Florentine Annunciation by Agnolo Gaddi, his pupil.

Among the early Sienese on the L. wall is 1383, a charming little

Simone Martini: Christ bearing the Cross. The gem of the collection

and one of the most precious pictures in Europe is 1290, on this wall,

Fra Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin, which Vasari declared might

have been painted by one of the blessed spirits or angels represented

in the picture, so unspeakably delightful were their forms; so gentle

and delicate their mien, so glorious their coloration. "Even so," he

adds, "must they be in heaven and I never gaze on this picture without

discovering fresh beauties, nor withdraw my eyes from it, satisfied

with seeing." The scenes in the predella are from the life of St.

Dominic and form an interesting parallel with those of the Giotto.

Other works by the angelic master are (L. of this) 1293, Martyrdom of

SS. Cosmas and Damian, and 1294A, The Resurrection: R. is 1291, The

Dance of Herodias. R. of 1383 is 1278 by Gentile da Fabriano: The

Presentation, a portion of a predella. To the same is also attributed

by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 1279, Virgin and Child and Donor, Pandolfo

Malatesta. 1422 \_bis\_, is by Pisanello: Portrait of a Princess of the

House of Este, identified by Mr G.F. Hill, from the sprig of juniper

in her dress, as Ginevra d'Este, married to Sigismondo Malatesta in

1435. R. of 1291 is 1319, the Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas by

Benozzo Gozzoli, described by Vasari. On opposite wall, 1272, formerly

assigned to Masaccio: portraits of Giotto, the artist himself Paolo

Uccelo, Donatello, Manetti and Brunelleschi; painted, says Vasari,

"that posterity might keep them in memory." R. of this is 1273, a

battle scene by the same, similar to that in our National Gallery.

Both had been badly restored even in Vasari's time. L. of 1272 are

1343 and 1344: a Nativity, and a Virgin and Child with Angels and

Saints adoring, by Fra Filippo Lippi. The former, according to

gossiping Vasari, was executed at the Convent of S. Margherita at

Prato where having been smitten by the \_bellissima grazia ed aria\_ of

one of the novices, Lucrezia Buti, Fra Lippo painted her portrait in

this picture, fell madly in love, and eloped[205] with her: the latter

exquisite painting Vasari extols as a most rare work which was held in

the greatest esteem by the masters of his day. Opposite on L. wall is

1525, a predella: Birth of the Virgin, considered by Crowe and

Cavalcaselle an excellent example of Luca Signorelli's art. R. wall,

1321, the Visitation, and 1322, an intimate domestic scene, painted

with much tenderness, a bibulous old Florentine magistrate bending to

embrace his little grandson, are masterly works by Domenico

Ghirlandaio. 1296, Virgin and Child and St. John, is a beautiful early

work by Botticelli, and 1367 is a like subject by Mainardi, in a

tondo, a popular form of composition invented by Botticelli. R. of

exit is 1295, a copy of the master's famous Madonna of the Magnificat

at Florence. L. wall, 1263, Virgin and Child, SS. Julian and Nicholas

by Lorenzo di Credi, highly eulogised by Vasari as the artist's most

careful work in oil wherein he surpassed himself. 1566 (L. of exit),

is an indifferent late painting by Perugino. In the lunette over the

door is a Raphael school fresco formerly attributed to the master and

bought for the sum of 207,000 francs in 1875! We now enter the long

GRANDE GALERIE, ROOM VI.

and begin with Section A. On the R. is 1565, Holy Family, by Perugino.

1567, Combat of Love and Chastity, by the same, was painted in 1505 to

the elaborate specification of the enthusiastic and acquisitive patron

of the renaissance, Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, for her

famous "Grotta." The artist's slovenly execution of the work brought

him a well-deserved rebuke from the Marchioness. 1261, by Lorenzo

Costa, a flattering symbolic representation of the Court at Mantua was

also painted for her. Isabella, to whom a Cupid hands a laurel crown,

is seen standing near a grove of trees, surrounded by poets and

philosophers.

[Footnote 203: For further details, we may refer the reader to Vernon

Lee's essay: "Botticelli at the Villa Lemmi," \_Juvenilia\_ I.]

[Footnote 204: "It cannot be proved that a single picture attributed

to Cimabue was painted by him." Editorial Note to new edition of

\_Crowe and Cavalcaselle\_, I., p. 181.]

[Footnote 205: Crowe and Cavalcaselle, however, assign the work to

Pesellino, who is represented in this room by two small pictures, 1414

and 1415, on the wall.]

Among the Francias we distinguish, 1436, a Crucifixion; 1556 is a

Pieta by Cosimo Tura in the characteristic hard manner of the

Ferrarese master, being the upper portion of the central altar-piece,

Virgin and Child Enthroned, in the National Gallery; 1417, Virgin and

Child with two Saints, is a doubtful Pinturicchio; 1114, Virgin and

Child between SS. Jerome and Zanobi is a good example of

Albertinelli's pleasing but somewhat characterless style; 1516 and

1516A are two Andrea del Sartos; 1264 is another Lorenzo di Credi:

Christ and the Magdalen. Last of all we note 1418, a rather inky

Nativity, in the grand and broad-manner of the later Roman School by

Giulio Romano, much admired by Vasari.

We return to the L. wall and note 1526, Signorelli's Adoration of the

Magi; further on are 1154, an excellent Fra Bartolomeo, The Holy

Family, and 1153, The Annunciation, a graceful and suave composition,

original in treatment, by the same master. We pass to some more Andrea

del Sartos: 1515, according to Vasari, a \_Nostra Donna bellissima\_,

was painted in quick time for Francis I., and 1514, Charity, was

executed in Paris for the \_gran re\_ and highly esteemed by him. This

picture has much suffered by transference from the worm-eaten original

panel to canvas, in 1750, and by a later restoration in 1799. We are

soon arrested by some masterpieces of the Milanese school, and first

by the Da Vincis: 1599 is the famous Virgin of the Rocks, whose

genuineness is warmly championed by French critics as against the

similar picture in the National Gallery stoutly defended as the

original by English authorities. Professor Legros with impartial

judgment assures us that both are copies of a lost original; 1597, a

doubtful attribution, is a rather effeminate John the Baptist, by some

critics believed to be a second Gioconda portrait; 1600, the supposed

portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli, mistress of Ludovico il Moro, is also

ascribed by the official catalogue to Da Vinci. It would, however, be

hard to persuade us that Leonardo had any hand in this portrait,

excellent though it be, which seems rather by Beltraffio, Solario, or

another of the Milanese masters; 1602, Bacchus, is another doubtful

Leonardo. 1488, L. of 1597, is an admirable work by Sacchi: Four

Doctors of the Church with symbols of the Evangelists. By Solario, a

younger contemporary of Da Vinci, are 1532, a Crucifixion; 1530, a

masterpiece, the much admired Virgin of the Green Cushion; and 1533,

Head of the Baptist.

The sweet and tender Luini is seen almost at his best in 1355, Salome

with the Baptist's head: other works by him are 1362, Silence, and

1353, a Holy Family. At the end of this section hangs 1169,

Beltraffio's, Virgin of the Casio Family, esteemed by Vasari the

painter's best production. We proceed to Section B, same wall, where

hang two grand Mantegnas, painted for Isabella d'Este's "Grotta,"

towards the end of the artist's career. 1375, Parnassus, executed in

1497, represents the Triumph of Venus over Mars, celebrated by Apollo

and the Muses--a delightful group of partially draped female figures

dancing to Apollo's lyre; 1376, Triumph of Virtue (\_virtu\_, mental and

moral excellence) over the Vices of Sensuality and Sloth, a less

successful composition, executed in 1502. Another masterpiece is 1374,

Our Lady of Victory, a noble and virile work, painted in 1496 to

commemorate the defeat of the French at Taro in 1495 by Isabella's

consort, Francesco Gonzaga, the donor, who is seen kneeling in full

armour; 1373, is an earlier work, the central and most important of

the three sections of the predella of the Triptych at S. Zeno in

Verona--a powerful, reverent, though somewhat hard, conception

of the cardinal tragedy of Christianity. From Mantegna to his

brothers-in-law, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini and other Venetian

masters the transition is easy. The school is here represented by a

most valuable collection from Bartolomeo Vivarini, No. 1607, to

Guardi. 1158, Giovanni Bellini, Virgin and Saints; and 1158A, a Man's

Portrait, are however dubious attributions. 1156, Two Portraits; and

1157, a Venetian Envoy at Cairo, are Gentile school works. 1134, by

Antonello da Messina, A Condottiere, is an amazingly vivid and

powerful portrait. Carpaccio's St. Stephen preaching at Jerusalem,

1211, is part of the \_Historia\_ of the Protomartyr, painted for St.

Stephen's Guild at Venice. The naive attempts at local colour--Turkish

women sitting on the ground in groups as they may still be seen in

Turkey to-day, and quaint architectural details--are noteworthy. Cima

is well represented by 1259, Virgin and Child, with the Baptist and

the Magdalen. 1351, A Holy Family, by Lotto, was formerly assigned to

Dosso Dossi. 1350 is an early and charming little work, St. Jerome, by

the same master. We return to Palma Vecchio's grand composition, 1399,

The Adoration of the Shepherds, which under a false signature, once

passed for a Titian. 1135, Holy Family, with SS. Sebastian and

Catherine, is a form of composition known as a Santa Conversazione,

which Palma brought to its ultimate perfection. The official catalogue

of 1903 persists in ascribing it to Giorgione. The claims of Palma

himself, Pellegrino da San Daniele, Cariani and Sebastiano del Piombo,

have all found protagonists among modern critics. How excellent a

standard of craftsmanship was maintained by the Venetian school is

well exemplified by 1673, a portrait by an unknown artist. 1352, The

Visitation, by Sebastiano del Piombo, although much injured by

restorers, is a fair example of that master's grandiose style in his

Roman period. We now reach the Titians. 1577 and 1580, are good

average \_Sante Conversazioni\_, the latter is, however, assigned by Mr.

Berenson to a pupil. 1581, The Supper at Emmaus, a mature and genuine

work; and 1578, the much-admired Virgin and Child with the Rabbit,

painted in 1530, next claim our attention. 1593 and 1591 are unknown

portraits, the former attributed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to

Pordenone. On the R. wall opposite the Carpaccio is hung, 1587, a

magnificent work of the painter's[206] old age, Jupiter and Antiope,

unhappily much injured by fire and by more than one restoration. Two

characteristic \_Sante Conversazioni\_ from Bonifazio's atelier may next

be noted, 1172, over a doorway; and 1171, skied on the L. wall. The

later interpreters of the pomp and grandeur of the Venetian state,

Veronese and Tintoret, are represented to L. and R. by several typical

canvases. Among these we note, 1196 (L. wall), an excellent Veronese,

The Supper at Emmaus; and 1465, a sketch by Tintoret for the great

Paradiso in the Ducal Palace. The eighteenth-century masters

(following after the Jupiter and Antiope) are well exemplified in a

fine Canaletto, 1203, View of the Salute Church and the Grand Canal;

and several good examples of the more romantic Guardi. A Last Supper,

1547, and other works by Tiepolo, the last of the Venetian masters of

the grand style; and some Bassanos--1429, by Jacopo, Giov. da Bologna

is an admirable portrait--conclude the collection of Venetians. We

pass to the Italian Eclectics, the once admired but now depreciated

Carracci, Guido Reni and Domenichino. 1613, St. Cecilia, is a famous

picture by the last named. R. of the next section (C), are two

Peruginos; 1564, a beautiful tondo, Virgin and Child, Saints and

Angels; and 1566A, St. Sebastian, a careful and pleasing study of the

nude. We cross to the L. wall, rich with examples of Raphael, and of

his school; and turn first to a lovely little panel, 1509, Apollo and

Marsyas, of most enigmatical authorship,[207] bought in 1883 from Mr.

Morris Moore for 200,000 francs. Sold, in 1850, as a Mantegna, it has

since been variously assigned to Raphael, Perugino, Timoteo Viti, and

Francia. Perugino's influence, however, if not his hand, is

sufficiently obvious. 1506, unknown Portrait, is another doubtful

Raphael, confidently attributed by Morelli to Perugino's pupil,

Bacchiacca. We are on more certain ground with 1497, the popular

Virgin of the Diadem, undoubtedly designed by the master during his

Roman period, and probably executed by his pupil, Giulio Romano. 1501,

St. Margaret, painted during the same period for Francis I., was also,

according to Vasari, almost wholly executed by Giulio. This unhappy

picture was, however, \_racommode\_ (mended) in 1685, and since has been

severely mauled by restorers. 1507, Joan of Aragon: the head alone,

says Vasari, was painted by the master who left the portrait to be

completed by his famous pupil. 1499, the charming little Holy Family,

was probably executed by a pupil. 1508, two unknown portraits, has

small claim to be classed as a Raphael. The exquisite little panels,

1502 and 1503, of St. Michael and St. George, are, however, precious

and genuine works painted in 1504 at Urbino. They symbolise the

overthrow of the hated tyrant Caesar Borgia, and the return of the

exiled Duke Guidobaldo to his loving subjects. On the R. wall of

Section D. are hung some works by the Italian Naturalists (a seceding

school from the Eclectics), to whose chief representative Caravaggio

(called the anti-Christ of painting), is due 1121, Death of the

Virgin. This realistic representation of a sacred subject so shocked

the pious at Rome that it was removed from the church for which it was

painted. 1124, Portrait of Alof, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta,

brought the artist a chain of gold, two Turkish prisoners and a

knighthood. Salvator Rosa's Landscape, 1480; and a characteristic and

much-appreciated Battle Scene, 1479, hang on this wall.

[Footnote 206: Mr. H. Cook has, however, given reasons for post-dating

Titian's birth from 1477 to 1489-90, in spite of the master's twice

repeated assertion of his great age in letters to Charles V. See

\_Nineteenth Century\_ Magazine, 1902, p. 156.]

[Footnote 207: It is, however, accepted by Eugene Muentz as a genuine

Raphael, executed at Florence about 1507.]

We cross to the L. wall, devoted to the Spanish school. The recently

acquired El Greco (no number), King Ferdinand, is one of that master's

best works outside Spain. By Ribera, who was obviously much influenced

by the Italian Naturalists are: 1723, St. Paul the Hermit; 1722, The

Entombment; and 1721, Adoration of the Shepherds, the last a

masterpiece, wrought in the sombre manner of this powerful artist.

From the magnificent show of Murillos stands forth, 1709, The

Immaculate Conception, a favourite Spanish theme, by the most popular

of Spanish masters. This grandiose representation of the Woman of the

Apocalypse, clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, was

acquired at the Soult sale in 1852 for 615,000 francs. From the same

collection came the superb composition 1710, The Birth of the Virgin,

of which a small sketch in oil is possessed by the National Gallery.

We cross to the R. wall where hangs 1716, The Miracle of S. Diego; at

the prayer of the saint, angels descend from heaven and prepare a

miraculous repast for his needy Franciscan friars, to the great

amazement of brother cook. Other Murillos, including a characteristic

Beggar Boy, 1717 (L. wall) will be seen on either side. By Velasquez,

the supreme master of the school are: (L. wall) 1734, Meeting of

Thirteen Spanish Gentlemen, Velasquez and Murillo standing left of the

group; and 1732, one of the many portraits scattered about Europe of

Philip IV. The sombre Zurbaran is represented by 1739 and 1738, A

Bishop's Funeral, and St. Pierre Nolasque and St. Raymond de Penafort.

Four portraits, 1704-1705B, by the facile and popular Madrid artist

Goya, should by no means be passed without notice. There follows next

a small collection of English paintings, rather indifferent in

quality, but historically of much interest, by reason of the

inspiration drawn from Constable and Bonington by the Barbizon school.

Bonington, whose untimely death was a grievous loss to modern art,

passed much of his time in Paris and was the link between the Valley

of the Stour and the Forest of Fontainebleau.

We pass to some productions of the German school. On the R. wall hang

2738 and 2738C, Episodes in the Life of St. Ursula by the Master of

St. Severin.[208] Opposite is 2737, an earlier specimen of the Cologne

school, Descent from the Cross, by the Master of St. Bartholomew. 2709

and 2709A, Head of an Old Man, and Head of a Child, are ascribed to

Albert Duerer. But the chief glory of this collection are the Holbein

portraits on the L. wall, four of which are of supreme excellence;

2715, Erasmus; 2714, William Wareham, Archbishop of Canterbury; 2713,

Nicholas Kratzer, Astrologer to Henry VIII.; and 2718, Anne of Cleves.

2719, Richard Southwell is a doubtful Holbein.

[Footnote 208: From an age when the personality of the painter was of

less importance than the subjects he painted, few names of German

artists have come down to us.]

Section E is filled with Flemish paintings. R. hangs, among other of

his works, Phil. de Champaigne's masterpiece, 1934, portraits of

Mother Catherine Agnes Arnaud and of his own daughter, Sister

Catherine, painted for the Convent of Port Royal. The intimate

association of this grave and virile artist, who settled at Paris when

nineteen years of age, with the austere and pious Jansenists of Port

Royal, is also traceable in 1928, The Last Supper. On the L. are some

excellent works by Rubens: 2075, Flight of Lot; 2077, Adoration of the

Magi; 2113, Portrait of Helen Fourment, the artist's second wife, and

their two children; 2144, Lady's Portrait, said to be that of Suzanne

Fourment. The ignoble Kermess, 2115, will be familiar to readers of

Zola.

