

# Foreign Family Life in France in 1891

by  
Florence Trail

*By Florence Trail*

AN ITALIAN ANTHOLOGY  
HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE



BOSTON  
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PUBLISHERS

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FOREIGN FAMILY LIFE IN FRANCE  
IN 1891

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES

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ON THE ATLANTIC

S. S. ETRURIA

*Sept. 9, 1891.* As an ocean voyage is an inevitable feature of a European campaign, it must needs receive a mention in a journal which professes to be a record of such an outing; but, divested of every particle of the bewildering novelty of a first, or even a second experience, it can only be denominated the tamest and dullest aspect of the unavoidable. This is the close of our fifth day at sea, and the mammoth steamer which is carrying us has but a handful of passengers, only 130 guests proper, chiefly foreigners who have been summering in our own country. It is interesting to hear Madame May of Brussels, and Miss Follet of Dulwich describe their impressions of the vastness and magnificence of everything in America. Ma and I feel that our lines are cast in pleasant places, as Charlie's distinguished position entitles us to universal consideration and nothing could be pleasanter than Charlie's own devoted and unremitting attention to ourselves, his wife, and baby.

Sunday, which was observed by the Captain's reading the Morning Service, has been our only pretty day, and we have been knocked around steadily now for more than forty-eight hours. I have seen two steamers at a great distance, a beautiful brig, and any number of birds and porpoises. But

The sea, the sea, the open sea,  
The ever boundless, ever free

has presented nothing but a leaden, sluggish, inexorable expanse, completely nullifying thought, and necessitating the *dolce far niente* existence which suits my inclination as well as my poor head.

*Friday, Sept. 11.* This morning, while lounging in the prescribed style on deck, one of the gentlemen came up and said, "Do you see the land?" I insisted upon it that he was jesting, so cloud-like and ethereal was the faint outline! But as time passed the dyke-like barriers of old Ireland made themselves more and more visible in the dazzling sunshine, and now we are in the very act of stopping at Queenstown, or the tug for Queenstown. Last night the concert conducted by Dr. Davenport, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, and Miss Richardson was given with great success. Owing to a combination of events, which it would be wearisome to relate, I took no part in it, and enjoyed the novel sensation of being a spectator.

We have had a pleasant acquaintance with the captain of this mighty vessel, Captain Haines, and his friendly greetings have added much to the enjoyment of our voyage. Mrs. Hunt of Manchester, the leading soprano of our company, is a sweet English girl, who talks interestingly of her native land, though it seems strange to us that she has seen so little of it. Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun of South Carolina, Lady Musgrave, whose husband was Governor of Australia at one time, Mr. and Mrs. Clement of London, and our vis-a-vis at table, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard of Georgia, are among the most interesting people on board. Taking it all in all I shall always retain many pleasant memories of this voyage and am very glad to be able to record that I have been to all my meals

and up on deck every day, rain or shine. But while everybody has been reading indefatigably throughout the entire trip, my wretched head has not permitted me to look at print, and I have figured, much to my amusement, as the only non-literary person on board. Miss Follet, however, has been reading *My Journal in Foreign Lands*, and has been saying lots of flattering things to me about it.

## LONDON

*Hotel Metropole, Northumberland Place, The Strand*

*Sept. 14.* Hail to the land again, and salutations many, long, and deep, to the shores of old Albion! Saturday morning as we steamed into the Mersey, filled with ocean steamers, tugs, brigs, and boats of all descriptions, Ma, pointing to one said, "Charlie, is not that the Brazilian flag?" "Why, so it is," he exclaimed, "and that is the 'Sirius,' the very ship on which I came from Rio to New York six years ago."

Though we were three hours in landing at Liverpool, we did finally take our seats in a luxurious railway carriage and find ourselves dashing through the midland counties of "Merrie England." Though every blade of grass and stunted shrub seemed lovely to me, the scenery of our journey did really grow more and more charming until we entered the Peak District of Derbyshire and the vale of Derwent, when it became ideally picturesque and romantic; full of magnificent hills and undulations, silvery streams, grand old trees, and exquisite hedges. We stopped at Warrington, Stockport, Marple, and Bedford, where John Bunyan was imprisoned and wrote his immortal Allegory; and between these great centers of manufacture and

material civilization, passed a continuous chain of lovely villages, giving us a glimpse of that rural England which I long so to enjoy at leisure.

*Sept. 15th.* We reached London at exactly 4:30 on Saturday afternoon and greatly enjoyed our drive through its dash and vim to the Hotel. But Sunday's enjoyment threw all former experience into the background. Ma and I started out directly after breakfast and walked to Westminster Abbey. Through the lovely gardens of the Victoria Embankment and past the Houses of Parliament and St. Margaret's, our walk afforded interest at every step.

We were a little late, as service begins at the Abbey promptly at 10 o'clock, and took seats in the North Transept, near the door. The monument to Lord Robert Manners, Captain Bayne, and Captain Blair was just at our right, and Neptune on his seahorse and Britannia with her lion and shield diverted my attention considerably. But at no point in the glorious old Abbey is the sublimity of its architecture more clearly brought out than at this one; and on this special occasion the loftiness of its severe and stately arches was intensified by the sunshine streaming only through the stained windows at an immense height, while all below was shrouded in a dim, religious twilight. It seemed as though the people would never stop pouring into the church. They kept on moving forward all the time and just before the Litany we too changed our seats and went up into the nave. The sermon was delivered by Canon Midwinter, from the text, "Workers together with God." By this time not only was every available seat occupied, but an entire aisle was filled by those who stood, and this immense

modern congregation in the ancient and venerable Temple was in itself one of the most impressive spectacles that ever came within my notice, and one which I can never forget. During the celebration of Holy Communion we took seats in the choir, and again I had the sacred privilege of kneeling at the altar of Westminster.

On coming out we stepped into St. Margaret's and found it a church of great length and narrowness, with many stained windows, and numerous queer old slabs, and mural tablets. Cromwell's mother, and Caxton, the printer, are about the greatest celebrities that have been buried here.

In the afternoon Charlie, Grace, Ma, and I went to Saint Paul's; and, though fully fifteen minutes in advance of the time for service, were barely fortunate in getting seats, so immense was the congregation assembled under the mighty dome. As we passed up to it we stopped a moment to notice the newly erected monument to General Gordon, slain at Khartoum in 1885. The effigy is fine, but the inscription is not laudatory enough for, by far, the greatest hero of his age. The music of the choral service, and mighty organs was grandly affecting and impressive, and the sermon by Canon Scott Holland, one of the greatest preachers of the age, from the text, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like hid treasure," full of earnestness and eloquence. I could not but observe, both here and at Westminster, how much stronger a hold the English Church has upon its male population than our own Church in America.

Monday morning we all went to the Abbey to make the tour of it as sightseers, and no words can express

how much I enjoyed the opportunity. The first monument which I noticed was one to an old Duke of Newcastle (1676), and the inscription seemed to turn aside at once to speak of his wife, whom it declared "a nice, wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify." This struck the keynote of my tour through the Abbey, and I could not help observing how many monuments were erected by husbands to wives, and how many eminent women were commemorated here.

We passed hurriedly through the North Transept to the Royal Tombs and entered the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. The shrine is in the center, and on the south side Editha, daughter of Godwin, Earl of Kent, and Queen of St. Edward, lies interred. There is a kind of placard attached to the tomb, as I recollect it, dilating upon her piety, and her industry and skill in embroidering the royal robes of her husband. Henry V's tomb claimed our interest and attention for some time, and the great Edward III's can scarcely be called subordinate. Between the Coronation chairs I noticed the shield and sword that were carried by Edward III in France. The sword is seven feet long and weighs eighteen pounds. A rough, unpolished tomb encloses the body of the glorious Edward I.

Grace and Charlie are too young, however, to enjoy this musty grandeur and hurried us without ceremony to the gorgeous Chapel of Henry VII. Here we had more time to admire the carving of the stalls, the fine brass gratings, and the new memorial altar to Edward VI. Instead of a simple slab marking the grave of Dean Stanley, which I noticed when here be-

fore, there is now a handsome monument in red and white marble, surmounted by his own beautiful recumbent effigy. Among the many magnificent tombs of this chapel, that of Henry VII and his wife, Elizabeth of York, and that of Queen Elizabeth, are the grandest. The inscription on the latter cannot but thrill the heart of every woman who glories in the greatness of her own sex.

Of course there were early deaths in the royal families, and the infant of days is memorialized here as well as the great and mighty men who have left their impress on the ages. The cradle tomb, in the case of Sophia, daughter of James I, is represented literally, and the marble coverlet is smoothed over the infant effigy that lies within.

At different points in the Abbey there were paper tablets, some containing the verses of the great poets who have written of this sacred shrine, and others reminding visitors that this is the House of God;—not an apotheosis of human genius, as it seems at times.

Coming out of Poet's Corner into the North Transept the scene is indeed of such thrilling grandeur that it is impossible to suppress one's enthusiasm. Seven full length statues, among which are those of Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Beaconsfield, and the three Cannings, stand in a line on one side. Graceful sirens in the form of Victory are waving crowns, wreaths, and garlands of laurel over the busts, or reclining figures of the great, or are in the very act of inscribing the record of heroic deeds in letters of gold. The monument to Fox is exceedingly melodramatic,—the half-nude figure falling into the arms of Liberty! That to Captain Montagu by Flaxman, is guarded by

two magnificent lions, the sculpturing of which is remarkable. There is a fine inscription on the bust of Sir James Macintosh, whom I have so lately learned to admire and enjoy, and another to Zachary Macaulay, saying that his perseverance was of a kind "which no success could relax," which of course I laid to heart. I was delighted to see the full-length statue of the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury, "endeared to his countrymen by a long life spent in the cause of the helpless and suffering." Then the busts of Kingsley and Maurice, the one containing the words *God is Love*, the other *God is Light*, and the dreamy, seated figure of Wordsworth, and the tablet to Keble filled us with many sublime thoughts, and we hurried on to notice the monument to Major André, the bust of Tait, the slab over the grave of Darwin, the spot marking Browning's recent burial, and the bust of our own Longfellow, who will be beloved and remembered

As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes.

This, of course, is scarcely a fragment of all that I observed. I noticed how many young persons of both sexes are either buried or commemorated here, and that while there are some monuments to the immoral and irreligious, the vast majority tell us of the truly *good*, as well as of the truly great; that although this is a vast receptacle of a nation's illustrious dead, it is also a spot consecrated by the domestic affections, and hence thoroughly and characteristically *English*, and that finally it bids all think upon whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report, and to long and strive after an immortality which shall endure beyond the grave.

On our way back to the Metropole I wished much to go in to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—one of the most imposing edifices in all London, but Ma was anxious to visit a fascinating bookstore near at hand, and after that we were compelled to go to lunch.