Section F on the L. is occupied by a rich collection of Rembrandt's

works: 2548, the oft-reproduced Flayed Ox, is a masterly rendering of

an unattractive subject; no number, Old Man Reading; in 2547 the

artist has immortalised his faithful servant, Hendrickje Stoffels;

2536, Tobit and the Angel; 2549 and 2550, Bathsheba, and Susannah and

the Elders are two studies of the nude; 2542, The Joiner's Family,

formerly known as the Holy Family; 2540, Philosopher in Meditation.

2537, The Good Samaritan; and 2539, The Supper at Emmaus, are painted

with profound and reverent piety. Opposite the Rembrandts are Gerard

Dow's masterpiece; 2348, The Sick Woman, and other works by the same

artist. We now enter at the end of the Grande Galerie, the new

SALLE VANDYCK, ROOM XVII.

Here, among other portraits, by the first of portrait painters

(according to Reynolds) hangs the superb rendering of Charles I.,

1967, bought by Louis XV. for Madame du Barry's boudoir on the fiction

that it was a family picture, since the page holding the horse was

named Barry. Michelet says that he never visited the Louvre without

pausing to muse before this historic canvas.[209] Before we descend to

the new Rubens room we note by this master three large canvases, 2086,

2087, 2096: Birth of Marie de' Medici at Florence; her education; the

widowed Queen as Regent of France, which properly belong to the suite

of paintings exposed in the

SALLE DE RUBENS, ROOM XVIII.

to which we now descend. In this sumptuous hall, specially erected for

the purpose, are exhibited, with the three exceptions noted, the

famous paintings completed in 1625 by the artist and his pupils for

the Luxembourg Palace to the order of the Regent Marie. These spacious

and grandiose compositions illustrate in pompous and pagan symbolism

the chief events in her career: all the principal figures are due to

Reubens' own hand. Reynolds was wont to say of Reubens' colouring that

his figures looked as if they fed on roses: these, however, would seem

to have fed upon less ethereal diet. L. of entrance, 2085, The Three

Fates spinning Marie's destiny; L. wall, 2088, Reception of her

Portrait; R. wall, 2089, Her Marriage by Procuration to Henry--the

Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, her uncle, places the ring on her

finger; L., 2090, Disembarkation at Marseilles; R., 2091, The Marriage

at Lyons; L., 2092, Birth of Louis XIII. at Fontainebleau; R., 2093,

Departure of Henry for Germany, who hands to his consort the symbols

of the Regency; L., 2094, Coronation of Marie at St. Denis: the dogs

are said to have been painted by Snyders; R., 2095, Apotheosis of

Henry. Like the ascending Faust in Henry's portly form,--

"Bleibt ein Erdenrest

Zu tragen peinlich."

L., 2097, Marie's journey to Anjou; R., 2098, Exchange at Hendaye of

the Princess Elizabeth of France affianced to Philip IV., and of Anne

of Austria, affianced to Louis XIII.; L., 2099, Felicity of the

Regency--this picture was hastily improvised at Paris; R., 2100, The

Majority of Louis XIII.; L., 2101, Escape of Marie from the Chateau of

Blois; R., 2102, Reconciliation with her son, Louis XIII., at Angers;

End wall, L., 2103, Conclusion of Peace; R., 2104, Meeting between

Marie and Louis in Olympia. R. of entrance, 2105, The Triumph of

Truth.

[Footnote 209: The picture subsequently found its way to the

apartments of Louis XVI., and followed him from Versailles to Paris.

The vacillation of this ill-fated monarch towards his advisers, says

Michelet, was much influenced by a fixed idea that Charles I. lost his

head for having made war on his people, and that James II. lost his

crown for having abandoned them.]

Enclosing this hall are a series of Cabinets XX.-XXXVI., containing a

large and important collection of works by the Netherland painters. We

ascend, turn R., and enter Room XX., which is devoted to Franz Hals

and contains 2386 and 2387, superb portraits of Nicholas van Beresteyn

and his wife; and 2388 the same, with their Family; 2383, Descartes.

Room XXI., Cuyp, after whom the room is named, is seen in four typical

works, 2341-2344; 2415 and 2414 are excellent Dutch Interiors by Peter

de Hoogh. In Room XXII. reigns the jovial Van Steen: two

characteristic paintings are here shown; 2578, Feast in an Inn, and

2580, Evil Company. 2587 is a masterly Terburg, The Amorous Soldier,

and 2459 a similar subject treated by Gabriel Metsu. Room XXIII. is

assigned to Van Goyen, and Room XXIV. to Adrian van Ostade, Hals'

pupil. In the latter room, 2495, the so-called Family of the Painter,

and 2496, The Schoolmaster, stand forth pre-eminent. 2509 and 2510,

Travellers Halting and a Winter Scene, are by Adrian's brother, Isaac.

Room XXV. is rich in landscapes by Ruysdael, of which 2557, The

Forest, and 2558, Tempest near the Dykes of Holland, are masterpieces:

2588, The Music Lesson, is a fine Terburg. Room XXVI., dedicated to

Hobbema, contains his fine landscapes: 2403, A Forest Scene, and 2404,

The Mill, and another exquisite Terburg, 2589, The Concert. Some

typical Paul Potters also hang here. We proceed round to Room XXIX.,

which holds a precious collection of Van Eycks and Memlings. 1986 is

an exquisite little masterpiece painted by Jean with infinite patience

and care, Virgin and Child and Donor. Fine Memlings are:--2024, The

Baptist; 2025, The Magdalen; 2027, Marriage of St. Catherine; 2028, a

Triptych--the Resurrection, St. Sebastian and the Ascension Here too

are hung, 1957, Gerard Dow's Wedding at Cana; 2196, Van der Weyden's

Descent from the Cross, and some excellent Flemish school paintings.

Room XXX. is the Quentin Matsys Room: 2029 is the well-known Banker

and his Wife, of which many replicas exist; 2030, by the same artist,

Virgin and Child. The fine example of the fifteenth-century painter,

known as the Master of the Death of Mary, 2738, hangs in this room.

This profoundly reverent and sincere work consists of: a central

panel, Descent from the Cross, below which is The Last Supper, and

above, in the lunette, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata; Friar Leo

is seen asleep against a rock. A remarkable work by Peter Brueghel,

The Blind leading the Blind, will also arrest attention. Room XXXI.,

named after Anthony More, contains a miscellaneous collection, among

which the artist's portraits (2481A) of Edward VI. of England, and of

(2479) a Spanish Dwarf, and Peter Brueghel's Village, 1918, and a

Country Dance, 1918B, are of chief interest. The Teniers Room, XXXII.,

shows some excellent works by the younger master: 2155, St. Peter

denies his Lord; 2156, The Prodigal Son; 2157, Works of Charity; 2158,

Temptation of St. Anthony. We next pass to three rooms in which are

hung works by Netherland artists, formerly in the La Caze collection,

among which, in Room XXXIII., are 2579, Van Steen's, Family Repast;

and 2454, Nicholas Maes', Grace before Meat. In XXXIV. are two

well-known works: 1916, Adrian Brouwer's, The Smoker; and 2384, The

Gipsy, a masterpiece by Franz Hals. A fine Vandyck, 1979, Head of an

Old Man; Rubens' portrait of Marie de' Medici, 2109; and a sketch in

oils, 2122, Elevation of the Cross, are in Room XXXV. We return to the

Salle Vandyck and the Grande Galerie, along which we retrace our steps

and enter, at its further end, the

SALON CARRE, ROOM IV.

where an assortment of masterpieces is hung from the various schools

we have visited. We begin with the Raphaels: On the L. (W. wall),

1496, La Belle Jardiniere, painted in 1507, is the most delightful of

the Florentine Madonnas for which it is said a flower-girl of Florence

sat; Vasari relates that the unfinished mantle was left to Ridolfo

Ghirlandaio to complete; 1498, The Holy Family, styled of Francis I.

and designed at Rome (1518) in the zenith of the artist's power, was

presented by Pope Leo X. to Francis' queen; the inky hand of Giulio

had no small part in the work. In the same year was painted 1504,

(diagonally opposite) the dramatic St. Michael, a picture which evoked

much interest at Rome, and whose coloration was adversely criticised

by Sebastiano del Piombo; here also the hand of Giulio is all too

apparent, and the picture, moreover, has suffered much in its

transference from wood to canvas. 1505, N. wall, the masterly and

authentic portrait of Baltazar Castiglione, was executed in 1506. On

the same wall among the Venetians we find the much-disputed Al Fresco

Concert, 1136, here ascribed to Giorgione, an ascription which has the

support of Morelli and Berenson. The magnificent Titian, 1590,

variously known as Titian and his Mistress, and the Lady with the

Mirror, is supposed to be the portraits of Duke Alfonso of Ferrara and

his mistress, Laura Diante, later his wife, the daughter of a poor

artizan who more than once sat to Titian as a model. The portrait on

the S. wall, 1592, The Man with the Glove, extolled by Vasari as an

\_opera stupenda\_, and 1584, The Entombment, on the E. wall, are the

two greatest Titians in the Louvre, where the artist's majesty and

power are displayed in their highest degree. 1583, The Crown of

Thorns, E. wall, is a work of the painter's old age.[210] The sensual

features of Francis I., 1588, S. wall, were painted from a medal.

[Footnote 210: See, however, note to p. 357.]

By Tintoret is 1464, Susannah; and by Veronese, the grand composition

that expatiates over the S. wall, 1192, known as The Marriage at Cana,

executed in his most pompous and stately manner for the refectory of

the Benedictine monastery of St. Giorgio Maggiore at Venice. The

artist is seen in the foreground playing a viol: Titian a bass viol.

Many other historical figures are more or less convincingly identified

by critics. On the opposite wall is another large refectory

composition, 1193, The Supper in the House of Simon the Pharisee. A

characteristic ceiling decoration, Rebellion and Treason, from the

Hall of the Council of the Ten at Venice; and 1190, N. wall, Holy

Family, are by the same artist. The Portrait, 1601, N. wall, by Da

Vinci of his friend Monna Lisa, wife of Fr. del Giocondo, known as La

Gioconda, is the most fascinating picture in Europe. A whole symphony

of praise has been lavished on this miraculously beautiful creation in

which psychical and physical perfection have been blended with potent

and subtle genius. 1598, S. wall, Virgin and Child and St. Anne,

attributed to the same, though of somewhat doubtful authenticity, is

worth careful study. By another Milanese master is 1354, S. wall,

Luini's Virgin and Sleeping Child. Of the two fine Correggios, 1117

and 1118, N. wall, The Marriage of St. Catherine, and Jupiter and

Antiope, the former is referred to by Vasari, in his life of Girolamo

da Carpi, as a divine thing, wherein the figures are so superlatively

beautiful that they seem to have been painted in Paradise; the latter

formed part of Isabella d'Este's collection, to which we have so often

referred. 1731, N. wall, is the marvellous portrait by Velasquez of

the Infanta Margarita Maria, Philip IV.'s fair-haired darling child by

his second wife. This is one of the most characteristic of the

master's work out of Spain, and profoundly influenced Manet and the

Modern Impressionist School. The great French master Poussin's typical

classical subject, 741, together with Jouvenet's masterpiece, 437,

Descent from the Cross, have also their place of honour in this Hall.

In the

SALLE DUCHATEL, ROOM V.

entered from the N.E. angle of this room, we find, R., some Luini

frescoes: 1359, 1360, the Nativity, and The Adoration of the Magi, and

1361, Christ Blessing, full of this master's tenderness and charm.

Some excellent portraits by Antonio Moro, 2480, 2481 and, a most

beautiful Memling, 2026, Virgin and Child with Donors, will also be

noted. As we pursue our way to the Escalier Daru at the end of the

room, we pass L. and R., one of the earliest and one of the latest

works of Ingres (p. 390), 421, OEdipus and the Sphinx, painted in

1808; and the most popular nude in the French school, 422, \_La

Source\_, painted in 1856.

(\_b\_) THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

The great schools of Christian painting in Western Europe which we

have reviewed, were born, grew and flourished in the free cities of

the Netherlands and of Italy. French masters working in Paris, Tours,

Dijon, Moulins, Aix, and Avignon, were inevitably subdued by the

dominant and powerful masters of the north and south, and how far they

succeeded in impressing a local and racial individuality on their

works is, and long will be, a fruitful theme for criticism. The

collection of French Primitifs of the fourteenth and fifteenth

centuries, exhibited in Paris in 1904, and the publication of

Dimier's[211] uncompromising and powerful defence of those critics

who, like himself, deny the existence of any indigenous French School

of painting whatsoever, have recently concentrated the attention of

the artistic world on a passionately debated controversy. Undoubtedly

most of the examples of the so-called Franco-Flemish school which

formerly hung unquestioned among collections of Flemish paintings, did

when massed together, as they were in 1904 in the Pavilion de Marsan,

display more or less well-defined extra-Flemish characteristics--a

modern feeling for Nature and an intimate realism in the treatment of

landscapes, a freer, more supple and more vivacious drawing of the

human figure--reasonably explained by the theory of a school of

painters expressing independent local feeling and genius. But even if

all the paintings which the patriotic bias of French critics now

attributes to French or Franco-Flemish masters[212] be accepted, the

continuity is broken by many gaps which can only be filled by

assuming, after the fashion of biologists, the existence of missing

links.

[Footnote 211: \_French Painting in the Sixteenth Century\_, by L.

Dimier. 1904.]

[Footnote 212: A more rational classification into schools would

perhaps, as Dimier has hinted, follow the lines of racial

division--French and Teutonic. For many of the Flemish artists were

French in race, as, for instance, Roger Van der Weyden, who was known

to Italians as Rogerus Gallicus, and called himself Roger de la

Pasture.]

We make our way to the small but increasing collection of French

Primitifs possessed by the Louvre, along the Grande Galerie as far as

Section D. and, turning R., enter Rooms IX.-XIII. Beginning with Room

X., devoted to fifteenth-century masters, on the L. wall is 995,

Martyrdom of St. Denis, ascribed to the Burgundian Jean Malouet, court

painter of Jean sans Peur, and owing its completion to Henri

Bellechose, after the former's death in 1415. To L. of the main

subject, the saint is seen in prison, receiving the sacred Host from

the hands of Christ; 996, a Pieta on the L. wall has also been

attributed to Malouet. 999, L. wall, a portrait group of Jean Jouvenal

des Ursins and his family, by an unknown fifteenth-century artist, is

admirable in execution and important for contemporary costumes. Below

(1005A) is the fine picture so admired in the exhibition of the

Primitifs in 1904 by the Maitre de Moulins,[213] St Mary Magdalen and

Donatrix, eminently French in feeling. 1004 and 1005, portraits of the

Duke and Duchess of Bourbon, are now catalogued under this master's

name. The realistic Pieta (1001B) on the L. wall is assigned to the

school of Nicholas Froment of the papal city of Avignon. 288 and 289

at either end of the R. wall, portraits of Guillaume Jouvenal des

Ursins and of Charles VII., are by the well-known Jehan Fouquet of

Tours, who unites the gentleness of the Tuscan school with the

vivacity of the Gallic temperament. 998D, Virgin and Donors, is now

tentatively ascribed to the Master of the Legend of St. Ursula. We

next note a Crucifixion, the famous altar-piece (998A) of the

Parlement of Paris recently transferred from the Palais de Justice. To

the L. are St. Louis and the Baptist, R., St. Denis and Charlemagne;

in the background are seen the old Louvre and the abbey of St.

Germain. 998C is a similar altar-piece from St. Germain des Pres,

painted about 1490, Descent of the Cross; in the background are other

representations of the old Louvre, St. Germain and Montmartre. 304A,

portraits of good King Rene and his second wife Jeanne de Laval, by

Nicholas Froment of Avignon. (1001D) St. Helena and the Miracle of the

Cross, by an unknown artist, about 1480. R. of entrance, Christ, St.

Agricola and Donor, school of Avignon; below this hangs 997A, portrait

of the sinister Jean sans Peur, and 997B, portrait of Philip le Bon of

Burgundy, artist unknown. We pass to

ROOM XI.

which contains a series of most interesting historical portraits.

Among the sixteenth-century painters cited by Felibien,[214] the

Vasari of French painting, most of whom are but names to us, we may

distinguish the Clouet family of four generations. The senior Jehan,

born in Flanders in 1420, came to France in 1460 as painter to the

Duke of Burgundy. His son, also, named Jehan, figures in the Royal

accounts in 1528 as valet and court painter to Francis I., and was

known as Maitre Jehan or Jehanet. To him, an artist of great

simplicity and charm, are attributed 126 and 127, R. wall, portraits

of his royal master. Sons of the junior Jehan were Francois

(1500-1572), the best-known and most talented of the Clouets, who was

naturalised in 1541, and Jehan the younger, known as Clouet de Navarre

(1515-1589), court painter to Margaret of Valois. By the former, who

assisted his father during the last ten years of his life and

succeeded him as court painter, are two admirable portraits, 128 and

129, of Charles IX. and his queen, Elizabeth of Austria; 130, Henry

II., and (on the end wall) 131, the Duke of Guise, are also attributed

to him. To the latter artist is ascribed 134, Louis of St. Gelais.

Each of these elusive personalities, whose Flemish ancestry is

evident, was known as Maitre Jehanet, and much confusion has thus

arisen. We now turn to some portraits by unknown artists of the

period, among which may be noted: 1033, Henry III.; 132, Charles IX.;

1024, Diana of France, legitimised daughter of Henry II.; 1030,

Catherine de' Medici; 1035, Ball given by Henry III. in celebration

of the marriage of his favourite minion, Anne, Duke of Joyeuse, with

Margaret of Lorraine in 1581; the king is seen seated with his mother,

Catherine de' Medici, and his wife, Louise of Lorraine; the Duke of

Guise (le Balafre) leans against his chair. On the same wall are 1015,

Francois, Duke of Guise; and 1007, King Francis I. On the end wall,

1032, Henry III.; by the window opposite, 1022, the young Duke of

Alencon (p. 178), by no means ill-favoured; and 1023, Louise of

Lorraine, queen of Henry III. By a contemporary of the later Clouets,

Jean Cousin (1501-1589), is 155 on the L. wall, The Last Judgment.

Cousin was a versatile craftsman, and some stained glass by him still

exists at S. Gervais and in the chapel at Vincennes. Among other

artists mentioned by Felibien is Martin Freminet (1567-1616), whose

Mercury commanding AEneas to forsake Dido, 304, hangs on the end wall.

[Footnote 213: The late fifteenth-century artist, provisionally known

as the Master of Moulins and also as the Painter of the Bourbons, is

the author of the famous Triptych of the Cathedral of Moulins. Some

critics believe him to be identical with Jehan Perreal (Jehan de

Paris).]

[Footnote 214: \_Entretiens sur les Vies et sur les Ouvrages des plus

Excellens Peintres Anciens et Modernes.\_ Andre Felibien. Paris,

1666-1688.]

[Illustration: THE TRIPTYCH OF MOULINS.

\_Maitre de Moulins.\_]

[Illustration: PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, WIFE OF CHARLES IX.

\_Francois Clouet.\_]

The two years' sojourn of Solario in France at the invitation of the

Cardinal of Amboise, of Da Vinci at the solicitation of Louis XII.,

and the foundation of the school of Fontainebleau in 1530 by Rosso

(1496-1540), Primaticcio (1504-1570), and Nicolo dell' Abbate

(1512-1571), mark the eclipse of whatever schools of French painting

were then existing; for the grand manner and dramatic power of the

Italians, fostered by royal patronage, carried all before them. This

room possesses by Rosso, known as Maitre Roux, 1485, a Pieta, and

1486, The Challenge of the Pierides, and Primaticcio is represented by

some admirable drawings exhibited in cases in the centre of the room.

Readers of Vasari will remember numerous references in his pages to

Italian artists who went to serve, and agents employed to buy Italian

works for, the \_gran re Francesco nel suo luogo di Fontainebleo\_.

But the sterility of the Fontainebleau school may be inferred from the

fact that when Marie de' Medici desired to have the walls of the

Luxembourg royally decorated, she was compelled to have recourse to a

foreigner, Rubens. Neglecting for a moment Room XII. and turning to

ROOM XIII.

we come upon some charming works by the brothers Lenain, whom Felibien

dismisses in a few lines, while giving scores of pages to artists

whose names and works have long been forgotten. So little is known of

the brothers Antoine and Louis, who died in 1648, and Matthieu, who

survived them nearly thirty years, that critics have only partially

succeeded in differentiating their works, which are usually exhibited

under their united names. Obviously dominated by the Netherland

masters, their manner is yet pervaded by essentially French

qualities--a love of Nature and a certain atmosphere of poetry and

gentleness alien to the Flemish and Dutch schools. Nine of their works

are here seen. A Smithy, 540; Peasants playing at Cards, 546; and

Return from Haymaking, 542, are good examples. Skied in this room is

976, portrait of Louis XIII. by Simon Vouet (1590-1649), leader of the

new academic French school of the seventeenth century, an artist of

prodigious activity and master of the army of court painters who

served Louis XIV. Vouet, who had worked in Italy, acquired there the

grand and spacious manner of the later Venetians, which was admirably

adapted to the decorative requirements of his royal patrons. To his

pupil, Eustache Lesueur (1617-1655), is due 586, St. Bruno and his

Companions bestowing Alms, one of the famous series illustrating the

life of St. Bruno, of which the greater number are in

ROOM XII.

whither we now return. This eminently religious and tender artist is

well represented in the Louvre, and the sympathetic student will

appreciate the austere and sincere devotion expressed in these

pictures, painted for the brethren of the Charterhouse in the Rue

d'Enfer. The finest, a masterpiece, both in beauty of composition and

depth of feeling, is 584, The Death of St. Bruno. The artist's careful

application to his monumental task may be estimated by the fact that

146 preliminary drawings for this series are preserved in the Louvre.

Lesueur's modesty and high purpose went almost unheeded amid the

exultant prosperity of the fashionable courtier-artists of his day. We

retrace our steps, pass through Room XIII., turn R., and enter the

spacious

ROOM XIV.

also devoted to seventeenth-century artists. Lesueur is here seen in

another masterpiece; 560, R. wall, St. Paul at Ephesus, a \_mai\_[215]

picture; and 556, same wall, Christ bearing His Cross. The influence

of Raphael in the former is very apparent. The hierophant of the

school, Vouet, is represented in this room by some dozen examples,

among which hangs his masterpiece 971, L. wall, Presentation at the

Temple. A work, 25, Charity, by his short-lived rival, Jacques

Blanchard, (1600-1638), known in his day as the French Titian, may be

seen towards the end of this long gallery on the R. wall. A talented

artist too was Jean de Bologne, an Italian by birth and known as Le

Valentin (1591-1634). A good example of his style will be seen in 56

(same wall), Susannah. We now turn to Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665),

the greatest master of his age, whose exalted and lucid conceptions,

ripe scholarship, admirable art and fertility of invention, may be

adequately appreciated at the Louvre alone, which holds a matchless

collection of nearly fifty of his works. The visitor, fresh from the

rich and glowing colour, the grandeur and breadth of the later

Italians, will perchance experience a certain chill before the

sobriety, the cold intellectuality and severe classic reserve of this

powerful artist. Let us however remember his aim and ideal: to produce

a picture in which correct drawing and science of linear and aerial

perspective should subserve harmony of composition, lucid expression

and classic grace. To approach Poussin and his younger contemporary

Claude rightly, the traveller will do well to free his mind from

Ruskin's partial and prejudiced depreciation of these two supreme

masters, in order to effect an equally partial appreciation of

Turner.[216] The story of Poussin's single-minded and stubborn

application to his art cannot here be told. After a life of poverty at

Paris and two unsuccessful attempts to work his way to Rome, he at

length reached that Mecca of French artists, where a commission to

paint two pictures, now at Vienna, for Cardinal Barbarini, established

his reputation. Two of his works executed about 1630 during this first

Roman period hang here; 709 and 710, R. wall, The Rain of Manna, and,

The Philistines smitten by Plague. In 1640, after two years'

negotiations and the personal intervention of Louis XIII., he was

persuaded to return to Paris to take part in the decoration of the

Louvre; but in spite of his generous pay and of the fine \_palazzetto\_

and charming garden allotted to him for residence, the petty

jealousies, chicanery and low standard of his rivals, revolted his

artistic conscience: he obtained leave to return to Rome "to fetch his

wife," and never left the eternal city again. Two of his works painted

during this second and last Roman period are 717 (L. of entrance),

Institution of the Eucharist, and 735 (L. wall), a ceiling composition

executed for Richelieu, Time rescuing Truth from the assaults of Envy

and Discord, whose subjective interest is obvious; 704, L. of

entrance, Rebecca at the Well, is described at great length by

Felibien, who saw it in progress. It was painted (1648) for a rich

patron who desired a composition treated like Guido's Virgin, and

filled with several young girls of differing types of beauty. The

finished picture so delighted amateurs at Paris that large sums were

offered in vain to divert it from the fortunate possessor; 711, L.

wall, is the famous Judgment of Solomon (1649). On the same wall are

731, Echo and Narcissus; 734, his masterpiece, Shepherds of Arcady--a

group of shepherds of the Vale of Tempe in the heyday of health and

beauty, are arrested in their enjoyment of life by the warning

inscription on a tomb: \_Et in arcadia ego\_ (I, too, once lived in

Arcady); 736-739, The Four Seasons were painted (1660-1664) for

Richelieu. These beautiful compositions, more especially the last, The

Deluge, typifying winter, will repay careful study. On the R. wall

are, 724, the well-known Rape of the Sabine Women; 740, a most perfect

work of his maturity, Orpheus and Eurydice (1659); and 742, Apollo and

Daphne, his last work, left unfinished. Such are some of the more

striking manifestations of this remarkable genius who alone, says

Hazlitt, has the right to be considered as the painter of classical

antiquity. His integrity was so rigid that he once returned part of

the price paid for one of his works which he deemed excessive. To

the modern, Poussin is somewhat antipathetic by reason of his

scholarly aloofness and insensibility to the passions and actualities

of life. As Reynolds remarked: he lived and conversed with ancient

statues so long, that he was better acquainted with them than with the

people around him, and had studied the ancients so much, that he had

acquired a habit of thinking in their way. He saw Nature through the

glass of Time, says Hazlitt, and his friend Dom Bonaventura tells how

he often met the solitary artist sketching in the Forum or returning

from the Campagna with specimens of moss, pebbles, flowers, etc., to

be used as models. When asked the secret of his artistic perfection,

he would modestly answer: "\_Je n'ai rien neglige.\_"

[Footnote 215: The Goldsmiths' Guild of Paris was accustomed, from

1630-1701, to present to Notre Dame an \_ex-voto\_ picture every

May-day, painted by the most renowned artist of the time.]

[Footnote 216: The reader may be referred to Hazlitt's essay, \_On a

Landscape of Nicholas Poussin\_, as an antidote to Ruskin's wayward

criticism.]

[Illustration: SHEPHERDS OF ARCADY.

\_Poussin.\_]

Claude Gelee (1600-1682) known as Claude, and one of the greatest

names in the history of modern painting, also spent most of his

artistic career at Rome. He was the first to bring the glory of the

sun and the sun-steeped atmosphere on to canvas. He touches a new

chord in the symphony of colour and by his poetic charm and romantic

feeling stirs a deeper emotion. He, too, was a strenuous, implacable

worker, a loving student of Nature, passing days in silent abstraction

before her varying moods.

The Louvre possesses sixteen Claudes, among which we may emphasise on

the L. wall, 310, View of a Port; 311, a poetic and glowing

representation of the Roman Forum, before the old Campo Vaccino, with

its romantic and picturesque aspect, had been excavated by modern

archaeologists. 314 and 316, Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsis, and Ulysses

restoring Chryseis to her father, are typical imaginary classic

compositions and variations on the artist's favourite theme--the effects

of sunlight on an atmosphere of varying luminosity and on the limpid,

rippling waves of the sea. We now come to the grand monarque of the

arts at Paris during the century, Charles Lebrun (1619-1690), founder of

the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture that finally eclipsed the

old Painters' Guild which, from the thirteenth century, had monopolised

the exercise of the art at Paris. So tyrannous had the Guild become

that, in 1646, it ordered the number of court painters to be reduced to

four each for the king and queen. An attempt to apply this regulation to

the painters lodged at the Louvre roused Lebrun's hostility, who induced

the regent, Anne of Austria, to found a rival Academie Royale on the

model of the famous Academy of St. Luke at Florence. Twelve \_anciens\_

were chosen by lot and the new Academy, Lebrun at its head, was

inaugurated on 1st February 1648. The angry Guild swooped down on the

Academy on 19th March, armed with a police warrant, to seize all its

pictures and effects, a blow which Lebrun parried by a royal decree

annulling the warrant. Hereupon the Guild organised their own Academy of

St. Luke under the leadership of Vouet and Mignard, and after some

temporary reconciliations and as many bickerings and hostilities, Lebrun

won Mazarin's favour by a judicious gift of two paintings, and the

Academie Royale obtained in 1658 a new constitution, an increase of

members to forty, free quarters, and pensions, which, under Colbert,

were raised to 4,000 livres. The Guild fought hard and won some

concessions, but the Academie Royale remained supreme, and both were

finally overwhelmed in the revolutionary storm.

[Illustration: LANDING OF CLEOPATRA AT TARSUS.

\_Lorrain.\_]

In 1661 Lebrun was commanded by Louis XIV. to paint cartoons for

tapestry illustrating the life of Alexander the Great. Five of these

huge canvases hang in this room, R. and L., 509-513; 511, R. wall, The

Family of Darius at Alexander's Feet, so charmed the king that he

appointed Lebrun first royal painter, and granted him a patent of

nobility. For thirty years the royal favourite was sole arbiter of

taste and ruled supreme over the arts, until his star paled before the

rising luminary, his rival Mignard. Lebrun's best work is to be seen

at Versailles, but 510, R. wall, The Battle of Arbela, is an excellent

example of his facile and adroit style. In 1686 the old favourite was

commanded by Louis to paint a rival picture to Mignard's, Christ

bearing His Cross, which was incensed with extravagant adulation by

the courtiers. Lebrun set to work and in three months completed his

Christ on the Cross, which the king loudly appreciated. Both pictures,

630 and 500, now hang on the L. wall a few paces from each other.

Pierre Mignard (1612-1695) was a fellow-pupil with Lebrun under Vouet,

and like him in early years a sojourner in Rome: his popular Madonnas,

modelled from his Italian wife, added a new word (\_mignardes\_) to the

French language. One such, 628, hangs a little further along this

wall. In 1657 he won royal favour by a portrait of the young Louis, a

branch of art in which he excelled. Mignard was a supple flatterer,

and Louis sat to him many times. Once, later in the monarch's life,

his royal sitter asked if he observed any change. "Sire," answered the

courtly painter, "I only perceive a few more victories on your brow."

A portrait of Madame de Maintenon, 639, is seen (L. wall) in this

room. Mignard's greatest work, however, great in range if not in art,

is the painting of the cupola of the church at the Val de Grace, which

is not only an indifferent painting, but was the occasion of a bad

poem by his friend Moliere.[217] Two other eminent portraitists,

Nicholas Largilliere (1656-1746), and Hyacinth Rigaud (1659-1743),

may now fitly be considered.

[Footnote 217: \_La Gloire du Dome du Val de Grace.\_ The subject of the

picture is La Gloire des Bienheureux, and contains 200 figures.]

By Rigaud, who was regarded as the first painter of Europe for truth

of resemblance united with magnificence of presentment, are: a

masterly portrait of Bossuet, 783; and a superb rendering of the

\_roi-soleil\_, 781, both on the L. wall. Further along, on the same

wall, are 784, portrait of his mother in two aspects painted for the

sculptor Coysevox; and his last work, 780, Presentation at the Temple.

Rigaud was especially successful with the rich bourgeoisie of Paris,

and later became court painter, supreme in expressing the grandiose

and inflated pomposities of the age. He, says Reynolds, in the tumour

of his presumptuous loftiness, was the perfect example of Du Pile's

rules, that bid painters so to draw their portraits that they seem to

speak and say to us: "Stop, look at me! I am that invincible king:

majesty surrounds me. Look! I am that valiant soldier: I struck terror

everywhere. I am that great minister, etc." By Largilliere, who lacks

the psychological insight of his contemporary, is, L. wall, 483,

Portrait of the Comte de la Chartre. He was a master of the

accessories and upholstery of portraiture and painted some 1500

sitters during his long career, part of which was passed in England as

court painter to Charles II. and James II. A third successful

portraitist was Jean Marc Nattier (1685-1766), whose ingenious and

compliant art aimed at endowing a commonplace sitter with distinction

and grace, and who generally was able to strike a happy medium between

flattery and truth. Better represented at Versailles, he is but poorly

seen here in 657, R. wall, A Magdalen, and 661A, L. wall, Unknown

Portrait. 441 is an interesting portrait of Fagon, Louis XIV.'s

favourite physician, by Jean Jouvenet (1644-1717), known as Le Grand,

a talented and docile pupil of Lebrun, whose four large compositions

executed for the church of St. Martin des Champs, 432-435, are hung in

this room. 434, R. wall, Resurrection of Lazarus, is perhaps the best.

His works are a connecting link between the pompous spread-eagle

manner of the \_Siecle de Louis XIV.\_ and the gay abandonment and

heartless frivolity of the reign of Louis XV. We pass from this room

to the Collection of Portraits in

ROOM XV.

of which some few possess artistic importance and many historical

interest. We bestow what attention we may desire and pass direct to

ROOM XVI.

devoted to seventeenth-century art. Chief among the painters who

interpreted the refined sensuality and more pleasant vices of the age,

yet not of them, was Antoine Watteau (1684-1721), the melancholy youth

from French Flanders, who began by painting St. Nicholases at three

francs a week and his board, but who soon invented a new manner and

became famous as the \_Peintre des Scenes Galantes\_. These scenes of

coquetry, frivolity and amorous dalliance, with their patched,

powdered and scented ladies and gallants, toying with life in a land

where, like that of the Lotus Eaters, it seems always afternoon, he

clothes with a refined and delicate vesture of grace and fascination.

He has a poetic touch for landscape and a tender, pathetic sense of

the tears in mortal things which make him akin to Virgil in

literature, for over the languorous and swooning air and sun-steeped

glades the coming tempest lours. His success, as Walter Pater

suggests, in painting these vain and perishable graces of the

drawing-room and garden-comedy of life, with the delicate odour of

decay which rises from the soil, was probably due to the fact that he

despised them. The whole age of the Revolution lies between these

irresponsible and gay courtiers in the \_scenes galantes\_ of Watteau

and the virile peasant scenes in the "epic of toil" painted by Millet.

In this room hangs his Academy picture, the Embarkation for Cythera,

982, L. wall, its colour unhappily almost worn away by over cleaning.