Ma had been initiated into the delights of a hansom in our drive back from South Kensington, so I had little difficulty in decoying her out with me in the afternoon. All the guide-books said that the Grosvenor Gallery was open at that time and I wanted to see the modern English paintings.

But after our coachman deposited us in New Bond street, we found that this collection had been dispersed and were in despair for a while, until I espied the Doré Gallery, which I have long wished to see, right across the street. Up a narrow stairway of a comparatively small house and shrouded in a semi-twilight, for the hour was getting late, and there were no windows near at hand, we suddenly came upon the vast and overpowering canvas—twenty by thirty feet in extent, upon which the gifted Strasbourger has given us his conception of *Christ leaving the Praetorium*. The *motion* imparted to the Divine Figure, clad in spotless white, is a marvelous thing. I counted seventy figures on one side only of these central steps, and there are as many on the other side, and some in the background. In the midst of this mighty throng, yet as separate and apart from all as if in a wilderness, the Divine Sufferer comes forward, wearing the crown of thorns which pierces his temples, and causes the blood to trickle down upon his robe. The coloring is rich yet subdued; the whole is realistic and solemn, yet beautiful and thoroughly artistic. All former

descriptions, and all engravings, and book-illustrations by Doré fell far short of what I found to be the real scope and power of his genius.

*Christ's Entry into Jerusalem* is another work of the same size. The central Figure, riding upon the foal of an ass, is sublimely beautiful, and there is ecstasy in the faces of those who wave the palm branches.

*Moses before Pharaoh* is dark, gorgeous, and grandly beautiful. Moses and Aaron are on the steps about to turn away, spiritual, earnest, and intellectual. Pharaoh is sensual, passive, and indifferent. There is a great deal of orange and purple in the coloring, and the orientalism of the whole is very fine.

*The Vale of Tears* is another of these immense canvases. A pale, weird, supernatural light is thrown over this grandly imaginative work. Kings weary of their crowns, warriors tired of fame, men and women sick of the immortal laurel, the maimed, the sad, the wretched, the dying, all have their eyes fixed upon the figure of the gentle Christ bearing His Cross, and beckoning all to come unto Him if they would have rest.

*The Ascension* is a beautiful illustration of

The rising God forsakes His tomb  
Up to His Father's Court He flies.

*The Christian Martyrs*, in which by the light of the pale moon, angels are seen descending for the souls of those who, having fought with wild beasts, now lie mangled among them, is very touching and impressive.

*The Neophyte* represents a young monk, who, in the midst of those who have long worn the tonsure, half regrets the step he has taken.

*The Day Dream* represents a young monk playing on the organ, and trying to turn away from the shadowy form of a young girl who appears at one side of the instrument.

*The Murder of Rizzio* is very dramatic; there is horror in Mary's face, yet not strength enough to forbid the deed.

Among these pictures by Doré, one by Mr. Edwin Long has just been placed here. It is entitled *The Market Place at Nazareth*, and seems to me to be a body without a soul. Its subjective vacuity serves to bring out the force of Doré's genius only the more powerfully.

Of course there is sensationalism in Doré's; there is also transcendentalism, and this combination is fascinating. His sculptures illustrate this even more forcibly. *Genius Killed by Fame*, represented by a nude youth struggling in the arms of a superior, winged creature, is rather the best.

*Thursday night, Sept. 17th.* It has long been a dream of mine to visit the Temple Church; and Ma sympathizing in this interest, we gave the name to the driver of a hansom and started forth early this morning. We had a presentiment that this was going to be attended with some difficulty, but ignorance was bliss compared to the reality.

Our driver set us down in front of an old church near the site of the Temple Bar. We went in and soon found it was the Church of St. Clement Danes. I have since discovered that it means that this was the original burial place of some of the Danish Kings. A private wedding was going on inside, and after giving a glance around the extremely ugly church and

recalling the fact that Dr. Johnson worshipped here for many, many years, we determined to search for the Temple on foot.

The magnificent buildings known as the New Royal Courts of Law diverted our attention for some time, and we made innumerable inquiries of the passers-by, up and down Fleet Street. Few could give us any information, and none any that helped us until a handsome young blonde workman took us, himself, down into Brick Court. Here we found the regular guide, who proved to be one of the pleasantest human beings we ever met.

I knew that Goldsmith had lived in Brick Court, and now our guide took us to his grave just outside of the Temple. A simple slab bears the inscription: *Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.* All around stand the Inns of Court, the Middle Temple, and the Inner Temple, and the place constitutes the nearest approach to a maze of anything I can imagine.

The whole building of the Temple stands about three feet below the ground. The exterior of the Round Church, the date of which is 1185, bears the marks of antiquity and is crumbling and black. But within all has been magnificently restored, especially the choir, or what we should call the body of the church, the only place where there are seats. The arched roofing is supported by clustered pillars of Purbeck marble, which admits of the highest polish. Everything reminds one of the semi-military, semi-religious Order for which it was built. The floor is laid in tiles, bearing heraldic devices, and the lofty ceiling is painted with them.

I enjoyed the grand figures of the eight Templars,

which must be of bronze and are nearly black. Several have one leg thrown across the other, and all are far from stereotyped. The sacristan here was a woman, and amused me much, telling us with great gusto how these pillars were covered with plaster in the time of Cromwell and thus preserved from iconoclastic vandalism. I had imagined that the Knights were in white marble, and that the effect of all was light and dusty; but it is just the other way, all is dark, rich, and new.

Then our good guide took us out of the maze and put us in an omnibus, there not being any street cars in London, and we rode to St. Paul's for a penny. I had not observed before what a veritable Valhalla St. Paul's is. Perhaps it is right and proper that there should not be a monument to a woman here. But it is noticeable that nearly every one is to a warrior. Sir Ralph Abercromby, dying on horseback, is very tragic, and Sir John Moore being "buried darkly by dead of night" at Corunna, impressive. Among the warriors was one by the name of Gillespie, "who fell gloriously," says the inscription. Dr. Johnson's, and Sir Joshua Reynold's monuments, with inscriptions in sonorous Latin, filled me with enthusiasm. Then John Howard, Sir William Jones, and Henry Hallam, the inscription of the last named saying that he "best illustrated the English race, the English name and the English character," claimed the rest of our attention.

Ma was shocked to find St. Paul's so time-worn and defaced. But the work of restoration is going on all the time. The new reredos which excited so much controversy is an alto-relievo of the Crucifixion. It is striking, but I cannot see anything objectionable in it.

During our stay here we have had calls from Mrs.

Williard Young, Mr. and Miss Brandt, and Miss Maverty. And during our drives through the streets of London I have greatly enjoyed a monument to the Crimea in bronze. A *Victory*, in the form of a gracious woman, towers above the stern grouped grenadiers below, her outstretched hands holding aloft the immortal wreaths. A fine bronze statue of Sydney Herbert, in front of a great building, whetted my thirst for knowledge, and in the Victoria Gardens, in which we walked frequently, the statue to Bartle Frere, Outrane, and old William Tyndall cannot be forgotten.

## FRANCE, PARIS

*Hotel de Castille, 37 rue Cambon.*

Saturday, Sept. 19th. Yesterday was spent in journeying here from London. We were rather sorry to leave the fascinating Metropole, with its banqueting hall, and oak salon, its queer mixture of English, French, and American usages, and the panorama afforded by its innumerable guests.

A short railway ride brought us to Dover, and of course by that time it was raining. But as soon as we stepped upon the rocking boat, Ma and I determined to stay up on deck. Grace, Bibiche, and Celestine immediately went below and were pretty sick. But we held on to our seat amidships, though our boat dipped so far down that it scooped up the dashing water, and it not only flooded the deck, but gave us a good sprinkling.

But it was really a very short trial, and without any trouble we secured a nice coupé at Calais and sped onward. A blind rain prevented any survey of the

uninteresting country and we were fortunate in being able to engage in a lively conversation. A glimpse of lovely Paris, a good dinner, and a tumble into bed ended this day of transition.

*Monday, Sept. 21st, St. Matthew's Day.* Saturday was such a day as only France can furnish—so dazzlingly clear and beautiful that one seems to be looking at life through a new medium; and after a visit from my dear old pupil, Miss Parker, we started out and accompanied Grace to the milliner's, then went to the banker's in the magnificent Place de Nouvelle Opéra and walked in the Boulevard des Italiens, and finally took a coupé and drove to present our letters of introduction to Miss Barnum. We had a lovely drive through the Champs Elysées, but did not succeed in finding the address given us.

Grace and Charlie went to the Bon Marché in the afternoon, but we stayed in and rested for the event of the evening. Grace had expressed a great desire to go to the Hippodrome. I was rather horrified at this, especially as *Lohengrin* is being given at the Grand Opera House. But as I am deeply interested in the subject of popular amusements just at present, I agreed to go. After wonderful dancing by the trained horses, and feats of marvelous dexterity by horses, dogs, and men, the *Pantomime of the Life of Jeanne d'Arc* was given. Charlie says the Hippodrome is the largest place of its kind in the world, and it is certainly well adapted and arranged for its purpose. The Siege of Orleans was perfectly beautiful, and Jeanne in her suit of mail, with raven black hair, on her milk white steed, was very ideal and lovely. This play is given with a view to stirring up the national military ardor,

and at one point the Russians rush in on fiery steeds to the rescue. A fine orchestra gave us charming music nearly all evening. On the whole, all this seemed to me a thoroughly innocent and rational method of amusement.

Yesterday Ma and I went to the beautiful new American Church in the Avenue de l'Alma. Dr. Morgan gave us a splended sermon from the text, "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them," in which he did not hesitate to warn us of the dangers of the gospel of unbelief, which is preached now-a-days.

In the afternoon Ma and I walked over in the Jardin des Tuilleries, which is near at hand. As this morning there was a special service for St. Matthew's Day, we attended the church again, and its serene and spotless beauty was enhanced by the limited number of worshipers, and the refreshing character of the service, which was almost entirely choral.

This morning, Charlie and his little family left us, but some very nice Americans are here. We took exercise this afternoon by looking in the gorgeous shop windows of the Rue de Rivoli.

*Tuesday, Sept. 22nd.* According to our appointment with Miss Parker, we drove over to the Luxembourg this afternoon. As it is a receptacle of contemporaneous works only, many changes have been made in the eight years since my last visit, and the whole character of the Musée has been changed. One enters first a long hall of sculptures. *The Death of Alcestis*, in white marble; a statue of *Bailly, the Revolutionist*, in bronze; a very pretty statue of *Mozart when a child*; *The Mother of the Gracchi*, in

white marble, by Cavelier, very beautiful, illustrating "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength;" an exquisite figure of *Jeanne d' Arc at Domrémy*, by Chapee, and one of her at the stake, painfully realistic, by Cordonnier; *Eve after the Fall*, in agonizing penitence; the *Virgin with the lily*, in inapproachable purity, and *Aurora*, delighting in a glorious impersonality,—all three by Delaplanche; *Tarcesios, Christian Martyr*, a bronze figure of the youthful *David*; *The Muse*, of André Chenier, in which the Muse is holding and kissing the head that fell on the guillotine; an exquisite figure of the youthful *Dante*, which is an inspiration to those who have thought at all, and, at the same time, a reproach to those who have done less than consecrate their whole lives to Thought; a *Virgil*, in white marble; a personification of *Remembrance*; and most beautiful of all, a figure in bronze of *La Fatalité*, "the sword in hand, her foot on the immortal wheel," were those which I care most to remember.