His pupils, Pater (1696-1736), and Lancret (1690-1743), imitated his

style, but were unable to soar to the higher plane of their master's

genius. The former is represented by a Fete Champetre, 689, R. wall:

the latter by the Four Seasons, 462-465, R. wall; on the L. wall, 468,

The Music Lesson, and 469, Innocence, both from the Palace of

Fontainebleau. The Fete Galante dies with these artists whom we shall

meet again better represented in the Salle La Caze. A famous

contemporary of Pater and Lancret and first painter to the king was

Charles Antoine Coypel (1694-1752), grandson of Noel Coypel

(1629-1707), and son of Antoine (1661-1722), both of whom are

represented in the Louvre (Rooms XIV.-XVI., 157-166, and 167-175), His

Perseus and Andromeda, 180, hangs R. of the entrance of this room.

Charles Andre Vanloo (1705-1765), known as Carle Vanloo, (whose

grandfather, Jacob Vanloo, is represented by two pictures, 2451, 2452,

hung among the Dutch artists in Rooms XXIV. and XXVI.), enjoyed a

great vogue in his day. His facile drawing and riotous colour

temporarily enriched the language with a new verb--to \_vanlooter\_.

899, on the L. wall, A Hunting Picnic, is an admirable specimen of his

supple talent. The flaunting sensuality of Francois Boucher

(1703-1770), and of Jean Honore Fragonnard (1732-1806), who lavished

undoubted genius and ignoble industry in the service of the depraved

boudoir tastes of the Pompadours and Du Barrys that ruled at

Versailles, are seen here and in the Salle la Caze in all their

eloquent vulgarity. That Boucher had in him the elements of a great

painter may be inferred from the charming little sketch, 30, R. wall,

Diana, and from the excellent interior, 50A, L. wall, Breakfast. His

popular pastoral scenes, executed with amazing facility, with their

beribboned shepherds and dainty shepherdesses, are exemplified in 32

and 33, R. wall, and 34 and 35, L. wall. Other works by this fluent

servant of La Pompadour are 31, R. wall, Venus commanding Vulcan to

forge arms for AEneas, and 36, L. wall, Vulcan presenting them to

Venus. Boucher with all his faults was a grand decorative artist of

extraordinary versatility, but the loose habits and careless methods

of his later days are reflected in slovenly drawing and waning powers

of invention. Reynolds, who visited him in Paris, noted the change,

and describes how he found the artist at work on a large picture

without studies or models of any kind, and on expressing his surprise,

was told by Boucher that he did in earlier days use them, but had

dispensed with them for many years. Fragonnard, who on his return from

Rome, had set about some canvases in the grand traditional style of

the earlier masters, of which an example may be seen in 290, R. wall,

Coresus[218] and Callirrhoe, soon perceived that fame lay not in that

direction, and devoted himself with exuberant talent and

unconscionable facility to satisfy the frivolous tastes and refined

animality of royal and courtly patrons. For it was a time when life

was envisaged as a perpetual feast of enjoyment; a vision of roguish

eyes and rouged and patched faces of sprightly beribboned and perfumed

gallants, playing at shepherds and shepherdesses, of luxurious

sensuality untrammelled by a Christianity minus the Ten Commandments,

soon to be hustled away by the robust and democratic ideals of David.

Another early work of Fragonnard in this room is 291, R. wall, The

Music Lesson: some of his more characteristic productions we shall

meet with in the Salle La Caze. A somewhat feeble protest against the

prevailing vulgarity and debasement of contemporary art was made by

Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin (1699-1779) and Jean Baptiste Greuze

(1725-1805) in their rendering of scenes of domesticity and of the

pathos of simple lives. Chardin is well seen in this room in his

laborious studies of still life, 89 and 90, L. wall, diploma works,

and in 91 and 92, same wall, The Industrious Mother, and Grace before

Meat. The last, a delightful work, won for the artist Diderot's

powerful advocacy, and made him the popular interpreter of bourgeois

intimacies. Other patient studies of still life are: 95, 96, 101, and

102; and R. wall 94. On the same wall hang, 97, The Ape as Antiquary,

and 99, The Housewife. If Chardin touches the border-line between

sentiment and sentimentality, Greuze (end wall) in 369, Return of the

Prodigal; 370, A Father's Crime; and 371, The Undutiful Son, certainly

oversteps it. Each of these became the theme of extravagant eulogy and

didactic preachments by Diderot, his literary protagonist, who hailed

him as a French Hogarth making Virtue amiable and Vice odious. An even

more equivocal note is struck (L. wall) in 372A, The Milkmaid; and

372, The Broken Pitcher, where as Gautier acutely remarks, the artist

contrives to make Virtue exhale the same sensual delight as Vice

had done, and to suggest that Innocence will fall an easy victim to

temptation. Madame Du Barry was much attracted by the latter picture

and possessed a replica of it. Other works and studies, R. wall, by

the artist are in this room. 368, end wall, Severus Reproaching

Caracalla, was painted as a diploma picture. But Greuze essayed here a

flight beyond his powers: to his profound disgust the Academy refused

to admit him as an historical, and classed him as a \_genre\_ painter.

No survey of eighteenth century French painting would be complete

without some reference to Claude Joseph Vernet (1714-1789), the famous

marine and landscape artist, whose paintings of the principal ports of

France are hung in the Musee de la Marine on the second floor. Here we

may distinguish among some score of his works: 921, The Bathers; 923,

A Landscape; and 932, A Seascape: The Setting Sun, all on the L. wall.

[Illustration: EMBARKATION FOR THE ISLAND OF CYTHERA. \_Watteau.\_]

[Footnote 218: Coresus, a priest of Bacchus at Calydon, whose love was

scorned by the nymph Callirrhoe, called forth a pestilence on the

land. The Calydonians, ordered by the oracle to sacrifice the nymph,

led her to the altar. Coresus, forgetting his resentment, sacrificed

himself instead of her, who, conscious of ingratitude, killed herself

at a fountain.]

[Illustration: GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

\_Chardin.\_]

It will now be opportune to make our way to the La Caze collection. We

pass out from the end of this room and descend the Escalier Daru to

the first landing; then ascend L. of the Victory of Samothrace to the

Rotonde, pass direct through the Salle des Bijoux, and turn L. through

Room II. to

ROOM I.

The La Caze collection. We note on the R. wall, an excellent Lenain,

548, A Peasant Meal, and some admirable portraits by Largilliere,

484-491, of which the last, Portrait of the Artist, his Wife and

Daughter, is a masterly work. Among the fine portraits by Rigaud,

791-795, that of the Young Duke of Lesdiguieres, stands pre-eminent.

We cross to the L. wall, where the rich collection of works by

Watteau and his followers is placed: 983, Gilles, a scene from a

Comedy, is one of Watteau's most precious pictures. Near it are: 984,

The Disdainful; 986, Gathering in a Park. 985, Sly-Puss, a charming

little picture, is followed by 988, 989, 990 and 992, four other

studies. 991 is a carefully finished classical subject, Jupiter and

Antiope. Near these are grouped: 470-473, four small works by Lancret,

and 690-693, a like number of typical variations of the \_scene

galante\_ by Pater. We next note 659, a fine portrait group by Nattier:

Mlle. de Lambec as Minerva, arming her brother the young Count of

Brienne. To the same skilful portraitist are due: 660, a Knight of

Malta; and 661, A Daughter of Louis XV. as a Vestal Virgin. By Boucher

are: 48, R. of entrance, The Painter in his Studio, and R. wall, 47,

The Three Graces; 46 and 49, L. wall, Venus and Vulcan, and Vulcan's

Forge. Fragonnard is represented by some of his characteristic works

executed with wonderful sleight of hand, 292-301. The prevailing taste

of his patrons may be judged by 295, L. wall, a sketch of one of his

most successful and oftenest repeated subjects. On this same wall are

a varied series of Chardin's studies of still life; a poor replica,

93, of his Grace before Meat; 104, The Ape as Painter, and other

similar homely subjects.

Here also are two historical revolutionary portraits by Greuze: 378,

The Girondin, Gensonne, and 379, the Poet-Deputy, Fabre d'Eglantine.

Among the later Venetians are some Tintorets, R. wall: 1468, Susannah;

1469, Virgin and Child, Saints and Donor; 1470, Portrait of Pietro

Mocenigo. Spanish art is represented by a fine but unpleasing Ribera,

1725, Boy with a Club-foot, and to Velasquez are ascribed: 1735, The

Infanta Maria Teresa, Queen of Louis XIV.; 1736, Unknown Portrait;

1733, L. of entrance, Philip IV. 1945 and 1946, R. wall, the Provost

and Sheriffs, and Jean de Mesme, President of the Parlement of Paris,

are excellent examples of Philippe de Champaigne's austere and honest

art.

From the studios of Boucher and of Comte Joseph Marie Vien (1716-1809)

there came towards the end of the eighteenth century the virile,

revolutionary figure of Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), who burst

like a thunderstorm on the corrupt artistic atmosphere of the age,

sweetening and bracing French art for half a century. Shocked by the

slovenly drawing and vulgarity of the fashionable masters, and nursed

on Plutarch, he applied himself to the study of the antique with a

determination to rejuvenate the painter's art and establish a school,

drawing its inspiration from heroic Greece and Rome. The successive

phases of this potent but rather theatrical genius may be well

followed in the Louvre. Neglecting for the present his earlier and

pre-revolutionary works, we retrace our steps through Room II. noting

in passing, 143, The Funeral at Ornans (a remarkable, realistic

painting by a later revolutionary, to whom we shall return) and enter

ROOM III.

on the L. wall of which hangs 188, David's famous canvas: The Sabine

Women, over which he brooded during his imprisonment in the Luxembourg

after the Thermidorian reaction. David regarded this composition as

the most successful expression of his theory of art. He studied whole

libraries of antiquities and vainly imagined it to be the most "Greek"

of all his works. Nothing, however, could be farther removed from the

tranquil self-restraint and noble simplicity of Greek art than these

self-conscious, histrionic groups of figures, without one touch of

naturalness. The old preoccupation with classic models inherited from

Poussin and the Roman school, still dominates even this revolutionary

artist, who best displays his great genius when he forgets his

theories and paints direct from life, as in 199, Mme. Recamier; and

198 (opposite wall), Pius VII. David's fierce Jacobinism (he had been

a member of the terrible Committee of Public Safety) did not prevent

him from worshipping the rising star of the First Consul, who, on

assuming the Imperial crown, appointed him court painter and

commissioned him to execute, 202A, Consecration of Napoleon I. at

Notre Dame. In this grandiose historic scene, containing at least 150

portraits, the eye is at once drawn to the central actor who, having

crowned himself, is placing a diadem on the kneeling Josephine's brow.

The story runs, that David had originally drawn Pope Pius VII. with

hands on knees. Bonaparte entering the studio, at once ordered the

artist to represent the pontiff in the act of blessing, exclaiming: "I

didn't bring him all this way to do nothing." For this picture and for

the Distribution of the Eagles 180,000 francs were paid.

[Illustration: MADAME RECAMIER. \_David.\_]

Among the painters of the new school was Pierre Prud'hon (1758-1823),

whose fame was made by two pictures, 747 and 756, on opposite walls,

first exhibited in 1808: Justice and Divine Wrath pursuing Crime; and

the graceful but somewhat invertebrate, Rape of Psyche. 746, an

Assumption, was executed for the Tuileries Chapel in 1819. Other works

by this master, whose Correggiosity is evident, hang in the room. Two

famous pupils of David were Francois Pascal Simon Gerard (1770-1837)

and Antoine Jean Gros (1771-1835). By the former, known as the King of

Painters and Painter of Kings, are: 328, Love and Psyche; and 332, a

charming portrait of the painter Isabey and his daughter. By the

latter, who owed the Imperial favour to the good graces of Josephine,

are: 391, Bonaparte at Arcole; 392A, Lieut. Sarloveze, a typical

Beau-Sabreur portrait; and 388, Bonaparte visiting victims of the

Plague at Jaffa, a striking composition, which advanced the artist to

the front rank of his profession. Gros was the parent of the grand

battle-pictures of the future; the painter of the Napoleonic epos.

Young artists were wont to attach a sprig of laurel to this work in

which the first signs of the coming storm of Romanticism are

discerned.

The real champion of the movement was, however, Jean Louis Andre

Theodore Gericault (1791-1824), whose epoch-making picture, 338, The

Raft of the Medusa, we now observe. This daring and passionate revolt

from frigid classicism and preoccupation with a conventional antiquity

was received but coldly by the professional critics on its appearance

in 1819, though with enthusiasm by the people. Failing to find a buyer

at Paris, its exhibition in England by a speculator, proved a

financial success. 339-343, are military subjects of lesser range by

this young innovator: 348, Epsom Races, was painted in England in

1821, three years before his premature death. To follow on with the

French school we retrace our steps by the Rotonde and the Escalier

Daru through Room XVI. to Room XV., L. of which, is the entrance to

ROOM VIII.

We revert to David whose Oath of the Horatii, 189, exhibited in 1785;

and The Lictors bearing to Brutus the Bodies of his Sons, 191,

exhibited in the fateful year 1789, hang skied on the R. wall. These

paintings, hailed with prodigious enthusiasm, revolutionised the

fashions and tastes of the day and gave artistic expression to the

coming political and social changes. 200A on the same wall, The Three

Ladies of Ghent, was painted during the artist's exile in Belgium,

for the old Terrorist was naturally not a \_persona grata\_ to the

restored Bourbons. Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780-1857), the most

famous of David's pupils, two of whose works we have seen in Room V.,

was the bitterest opponent of the new Romantic school and steadfast

champion of his master's artistic ideal. To him more than to any other

teacher is due the tradition of clean, correct and comely drawing that

characterises the French school. It is somewhat difficult perhaps for

a foreigner, observing the paintings by Ingres in this room, fully to

comprehend[219] the reverence in which he is held by his countrymen.

More than once Professor Legros has described to the present writer

the thrill of emotion that passed through him and his fellow-students

when they saw the aged master enter the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris.

If, however, the visitor will inspect the marvellous Ingres drawings

in the Salle des Desseins (p. 394), he will appreciate his genius more

adequately. The master's chief work in the present room is 417, R.

wall, Apotheosis of Homer, a ceiling composition in which the

arch-poet, laurel-crowned, has at his footstool seated figures

symbolising the \_Iliad\_ and the \_Odyssey\_, while the most famous poets

and philosophers of the ages are grouped below him. The Odalisque,

422B, L. wall, is a characteristic nude, and a few other subject

pictures will be noted. Among his portraits, 418, Cherubini; 428B,

Bertier de Vaux, are generally regarded as masterpieces. Ingres

despised colour, he never appealed to the emotions; his type of beauty

is external and soulless, and he leaves the spectator cold.

[Footnote 219: Whistler, while disliking his art, was wont to wish he

had been his pupil.]

Meanwhile the new Romantic school of brilliant colourists grew and

flourished. Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Delacroix, cradled in the storms

of the revolutionary period, are all represented around us. The

sentimental Ary Scheffer (1795-1858) is seen, L. wall, in 841, St.

Augustine and St. Monica, an immensely popular but affected and feeble

composition. Some portraits by this artist may be also found on the

walls. Greater than he in breadth of composition, opulence of colour

and artistic virtuosity, was Paul Delaroche, whose Death of Queen

Elizabeth, 216, end wall, now asserts itself. His greatest work,

however, and one which won him much fame, is his well-known Hemicycle

in the Beaux Arts (p. 319). A twin spirit with Gericault was the

impetuous Ferdinand Victor Eugene Delacroix (1798-1863), who is more

fully hung in this collection. Of the brilliant compositions which

with indefatigable industry he poured forth in the heyday of the

movement, we may note some excellent examples: 212, L. wall, The Wreck

of Don Juan; 211, L. wall, Jewish Wedding at Morocco; and, 213,

Capture of Constantinople by the Venetians and Franks. Earlier works

are, 207, R. of entrance, Virgil and Dante nearing the City of Dis,

executed with feverish energy in a few weeks for the Salon of 1822;

and 208, L. of entrance, The Massacre of Scio, a glowing canvas

painted in 1834. Jean Hippolyte Flandrin (1809-1864), the Lesueur of

the century, and like him uniting artistic genius and wide erudition

with profound religious faith and true modesty, is represented most

poorly of all; 284, Portrait of a Young Girl being the only example of

this master's work here. Flandrin can only be truly appreciated in the

church of St. Germain des Pres (p. 320). Before we turn to the

Barbizon painters, we note Gros' fine composition, 389, L. wall,

Napoleon at Eylau; and 390, R. wall, Francis I. and Charles V.

visiting the Tombs at St. Denis.

With Theodore Rousseau (1812-1867), the all-father of the modern

French landscape school, and chief of the little band of enthusiasts

who grouped themselves about him at Barbizon, we touch the greatest

artistic movement of the age. Jean Baptiste Camille Corot (1796-1875),

the ever-young and gentle spirit, the tenderest emanation of the

century; Jean Francois Millet (1814-1875), the inspired and cultured

peasant, mightiest of them all, grand and solemn interpreter of the

fundamental and tragic pathos of human toil, ever discerning God's

image in the most bent and ill-shapen of his creatures; Constant

Troyon (1810-1865), the grandest animal painter of his day; Narcisse

Diaz de la Pena (1809-1876), once a poor errand lad with a maimed leg,

painter of forest depths and of the rich hues of summer foliage;

Charles Francois Daubigny (1817-1878), latest of the little band,

faithful and tender student of nature, painter of the countryside, of

the murmuring waters of the Seine and the Oise--these once despised

and rejected of men have long won fame and appreciation. No princely

patronage shone on them in their early struggles nor smoothed their

path; they wrought out the beauty of their souls under the hard

discipline of poverty in loving and awful communion with Nature. They

have revealed to us new tones of colour in the air, in the forest and

the plain, and a new sense of the pathos and beauty in simple lives

and common things.