No words can express the inequality of the works here, some being truly beautiful, and others very horrible. There are cases here of exquisite cameos, and medallions on agate, chalcedony, and onyx.

In the different halls of painting bad works predominate over good ones, and there is the grossest sensationalism, and aim at mere meretricious effect. The illustrations of historical events interested us most: *The Conference of Poissy 1561* painted by Robert Fleury, who is just dead, and *Columbus Received by Isabella on his Return from the New World*, are charming. *Jesus and the Doctors*, by Ribot is very original, and striking. *Galileo before the In-*

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*quisition; Marcel and the Dauphin Charles Exchanging Hats; Dante meeting Matilda in Purgatory; The Death of Sarpedon; The Destruction of Herculaneum; The Excommunication of Robert the Pious* (for marrying a relative), in which the terror, the cowed and horrified aspect of both King and Queen, are excellent; *The Kiss of Judas*, by Hébert; *The Childhood of Charles V*; *A Reading of Erasmus*, by Haman; a grand old-fashioned triptych of *Scenes in the Life of St. Cuthbert*, by Duez; *The Meeting of Henry III and the Duke of Guise*; a terrible picture of *Cain and his Family*, an enormous allegorical work entitled *The Divine Tragedy*, in which Jupiter Ammon, Isis, Cybele, Thor, Odin, and all the old heathen divinities are overthrown by the Christian Religion; a magnificent *Portrait of the Artist Leon Cogniet*, and a picture of *Job*, both by Bonnat; and *The Meeting of the Street Boys*; by Marie Bashkirtseff, which is very much finer than the cuts and engravings would indicate, are among the very best of the many attempts at artistic delineation in this modern gallery.

Not finding Miss Parker here, we drove to her apartment at No. 13 rue Boissonade. Up a winding stair, and in her tiny rooms, we found all savoring of that artist-life which, in whatever guise it presents itself, I find the most fascinating thing in the world. She has already copied two charming landscapes in the Louvre, and has her canvas ready for one from the Luxembourg. I am thoroughly satisfied with her choice of subjects.

Thursday, Sept. 24th. We had agreed with Miss Parker to meet before Gambetta's Monument in the Jardin du Louvre, Wednesday morning, and then de-

vote the day to Versailles. She brought her friend, Miss Bowman, from San Francisco, with her, and, after a long, long walk to find the right tram, we took our seats in it and began our trip. The road is through one long village, and the foliage, just touched with autumn tints, overhanging and festooning the old stone walls, was charming. The day was one of the loveliest imaginable, brilliant, cloudless, and dreamy.

Having arrived at Versailles, we attended first to the demands of our appetites, to fortify us for the campaign, then walked over to the Palace and entered just as before by the stairway near the ornate Chapel. I enjoyed the pictures immensely. *Charlemagne Passing the Alps*, by Delaroche, *Charlemagne Presenting his Capitularies to the Franks*, by Ary Scheffer; *Saint Louis Acting as Mediator between the King of England and his Barons*, *The Consecration of Charles VII at Rheims*; *The Death of Du Guesclin before Chateau-neuf-de-Randon*, being the first, were enjoyed leisurely and fully. But we then had the misfortune to get into the halls of the Battles, and especially the uninteresting battles of Louis XIV and XV! Many are painted splendidly, but the number and the monotony are most wearisome.

After these I remember with enthusiasm *Bayard Dying at the Taking of Brescia*; *The Baptism of Clovis*; *The Battle of Bouvines* (which occurred under Philip Augustus with the Flemings), *Entrance of Jeanne d'Arc at Orleans*; *The Battle of Marignano*; *Louis XVI and his Family Distributing Bread to the Poor in the Winter of 1788*; *The Battle of Cerisoles*; and *The Meeting of Henry VIII and Francis I on the Field of the Cloth of Gold*; *Marie Louise Being about to*

*Leave Austria, Distributes her Jewels among her Sisters and Brothers; Napoleon Meeting the Beautiful Queen of Prussia at Tilsit; Louis XVIII Leaving the Tuilleries on Hearing of the Approach of Napoleon; Return of Napoleon in the Island of Lobau, 1809, the terrible Retreat from Moscow; Napoleon Visiting the Sick at the Hôtel des Invalides; The Baptism of Louis the Dauphin; Son of Louis XIV, 1668; a Portrait of Madame de Maintenon and one of Marie Adelaide of Savory, Duchess of Burgundy; the Meeting between Napoleon and Francis I of Austria; Napoleon Passing the Saint Bernard; Napoleon Stopped by a Beautiful Girl's Throwing Herself at his Horses' feet, to Implore some Favor; a most realistic representation of M. Thiers when Dead, the prosaic costume of the nineteenth century all out of harmony with the allegorical figures around; the magnificent Portrait of Marie Antoinette, on an easel, by Mme. Lebrun; The Distribution of Eagles in the Champ de Mars; The Coronation of Charles X; Horace Vernet's Taking of the Smaleh of Abd-el-Kades by the Duc d'Aumale in 1843; Napoleon at the Tomb of Frederick the Great in the Garrison Church at Potsdam, (where I, myself, have stood); Feron's Charles VIII entering Naples; The Duc de Guise taking Calais; The Grave of Napoleon at St. Helena; and Philippoteaux' Battle of Rivoli, 1797. The statues of Benjamin Franklin, Henry II, Catherine de Medici, Henry III, Richelieu, and De Thou, together with a beautiful bronze bust of Lafayette in another hall, are all that I can now recall.*

Of course the survival in my memory is by no means that of the fittest, and this enumeration will convey no idea to one who has not visited this magnifi-

cent National Museum of its over-powering and bewildering grandeur. Versailles is the deification of Louis XIV. If there is one bust or bas-relief, or one delineation of his infamous Passage of the Rhine, there are at least twenty of each. One is utterly surfeited with this slavish adulation.

Of course we went through the great Gallerie des Glaces, all of Louis XIV's rooms, and all of Marie Antoinette's tiny apartments, all of which I have described in my first *Journal*. And here our interest seemed suddenly to concentrate upon Marie Antoinette, and we were fired with a determination to see the little Trianon, and the Swiss Hamlet.

As the Park of Versailles covers fifty miles, the passing from one point to another is an undertaking, all lesser distances seem to sink into insignificance. But, jumping into a carriage, we were set down finally before what is known as the Park of the Little Trianon. Our search for the Chalét was attended with innumerable difficulties, and we were almost tempted to give it up, but the exquisite loveliness of this park seemed to woo us onward. Oh, the velvety lawns, the tiny Temple of Love, the little drawbridges across the winding stream, the glorious trees, and shrubbery of the wildest, richest luxuriance! No pen can parry with the difficulties of describing this veritable fairy-land! Well, at last we reached the hamlet where the grand lords and ladies of the Court played at peasant life. We did not wonder that they wished to get rid of the insufferable grandeur of Versailles for this idyllic loveliness. There are a good many buildings;—a mill, the presbytère, or residence of the Curé, the farm and the manor-house, all with

heavily thatched roofs, tiny windowpanes, and thoroughly rustic, yet picturesque *tout ensemble*.

After enjoying all this to our heart's content we returned to the Petit Trianon and went all through it with a large crowd of visitors. There are beautiful lacquered cabinets, lovely little pictures, dainty furniture, harpsichord, and pictures of the royal family;—that of the dear little Louis XVII in pastel by Mme. Lebrun, hanging in Marie Antoinette's bedroom, being particularly pretty.

Just as the sun was setting, we reseated ourselves in the tram and took our last look at the great square of the Palace, and the grand statues of the great Marshals, and Constables of France, Richelieu, Bayard, Colbert, Luger, Du Guesclin, Sully, and so forth, surrounding the gigantic equestrian figure of Louis XIV. The fatiguing day was ended by my escorting Ma on foot from the extreme end of the Place de la Concorde to our Hotel, and it was then nearly seven o'clock, and quite dark, and I considered it something of an achievement.

*Thursday, Sept. 29th. Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels.* To take up the thread of our adventures, we were—at least I was—truly exhausted by the walking at Versailles, and it was impossible for me to do anything more the next day than accompany Ma on a little shopping expedition in the Rue de la Paix. Friday I let her go with Miss Hunter and Miss Shay of New York, who are boarding here, to the Bon Marché, and in the afternoon we took a lovely walk in the Jardin des Tuilleries, enjoying the statues of *Cincinnatus*, *Caesar*, *Juno*, *The Oath of Spartacus*, by Barriás and the *Prometheus Chained*, by Pradier.

On Saturday I felt recovered enough to do some sightseeing and we drove to the Palais de Justice to visit Sainte Chapelle. A portion of this immense mass of buildings still looks like the fortress and prison that it once was, and enters the warlike and ancient looking courtyard to gain admission to the Chapel. We had noticed the exquisite tracery of the delicate gilded spire before our approach on foot and now the antiquity—for it dates back to Saint Louis and the 13th century—claimed all our attention. A notice, however, informed us that the church was not yet opened for visitors; and hoping to have another opportunity to examine it, we called a cab and drove post-haste to Notre Dame. On the left side of the open square in front of the venerable cathedral there is a very fine equestrian statue of Charlemagne.

And now I must hasten to record the remarkably different impression produced at this time from that of my other visit. I attribute it to the reading of Victor Hugo's incomparable *Notre Dame de Paris*. The façade, divided into three pointed arches, consists of magnificent sculpturing; the faces are wonderfully beautiful and winning. The towers are grandly proportioned and the superb pile is kept in a state of splendid preservation.

But it was in the interior that I found myself so agreeably disappointed. The three grand rose windows, at this time throwing the most beautiful lilac light; the solidity and stability of the enormous hundred pillars; the glorious clerestory, the fine carving of the pulpit and stalls, produce an effect of majesty, dignity, and sublimity almost unequalled anywhere else. The thirty-seven altars seem to have been re-

stored, and many of them are adorned with colossal white marble figures of the various archbishops who have presided over the cathedral. There is a new monument to archbishop Affré, who, in the act of dying points up to his last words: "Puisse mon sang être le dernier versé!"

After luncheon Ma and I walked over to the Louvre. We were sitting in the Salle des Sept Cheminees when a young Dutchman asked us if we were not foreigners, introduced himself as Mr. J. Van Westerborg, and then attached himself to us and talked a great deal. As my head ached very badly anyhow, I did not do much justice to the magnificent collection, which in my estimation comes next to the Uffizi and the Vatican. The *Raft of the Medusa*, by Géricault; the *Portrait of Pius VII*; *Pyrrhus taking Andromache and Astyanax under his Protection*; an awful (I mean solemn) representation of *The Deluge*, are the chief of the works here which I had not before recalled. *The Coronation of Josephine*, by David, has been removed here from Versailles and is shown to splendid advantage in the hall. And I can never tire in admiring Triason's *Burial of Atala*—that personification of ideal devotion and irreparable grief, and Mme. Vigée Lebrun's *Portrait of Herself and her Child*, in which the affection of the young mother seems to speak from the canvas.

Then in the Salon Carré we sat for some time and enjoyed Veronese's *Marriage Feast at Cana*; the *Banquet of Simon the Pharisee*, and *Jupiter Punishing Crime*; Guercino's *Resurrection of Lazarus*, so dark that nearly all of the figures are black; the unrivaled *Immaculate Conception*, by Murillo, that ineffably ethereal creature, rapt in a divine ecstasy, yet

withal human, and filled with the expectancy of a mortal, who knows not what shall befall her! A terrible thing of Rubens' representing *Thomyris Dipping Cyrus' Head in a Vessel of Blood*; and a soft, sweet *Holy Family*, by Raphael.

We just took a look into the Italian School and I enjoyed particularly an *Annunciation*, by Vasari. There is such a devout appearance about both the Angel and the Virgin, and an air of elegance and worshipful reverence in the attitudes. We hope to get here several times again.

On Sunday we went to the American Church in Avenue de l'Alma again, and heard Dr. Morgan.

Monday afternoon Ma and I took a charming drive in the Bois de Boulogne to the refreshing cascade, and later I persuaded her to go out with me to explore the streets around the Cambon, as exploring is a pastime second to none when I am in a certain mood.

Today we took our letter of introduction to the American Consulate at 63 rue Pierre Charron. We had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Consul-General King in Westminster Abbey, and she expected to return home about this time. We found, however, that both the General and Mrs. King are still absent, but Miss King received us pleasantly in their elegant rooms, and after a nice little chat we left and spent the rest of the afternoon in the Madeleine.

We both had always been great admirers of this exquisite church, but this renewed acquaintance with it seemed a fresh revelation. Its harmony is so perfect,—the one long nave, the majestic altars all the way down each side, the grand colossal statues! Then the subjects are so worthy,—*The Baptism of Christ*,

*St. Vincent de Paul, St. Augustine, St. Clothilda*, and in the midst of all the others, one bearing the simple title *To the Savior of the World*. This would seem rather shocking, but it is a noteworthy fact that those who had come to perform their devotions at this quiet evening hour knelt at this shrine only, and only before this were there lights burning.

*Friday, Oct. 2nd.* Wednesday morning we took a walk through the Place Vendôme, and Boulevard des Capucines, and in the afternoon Miss Hunter and Miss Shay asked us to drive with them in the Bois de Boulogne. It was a perfect afternoon, and we enjoyed driving along the borders of the exquisite lake, with its islands, its boating parties, swans, and so forth.

Then we stopped and went into the Jardin de l'Acclimatation. The question, "What is there to see here?" was soon answered. We found a most exquisite display of rare flowers, orchids of all kinds, so feathery, graceful, and delicate; begonias of all colors, cyclamen, gloxinia, china asters, and the like. The Aviary would have been interesting in its way, but the noise made by the parrots was utterly unendurable. There was a long hall of new inventions and patents, also, and many other things to be seen, but time forbade.

Thursday we met a party in Cook's Office to make an excursion to Fontainebleau, but after a very spirited discussion decided that the weather was too unfavorable. This morning has been one of rare enjoyment to me, for we started to the Louvre directly after we had had our coffee and rolls, and spent the entire morning there.

Entering again by the La Caze Collection, I stopped to notice *Autumn*, by Watteau, a small picture of a nude nymph piling fruits into the filmy garment of a kind of cherub. I have never made any study whatever of Watteau, but am apt enough to discern something of his marked originality. In his *Jupiter and Antiope* the sleeping figure is very pretty and there is less than the usual sensuality about the scene. His *Gilles* is evidently a fine illustration, and I must look it up as soon as I get home.

*The Death of Seneca*; by Giordano, in which all the figures are life-size and very dramatic; *St. Ambrose Giving Alms*, by Carrendo de Miranda, finely coloured and striking; the *Virgin and Infant Jesus*, by Tintoretto, in which also figure a richly vested Bishop, the Donor, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Sebastian, all of dark, exquisite coloring, and beautiful expression; the *Duke de Lesdignières as a Child*, by Rigand, a spirited, truly noble-looking boy; *Nicolas Largillière and his Family*, by himself, in which the daughter is especially winning, and at the same time pathetic,—reminding me much of the face of Alice Rigueur; *Mlle. de Lambes and the Young Count de Brionne*, by Jean Marc Nattier, both answering fully to one's ideal of genuine noble blood; the *Virgin Holding the Infant Jesus*, by Ribera, dark, sweetly solemn, and impressive, as the Mother looks upward to hold communion with the Unseen; and a strikingly natural *Portrait of Marie Louise*, in whom there is not one pretty feature, go to make up a part of this innumerable collection.

Passing hence, the *Muse of a Poet*, by Timbal attracted us. The dark youthful poet kneels at the

feet of a being who is half woman, half angel, pointing upward and onward, a beautiful pure creature clothed in blue and white, with wings, and a radiant star above her head.

In the Salon Carré we studied the *Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine*, by Correggio; the *Holy Family*, which Raphael painted for Francis I, in which St. Elizabeth and St. John the Baptist also appear; the *Madonna with the Blue Diadem*, by Raphael; *Alphonse of Ferrara* and *Laura di Danti*, by Titian, and the *Dropsical Woman*, by Gerard Dow, which an elderly lady was copying so exquisitely that I felt privileged when she invited me to look through a large magnifying glass at the painting of the curtain. The very nap of the cloth seemed to stand up, it was so well done. The subject ought to be an invalid, as it only represents a good-looking invalid surrounded by her friends in a very richly furnished room.

In the Italian School, *La Vierge Gloriense*, by Fra Bartolommeo, of gracious, devout aspect, and lovely coloring; the *Disciples of Emmaus*, by Titian, in which the Savior is dark, looking down, and sad; the *Disciples of Emmaus*, by Paul Veronese, in which the Savior is blonde, looking up blessing the bread, with an expression of holy joy; the *Nativity*, by Giulio Romano, in which the Infant Savior lies on the ground and is almost roguish in his vigorous brunette beauty; and the *Portrait of Joan of Aragon* (afterwards Queen of Naples), by Raphael were those to which I devoted most of my attention.

We then entered a hall in which I had never been before,—that of the modern French School. It is so theatrical, sensational, “loud,” and “telling” (to call

in slang to the rescue), that I think its very immoderation must give an impetus toward Art in the right direction. *Christ's Temptation in the Wilderness*, by Ary Scheffer (an artist of whose sameness of conception I should soon tire); two huge canvasses opposite one another by Lethière, the one the *Death of Virginia*, the other *Brutus Condemning his Sons to Death*, tragic, revolting, thoroughly Roman; the *Death of Queen Elizabeth*, by Delaroche, an illustration corresponding in every detail to the accounts of history, so that one feels like saying, “It is just as I thought it would be”; the *Levite of Ephraim*, by Couder, too horrible a subject even to mention; *Liberty Guiding the People*, by Delacroix, a fearful illustration, rather of Anarchy; the *Decadence of Rome*, by Couture, a desecration of Art, pandering to the most vitiated tastes; the *Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders*, by Delacroix, a fearful representation of the *Famine-Stricken at Scio*, and one of *Dante and Virgil on the Boiling Waters of the Inferno*,—certainly one must be made of stout constitution to stand all this in the compass of one hall!

I was perfectly enchanted over an illustration from Ariosto—*Ruggiero Rescuing Angelica from the Orcus or Sea-Monster*, by Ingres;—I think, Ruggiero is on the hippocriffe, and the artist has fully caught the spirit of mockery and witchery which invests every line of *Furioso*.

*The Harvesters in the Pontine Marshes*, by Louis Leopold Robert, painted in a light of pure gold, is a very beautiful thing here; and *Raphael in the Vatican*, by Vernet, *Francis I and Charles V Visiting the Royal Tombs at St. Denis*, by Antoine Gros, and the *Birth of*

*Henry IV*, by Deveria go to compensate for the horrors around.

In another hall I enjoyed a *Portrait of the Baroness Krüdener and her Daughter*, by Angelica Kauffman, and *Peace Bringing Back Abundance*, by Mme. Vigée Lebrun, which is in the style of Rubens.

Wednesday, Oct. 7th. Friday afternoon we had a very pleasant call from Miss Parker and Miss Bowman and another artist friend, whose name I failed to catch, and then, tempted by the lovely weather, we were rash enough to take a long walk to the rue de Marengo in order to buy some pretty little pictures. Saturday morning, of course, found us decidedly fatigued, and we only started out after lunch to walk to rue Canmartin to call on Miss Barnum. Finding that the street was undergoing repairs, and that we were too tired to dodge the innumerable vehicles of this great thoroughfare, we just strolled a little in the Boulevard des Capucines and came home. We found that we had missed a call from Dr. Morgan, but were in time for a very pleasant visit from Miss Cockey. Sunday was another memorable day at the American Church, and after service we had a delightful chat with Dr. Morgan.

On Monday all the galleries and churches are closed, so I spent some time devising a method of amusement and finally decided to take Ma to "the entralling square" of the Palais Royal. We rode through the rue des Petits Champs, coming out into the beautiful Avenue de l'Opéra, and thence to our destination. We walked some distance down the rue de Richelieu, as I wanted to show Ma the beautiful Fontaine de Molière, as well as the place of my former abode. She was

charmed with the grand statue of the great comedian, but the throngs of people and vehicles disgusted her, and we did not go as far as No. 63.

Coming back to the scene of so many historical events,—for from its associations with Richelieu, Anne of Austria, Louis XIV, Philippe Egalité, the Napoleons, and the Commune of '48, few spots are more memorable than this phoenix-like palais,—we wandered in and out of its numerous arcades and pretty courtyards. Of course we have rows upon rows of pretty shops in our own country, but none that I know of can vie with the peculiar fascinations of this old place, where incongruous things are heaped together, old associations linger, and life in all its phases roars and surges.

Yesterday morning we went at once to enjoy the sculptures of the Louvre. We entered first the halls of the modern French School, named for Puget, Coyzevox, Houdon, Chaudet, and Rude. *Phaetusa Changed into a Reed* attracted me much. The colossal figure is standing, her feet crossed, the reeds growing up all around her, her fingers intertwined and her head thrown back, the face expressing pain and protest. The model of an equestrian statue of Louis XIV for the Place Vendôme, by Girardon (1715) is a beautiful thing, full of majesty and repose. The bust of Alexander, the head in porphyry, and the bust in green breccia, was noticeable. But a magnificent alto-relievo by Puget, of *Alexander and Diogenes*, the latter on the ground requesting Alexander on horse-back, to get out of his light, was by far, the gem of this collection.