827, L. wall, is Rousseau's Forest at Fontainebleau, a fine effect of

setting sun and loving representation of his favourite tree, the oak;

829 and 830, R. wall, are also by this master. On the same wall 643,

Millet's Spring, whose coloration at first sight may seem forced and

strange, is absolutely faithful to Nature, as the writer who once

observed similar colour effects in the forest can testify. 644, The

Gleaners, "the three fates of poverty," is, next to the Angelus, the

most popular of Millet's works. Corot, the Theocritus of modern

painting, is represented by 138, the lovely and poetical Morning, 141,

Souvenir de Mortefontaine and 141 \_bis\_, Castelgandolfo. R. and L.

are, 889 and 890, two grand and massive compositions by Troyon: Oxen

going to the Plough; and, The Return to the Farm: landscapes that

smell of the very earth, and rendered with a marvellous breadth of

style and penetrating sympathy; 184, end wall, and 185, R. of

entrance, Grape Harvest in Burgundy, and Spring, are by Daubigny.

One of the most aggressive, ebullient and individual of painters was

Gustave Courbet (1819-1877), whose harshly realistic Funeral at Ornans

we have seen in Room II. In 1855 Courbet, finding his works badly hung

in the International Exhibition at Paris, erected a wooden shed near

the entrance, where he exhibited thirty-eight of his large pictures,

and defiantly painted outside in big letters--REALISM: G. COURBET.

Strong of body and coarse in habit, this \_peintre-animal\_, as he was

called, delighted to \_epater le bourgeois\_, and painted his studies of

the nude with a brutal reality that stripped the female form of all

the beauty and grace with which the superior ideality of man has

invested it. This swashbuckler of realism, who despised the old

masters, denounced imagination as humbug, and would have great men,

railway stations, factories and mines painted as the \_verites vraies\_,

the saints and miracles of the age, was, however, often better than

his artistic creed, and is here represented by some pleasing

Fontainebleau pictures: L. wall, 147, Deer in Covert; R. wall, 66,

Source of the Puits Noir, and L., 147 \_bis\_, The Waves, a most

powerful and original interpretation of the sombre majesty of the sea.

For in truth the creed of Realism, whether in literature or in art,

involves a fallacy, and the creations of the imaginative and

idealistic faculty in man are as real as those which result from the

faculty of seeing mean things meanly and coarse things coarsely.

Courbet's violent revolutionary nature nearly cost him his life in

1848 and involved him in the Commune in 1871, during which he presided

over the destruction of the Vendome Column (though he saved the

Luxembourg and the Thiers' collection from the violence of the

people). Poor Courbet, mulcted in enormous damages for his share in

the overthrow of the Column, was ruined and died in exile. A more

potent revolutionist, the arch-Impressionist Manet and founder of the

school, has at length forced the portals of the Louvre and is

represented by the celebrated Olympia, 204, around which so many

fierce battles were waged in 1865.

We proceed to supplement this small collection of Barbizon pictures by

a visit to the recently acquired (1903) Thomy-Thiery and Chauchard

collections. Returning to the Salle La Caze by Room XVI., and the

Escalier Daru, we issue from it, pass direct before us and continue

through the rooms devoted to exhibits of furniture (in Hall II. is a

superb specimen of cabinet-work--Louis XV.'s writing-table). Turning

R., we then enter a series of Cabinets, containing an admirable and

most important collection of drawings, beginning with the early

Italian masters and following on chronologically to the later Italians

and to the German, Netherland and French masters. If the visitor have

leisure he will be repaid by returning at some convenient time to

study these carefully. But even the most hurried traveller should not

omit to glance through them, and more especially at the lovely Da

Vincis in the second cabinet and the Ingres drawings further along.

Arrived at the end, we shall find on our L. a wooden staircase, which

we mount and reach

ROOM XXXVII.

the Salle Francaise de 1830. Here are exhibited Delaroche's Princes in

the Tower; Flandrin's Portrait of Mme. Vinet and some early works of

the Barbizon school; Corot, 139, the Forum at Rome; 140, the

Colosseum; 141F, The Belfry at Douai and others. Millet's sketch of

the Church at Greville, 641, was found in his studio after his death;

another study is 642, The Bathers; 644A, The Seamstress, 642A is a

portrait of the artist's sister-in-law. By Rousseau are two small

landscapes, 831 and 832; and The Landes, 830, a masterpiece. Diaz and

Dupre are seen in a number of studies and paintings.

ROOM XXXVIII.

contains the Thomy-Thiery pictures, excellently hung and forming one

of the most rich and precious collections in the Louvre. On the R.

wall as we enter are a numerous series of \_genre\_ paintings, happily

conceived and wrought by Alexandre Gabriel Decamps (1803-1860). This

room holds many excellent Rousseaus, among which are: 2896, Banks of

the Loire; 2900, an excellent study of his favourite Oak Trees; 2901,

The Pyrenees; 2903, Springtide. Millet is well represented by a

priceless little collection: 2892, The Binders; 2890, The

Rubbish-burners; 2893, The Winnower; 2894, A Motherly Precaution;

2895, The Wood Chopper. By Corot are shown no less than twelve

examples: 2801-2812. All are most exquisitely poetical and delicate,

but we may specially note: 2804, Shepherds' Dance at Sorrento; 2805,

The Pollard Willows; 2806, Souvenir of Italy; 2807, The Pond; 2808,

Entrance to a Village; 2810, View of Sin-le-Noble; 2811, Evening. A

magnificent set of Troyons next claims our admiration, eleven in all,

2906-2916, of which: 2913, Girl with Turkeys; 2909, Morning; 2914, The

Barrier; 2916, The Heights of Suresnes, are superlative. The ten Diaz

pictures, 2854-2863, are of perhaps lesser interest, although they

will all repay careful attention. Of Daubigny's intimate landscapes

thirteen are offered to our appreciation, 2813-2825, among which:

2821, The Thames at Erith; 2822, The Mill at Gyliers; and 2824,

Morning, are notable. By the melancholy and poetical Jules Dupre

(1812-1889), whose landscapes oft breathe the tragic pathos of storm

and desolation, and who is said to have broken into a passionate

outburst of tears and sobs as he watched the magnificent spectacle of

a nocturnal tempest, are twelve compositions, 2864-2875; and let us

not omit some half-score Delacroix, 2843-2853, among which is a rare

religious subject, 2849, Christ on the Cross. The glass cases in the

centre of the room exhibit a numerous collection of bronzes by Barye,

whom we have seen among the modern sculptors in Room VI.

[Illustration: THE BINDERS.

\_Millet.\_]

[Illustration: LANDSCAPE.

\_Corot.\_]

ROOM XXXIX.

is the Salle Francaise du Second Empire and contains Horace Vernet's

well known, The Barriere de Clichy, Defence of Paris in 1814; and Ary

Scheffer's, Death of Gericault. 2938 is the great caricaturist

Daumier's portrait of Theodore Rousseau. Numerous examples of the

myopic art of Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier (1815-1891) will attract

attention in this Room. To reach the Chauchard collection,

provisionally exhibited in the old Colonial office, we descend to the

first floor, traverse the Grande Galerie and the new Rubens Room.

This, \_prodigieux accroissement de richesses\_, as it is termed by the

official catalogue, contains a large number of masterpieces by the

Barbizon painters and raises the Louvre collections of that school to

supreme importance. No less than eight Millet's are included, the most

famous of which, if not the greatest, The Angelus, 102, is much faded,

but always attracts a crowd of admirers. 103, Woman at the Well, is a

scene at the artist's birthplace; 104, is one of the most inspired of

the master's creations, The Shepherdess watching her Flock. 99, The

Winnower; 105, Girl with a Distaff, and 106, The Sheep Fold--a lovely

pastoral scene by night. Among the twenty-six Corots are many of his

finest works; 6, Goatherd playing the Flute; 8, The Dance of the

Nymphs; 15, Rest beneath the Willows; 16, The Ford; 20, Forest Glade:

Souvenir of Ville Avray; 24, Dance of Shepherdesses; 27, The Mill of

St. Nicholas-les-Arras. Some noble Rousseaus are included: 107, Avenue

in the Forest of d'Isle-Adam; 108, Pond by the Wayside; 112, Road in

the Forest of Fontainebleau. Troyon's score of canvases make a brave

show: 127, The White Cow, painted in 1856, was a favourite of the

artist who kept it by him until his death and bequeathed it to his

mother. By Charles Jacque, the painter of sheep, three works are shown

including 72, The Great Sheepfold. Daubigny, Descamps, Diaz and others

of the school are well represented in the collection. Admirers of "the

little master of little pictures" will find among the twenty-six

Meissonier's, which the Chauchard bequest brings to the Louvre, two of

the most famous of his works: 87, The Napoleonic picture, Campaign of

France, 1814; and 80, Amateurs of Painting. All these examples of the

most successful but least inspired of modern artists exemplify his

patient, concentrated, meticulous style. By an ingenious fiction that

the installation is only provisional, six characteristic Venetian

pictures by the veteran, Ziem, have been retained in the

collection.[220] 136, is, however, wrongly named, and should read

Scene from the Giudecca.

[Footnote 220: Pictures by living artists are excluded from the

Louvre.]

We have completed our rapid survey of the chief paintings in the

Louvre, for the more recent developments of French art must be sought

in the Luxembourg, where they are all too inadequately represented.

The self-imposed limitations of this work will not carry us thither,

but the most cursory visit to the Louvre would be incomplete without

some notice of the collections of Persian and Egyptian art which we

may conveniently glance at on our way as we leave. Descending to the

first floor by the staircase up which we mounted, we turn obliquely to

the R. and enter the E. gallery containing the Persian terra-cotta

reliefs and other objects from the royal palace of Darius, and

Artaxerxes,[221] his son, at Susa, including the marvellous coloured

Frieze of the Archers; one of the colossal capitals (restored), that

supported the roof of the Throne Room; a model of the same; and some

fine terra-cotta reliefs of Lions and of winged Bulls.

[Footnote 221: The student of history will not need to be reminded

that the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand, so dramatically described

by Xenophon, was occasioned by the death in battle of their ally

Cyrus, in his ill-omened attempt to dispossess his brother,

Artaxerxes, of the crown of Persia.]

We pass on through the Mediaeval and Renaissance collections, turn an

angle R., and enter the South Gallery, where some remarkable specimens

of ancient art will be found among the Egyptian Antiquities. The

painted statue (Hall III.) of the Seated Scribe is one of the most

precious examples the world possesses of an art admirable in its

naturalism and power of vivid portraiture, and the charming figure of

a priestess, known as \_Dame Toui\_, exquisitely wrought in wood, is

equally noteworthy. A superb example of a royal papyrus of the Book of

the Dead will also invite attention. We pass on through a suite of

beautifully decorated rooms filled with a choice collection of

Etruscan and Greek Ceramic art, each of which offers a rich feast of

beauty and historic interest.

At length we reach again the collection of paintings, Room III.,

whence we may pass through the Salle des Bijoux with a small exhibit

of ancient jewellery, to the Rotonde, and turning L., enter the

magnificent Galerie d'Apollon (the old Petite Galerie of Henry IV.),

and examine the wealth of enamels; the exquisite productions of the

goldsmith's art as applied to the sacred vessels of the church;

precious stones; cameos; and such as remain of the old crown jewels.

We may leave the palace by returning to the Rotonde; pass through the

Salle La Caze and descend the Escalier Henry II. to the L., noting the

caissons of its ceiling, decorated by Jean Goujon, and reach the

Quadrangle under the Pavilion de l'Horloge, where we began our visit;

or we pass from the Rotonde down the Escalier Daru to the exit in the

Pavilion Denon, which gives on the Squares du Louvre. In the latter

case it will be of some interest before leaving to pass for a moment

by the exit and along the Galerie Mollien, where on the R. among the

models of Roman masterpieces executed for Francis I., under

Primaticcio's supervision, will be found one of the Laocoon, which

shows its condition before Bernini's bungling restoration had deformed

the group. To the unsated sightseer there yet remain the rich and

comprehensive collections of Egyptian and Asiatic antiquities on the

ground floor of the E. wing entered on either side of the E. portal.

SECTION VI

\_The Ville (S. of the Rue St. Antoine)--The Hotel de Ville[222]--St.

Gervais--Hotel Beauvais--Hotel of the Provost of Paris--SS. Paul and

Louis--Hotel de Mayenne--Site of the Bastille--Bibliotheque de

l'Arsenal[223]--Hotel Fieubert--Hotel de Sens--Isle St. Louis.\_

[Footnote 222: Open, 2-4, by ticket obtained at the Secretary's

office.]

[Footnote 223: Open, 10-4, daily, except Chief Festivals.]

We take the \_Metropolitain\_ to the Hotel de Ville station and make our

way to the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, formerly Place de Greve, a

little W. of the station.

In 1141 a sloping bank of sand (greve), to the E. of the Rue St.

Martin and facing the old port of the Nautae at St. Landry on the

island of the Cite, was ceded by royal charter, to the burgesses of

Paris for a payment of seventy livres. "It is void of houses," says

the charter, "and is called the \_gravia\_, and is situated where the

old market-place (\_vetus forum\_) existed." This was the origin of the

famous Place de Greve,[224] where throbbed the very heart of civic,

commercial and industrial Paris. On its eastern side stood the old

Maison aux Piliers, a long, low building, whose upper floor was

supported by columns. Here every revolutionary and democratic movement

has been organised, from the days of Marcel to those of the Communes

of 1789--when the last Provost of the Merchants met his death--and of

1871, when the fine old Renaissance Hotel de Ville was destroyed by

fire. The place of sand was much smaller in olden times, and from

1310, when Philip the Fair burned three heretics, to September, 1822,

when the last political offenders, the four serjeants of Rochelle,

were executed, and to July 1830, when the last murderer was hung

there, has soaked up the blood of many a famous enemy of State and

Church and of innumerable notorious and obscure criminals, including

the infamous Marquise de Brinvilliers, who was burned alive, and

Cartouche, broken on the wheel. A permanent gibbet stood there and a

market cross, and there during the English wars the infuriated

Parisians tied the hands and feet of hundreds of English prisoners

taken at Pontoise and flung them into the Seine. Every St. John's

eve--the church and cloister of St. Jean stood behind the Hotel de

Ville--a great bonfire was lighted in the Place de Greve, fireworks

were let off, and a salvo of artillery celebrated the festival. When

the relations between Crown and Commune were felicitous the king

himself would take part in the \_fete\_ and fire the pile with a torch

of white wax decorated with crimson velvet. A royal supper and ball in

the Grande Salle concluded the revels. Not infrequently the ashes at

the stake where a poor wretch had met his doom had scarcely cooled

before the joyous flames and fireworks of the Feu de St. Jean burst

forth, and the very day after the execution of the Count of Bouteville

the people were dancing round the fires of St. John. The present Hotel

de Ville, by Ballu and Deperthes, completed in 1882,[225] is one of

the finest modern edifices in Europe, and contains some of the most

important productions of contemporary French painters and sculptors:

Puvis de Chavannes, Carolus Duran, Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul

Laurens, Carriere Dalou, Chapu and others.

[Footnote 224: The masons of Paris were wont to stand on the Place

waiting to be hired, and sometimes contrived to exact higher wages.

Hence the origin of the term \_faire greve\_ (to go out on strike).]

[Footnote 225: Charles Normand, founder of the Societe des Amis des

Monuments, appeals for information concerning the fate of the old

inscription commemorating the laying of the foundation stone of the

former Hotel de Ville in 1533. It is said to have been appropriated

(\_se serait empare\_) by an Englishman in 1874.]

We pass to the E. of the Hotel, where stands the church of St. Gervais

and St. Protais, whose facade by Solomon Debrosse (1617) "is

regarded," says Felibien (1725), "as a masterpiece of art by the

best architectural authorities" ("\_les plus intelligens en

architecture\_"). The church, which has been several times rebuilt,

occupies the site of the old sixth-century building, near which stood

the elm tree where suitors waited for justice to be done by the early

kings. "\_Attendre sous l'orme\_" ("To wait under the elm") is still a

proverbial expression for waiting till Doomsday.

[Illustration: ST. GERVAIS.]

The lofty Gothic interior, dating from the late fifteenth century, is

lighted by some sixteenth and seventeenth-century stained glass, and

among the pictures that have escaped transportation to the Louvre may be

noted a lunette over the clergy stalls R. of the nave, God the Father,

by Perugino; and a remarkable tempera painting, The Passion, attributed

to Duerer's pupil, Aldegraever, in the fifth chapel, L. aisle. The curious

old panelled and painted little Chapelle Scarron (fourth to the L.) and

the sixteenth-century carved choir stalls from the abbey church of Port

Royal are of interest: the beautiful vaulting of the Lady Chapel is also

noteworthy. Some good modern paintings may be seen (with difficulty) in

the side chapels. The Rue Francois Miron leading E. from the Place St.