The Hall of Coyzevox is dedicated chiefly to the

Monument of Mazarin. The Cardinal, small and attenuated, is kneeling above on a cushion, all in white marble, while below the bronze sarcophagus there are three grand women in bronze, and separate from all this, at either end, two white marble figures personifying Love and Religion, the one urging a cherub to run with the torch she holds out to him, the other pointing to a temple in her hand. Here was also a beautiful bust of Marie Serre, the mother of the Painter Rigaud, sculptured by Coyzevox in 1720.

Then, to my delight, we entered the Salle de Houdon and found the *Diana* occupying the center. She is life-size, in black bronze, entirely nude, running so that the forepart only of her left foot rests upon the ground. She carries the bow in her left hand, the arrow extended in her right. As free as the air she breathes, and as chaste as the moon she personifies, few things in the realm of modern art can rival this lovely conception. I am like Goethe and feel that the word Freedom is so beautiful, that every conception, every thought of it must be cherished.

In this same hall there is a small work in white marble of *Christ at the Column*, by Claude Francin, 1773, very original, solemn, and impressive. In the Salle de Chaudet I greatly enjoyed Canova's *Cupid and Psyche*; the young *Edipus Rescued by the Shepherd Phorbas*, by Chaudet; a life-size sitting figure of Epaminondas, and a terribly lifelike colossal figure of old Cato in the very act of saying, "Carthage must be destroyed." Rude's *Head of Christ Crowned with Thorns*, in the style of Guido Reni was not especially impressive, Dumont's *Genius of Liberty* is original, in that it is a boy and *not* a woman according to the well

worn theory. In one hand he carries a broken chain, in the other a torch, while a star is poised upon his head. The duplicate of this crowns the Column of July. *Les Adieux*, a beautiful alto-relievo in the old Grecian style; a strange, weird *Jeanne d'Arc*; the *Vénétian Improvisatore*, and many remarkable Medallions, by David D'Angers, among which I noticed the head of George Sand, were the works by which I was most impressed here.

Then we passed over to the many beautiful Halls of the Greeks. First into the Hall of the Caryatides, which is full of historical associations. Here Henry IV and Margaret of Valois were married, and here Henry's body was placed after his assassination. Here Molière took part in his own incomparable plays. Among the wilderness of antiques in the various rooms I enjoyed *Silenus with the Infant Bacchus*, one of the most attractive representations from the Satyr world, playful, gentle, and joyous; a portion of the frieze from the Parthenon—the *Procession to the Acropolis after the Panathenaen Games*; *Metope* from the Parthenon representing the raid of a centaur, both of which are attributed to pupils of Phidias; the sitting figures of Demosthenes, a beautiful *Ariadne Asleep*, the grand, calm *Minerva with the Collar*; the leaning figure of the dreamy Polyhymnia and all the other majestic muses in Spartan-like simplicity; two magnificent colossal heads of the beautiful Antinöus; four statues of Mercury, suave, strong, and graceful; the glorious Pallas of Velletri; "undisturbed by pain, undistorted by passion." *Diana as Huntress*, the Virgin Goddess, sister of the Sun; the Borghese Gladiator, who knows repose in the very act of fighting, and of course the

huge Melpomene and the unrivaled Venus, in the plain Parian.

No words can express the calming, soothing effect produced by these ancient works, in contrast with the turbulent exaggerations of the modern schools. And I noticed what I never had observed before:—the gentleness in all their forms and faces; a gentleness which is inseparable from refinement and hence from all true beauty. There is, then, a moral element in the Beautiful, after all; though of course each separate work must be judged in view of the end intended. But I enjoyed the fragments of the Hellenic cult with a new intensity for having saturated my mind during the past summer with that noble book, *God in His World*, and I am delighted to find that my present reflections lean rather to Alden's than to those expressed in *Genius and Morality*.

Of the lesser works in the Roman halls, the colossal *Bust of Macaenas*; the representation of old *Father Tiber*, reclining at his ease; a remarkably interesting figure of the youthful Marcus Junius Brutus; several *Barbaric Princes as Prisoners*, clothed in porphyry. The more than colossal *Head of Lucilla*, wife of Lucius Verus; the entire hall of the Antonius, Marcus Aurelius, and Trajan, more especially; two heads of Jupiter Serapis; two fine statues of the Lycian Apollo; a sarcophagus from Salonica with bas-relief representing a *Battle of the Amazons*; the *God Mithras Slaying a Bull*, and the statue of a Roman Orator, surmised by some to be Germanicus, and by others to be Julius Cæsar, and inscribed with the name Cleomenes, remain stamped upon my memory.

On coming out of the Louvre, I persuaded Ma to go

with me to the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrios. We had admired its striking façade in driving to and fro. Indeed, with the Mairie of the 1st Arondissement and the square Tower, constructed by Ballou, which have been made to harmonize with the architecture of the church, this pile of buildings constitutes one of the most striking features of Paris. All authorities agree in ascribing great antiquity to this church, some carrying it back to Chilperic, but without paying any attention to this, one may be sure that it is not only venerable but has known many vicissitudes. The gabled façade of the nave is pierced with an arched window of rich, flamboyant rose-tracery. This pointed gable is flanked by two hexagonal towers, and is itself crowned by a figure of the *Angel of the Last Judgment*, by Marochetté. The three arched doors of the portico are adorned with painted figures on a gold background. It was from the belfry of this church that the signal was given for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The interior is not as interesting as the exterior, the ceilings of the aisles and chapels are so low that they produce a depressing effect. The stained glass of the apse, in exceedingly long narrow panels of deep red and blue is handsome, however, and the marble basin for holy water, consisting of concentric shells, was designed by Madame de Lamartine.

Having succeeded in this undertaking, I was all the more anxious to visit another old church in this vicinity. It is a French Protestant church called the Orlatoire, and through the iron grating which runs around it on the rue du Louvre can be seen the white marble figure and monument of Admiral Coligny, built up against the church, a very conspicuous and noble

witness. But Ma thought we had had enough sightseeing for one morning, and we returned to the hotel for luncheon.

In the afternoon we started out again however, with Miss Hunter and Miss Shay, en route for the Hotel des Invalides. I had not before approached it by way of the Hospital, and now walked through the imposing garden, containing cannon taken from all quarters of the world, with new sensations. There is a handsome bronze statue of Prince Eugene Beauharnais in front of this central court, or Cour d'honneur, and the pediment of the entrance contains a bas-relief of Louis XIV, who founded this noble monument of humanity. Walking under the queer old arcades around the court-yard, we found them frescoed with scenes from the history of France, but these pictures are too weather-beaten to merit attention.

Of course we made first for the Dome and the Tomb of Napoleon. Looking down over the balustrade into the beautiful crypt, Ma quoted from her beloved Gray:—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

But in truth she and I have both been forcibly impressed during this sojourn in Paris by the lasting proofs of Napoleon's untiring efforts in behalf of the French people: we find that his paths of glory led to the comfort, enjoyment, and elevation of millions who were yet unborn, and it would seem indeed, in view of the reward with which it has been crowned, that his ambition must have contained elements of the very

highest virtue. No one of royal blood sleeps in the midst of such incomparable grandeur!

I find but little to add to the description in my first *Journal* except that I enjoyed the beautiful coloring of the paintings in the dome and spandrels, and the magnificent Tomb of Vauban, with the great engineer's cumbent figures, and the noble symbolical statues, in the most exquisite white marble, which support the sarcophagus.

Then we had the privilege of going into the Church of St. Louis, which is separated, back to back, from the Church of the Dome only by a wall of glass. It is the Chapel of the Invalides, and is plain and simple in the extreme. Captured flags,—all faded and torn, and some in shreds, hang from the clerestory, on each side of the nave, and mural tablets cover the walls. The most famous names here are those of Maurice of Saxony, Marshall Oudinot, and Marshall Jourdan.

Another walk through the corridors brought us to the Musée d'Artillerie. It contains suits of armor worn by the different Kings of France. I remember the mailed suits of Francis I, Charles IX, Henry II, and Louis XIII. The suits of chain mail were very fine and the armor of the horses interesting. Here also hang innumerable flags, and among them we saw the Oriflamme of St. Denis and the pure white pennon of Jeanne d'Arc. At this point fatigue compelled us to beat a hasty retreat back to rue Cambon.

*Saturday, Oct. 10th.* On Monday we had had a very pleasant call from Miss Annie Barnum, and made an engagement with her to go see the Gobelins Tapestry on Wednesday. So she called for us promptly and we had a most enjoyable drive through many new parts

of the city; seeing the statues of Voltaire, and Diderot, having a beautiful view of the Pantheon, a glimpse of St. Germaine des Prés, a good view of a small column surmounted by a gilded winged Victory and covered with the names of Napoleon's first battles, at the base of which is the Fountain of Victory, a large basin adorned with four striking sphinxes; and also a view of the celebrated Fontaine St. Michel, which is built against the house forming the angle of the Boulevard St. Michel, and the Place St. Andre-des-Arts. This merits special attention. It represents St. Michel vanquishing Satan, in the style of Raphael, and together with four symbolical figures on the sides, two imperial eagles above, and the griffins discharging jets of water below, all in bronze, forms one of the finest things of the kind to be seen anywhere.

The manufactory of the Gobelins, founded by Colbert in 1662, constitutes one of the glories of France. We entered first a long narrow hall containing the following: *The Ascension of Elijah*, *The Sacrifice of Isaac*, both after Simon Vouet; the *Triumph of Artemisia*, after Lerambert; *Louis XIV Visiting the Gobelins*, which was very rich in coloring; the *Triumph of Pallas*, after Coypel, which is divided into panels and is simply conventional, Pallas standing in the center holding spear and shield and various ci-devant knights occupying the spaces; the *Marriage of Alexander*, after Raphael, in which the crested helmet and the many nude cherubs flying about claim great attention; the *Dance of the Nymphs*; the *Seasons*, after Lebrun, in which the fruit thrown on the ground is beautiful; the *Repast of Syphax*, in which the lighted torches play a conspicuous part; a full

length portrait of Louis XIV, and half length portraits of Colbert and Lebrun on either side.

Then in another apartment was the *Hunt of Louis XIV*, after Oudry, and a huge picture of *Louis XI Raising the Siege of Dole and Salins*, in the old Flemish style.

One room is devoted to the Flemish Tapestry of the 16th century, and among these works was one called *The Concert*, which was extremely grotesque. A Persian carpet and rich fragments of Egyptian tapestry with colors still unfaded are kept here.

A visit to the work-rooms was an interesting feature of the tour. In making the tapestry the workman stands behind the frame on which the threads are stretched. The colored threads of wool for the weaving are on bobbins. It takes ten years to complete a large picture. The accuracy is obtained by drawing on the threads, which form a kind of canvas, from actual measurements, so that it is artisan work emphatically and requires nothing but patience. The work *in statu quo* was extremely interesting, the most attractive piece, to me, being a curtain for the Odéon Theatre, on which pillars were twined with ribbons bearing the names of Molière's Plays, *Le Misanthrope*, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *Le Tartuffe*, and so forth.

But the rooms containing the newly completed works, in colors of unrivaled brilliancy and gorgeousness, threw all else in the shade. Among the most attractive works were *Jupiter Consoling Love*; *Venus Saying Adieu to Ceres and Juno*; *St. Jerome*, after Correggio; *The Dead Christ*, after Philip of Champagne; *Scenes from Don Quixote*, and a symbolical

figure entitled *Science*. Another, very lofty square room contained *Heliodones Driven from the Temple*, after Raphael, in which the fiery steed, the down-trodden man, and the action portrayed in every figure are so memorable; the *Mass of Bolsena*; *Elymas the Sorcerer*, and *St. Paul at Athens*.

Scattered through the different rooms were specimens of Chinse, Japanese, Flemish, and Egyptian tapestry and there were some beautiful screens, adorned chiefly with flowers.

Miss Barnum, Ma, and I then drove to call on Miss Cockey at 23 rue Montenotte. We were ushered into an exquisite little parlor, and after chatting a while, Miss Cockey took us to her room and gave us delicious Russian tea, cake, and Benedictine. When we came down to the front door we found that we were having a heavy shower, but as we drove into the Champs Élysées the sun came out and the Obelisk was spanned by the most glorious rainbow.

On Thursday our England friend here, Mrs. Fawcett, Ma, and I set forth for St. Chapelle. It seems that it was built by order of St. Louis 1242-'47, and designed by Montereau, for the reception of the sacred relics brought from the Crusades. It consists, curiously enough, of two superposed chapels, without aisles. The lower one was used by the domestics of the Palace. It has forty monostyleic columns supporting the arches of the vaulting, the crowns of which are in sculptured oak.

We did not stop long to examine this, but ascending the narrowest winding stair (reminding me of the Tower of London) found ourselves suddenly in the full glory of the Royal Chapel. The magnificence of

the fifteen stained windows cannot be described. They are not windows, but rather walls; the painted poly-chromal decorations of the real walls only filling up the interstices. These immense plates of glass are stained in medallions which seem to be masses of rubies and sapphires. The paintings represent martyrdoms. The statues of the twelve Apostles are placed on pillars, and a Gothic canopy occupies the place of the altar. The exterior has the same double row of windows and porches. The rose window is fine and the external sculpturing quaint and naive.

On coming out we found that no one was permitted to descend the winding-stair, but all are dismissed through the broad halls of the new Palais de Justice. These of course are the French Law Courts, and everything is on the grand scale in which men generally arrange things for themselves.

Driving to the Tour St. Jacques, we alighted and walked through the garden. This fine specimen of Gothic architecture, a remnant of the Church St. Jacques de la Boucherie, was built in 1508-22. It has fine gargoyles, painted windows, and delicate tracery. At the summit of one corner stands a colossal figure of St. Jacques, and under the arch below is a statue of Pascal.

This afternoon's tour ended with the Pantheon, which, taken all in all, is by far the handsomest structure in Paris. It is in the form of a Greek Cross with equal arms, the dome resting on a cylinder enclosed by an open Corinthian colonnade. The approach to it is awe-inspiring, so superb is its elevated situation, so overpoweringly grand its sublime architecture. In the interior the dome consists of three sections, one

above the other. The paintings in the spandrels are allegorical. The whole building, however, has undergone a complete change since my last visit. It is completely secularized, and there is something mournful in its empty immensity. As the shrine of Victor Hugo it was more interesting to me than from any other point of view. But the walls are being covered with several hundred feet of the most magnificent frescoes commemorating the whole history of France. The series begins with the *Preaching and the Martyrdom of St. Denis*, and *Ste. Genevieve interceding with Attila*. Then it goes on with the *Vow of Clovis at the Battle of Tolbiac*, which is very striking; the *Baptism of Clovis*; *Charlemagne as the Restorer of Arts and Letters*; *Haroun al Raschid Sends to Charlemagne the Keys of the Holy Sepulchre*; *Processions of the People* (during the Middle Ages) with the *Relics of Ste. Genevieve to Notre Dame to Pray for the Removal of Plagues and Pestilences*; *St. Louis a Captive of the Saracens*; *Joan of Arc at Domrémy*, a shepherdess startled by the mysterious voices, *Joan at Rheims*, at the gorgeous coronation of Charles VII, and *Joan at Rouen*, a martyr at the awful funeral pyre. The gilding used in these frescoes makes them, of course, much more gorgeous than oil painting.

There are numerous statues scattered around but those of St. Denis, St. Vincent de Paul, and Voltaire were the only ones I could make out. And over what would be the altar if there were one, there is a modern fresco on a gold background which is an illustration of the Latin inscription, *Angelum Galliae custodem Christus patriae fata docet*.

Friday morning found me in a state of utter

collapse, largely owing to the fact that with all this sightseeing I have been called upon to furnish some music for the guests here nearly every night, and very foolishly tired myself one morning by making a map of Paris from my own personal knowledge of it. In the afternoon, however, I struggled up and over into the Jardin des Tuilleries with Ma, missing a call from Mlle. Arnavon in the meantime.

*Tuesday, Oct. 14th.* Saturday was a day of such royal beauty that we started out to drive directly after breakfast, going out first to 53 Avenue d'Iéna to see Mlle. Arnavon about taking rooms there. After a very satisfactory call we rode to rue Boissonade to call on Miss Parker and Miss Bowman. Our cocher took us by such an entirely different route from that of our previous trips that I, inflated by the success of my map, could not refrain from calling out:—"Cocher, je ne pense pas que c'est le cheniere à la rue Boissonade, c'est une petite rue a coté de l'amiture Mont Parnasse, et près du Palais du Luxembourg." "Oh, oui, oui," he replied placidly and drove straight on, fully convincing me that there was a thing or two I did not know about Paris. After a long ride on Boulevard Mont Parnasse we came to the familiar statue of Raspail, and the Boulevard named after the Promotor of Universal Suffrage and knew we were all right. Our call was only to Miss Parker, the others being out.

Sunday morning we attended the English Church in rue d'Aguesseau, where Ma had gone when she was over here before. It is old and rather shabby within and without, but we found to our surprise that they were celebrating the Feast of Harvest and the

church was beautifully decorated with grains, fruits, vegetables, flowers; the pink and white chrysanthemums producing a very pretty effect with the dainty little mosaics of the reredos. A woman sexton took us up the aisle and gave us *chairs* in one corner and everything was in the delightfully incongruous English fashion. A genuine Anglo-Saxon gave us a beautiful sermon from the text, "Gather the wheat into my barn," of which I enjoyed every word. The church is so near, and we found it so pleasing that we went again in the afternoon, and heard another thoroughly English sermon from another clergyman on the words, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord shall man live." The preacher said that we, who live in civilized countries, were not in danger of famine, and that he thought God humbled us now-a-days as individuals chiefly through sickness.

On our return through the rue Royale we stepped into the McAll Mission, or rather, one of its stations, as these are scattered all over Paris. The room was plain and bare, but well filled with the poorer class of people, who gave the most devout and most undivided attention to the service. Where we entered they were singing the hymn, *Après le mort*. Two discourses, in French, were given and I greatly enjoyed joining in the beautiful hymn; *Pour tourjour avec lui*. It does one good to think of the noble work that is being carried on here.

Monday morning we went again to the banker's, at the Place de l'Opéra, and then made up our minds to attend the German Opera at the Grand Opera House that night. We procured our tickets at the office

there without difficulty, and drove around early in the evening, as one's position in the box depends upon promptness. The exterior of the House far exceeds anything of the kind elsewhere, with its carvings, busts in external niches, and gilded figures; but, in my opinion the auditorium itself is not superior to many others. The superb stairways and landings in white marble, the colossal statues of musicians (Lulli's being the only name I could decipher) the frescos, and the numerous halls for promenades, cafes, and so forth, give it its reputation for grandeur.

*Lohengrin* was the opera given, and Mme. Rose Carron, Fierens, and Vandyk were the principal singers. When we arrived here this opera was being given for the first time in Paris, and there were almost nightly disturbances, both in the open Square and in the House itself, fomented by the political demagogues who hate everything belonging to Germany. But after eight hundred arrests, all has been quiet and peaceful. The Wagner Opera is not a pastime, though it is a delight to *study* its thematic treatment and endeavor to keep pace with the exquisite anticipations and unexpected resolution which characterize it, and I enjoyed all this extravagantly.

Today we visited the Church St. Roche, in the rue St. Honoré. It is not more than two hundred years old, and is plain externally. But it was from the high portico of this church that Napoleon turned his cannon upon the people during the days of the Directory, and shot them down like dogs in the street, and it contains celebrated tombs and many works of art. First in interest is the tomb of the great Corneille. It is simplicity itself, both in construction and inscription;

the former being simply a mural monument without decoration, and the latter merely telling one that "*Le Grand Corneille est enhumé dans cette église.*" A black marble mural slab with long and elaborate inscription commemorates the death of Bossuet, but the great Bishop of Meaux is not buried here.

Among the more interesting tombs are those of Mignard the Painter, the Marquis de Crequy, and the Abbé L'Eppé, the centenary of whose death has recently been celebrated. The pulpit is one of the most curious and beautiful things. It is supported by four sitting figures in bronze, whose expressions of lofty moral purpose, veneration, and religious zeal are truly magnificent.

There are twenty-one chapels and three or four pictures in each one, beside many on the walls in other places. Among them I noticed the *Preaching of St. Roche*, who was like St. Luke a beloved physician, and there are several pictures of special cures performed by him; *Christ Blessing Little Children*; *the Penitent Magdalen*; *the Preaching of St. Denis*, which is very large, and is opposite to an equally large painting of *The Vision of Ste. Genevieve*; *The Raising of Jairus' Daughter*, in which the expression of the young girl is very sweet, noble, and exalted, and strikingly like that of my eldest sister when a child; *Abraham Interceding for Sodom*; *The Presentation of Christ in the Temple*; a fine, dark *St. Sebastian*, and several pictures of *The Dead Christ*. Among the statues, *The Baptism of Christ*, and the figures of Pope Leo the great, and St. Marul, are the only ones I can remember.

But the most curious thing here is a large chapel

containing the Rocks of Calvary. In among these dark, piled up rocks are three groups of statuary in white marble:—*The Roman Soldiers Nailing the Body of the Savior to the Cross*; *The Crucifixion* itself, which is in an elevated recess lighted only from above; and the *Deposition in the Sepulchre*. Though there is an entire absence of color, a remarkably lifelike appearance characterizes these works, and one almost feels that it is sacrilegious to look upon them as tourists.