Gervais was part of the Rue St. Antoine, before the cutting of the Rue

de Rivoli, and the chief artery from the E. to the centre of Paris. On

the R. of this street, No. 26, Rue Geoffrey l'Asnier, is the fine portal

of the seventeenth-century Hotel de Chalons, where the whilom ambassador

to England, Antoine de la Borderie, lived (1608). Yet further on in the

Rue Francois Miron is the Rue de Jouy: at No. 7, is the charming Hotel

d'Aumont by Hardouin Mansard. We continue our eastward way along the Rue

Francois Miron and among other interesting houses note No. 68, the

princely Hotel de Beauvais, erected 1660, for Anne of Austria's

favourite \_femme de chambre\_, Catherine Henriette Belier, wife of Pierre

Beauvais. The street facade has been much disfigured and the magnificent

wrought-iron balcony, whence Anne, Mazarin and Turenne, together with

the Queen of England, watched the solemn entry of Louis XIV. and his

consort Maria Therese, has been destroyed: but the beautiful circular

porch with its Doric columns and metopes and the stately courtyard where

the architect, Jean Lepautre, has triumphed over the irregularity of the

site and created a marvellous symmetry of form--all this still remains,

together with the noble stairway on the L., decorated by the Flemish

sculptor, Desjardins. In the house at the sign of the Falcon which

formerly stood on this spot, Tasso in the splendour of his early years

was lodged by his patron, the Cardinal d'Este, and composed the greater

part of the \_Gerusalemme Liberata\_. The Rue Francois Miron is continued

by the Rue St. Antoine: at No. 119, we enter the Passage Charlemagne and

pass to the second courtyard where remains a goodly portion of the old

Hotel of the Royal Provost of Paris,[226] given to Aubriot by Charles V.

At No. 101 is the site of one of the gates of the Philip Augustus wall

and at No. 99 stands the Jesuit Church of St. Paul and St. Louis, in the

typical baroque style so familiar to visitors to Rome. The once lavishly

decorated interior has suffered much from the Revolutionists. Germain

Pilon's Virgin still remains in the chapel L. of the high altar, but the

four angels in silver that sustained the hearts of Louis XIII. and XIV.,

and the noble bronze statues from the mausoleum of the Princes of Conde,

admired by Bernini, are only a memory. At No. 65, a malodorous court

leads to the old vaulted entrance to the charnel-houses of St. Paul,

where Rabelais and the Man with the Iron Mask were buried;[227] and to

the R. of this vault a narrow street leads to the Marche Ste. Catherine

on the site of the canons' houses of the monastery of Ste. Catherine du

Val des Ecoliers (p. 124). At the corner of the Rue du Petit Musc is the

magnificent Hotel de Mayenne, begun by Du Cerceau for Diana of Poitiers

and completed for the Duke of Mayenne, leader of the forces of the

League: this too has a fine courtyard. The chamber in which the leaders

of the League met and decided to assassinate Henry III. still exists. An

inscription over No. 5 marks the site of the forecourt of the Bastille

where the revolutionists penetrated on 14th July: on the pavement in

front of No. 1 and across the end of the street and in front of No. 5

Place de la Bastille, round the opposite corner, lines of white stones

mark part of the huge space on which the gloomy and sinister old

fortress stood. We turn S.W. by the Boulevard Henry IV., past the

imposing new barracks of the Garde Republicaine, and then L. by the Rue

de Sully. At No. 3 we enter the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal, one of the

most important libraries of Paris, where an attendant will show Sully's

private cabinet and antechamber, with the rich decorations as they were

left by his successor, including a ceiling painted by Vouet. Many an

intimate outpouring of the Victor of Ivry's domestic woes did Sully

endure here--complaints of his ill-tempered Marie's scoldings, the

contrast between his lawful wife's sour greetings and the endearing

graces and merry, roguish charms of his mistresses; their quarrels and

exactions. All of which the great minister would listen to reprovingly,

and exhort his dejected royal master not to permit himself, who had

vanquished the hosts of his enemies in battle, to be overcome by a

woman's petulancy. To the S. of the library the Boulevard Morland marks

the channel which separated the Isle de Louviers from the N. bank of the

river. We return to the Boulevard Henry IV. and cross to the Quai des

Celestins, where on our L. stands part of a tower of the Bastille,

discovered in 1899 during the construction of the Metropolitan Railway

and transferred here. At the corner of the Rue du Petit Musc opposite,

is the fine Hotel Fieubert, erected by Hardouin Mansard (1671) on part

of the site of the Royal Hotel St. Paul. The principal facade, 2 \_bis\_

Quai des Celestins, has unhappily been irretrievably spoilt by

subsequent additions. Continuing westward, we note No. 32, the site of

the Tour Barbeau of the Philip Augustus wall. An inscription bids us

remember that there stood the old Tennis Court of the Croix Noire, where

Moliere's troupe of the Illustre Theatre performed in 1645. Turning R.

up the Rue Falconnier, we come upon (L.) the grand old fifteenth-century

palace of the archbishops of Sens (p. 114), now a glass merchant's

warehouse. We regain the Place de l'Hotel de Ville by the Quai of the

same name, or cross the Pont Marie, and stroll about the quiet streets

of the Isle St. Louis (p. 214), and return by the Pont Louis Philippe at

its western extremity.

[Illustration: HOTEL OF THE PROVOST OF PARIS.]

[Footnote 226: All demolished (1911).]

[Footnote 227: Under process of demolition (1911).]

SECTION VII

\_The Ville (N. of the Rue St. Antoine)--Tour St. Jacques--Rue St.

Martin--St. Merri--Rue de Venise--Les Billettes--Hotels du

Soubise,[228] de Hollande, de Rohan[229]--Musee Carnavalet[230]--Place

Royale--Musee Victor Hugo[230]--Hotel de Sully.\_

[Footnote 228: Open Sundays, 12-3.]

[Footnote 229: Open Thursdays at 2 o'clock by a permit from the

Director.]

[Footnote 230: Open daily (except Monday) 10-4 or 5 (1 fr.).

Thursdays and Sundays free. Closed till 12.30 Tuesdays.]

Two parallel historic roads named of St. Martin and of St. Denis cut

northwards through the mass of houses that now crowd the Marais: the

latter, the Grande Chaussee de Monseigneur St. Denis, to the shrine of

the martyred saint of Lutetia, the former, the great Roman Street

which led to the provinces of the north.

[Illustration: WEST DOOR OF ST. MERRI.]

We set forth northwards from the Place du Chatelet, at the foot of the

Pont au Change, where stood the massive pile of the Grande Chatelet,

originally built to defend the bridge from the Norman pirates as the

Petit Chatelet was to defend the Petit Pont. It subsequently became

the official seat and prison of the Provost of Paris, where he held

his criminal court and organised the City Watch, and was demolished in

1802. Below this festered an irregular maze of slums, the aggregation

of seven centuries, the most fetid, insanitary and criminal quarter of

Paris, known as the Vallee de Misere, which only disappeared in 1855.

On our R. soars the beautiful flamboyant Gothic tower, all that

remains of the great church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie. This fine

monument was saved by the good sense of the architect Giraud who, when

the church was sold to the housebreakers during the Revolution,

inserted a clause in the warrant exempting the tower from demolition.

It was afterwards used as a lead foundry and twice narrowly escaped

destruction by fire. Purchased by the Ville, it seemed safe at last,

but again it was threatened in 1853 by the prolongation of the Rue de

Rivoli: luckily, however, the new street just passed by on the north.

The statue of Pascal under the vaulting reminds the traveller that the

great thinker conducted some barometrical experiments on the summit,

and the statues of the patron saints of craftsmen in the niches, that

under its shadow the industrial arts were practised. We ascend the Rue

St. Martin from the N.E. corner of the Square, and on our R. find the

late Gothic church of St. Merri, built on the site of the

seventh-century Chapel of St. Pierre, where Odo Falconarius, one of

the defenders of Paris in the siege of 886, is known to have been

buried. We enter for the sake of the beautiful sixteenth-century glass

in the choir and a curious old painting of the same epoch in the first

chapel beyond the entrance to the sacristy, Ste. Genevieve and her

Flock, with a view of Paris in the background. We continue to ascend

the street, noting No. 122, an old fountain and some reliefs, and soon

reach, R. and L., the quaint and narrow mediaeval Rue de Venise,

formerly the Ruelle des Usuriers, home of the Law speculators (p.

242). At No. 27, L. of the Rue St. Martin and corner of the Rue

Quincampoix, is the old inn of the Epee de Bois (now a l'Arrivee de

Venise), where Prince de Hoorn and two other nobles assassinated and

robbed a banker in open day and were broken alive on the wheel in the

Place de Greve. Mirabeau and L. Racine, with other wits are said to

have met there and Mazarin granted letters patent to a company of

dancing masters who taught there, under the direction of the Roi des

Violins: from these modest beginnings grew the National Academy of

Dancing. We return E. along the Rue de Venise and pass to its end;

then cross obliquely to the R. and continue E., along the Rue Simon le

Franc, traversing the Rue du Temple, to the Rue des Blancs Manteaux.

This we follow still eastward to its intersection with Rue des

Archives. Turning down this street to the R. we cross, and at Nos. 24

or 26 enter the fifteenth-century cloister (restored) of the monastery

of the Billettes, founded at the end of the thirteenth century to

commemorate the miracle of the Sacred Host, which had defied the

efforts of Jonathan, the Jew to destroy it by steel, fire and

boiling water. The chapel, built on the site of the Jew's house in

1294, was rebuilt in 1754, and is now a Protestant church. The

miraculous Host was preserved as late as the early eighteenth century

in St. Jean en Greve, and carried annually in procession on the octave

of Corpus Christi. We return northwards along the Rue des Archives,

and reach at the corner of the Rue des Francs Bourgeois the fine

pseudo-classic Hotel de Soubise, now the National Archives, erected in

1704 for the Princesse de Soubise on the site of the old Hotel of the

Constable of France, Olivier de Clisson, where Charles VI., after his

terrible vengeance on the revolted burgesses, agreed to remit further

punishment, and where the Duke of Clarence established himself at the

time of the English occupation. It became later (1553) the fortress of

the Guises and rivalled the Louvre in strength and splendour. The

picturesque Gothic portal (restored) of the old Hotel de Clisson still

exists higher up the Rue des Archives. The lavishly decorated Hotel de

Soubise, entered from the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, in which are

exhibited historical documents and other objects of profound interest,

though bereft of much of its former splendour is well worth a visit.

The sumptuous chambers contain much characteristic and well-preserved

decorative work by Boucher, Natoire, Carle Vanloo and others.[231]

Opposite the hotel and between Nos. 59 and 57 may be seen a portion

of a tower, repaired in brick, of the old Philip Augustus wall, and in

the courtyard of the Mont de Piete (No. 55) the line of the wall is

traced: a nearer view of the tower may be obtained from the courtyard

to the R.

[Footnote 231: At the north end of the Rue des Archives is the site,

now a square and a market, of the grisly old fortress of the Knights

Templars, whose walls and towers and round church were still standing

a century ago. The enclosure was a famous place of refuge for

insolvent debtors and political offenders, and sheltered Rousseau in

1765 when a \_lettre de cachet\_ was issued for his arrest. In the

gloomy keep, which was not destroyed until 1811, were imprisoned the

royal family of France after the abandonment of the Tuileries on 10th

August 1792. The old market of the Temple, the centre of the \_petites

industries\_ of Paris, has been recently demolished. West of this is

the huge Museum of the Arts and Crafts (Conservatoire des Arts et

Metiers), on the site of the abbatial buildings and lands of St.

Martin of the Fields, still preserving in its structure the beautiful

thirteenth-century church and refectory of the Abbey.]

[Illustration: CLOISTER OF THE BILLETTES, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.]

[Illustration: ARCHIVES NATIONALES, HOTEL SOUBISE, SHOWING TOWERS OF

HOTEL DE CLISSON.]

[Illustration: TOWER AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE VIELLE DU TEMPLE.]

We proceed eastward past the rebuilt church of the Blancs Manteaux and

at the corner of the Rue Vieille du Temple find a charming Gothic

tourelle (restored), all that remains of the mansion built in 1528 by

Jean de la Balue. Descending the Rue Vieille du Temple to the R., we

may examine (No. 47) the old Hotel de Hollande, erected in 1638, where

the Dutch ambassadors resided; and ascending, at No. 87, we find the

Hotel de Rohan (1712), home of the Cardinal de Rohan of

diamond-necklace fame, now the Imprimerie Nationale. The Salon des

Singes, charmingly decorated by Huet, and other interesting rooms are

shown. The fine relief by Le Lorrain of the Horses of Apollo in a

passage to the R. of the courtyard should by no means be missed. We

return to the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, and at No. 38 find an

inscription[232] over the entrance to a picturesque court which marks

the place where the Duke of Orleans was assassinated by Jean Sans Peur

(p. 132). Still proceeding E. we pass yet more interesting domestic

architecture--No. 31, Hotel d'Albret, where goody Scarron used to

visit Madame de Montespan and where she was appointed governess to the

royal bastards; 25, Hotel de Lamoignon, once occupied by Diana of

France, daughter of Henry II., and where Malesherbes was born.

[Footnote 232: Removed to give place to the name of a firm of

wholesale chemists (1911).]

Nos. 14 and 16, corner of the Rue de Sevigne, is the Hotel de

Carnavalet, a magnificent renaissance mansion, in raising which no

less than four famous architects had part--Lescot, Bullant, Du Cerceau

and the elder Mansard. For twenty years (1677-1697) it was the home of

Madame Sevigne, queen of letter-writers. Her \_Carnavalette\_, as she

delighted to call it, is now the civic museum of Paris. The beautiful

reliefs over the entrance, including the two superb lions against a

background of trophies, are by Goujon, as are also the satyrs' heads

on the keystones of the arcades of the courtyard. The Four Seasons and

some of the lateral figures that decorate the courtyard were designed

by him. In the centre stands a bronze statue of Louis XIV as a Roman

conqueror, by Coysevox, which once stood on the Place de Greve before

the old Hotel de Ville. The museum, which contains a collection,[233]

historic and prehistoric, relating to the city of Paris, is especially

rich in objects, all carefully labelled, illustrating the great

Revolution, and is of profound interest to students of that period:

the second floor is devoted to the last siege of Paris. From the

museum we fare yet further E. along the Rue des Francs Bourgeois to

the Place Royale (now des Vosges), the site of the Palace of the

Tournelles, once a favourite pleasure-house with a fair garden, of the

kings of France, and where the Duke of Bedford lived during the

English occupation, projecting to transform it into an English park

for his exclusive use. There the ill-fated Henry II. lay eleven days

in excruciating agony (p. 172), calling for his \_seule princesse\_, the

beloved Diana, while Catherine, like a she-dragon, watched lest her

rival entered. After his death the palace becoming hateful to

Catherine, she had it demolished. It was subsequently used as a

horse-market, and there the three minions of Henry III. began their

bloody duel with the three bullies of the Duke of Guise at five in

the morning of 27th April 1578, and fought on until every one was

either slain or severely wounded.

[Footnote 233: Recently augmented.]

How different is the present aspect of this once courtly square! Here

noble gentlemen in dazzling armour jousted, while from the windows of

each of the thirty-five pavilions, gentle dames and demoiselles smiled

gracious guerdon to their cavaliers. Around the bronze statue of Louis

XIII., proudly erect on the noble horse cast by Daniello da Volterra,

in the midst of the gardens, fine ladies were carried in their

sedan-chairs and angry gallants fought out their quarrels. And now on

this royal Place, the Perle du Marais, the scene of these brilliant

revels, peaceful inhabitants of the east of Paris sun themselves and

children play. Bronze horse and royal rider went to the melting pot of

the Revolution to be forged into cannon that defeated and humbled the

allied kings of Europe, and a feeble marble equestrian statue, erected

under the Restoration, occupies its place.

We cross the Square obliquely and at No. 6, Victor Hugo's old house,

find a delightful little museum of portraits, busts, casts,

illustrations of his works in various mediums, and personal and

intimate objects belonging to the poet. It was at this house that in

1847 the two greatest novelists of their age met. Dickens has

described how he was welcomed with infinite courtesy and grace by

Hugo, a noble, compact, closely-buttoned figure, with ample dark hair

falling loosely over his clean-shaven face and with features never so

keenly intellectual, and softened by a sweet gentility. We leave the

Place by the S. exit, and entering the Rue St. Antoine turn R. to No.

62, where stands the Hotel de Sully, built by Du Cerceau in 1634. The

stately but now rather grimy inner courtyard is little altered, but

the fine facade has been disfigured by the erection of a mean

building between the wings. We return from the Metropolitain station

at the end of the Rue Francois Miron.

[Illustration: PLACE DES VOSGES, MAISON DE VICTOR HUGO.]

SECTION VIII

\_Rue St. Denis--Fontaine des Innocents--Tower of Jean sans Peur--Cour

des Miracles--St. Eustache--The Halles--St. Germain l'Auxerrois.\_

From the Chatelet Station of the Metropolitain we strike northwards

along the Rue St. Denis, passing R. and L. the Rue des Lombards, the

Italian business quarter of old Paris, where Boccaccio, son of

Boccassin, the money-changer, was born. We continue past the

ill-omened Rue de la Ferronnerie and soon reach the Square and

Fontaine des Innocents. This charming renaissance fountain was

transferred here in 1786 from the corner of the old Rues aux Fers (now

the widened Rue Berger) and St. Denis, where it had been designed and

decorated by Lescot and Goujon to celebrate the solemn entry of Henry

II. in 1549. The beautiful old fountain has been considerably modified

and somewhat debased. The longer side has been divided to make a

third, and a new fourth side has been added by Pajou. The whole has

been elevated much too high by the addition of the terrace steps, and

an unsightly dome has been added. Five of the exquisite reliefs of the

Naiads by Goujon still remain, and three have been added by Pajou.