Paris, 53 Avenue d'Iena

*Monday, Oct. 19th.* Last Wednesday we packed up all our belongings and came out here for the remainder of our stay. It is so spacious, airy, and beautiful, that we are pleased with the change for the time. Thursday afternoon we walked to the Hotel Royale on Avenue de Friedland to call on Miss Barnum, but found her out. Then as Avenue Hoche was so near, we went in the American Legation to call on the Reids. It is an exquisite little palace, the shrubbery adding such a charm. We seem to be fated to find people out, and hence were not surprised here. But the beauty of the evening was too much for us, and, calling a coupé we were soon dashing out into the Bois again. Ma went into the Jardin d'Acclimatation again to buy some flower seeds, but I stayed out and saw four bridal parties make their entrance, according to the very queer custom of the bourgeoisie.

Friday we went to the Palais de l'Industrie to attend a concert, something on the principle of "O, 'tis only Music's charm can sweetly soothe and not betray." We were amply rewarded for this trust. The program

consisted entirely of vocal music, and selections from many different operas. There were five very superior soloists, Lafont from La Scala, and Malzac from the Grande Théâtre de Génève. I enjoyed everything, but especially Malzac's *Rondeau of the Golden Calf*, from *Faust*, and the Quartette, from *Rigoletto*, which were captivating.

The immense building itself has a glass arched roof-ing, and the concert had the effect of being an open air entertainment, while all around were the booths filled with merchandise of every variety, all having in aspect of a permanent World's Fair.

After the concert we wandered around a little, passing the exquisite display of Limoges china, the Mysterious Grotto, the Venetian and Florentine sculptures in wood, terra cotta, and marble. Among these last was a Marguerite in Carrara marble, the bust of a young girl entitled *Les Larmes d'Amour*, and one called *La Reine des Fleurs*; an exquisite nameless Head, of Italian physiognamy and numberless Cupids. Then among the Danish terracottas there was a small copy of Thorwalsden's *Hebe*, a fine head of *Ajax*, and the most beautiful Head of *Caesar Augustus* that I have ever seen anywhere. The display of Venetian glass and Milanese candelebra was very fine too.

While we were gone we had a call from Mrs. Fawcett, and knowing that she expected to leave Paris shortly we returned her call at Hotel Castille Saturday afternoon. We transacted some business and were very courteously driven to the Louvre by Mrs. F.

I find that of all the places we have visited here (and they are 43 thus far in number) none gives me the pleasure afforded by the Louvre. Entering a new hall

this time we remarked Guérin's *Hector, Andromache, and Astyanax*, a very beautiful domestic scene in colors of exquisite modulation, but I am skeptical enough to wonder whether they ever knew any such "sober certainly of waking bliss." *The Sleeping Hermit*, with his violin, by Vien was a strange, weird thing. *La Melancolie*, by Lagrenée represented a lovely young girl's blonde face, "within the shadow, cold and still of some fair joy's eclipse."

In the hall of Artists' Portraits I noticed Marie Thérèse Reboul Vien, 1728-1805, Mme. Handebourg, 1845, and Madame Cheron (Le Hay), 1648-1711. Lesneure's *Annunciation* pleased me much and Mig-nard's *Virgin with the Grapes* is soft and refined. *Pope Nicholas V Before the Body of St. Francis of Assisi*, by La Hyre, was very striking, as the body of the dead Saint is standing upright and the vested Prelate is examining the stigmata in his feet. *The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander*, by Lebrun combines historical, emotional, and artistic excellence. Le Sueur's *St. Paul at Ephesus*, or *The Burning of the Books*, is a forcible illustration. But *Athaliah Driven from the Temple*, by Coypel, enthralled us for a long time. The boy-king, Joash, sitting on the throne, the High Priest, the enraged Athaliah struggling with the soldiers, the intense passion and excitement of every person portrayed, all go to make a wonderfully powerful work. *The Resurrection of Lazarus*, by Jouvenet, is on a grand scale, and Jordaen's delineation of *Christ Driving the Money-Changers from the Temple* is masterly in its realistic vigor. Pousina's *Moses in the Ark of Bulrushes*, Van Loo's *Portrait of Marie Lescinska*, David's *Oath of the Horatii*, Tocquè's

*Marie Lesczinska*, and Bourdon's *Descent from the Cross*, are worthy of notice.

One entire room is devoted to Le Sueur's delineation of the *Life of St. Bruno*, founder of the Carthusians. And another room consists of *Views of French Sea-Ports*, by Joseph Vernet.

The English School is represented by a few feeble works by Constable, and the *Portrait of Lord Whitworth*, ambassador at Paris, 1802, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. *The Miracle of St. Hyacinth*, by Colombe, must be noticed by one who cares for legends of the monastic Orders. The Saint carries an image of the Virgin in one hand, and in the other a covered chalice, from which rays of light proceed; the attitudes of the adoring people around are very interesting.

Then we came upon the series of *Marie de Medici* pictures by Rubens, *The Marriage of Marie and Henry IV*, heading the list. The freshness and vigor of the great Flemming could not but be enjoyable, after the tameness of his French contemporaries.

Then I had the privilege of seeing the marvelous *Portrait of Mère Catherine Agnes Arnauld*, Philippe de Champagne's most celebrated picture, which, as a work of this kind, seems to stand alone. There are two Nuns, the other one being the artist's own daughter, in the Port Royal costume,—white dresses with a large red cross on the breast, and black veils; one is sitting, the other kneeling, and both figures are full of a dignity that is sublime.

The immense canvas of *The Triumph of Religion*, by Rubens; *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, by Bloemaert; *The Virgin with the Donors*, by Van Dyck; *St.*

*Charles Borromeo during the Pestilence at Milan*, by Van Oost; Philip of Champagne's *Magdalen Washing the Savior's Feet*; Ruben's *Elijah in the Desert Fed by an Angel*; Rembrandt's *Good Samaritan*, all in brown, and very realistic; one of Rubens' terribly sad *Crucifixions*; a very small and lovely picture of *Charles I's Children*, by Van Dyck, and the portraits of Charles Louis, Duke of Bavaria and his brother Robert, Duke of Cumberland (both of whom are dangerously handsome), by Van Dyck, are all works of supreme merit and the greatest fascination.

The rich, deep sunlight streaming into these halls at this hour gave the pictures an added glory. To my great distress we just reached the Spanish School at the hour for closing the Museum. I had but a glance at Murillo's *Zurbaran and Spagnoletto*, and as I hope to go again and study them at leisure, I shall not make any mention of them now.

*Wednesday, Oct. 21st.* Sunday was St. Luke, the Evangelist's day, and in the morning we attended the Victoria Jubilee Church, which is very near, in the rue des Bassins. It is very pretty, but cannot compare with the American Church. The text of the original sermon delivered was, "And Luke, whose praise is in the Gospel," dwelling strangely enough, but to Ma's delight, upon the tradition that St. Luke was a painter, and basing upon this the praise of art.

In the afternoon we walked to the American Church and heard a splendid discourse from Dr. Morgan from the words, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" and at night we went again to the Victoria Church and heard a very young man preach one of the most strik-

ing sermons I have ever heard, on Moral Courage. He said people who were ignorant of music must have courage to say that they were, for the affection of pretending to enjoy music when they did not would weaken and lower the whole tone of their character.

As Monday was a very cloudy, threatening day we only took a walk out of rue Pauquet into Avenue Marceau and rue Pierre Charron, but we were joined by a sweet American girl, who had lost her way, and begged to be started in the right direction. Tuesday we visited the Museum of Comparative Sculptures in the Trocadéro. This oriental palace in the form of a crescent, with its lofty minarets which can be seen from almost any point of view is among the improvements due to Napoleon III.

The collection of Mediaeval carvings here affords a fine field for study. A cornice from the Cathedral of Chartres, consisting of the extremely long drawn out figures of a man and woman, very quaint and naive, was the first work I noticed. The façade of St. Lazare at Avallon, of the 12th century, was rich and heavy. That from the Cathedral of Paris (of which there were many other portions scattered around) contained twenty figures in the lower division, some in the act of conversing, and all very animated. The enormous statue of a mounted knight killing a griffin is a masterpiece. The clustered capital from the Cultural of Rheims and the Tomb of St. Stephen at Aubazine reveal the infinite resources of this marvelous age. And as we passed on from one marvel to another we could not help being diverted by that humorous treatment of the most solemn subjects which was a characteristic feature of

the Middle Ages. In the *Last Judgment*, from the Cathedral of Bourges, this is very perceptible, the condemned being hurried down into the boiling caldron by grinning fiends of half animal-like aspect. The Portal of Bordeaux contains six Bishops around the Arch, and the *Last Supper*, in the Tympanum. The Tomb of Francis II, Duc de Bretagne, and Marguerite de Foix at Nantes, the rich door from the Cathedral of Beauvais, and a specimen from the Eglise St. Just at Narbonne, show how rich France is in these proofs of consummate genius. There were giants in the earth in those days.

To facilitate the study of Mediaeval architecture, one hall is devoted to cases of the most superb photographs of works not yet copied in casts and another to specimens of ornamentation.

The hall of busts was very entertaining:—J. B. Rosseau, the poet; two of Voltaire, sadly unattractive, I must say, though this is partly due to emaciation (such a large part of human beauty is purely physical); a lovely head of Mme. Elizabeth when a young girl, so proud and yet so sensitive, it almost brought tears to one's eyes; *The Wife of Mathias Corvinus*; busts of unnamed Florentines, by Pollapiolo and Fiesole; of Louis XV and XVI at different ages, and a most exquisite head of Molière when young, such dazzling intellectuality beaming from his eyes that exclamations of admiration were *forced* from our lips. *The Dying Adonis*, by Michael Angelo, the Bust of Viollet Le Duc, Houdon's colossal stature of St. Bruno; the very striking Tomb of Louis de Brieze, the Tomb of the little children of Charles VII at Tours, the lofty and elaborate tombs and recumbent effigies of

Charles the Bold, and Mary of Burgundy, the curious Fontaine de Moise, by Claux Sluter of the 15th century, and many other things which I find it is taking me too long to chronicle, will linger in my memory and modify my future reading.

*Monday, Oct. 26th.* As the weather still continued cloudy, we did nothing more on Wednesday but walk to the Trocadére to buy our tickets for the Grand Matinée for the benefit of the Association of Dramatic Artists, to take place Thursday. We attended this with Mlle. Arnavon, the Misses Alexander, and Miss Moody, though we found that our seats were far apart. The amphitheatre in which the entertainment was held seemed to me the largest place of its kind, I have ever seen, though it may not have been so. But as the seats do really rise one above the other, and ours were very high, we could have a good view of the enormous crowd. Getting our seats was an achievement of the first order. Of course everything was on the highest order, but the program was long and wearisome to a foreigner, though the three Coquelins, Kam-Hill and Mme. Ladouszky fully compensated us. I hardly know what to say of my first experience of French acting. It is so entirely unlike any other. It does not verify the dictum that it is the height of art to conceal art, but rather makes one dwell upon the infinite labor involved in acquiring such perfect detail.