These latter may be distinguished by their higher relief and lack of

refinement.

The site of the immense Necropolis of Les Innocents,[234] which for

six centuries swallowed up half the dead of Paris, roughly corresponds

to the parallelogram formed by the modern Rues Berger, St. Denis,

Ferronnerie and de la Lingerie, and one of the old vaulted

charnel-houses may still be seen at the ground floor of No. 7 Rue des

Innocents. The huge piles of human remains and skulls that grinned

from under the gable roof of the gallery painted with the Dance of

Death were, in 1786, carted away to the catacombs under Paris, formed

by the old Gallo-Roman quarrymen as they quarried the stone used to

rebuild Lutetia. For centuries this enclosure was the refuge of

vagabonds and scamps of all kinds, a receptacle for garbage, the haunt

of stray cats and dogs, whose howlings by night made sleep impossible

to nervous folk; and the lugubrious \_clocheteur\_, or crier of the

dead, with lantern and bell, his tunic figured with skull and

cross-bones, bleating forth:--

"Reveillez-vous gens qui dormez,

Priez Dieu pour les trepassez."

was no soothing lullaby.

[Footnote 234: According to Sir Thomas Browne, bodies soon consumed

there. "Tis all one to lie in St. Innocents' churchyard as in the

sands of Egypt, ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and

as content with six feet as the \_moles\_ of Adrianus."

"\_Tabesne cadavera solvat

An rogas haud refert.\_"--LUCAN.]

A curious early fifteenth-century rhyme is associated with this

charnel-house. One morning, two \_bourgeoises\_ of Paris, the wife of

Adam de la Gonesse and her niece, went abroad to have a little flutter

and eat two sous' worth of tripe in a new inn. On their way they met

Dame Tifaigne, the milliner, who recommended the tavern of the

"Maillez," where the wine was excellent. Thither they went and fared

not wisely but too well. When fifteen sous had already been spent,

they determined to make a day of it, and ordered roast goose with hot

cakes. After further drinking, gauffres, cheese, peeled almonds,

pears, spices and walnuts were called for, and the feast ended in

songs. When the bad quarter of an hour came, their sum of sous proving

inadequate, they parted with some of their finery to meet the score,

and at midnight left the inn dancing and singing--

"Amours au vireli m'en vois."

The streets of Paris, however, at midnight were unsafe even for sober

ladies, and these soon fell among thieves, were stripped of the rest

of their clothing, then taken up for dead by the watch and flung into

the mortuary in the cemetery of the Innocents; but, to the terror of

the gravedigger, were found lying outside the next morning, singing--

"Druin, Druin, ou es allez?

Apporte trois harens salez

Et un pot de vin du plus fort."

Pursuing our way N. by the Rue St. Denis we pass (R.) the restored

fourteenth-century church of St. Leu and St. Gilles, and on our L. two

old reliefs of St. Peter and St. Andrew embedded in the corner of a

modern house at the corner of the Rue St. Denis and the Rue Etienne

Marcel. Near by stood the Painters' Gate of the Philip Augustus wall.

We turn L. by the latter street and soon sight on our R. the massive

machicolated Tower of Jean sans Peur (p. 133). It was at the Hotel de

Bourgogne that the Confreres de la Passion de Jesus Christ were

performing in the sixteenth century, and where in 1548 they were

forbidden by royal decree to play the mystery of the Passion any

longer, and limited to profane, decent and lawful plays. From

1566-1576 the comediens of the Hotel de Bourgogne continued their

performances, which at length became so gross that complaints were

made of the \_blasphemes et impudicites\_ enacted there, and that not a

farce was played that was not \_orde\_, \_sale et vilaine\_. Repeated

ordinances were levelled at the actors, aiming at the purification of

the stage and preventing words of \_double entente\_. It was here, too,

that the most exalted and noble masterpieces of Corneille and

Racine--\_Le Cid\_, \_Andromaque\_ and \_Phedre\_--were first enacted. We

turn R. by the Rue Francaise, again R. by the Rue Tiquetonne, then L.

by the curious Rue Dussoubs to the new Rue Reamur, where on the

opposite side, to the L., is the narrow passage between Nos. 100 and

102 that leads to the once notorious Cour des Miracles, so vividly

portrayed in Victor Hugo's \_Notre Dame\_. It was here that Jean Du

Barry and his mistress, Jeanne Vaubernier, kept a gambling-hell.

Jeanne, subsequently married to Jean's brother, was the daughter of a

monk and formerly known as Mademoiselle Lange. She it was who became

the famous Du Barry, mistress of Louis XV. Here also dwelt Hebert,

editor of the foul \_Pere Duchesne\_. Both perished on the scaffold. We

cross the Cour and leave by the Rue Damiette (L.), turn again L. and

descend the Rue du Nil to the Rue des Petits Carreaux. This we follow

to the L., and continue down it and the busy and picturesque Rue

Montorgeuil, noting (L.) No. 78, the curious house at the sign of the

Rocher de Cancale. 72-64 were part of the roomy sixteenth-century

posting house of the Golden Compasses, and have quaint reliefs carved

on their facades. We may enter at 64, the spacious old coaching yard,

still used by market carts and waggons. The courtyard on the opposite

side, No. 47, was the office of the old sedan-chair porters. We

continue to descend, and at length sight the tall apse of the majestic

church of St. Eustache, which towers over the Halles. Begun in 1532 by

Pierre Lemercier, it was not completed until more than a century later

by Jacques Lemercier, architect of the extended Louvre. We enter, by

the side portal, the spacious, lofty and beautiful interior with its

not unpleasing mingling of Gothic and Renaissance architecture. It

was here that in 1587 a friar reciting the story of the execution of

Mary Queen of Scots roused his hearers to such a tempest of passion

that the whole congregation melted into a common paroxysm of tears.

Here, too, on 4th April 1791 was celebrated, amid the gloom and sorrow

of a whole people, the funeral of their "Sovereign-Man," Mirabeau. Not

till five o'clock did the league-long procession reach the church in

solemn silence, interrupted only by the sound of muffled drums and

wailing music, "new clangour of trombones and metallic dirge-voice,

amid the infinite hum of men." After the funeral oration a discharge

of arms brought down some of the plaster from the vaultings of the

church, and the body went--the first tenant--to the Pantheon of the

heroes of the Fatherland. We leave by the west portal--a monstrous

pseudo-classic pile, added 1775-1778. To our L. is the vast area once

covered by a congeries of picturesque Halles and streets:--the Halle

aux Draps; the Marche des Herborists, with their mysterious stores of

simples and healing herbs and leeches; the potato and onion markets;

the butter and cheese markets; the fish market; the queer old Rue de

la Tonnellerie, under whose shabby porticoes, sellers of rags, old

clothes, iron and furniture, crowded against the bread market; the

Marche des Prouvaires, beloved of thrifty housewives--all swallowed up

by the vast modern structure of iron and glass, known as Les Halles.

The Halle au Ble, or corn market, last to disappear, was built on the

site of the Hotel de la Reine which Catherine de' Medici had erected

when frightened from the Tuileries by her astrologer Ruggieri. The

site is now occupied by the Bourse de Commerce, but one curious

decorated and channelled column, which conceals a stairway used by

Catherine and her Italian familiar when they ascended to the roof to

consult the stars, has been preserved.

The Rue Pirouette N. of the Halles reminds us that there, until the

reign of Louis XVI., stood the royal pillory, a tall octagonal tower

of two floors. The unhappy wretches condemned to exposure there were

placed with head and hands protruding through holes in a revolving

wheel, and were left for three hours on three market days, to the

gibes and missiles of the populace. There, too, was a place of

execution for state offenders, the Constable of Clisson in 1344 and

\_le pauvre Jacques\_ (p. 147) in 1477 having perished on this spot.

From the Place St. Eustache we cross (L.) to the Rue Vauvilliers,

formerly the Rue du Four St. Honore, the west side of which still

retains much of its old aspect, and many of the shops, their old

signs: \_Au Chou Vert\_; \_Le Panier Fleuri\_, etc. Descending this street

southwards, a turn (R.) up the Rue de Vannes will bring us to the

Ruggieri column, transformed (1812) into a fountain, as the

inscription tells. Resuming our way down the Rue Vauvilliers we turn

R. by the Rue St. Honore and opposite, at the corner of the Rue de

l'Arbre Sec, find the old fountain of the Croix du Trahoir, erected in

the reign of Francois I. and rebuilt by Soufflot in 1775. Here

tradition places the cruel death of Queen Brunehaut (p. 29).

Descending this street to the Rue de Rivoli, we note, No. 144, to the

L. an inscription marking the site of the Hotel de Montbazon where

Coligny was assassinated. We cross to the Rue Perrault and soon reach

the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois from whose tower rang the signal

for the St. Bartholomew butchery. The porch was added in 1431 for the

convenience of distinguished worshippers; for it was the parish church

of the Chateau of the Louvre and consequently the royal chapel. The

saints and martyrs on the portail and porch are therefore closely

associated with the history of Paris: opposite to us extends

Perrault's famous E. facade of the Louvre.

SECTION IX

\_Palais Royal--Theatre Francais--Gardens and Cafes of the Palais

Royal--Palais Mazarin (Bibliotheque Nationale)\_[235]\_--St.

Roch--Vendome Column--Tuileries Gardens--Place de la Concorde--Champs

Elysees.\_

[Footnote 235: Open Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 4.]

From the Palais Royal Station of the Metropolitain we issue before the

great palace begun by Richelieu (p. 212). To our L. stands the Theatre

Francais, occupied by the Comedie Francaise since 1799, on the site of

the old Varietes Amusantes or Palais Varietes built in 1787, a little

to the W. of Richelieu's Theatre of the Palais Cardinal. This latter

was the scene of Moliere's triumphs and of his piteous death, and the

original home of the French Opera whose position is indicated by an

inscription at the corner of the Rues de Valois and St. Honore. It was

at the Theatre des Varietes, when the staid old Comedie Francaise was

rent by rival factions that Chenier's patriotic tragedy, \_Charles

IX.\_, was performed on 4th November 1789, and the pit acclaimed Talma

with frantic applause as he created the \_role\_ of Charles IX., and the

days of St. Bartholomew were acted on the stage. The bishops tried to

stop the performances, and priests refused absolution to those of

their penitents who went to see them. The Royalists among the

Comedians replied at the Nation (the Odeon) by playing a royalist

repertory, \_Cinna\_ and \_Athalie\_, amid shouts from the pit for

\_William Tell\_ and the \_Death of Caesar\_, and the stage became an arena

where political factions strove for mastery. Men went to the theatre

armed as to a battle. Every couplet fired the passions of the

audience, the boxes crying, "\_Vive le Roi!\_" to be answered by the

hoarse voices of the pit, "\_Vive la nation!\_" Shouts were raised for

the busts of Voltaire and of Brutus: they were brought from the foyer

and placed on the stage. The very kings of shreds and patches on the

boards came to blows and the Roman toga concealed a poignard. For a

time "idolatry" triumphed at the Nation, but Talma and the patriots at

length won. A reconciliation was effected, and at a performance of the

\_Taking of the Bastille\_, on 8th January 1791, Talma addressed the

audience, saying that they had composed their differences. Naudet, the

Royalist champion, was recalcitrant, and amid furious shouts from the

pit, "On your knees, citizen!" at length gave way, embraced Talma with

ill-grace, and on the ensuing nights the Revolutionary repertory, \_The

Conquest of Liberty\_, \_Rome Saved\_, and \_Brutus\_, held the boards.

In the stormy year of 1830, when the July Revolution made an end for

ever of the Bourbon cause in Paris, the Comedie Francaise again became

a scene of fierce strife. \_Hernani\_, a drama in verse, had been

accepted from the pen of Victor Hugo, the brilliant and exuberant

master of the new Romantic school of poets who had determined to

emancipate themselves from the traditions, long since hardened into

dogmas, of the great dramatists of the siecle de Louis Quatorze. On

the night of the first performance each side--Romanticists and

Classicists--had packed the theatre with partisans. The air was

charged with feeling; the curtain rose, but less than two lines were

uttered before the pent-up passions of the audience burst forth:--

DONA JOSEFA--"Serait-ce deja lui? C'est bien a l'escalier

Derobe--"

The last word had not passed the actress' lips when a howl of

execration rose from the devotees of Racine, outraged by the author's

heresy in permitting an adjective to stray into the second line of

verse. The Romanticists, led by Theophile Gautier, answered in

withering blasphemies; the Classicists began to

"... prove their doctrine orthodox

By apostolic blows and knocks,"

and the pit became a pandemonium of warring factions. Night

after night the literary sects renewed their fights, and the

representations, as Hugo said, resembled battles rather than

performances. The year 1830 was the '93 of the classic drama, but the

passions it evoked have long since been calmed and \_Hernani\_ and \_Le

Roi s'Amuse\_, the latter suppressed by Louis Philippe after its first

appearance, have taken their places in the classic repertory of the

Francais beside the tragedies of Corneille and Racine.

At No. 161 Rue St. Honore, now Cafe de la Regence, beloved of chess

players, is the site of the Porte St. Honore of the Charles V. wall

before which Joan of Arc was wounded at the Siege of Paris in 1429.

The old chess-players' temple where Diderot loved to watch the

matches; where the author of \_Gil Blas\_ beheld in a vast and

brilliantly lighted salon, a score of silent and grave \_pousseurs de

bois\_ (wood-shovers) surrounded by crowds of spectators amid a silence

so profound that the movement of the pieces alone could be heard;

where Voltaire and D' Alembert were often seen; where Jean Jacques

Rousseau, dressed as an Armenian, drew such crowds that the proprietor

was forced to seek police protection; where Robespierre loved to play

a cautious game and the young and impecunious Napoleon Bonaparte, an

impatient player and bad loser, waited on fortune; where strangers

from all corners of the earth congregated as in an arena where

victory was esteemed final and complete; where Poles, Turks, Moors and

Hindoos in their picturesque garbs made a scene unparalleled even at

the Rialto of Venice; where on Sunday afternoons a seat was worth a

monarch's ransom--this classic Cafe de la Regence which, until 1852,

stood on the Place du Palais Royal, no longer exists.

We enter the gardens of the Palais by the colonnade to the R. of the

Theatre Francais and pass N. along the W. colonnade. On this side was

situated the famous Cafe de Foy (p. 261), founded in 1700, whose

proprietor was in early days alone permitted to place chairs and

tables on the terrace. There, in the afternoon, would sit the finely

apparelled sons of Mars, and other gay dogs of the period, with their

scented perukes, amber vinaigrettes, silver-hilted swords and

gold-headed canes quizzing the passers-by. In summer evenings, after

the conclusion of the opera at 8-30, the \_bonne compagnie\_ in full

dress would stroll under the great overarching trees of the \_grande

allee\_, or sit at the cafes listening to open-air performers,

sometimes revelling in the moonlight as late as the small hours of the

morning.

It was from one of the tables of the Cafe Foy that Camille Desmoulins

sounded the war-cry of the Revolution. Every day a special courier

from Versailles brought the bulletins of the National Assembly, which

were read publicly amid clamorous interjections. Spies found their

office a perilous one, for, if discovered, they were ducked in the

basins of the fountains, and when feeling grew more bitter, risked

meeting a violent death. Later the Cafe Foy made a complete

\_volte-face\_, raised its ices to twenty sous and grew Royalist in

tone. Its frequenters came armed with sword-sticks and loaded canes,

raised their hats when the king's name was uttered, and one evil day

planted a gallows outside the cafe, painted with the national

colours. The excited patriots stormed the house, expelled the

Royalists and disinfected the salon with gin. Next day the Royalists

returned in force and cleansed the air with incense: after many

fatalities the cafe was closed for some days and the triumph of the

Jacobins at length made any suspicion of Royalism too perilous. During

the occupation of Paris by the allies many a fatal duel between the

foreign officers and the Imperialists was initiated there.

The extremer section of the Revolutionists frequented the Cafe

Corazza, still extant on this side of the garden, which soon became a

minor Jacobin's, where, after the club was closed, the excited orators

continued their discussions: Chabot, Collot d'Herbois and other

Terrorists met there. The Cafe Valois was patronised by the

Feuillants, and so excited the ire of the Federes, who met at the

Caveau, that one day they issued forth, assailed their opponents'

stronghold and burned the copies of the \_Journal de Paris\_ found

there.

In the earlier days of the Revolution when its leaders looked for

sympathy to England, "a brave and generous nation, whose name alone

like that of Rome evokes ideas of Liberty," the people during an

exhibition of anti-monarchical feeling went about destroying the

insignia of royalty. On coming in the Palais Royal to the sign of the

English king's head over a restaurant, an orator mounted a chair in

the gardens, and informed them that it was the head of a good king,

ruling over a free nation: it was spared, amid shouts of "\_Vive la

Liberte\_." Later, at the Cafe des Milles Colonnes, the handsome Madame

Romain, \_La Belle Limonadiere\_, sat majestically on a real throne used

by a king whom Napoleon had overthrown.

We leave the gardens by the issue in the middle of the N. colonnade,

mount the steps and at the corner of the Rue Vivienne and the Rue des

Petits Champs opposite, come upon the Palais Mazarin (p. 222), now the

Bibliotheque Nationale, with a fine facade on each street. In the Rue

Vivienne stood also the princely Hotel Colbert, of which only the name

remains--the Passage Colbert. We turn W. along the Rue des Petits

Champs and skirt the W. walls of the modernised palace northwards

along the Rue de Richelieu to the main Cour d'Honneur, opposite the

Square Louvois. Hence we may enter some rooms, which contain a

magnificent and matchless collection of printed books, bindings and

illuminated MSS. The second of the two halls where these treasures are

exposed, the Galerie Mazarin, is a part of the old palace and retains

its fine frescoed ceiling. As we retrace our steps down the Rue

Richelieu we may enter, on our L. the equally rich and sumptuous

museum of coins, medals, antiques, intaglios, gems, etc. Having

regained the Rue des Petits Champs, we resume our westward way, noting

at No. 45, corner of the Rue St. Anne, the fine double facade of the

Hotel erected by Lulli and bearing the great musician's coat-of-arms,

a design of trumpets, lyres and cymbals, and soon cross the Avenue de

l'Opera to the Rue St. Roch on our L. This we descend to the church of

the same name, with old houses still nestling against it, famous for

Bonaparte's whiffs of grape-shot that scattered the Royalist

insurrectionary forces stationed there on 5th October 1795. We descend

to the Rue de Rivoli. To our L., at the Place des Pyramids, a statue

of Joan of Arc recalls her ill-advised attack on Paris, and to our R.,

on the railings of the Tuileries Garden opposite No. 230, Rue de

Rivoli, is the inscription marking the site of the Salle du Manege (p.

271). Northward hence extend Napoleon's Rues de Castiglione and de la

Paix, the Regent Street of Paris, divided by the Place Vendome, which

was intended by its creator, Louvois, to be the most spacious in the

city. A monumental parallelogram of public offices was designed to

enclose the Place, but Versailles engulfed the king's resources and

the ambitious scheme was whittled down, the area much reduced, and the

site and foundations of the new buildings were handed over to the

Ville. What the Allies failed to do in 1814 the Commune succeeded in

doing in 1871, and the boastful Column of Vendome, a pitiful

plagiarism of Trajan's Column at Rome, was laid in the dust, only

however to be raised again by the Third Republic in 1875. We enter the

Tuileries Gardens crossing the Terrace of the Feuillants, all that is

left of the famous monastery and grounds where Lafayette's club of

constitutional reformers met. The beautiful gardens remain much as Le

Notre designed them for Louis XIV: every spring the orange trees, some

of them dating back it is said to the time of Francis I., are brought

forth from the orangery to adorn the central avenue, and the gardens

become vocal with many voices of children at their games--French

children with their gentle humour and sweet refined play. R. and L. of

the central avenue we find the two marble exhedrae, erected in 1793 for

the elders who presided over the floral celebrations of the month of

Germinal by the children of the Republic.

Of the gorgeous palace of the Tuileries at the E. end of the gardens,

with its inharmonious but picturesque facade stretching across the

western limit of the Louvre from the Pavilion de Flore to the Pavilion

de Marsan, not one stone is left on another. We remember it after its

fiery purgation by the Commune in 1871, a gaunt shell blackened and

ruined, fitting emblem of the wreck which the enthroned wantonness and

corruption of the Second Empire had made of France.

We fare again westward along the gardens and emerge into the Place de

la Concorde by the gate adorned with Coysevox' statues, Fame and

Mercury on Winged Horses, facing, on the opposite side of the vast

area, Guillaume Coustou's Horse Tamers from Marly.

The Place, formerly of Louis XV., with its setting of pavilions

adorned with groups of statuary representing the chief cities of

France, was created by Gabriel in 1763-1772 on the site of a dreary,

marshy waste used as a depot for marble. It was adorned in 1763 with

an equestrian statue of Louis XV., by Pigalle, elevated on a pedestal

which was decorated at the corners by statues of the cardinal virtues.

Mordant couplets, two of which we transcribe, affixed on the base,

soon expressed the judgment of the Parisians:--

"\_Grotesque monument! Infame piedestal!

Les vertus sont a pied, le vice est a cheval.\_"

"\_Il est ici comme a Versailles,

Toujours sans coeur et sans entrailles.\_"

After the fall of the monarchy the Place was known as the Place de la

Revolution, and in 1792, Louis XV. with the other royal simulacra in

bronze having been forged into the cannon that thundered against the

allied kings of Europe, a plaster statue of Liberty was erected, at

whose side the guillotine mowed down king and queen, revolutionist and

aristocrat in one bloody harvest of death, ensanguining the very

figure of the goddess herself, who looked on with cold and impassive

mien. She too fell, and in her place stood a \_fascis\_ of eighty-three

spears, symbolising the unity of the eighty-three departments of

France. In 1795 the Directory changed the name to Place de la

Concorde, and again in 1799 a seated statue of Liberty holding a globe

was set up. In the hollow sphere a pair of wild doves built their

nest--a futile augury, for in 1801 Liberty II. was broken in pieces,

and the model for a tall granite column erected in its place by

Napoleon I. One year passed and this too disappeared. After the

Restoration, among the other inanities came, in 1816, a second statue

of Louis XV., and the Place resumed its original name. Ten years later

an expiatory monument to Louis XVI. was begun, only to be swept away

with other Bourbon lumber by the July Revolution of 1830. At length

the famous obelisk from Luxor, after many vicissitudes, was elevated

in 1836 where it now stands.

The Place as we behold it dates from 1854, when the deep fosses which

surrounded it in Louis XV.'s time, and which were responsible for the

terrible disaster that attended the wedding festivities of Louis XVI.

and Marie Antoinette, were filled up, and other improvements and

embellishments effected. The vast space and magnificent vistas enjoyed

from this square are among the finest urban spectacles in Europe. To

the north, on either side of the broad Rue Royale which opens to the

Madeleine, stand Gabriel's fine edifices (now the Ministry of Marine

and the Cercle de la Rue Royale), designed to accommodate foreign

ambassadors. To the south is the Palais Bourbon, now the Chamber of

Deputies; to the east are the gardens of the Tuileries, and to the

west is the stately Grande Avenue of the Champs Elysees rising to the

colossal Arch of Triumph crowning the eminence of the Place de

l'Etoile. As our eyes travel along the famous avenue, memories of the

military glories and of the threefold humiliation of Imperial France

crowd upon us. For down its ample way there marched in 1814 and 1815

two hostile and conquering armies to occupy Paris, and in 1871 the

immense vault of the Arc de Triomphe, an arch of greater magnitude

than any raised to Roman Caesars, echoed to the shouts of another

exultant foreign host, mocking as they strode beneath it at the names

of German defeats inscribed on its stones. And on the very Place de la

Concorde, German hussars waltzed in pairs to the brazen music of a

Uhlan band, while a line of French sentries across the entrance to the

Tuileries gardens gazed sullenly on. To this day the mourning statue

of Strassbourg with her sable drapery and immortelles, still keeps

alive the bitter memory of her loss.

To the south of the Champs Elysees is the Cours de la Reine, planted

by Catherine de' Medici, for two years the most fashionable carriage

drive in Paris. This we follow and at No. 16 find the charming Maison

Francois I. brought from Moret, stone by stone, in 1826. To the north,

in the Cours de Gabriel, a fine gilded grille, surmounted with the

arms of the Republic, gives access to the Elysee, the official

residence of the President. It was once Madame Pompadour's favourite

house in Paris, and the piece of land she appropriated from the public

to round off her gardens is still retained in its grounds. In the

Avenue Montaigne, leading S.W. from the Rond Point (once the Allee des

Veuves, a retired walk used by widows during their term of seclusion)

Nos. 51 and 53 stand on the site of the notorious Bal Mabille,[236]

the temple of the bacchanalia of the gay world of the Second Empire.

In 1764 the Champs Elysees ended at Chaillot, a little to the W. of

the Rond Point, an old feudal property which Louis XI. gave to

Philippe de Comines in 1450, and which in 1651 sheltered the unhappy

widow of Charles I. Here Catherine de' Medici built a chateau, but

chateau and nunnery of the Filles de Sainte Marie, founded by the

English queen, disappeared in 1790. S. of the Champs Elysees on the

opposite bank of the Seine rises the gilded dome of the Invalides, and

to the S.W. stretches the vast field of Mars, the scene of the Feast

of Pikes, and now encumbered with the relics of four World-Fairs.

[Footnote 236: A description of this and of other public balls of the

Second Empire will be found in Taine's \_Notes sur Paris\_, which has

been translated into English.]

The Paris we have rapidly surveyed is, mainly, enclosed by the inner

boulevards, which correspond to the ramparts of Louis XIII. on the

north, demolished by his successor between 1676 and 1707, and the line

of the Philip Augustus wall and the Boulevard St. Germain on the

south. Beyond this historic area are the outer boulevards which mark

the octroi wall of Louis XVI.; further yet are the Thiers wall and

fortifications of 1841. Within these wider boundaries is the greater

Paris of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, of profound concern

to the economical and social student, but of minor interest to the

ordinary traveller. The vogue of the brilliant and gay inner

boulevards of the north bank so familiar to the foreigner in Paris is

of comparatively recent growth. In the early nineteenth century the

boulevard from the Place de la Madeleine to the Rue Cambon was almost

deserted by day and dangerous by night--a vast waste, the proceeds of

the confiscated lands of the Filles de la Conception. From the

Boulevard Montmartre to the Boulevard St. Martin followed lines of

private hotels, villas, gardens and convent walls. A great mound which

separated the Boulevard St. Martin from the Boulevard du Temple was

not cleared away until 1853. From 1760 to 1862 the Boulevard du Temple

was a centre of pleasure and amusement, where charming suburban houses

and pretty gardens alternated with cheap restaurants, hotels,

theatres, cafes, marionette shows, circuses, tight-rope dancers,

waxworks, and cafes-chantants. In 1835, so lurid were the dramas

played there, that the boulevard was popularly known as the \_Boulevard

du Crime\_.

In the early nineteenth century the favourite promenade of Parisian

\_flaneurs\_ was displaced from the Palais Royal to the Boulevard des

Italiens, whither the proprietors of cafes and restaurants followed. A

group of young fellows entered one evening a small \_cabaret\_ near the

Comedie Italienne (now Opera Comique), found the wine to their taste

and the cuisine excellent, praised host and fare to their friends, and

the modest \_cabaret\_ developed into the Cafe Anglais, most famous of

epicurean temples, frequented during the Second Empire by kings and

princes, to whom alone the haughty proprietor would devote personal

care. The sumptuous cafes Tortoni, founded in 1798, and De Paris,

opened 1822, have long since passed away. So has the Cafe Hardy, whose

proprietor invented \_dejeuners a la fourchette\_, although its rival

and neighbour, the Cafe Riche, stills exists. Many others of the

celebrated cafes of the Boulevards have disappeared or suffered a

transformation into the more popular Brasseries and Tavernes of which

so many, alternating with the theatres, restaurants and dazzling shops

that line the most-frequented evening promenade of Paris, invite the

thirsty or leisurely pleasure-seeker of to-day.

Nowhere may the traveller gain a better impression of the essential

gaiety and sociability of the Parisian temperament than by sitting

outside a cafe on the boulevards on a public festival and observing

his neighbours and the passers-by: their imperturbable good humour;

their easy manners; their simple enjoyments; their quick intelligence,

alert gait and expressive gestures; the wonderful skill of the women

in dress. The glittering halls of pleasure that appeal to so many

visitors, the Bohemian cafes of the outer boulevards, the Folies

Bergeres, the Moulins Rouges, the Bals Bulliers, with their

meretricious and vulgar attractions, frequented by the more facile

daughters of Gaul, "whose havoc of virtue is measured by the length of

their laundresses' bills," as a genial satirist of their sex has

phrased it--all these manifestations of \_la vie\_, so unutterably dull

and sordid, are of small concern to the cultured traveller. The

intimate charm and spirit of Paris will be heard and felt by him not

amid the whirlwind of these saturnalia largely maintained by the

patronage of English-speaking visitors, but rather in the smaller

voices that speak from the inmost Paris which we have essayed to

describe. Nor can we bid more fitting adieu to Lutetia than by

translating Goethe's words to Eckermann: "Think of the city of Paris

where all the best of the realms of nature and art in the whole earth

are open to daily contemplation, a world-city where the crossing of

every bridge or every square recalls a great past, and where at every

street corner a piece of history has been unfolded."

SECTION X

\_The Basilica of St. Denis and the Monuments of the Kings, Queens and

Princes of France.\_

No historical pilgrimage to Paris would be complete without a visit to

the Sanctuary of its protomartyr and the burial-place of its kings.

Taking train from the Gare du Nord, either main line or local

train-tramway and being arrived at the railway station of the grimy

industrial suburb of St. Denis, we cross the canal and continue along

the Rue du Chemin de Fer and the Rue de la Republique, to the

Cathedral, architecturally the most important relic of the great age

of the early ecclesiastical builders. The west facade before us,

completed about 1140 by Abbot Suger, is of profound interest, for here

we may behold the round Romanesque arch side by side with the Pointed,

and the very first grip of the new Gothic on the heavy Norman

architecture it was about to overthrow. The sculptures on the W.

portals, however, almost wholly and clumsily renewed, need not detain

us long. We enter and descend from the sombre vestibule. As we wait

for the verger we revel in the airy and graceful symmetry of the nave

and aisles; the beautiful raised choir and lovely apse with its

chevets and round of chapels, where structural science and beauty of

form are so admirably blended. The choir was so far advanced in 1143

that mass was sung at the high altar during a heavy storm while the

incomplete ribs of the new Gothic vaulting swayed over head. In 1219,

however, Suger's structure was nearly destroyed by fire and the upper

part of the choir, the nave and transepts were afterwards rebuilt in

the pure Gothic of the times, the more active reconstruction being

effected between 1231 and 1281. A visit to the monuments is unhappily

a somewhat mingled experience. Owing to the inscrutable official

regulations in force, the best of the mediaeval tombs are only seen

with difficulty and from a distance that renders any appreciation of

their beauty impossible.[237] The monuments are mainly those claimed

by Lenoir for his Museum at Paris when the decree of 1792 was

promulgated, ordering the "effacement of the proud epitaphs and the

destruction of the Mausoleums, that recalled the dread memories of

kings": they were restored to their original places so far as possible

by Viollet le Duc. The head of St. Denis is said to have been found

when his shrine was desecrated and appropriated by the revolutionists,

and in the cant of the time was brought back to Paris by "a miracle

greater and more authentic than that which conveyed it from

Montmartre to St. Denis, a miracle of the regeneration of opinion,

registered not in the martyrology but in the annals of reason."

[Footnote 237: We cannot too strongly impress on the traveller the

desirability of visiting the admirable Musee de Sculpture Comparee at

the Trocadero where casts of the most important sculpture and

architecture in France, including many of the monuments, here and

elsewhere in Paris, may be conveniently studied.]

[Illustration: CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS.]

We are first led past some mediaeval tombs in the N. transept, then by

those of the family of St. Louis, which include that of his eldest

son, one of the most beautiful creations of thirteenth-century

sculpture. Our own Henry III. who attended the funeral is figured

among the mourners around the base which are only partially seen from

afar. The monument to Louis XII. and his beloved and \_chere Bretonne\_,

Anne, is next shown. It is in Italian style and was wrought by the

Justes, a family of Tourraine sculptors. The Royal effigies are twice

rendered: once naked in death under a tabernacle and again kneeling in

prayer. Before we ascend the steps leading to the raised ambulatory,

we are shown across the choir, and R. of the high altar, the fine

thirteenth-century tomb of Dagobert, with some quaint reliefs,

impossible to see in detail, illustrating his legend (p. 34) and a

statue of Queen Nantilde also of the thirteenth century. Nor should we

omit to note the two rare and beautiful twelfth-century statues, in

the style of the Chartres sculpture, of a king and queen on either

side of the portal of the N. transept brought from the church of Notre

Dame de Corbeil. To our L. is a masterpiece of the French renaissance,

the tomb by Lescot and Pilon of Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici,

who are represented twice, as in the monument to Louis XII. We ascend

the steps to the ambulatory and below, to our L., are summarily shown

some important Valois tombs: Philippe de Valois, John II., Charles V.

and others, by contemporary sculptors, such as Andrieu Beaunepveu and

Pierre de Chelles--all of great interest to the traveller but utterly

impossible of appreciation under the cursory glance permitted by the

vergers. A second monument to Henry II. and Catherine, with recumbent

and draped figures, is next indicated; Catherine is portrayed in her

old age and rigid devotion. As we pace round the ambulatory we are

shown some remains of twelfth-century stained glass in the choir

chapels (that in the Lady Chapel including the figure of Abbot Suger,)

and a modern representation of the Oriflamme to the L. of the high

altar. Opposite the sacristy is a curious twelfth-century tomb from

St. Germain des Pres, with the effigy of Queen Fredegonde outlined in

mosaic and copper. We descend to the gloomy old crypt, with the

curious Romanesque capitals of its columns, where now lie the remains

of the later Bourbons. On returning to the church the tombs of Philip

the Bold and Philip the Fair are shown, and to the L. the grandiose

monument to Francis I., designed by Delorme, with five kneeling

effigies: the king, Claude his queen, and their three children. The

fine base reliefs represent the battles of Marignano and Cerisole.

Then follows the beautiful urn executed by Pierre Bontemps, to contain

the heart of the \_gran re Francesco\_. In conclusion, we are permitted

to see the tombs of Louis of Orleans and of Valentine of Milan, early

fifteenth-century, by a Milanese artist; and Charles of Etampes, an

excellent work of the middle of the fourteenth-century. Before

returning to Paris we should not omit to walk round the basilica and

examine the sculptures of the portal of the N. transept, which have

suffered less from iconoclasts and restorers.

[Illustration: Map of Paris.]

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