On our return we found that we had missed a call from Honorable and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. At night Mlle. Arnavon received her friends and with music, dancing, and lively conversation, a very enjoyable evening was passed. My music has been in even greater demand here than at the "Castille," and on

this occasion it gave me special pleasure to play for the enthusiastic French people.

Friday was another gloomy day but we gradually wound ourselves up to the point of sallying forth for the Sorbonne. The drive thither took us through one of the oldest and strangest parts of the city, into the rue des Ecoles, past the famous Ecole de Medicine and near the old Hotel de Cluny and Palais des Thermes. Of course the present building of the Sorbonne, or what is called the old part, only dates back to the time of Richelieu and 1642, but this plot of ground itself has been an asylum of learning for 600 years without a break! And, as I love metaphysics incomparably more than any other study, it seemed only right and fitting to be paying tribute at this stronghold of scholasticism and shrine of philosophy.

The immense courtyard was well filled with students at this hour and there were various evidences that ladies were not expected there. So we only saw the medallioned heads of Le Clerq and Cousin, the queer old clock, and the general dreariness, and then hurried into the church. At the entrance is one of the most beautiful pictures I have seen anywhere,—*Robert de Sorbonne presenting Young Students in Theology to St. Louis*, painted by Hesse. The coloring, chiefly in yellow and dark blue, the action, the historical and intellectual interest makes this a captivating work.

Then Richelieu's Tomb in white marble, the dying Cardinal being supported by one allegorical figure, while another at his feet is prostrated with grief, would be of supreme interest if it were not Richelieu's! Behind it is a large fresco by Timbal illustrating the *History of Theology*, in which I was delighted to find

that I could identify St. Jerome, Athanasius, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bruno, and Fénelon.

Driving hence we visited the new Sorbonne, which is on a scale corresponding with all the magnificence of the new part of Paris, and saw the grand white marble sitting figures of Euclid and Homer. We then stopped before the College of France, founded by Francis the first in 1536. In the open square are a fine, large statue of Claude Bernard, the Physiologist, and a very peculiar small statue of Dante. We could not find anyone to show us the interior and left forthwith for St. Germaine des Prés, on the way seeing the statue of Danton which has just been erected:—not that it gave me any pleasure to see it, far from it,—I am utterly out of sympathy with the soul that pays homage to Danton.

The old Abbey of St. Germaine des Prés numbering kings and cardinals among its abbots, and existing as a Christian church, with short breaks made by the Communists, from the time of Hugh Capet, occupies a square, and is extremely picturesque, being very much blackened and defaced by the flight of time. But the interior has been magnificently restored, chiefly by Hippolyte Flandrin, who adorned the walls of the nave with a double row of frescos, illustrating one scene from the Old Testament and one from the New, the type, and antitype, all the way down:—*Adam and Eve, after the Fall*, and *The Annunciation*, and so forth. The frescos in the choir are on a gold background and represent *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, and *Christ Bearing his Cross*. The tomb of Casimir V, King of Poland, who abdicated to resume his cowl, in this Abbey, is of interest, and there are many

other things deserving notice, but it was growing so dark and uncanny that we were afraid to stay longer.

On Saturday we visited the finest of the four Jewish Synagogues here, in the rue de la Victoire. It is hemmed in by ordinary buildings in a very narrow street, but has external carving and a deep portico supported by round, low arches, something on the Moorish order. All within is very rich and handsome, the galleries being sustained by these same arches. The chancel is divided into three sections, each rising above the other, with pulpit and reading and prayer desks very much like those of our Episcopal churches. On the highest platform is the tabernacle or alcove, and it seemed to me to contain a tablet. The stained glass is very beautiful and the absence of a figure or symbol of any kind was very noticeable. The guide told us that the women sat in the gallery.

As the weather continued rainy all day Sunday we attended the Victoria Church (or St. George's, as it is now beginning to be called) both morning and night. The young Assistant gave us a short discourse on Sincerity in the morning, and the rector Rev. George Washington preached at night on St. Paul's words, "I know how to abound," telling us that it was not worth while to accumulate knowledge unless we were going to have some definite idea what to do with it. Today is the first day that I have been housed, but the severity of my cold renders all protest useless.

*Thursday, Oct. 29th.* On Tuesday I seemed a little better and the weather being very beautiful, indeed what I call deliciously beautiful,—Ma and I decided to go to the Louvre. Going at once to the Spanish De-

partment I realized all my expectations of enjoyment:—first in Murillo's *Miracle of San Diego*, known as *La Cuisine des Anges*, an oblong canvas representing the kitchen of a poor monastery in Spain, in which angels and cherubs of most exquisite grace and beauty are at work with pans and kettles, providing and preparing food; while at one end the enraptured Saint is caught up in an ecstasy, and a group of monks stand at the door.

Murillo's *Nativity of the Virgin*, another oblong picture,—in which the coloring is exceedingly delicate and the deeply devotional spirit in which the scene is conceived conveys the idea of the supernatural significance of this birth, independently of the angel visitant with which the humble room is filled; another *Immaculate Conception* in which the very youthful Virgin is looking down, so tender, gentle, and ethereal she does indeed seem to be free from every suggestion of sin; while a group of dark, solemn saints in one corner have a vision of her; a *Madonna and Child*, in which not even the traditional colors are used, so wonderfully natural is Murillo's treatment of this simple theme! Two small works,—*Christ at the Column* and *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*, and *A Street Boy* by the incomparable Master; then Ribera's (i. e. Spagnoletto's) *Entombment of Christ*, so fearfully dark and mournful; *St. Paul as a Hermit*, and *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, still solemn, but natural and lovely; Zurbarán's *Funeral of a Bishop*, and *The Conference of St. Peter of Nola, and St. Raymond of Pennaforte*, both very dignified and grand; and finally Morale's *Christ Bearing His Cross*, which is, I think, the very saddest thing I have ever seen.

The difference between the Flemish and the Spanish works is that the anguish of the former is one that cries out and will be heard while the anguish of the latter is

"A grief without a pang,  
Void, dark and drear,  
Which finds no outlet or relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear."

Then we had time to notice the exquisite genre pieces in which the Louvre abounds; charming landscapes by Reysdael, Vander Helst, Van Ostade, and so forth. *The Pilgrims of Emmaus*, by Stantvoust, in which the astonishment, joy, and awe of the Disciples as the Savior is thrown to them in the breaking of the bread, is very beautifully portrayed; Van Dyck's *Sara Presenting Hagar to Abraham*, and *Abraham's Sending Hagar and Ishmael away*; Van Dyck's *Christ Bewailed by the Virgin and Angels*; Rembrandt's *Angel Raphael Leaving Tobias*; Cavadone's lovely *St. Cecilia Seated at the Organ*; Feti's *La Mélancolie*; Solimena's *Heliodorus Chased from the Temple*; Zampieri's *St. Cecilia Playing the Violincello*; Zampieri's *David Playing the Harp*. We also recognized Tenier's *Temptation of St. Anthony*, and the *Denial of St. Peter*, of which we have excellent copies at home. A fine copy of Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, by Marco d'Oggiono; Titian's remarkable *Portrait of Francis I*, Titian's *Christ Crowned with Thorns*, in which there is an element of violence that I do not like; Raphael's *St. Catherine of Alexandria*; Titian's *Man with the Glove*, an unknown *Portrait* of remarkable power and marvelous chiaroscuro; Titian's *Madonna del Coniglio*,—a beautiful rural scene. Sassoferato's *Infant Jesus*

*Asleep*; Holbein's portraits of Sir Thomas More (who looks very cross) and Erasmus,—just about as non-committal as one would expect; Holbein's portrait of Henry VIII's astronomer, extremely intellectual and wide-awake; the portrait of the great and good L'Hôpital, Rigaud's portrait of Bossuet, and Velásquez's portrait of the little Marie Marguerite, daughter of Philip IV are among the works which I know I shall never forget.

Wednesday found me very sick again, and it was only by the kindness of Mlle. Arnavon and Miss Barnum (who is now boarding here) that I was bolstered up enough to get out today to make preparations for leaving Paris. And now farewell to the gay capital, so exhaustless in its resources of diversions! And yet I think no mistake could be greater than to suppose that the Parisians do nothing but divert themselves. Judging by ocular evidence, they are the busiest people to be found anywhere. Such perfection in all the details of living is not attained without labor and thought, and while their bright sky instigates them to enjoy themselves, there is a naiveté, and a refinement ever in their grossest forms of pleasure.

In our many drives we have traversed the Faubourg St. Germaine—the quarter of the aristocracy of blood, where the different Departments of State are situated, notably those of War, Public Instruction, and the Interior, with their heavy ornamentation and imposing courtyards, we have grown familiar with the Chamber of Deputies (the old Bourbon Palace) with its four fine sitting figures of Suger, D'Aquesseau, L'Hôpital, and Colbert, with the Palais de l'Institute, once

Mazarin's Palace, and now the rendez-vous of that select circle which it is the highest ambition of every literary and scientific man in France to join; with the Place de Carrousel, where Marat's body was exposed first to honor, then to ignominy; we have had a fine view of the magnificent new Hotel de Ville, with its myriad statues and superb equestrian figure of Etienne Marcel; have seen in the far distance the glorious Column of July, have passed and peered into the pretty palace on Avenue Kléber called the Hotel Basilewski, where the exiled Queen Isabella of Spain resides; and of course have become more than familiar with the unrivaled Place de la Concorde; the statues; the fountains with their arched jets; and the rose-tinted Obelisk which, so far from carrying one's thoughts back to the hoary age of Rameses the Great, springs into th bright blue sky with a perennial freshness which suggests on the contrary nothing but perpetual youth.

#### MARSEILLES

##### 41 Cours Pierre Puget

Nov. 7th. When we left Paris on Friday morning, Oct. 30th, it was our intention to stop over at Lyons on our way down here, but as soon as we took our seats in the coupé we were accosted by such pleasant English ladies that what with enjoyable conversation, the easiest car-traveling imaginable, the bitter cold, and the fact that our new friends offered to take us with them to a hotel in Marseilles, we suddenly changed our plans and came right through.

After a good night's rest at the "Terminus," we proceeded to get our baggage and drive to Charlie's

domicile, thus taking him (rather unfairly) completely by surprise. Of course we greatly enjoyed meeting them all again, and especially the dear baby. The flat is spacious, tasteful, and lovely, and it is a weird kind of life to be at home with one's own family in this very ancient city. Saturday is Grace's reception day, and we met the British Consul's family, the Chaplain's wife, Mrs. Skeggs, and the old Doctor Pirondi. On Sunday morning we all attended the English Church—in a long narrow room devoted for the purpose in a big house on rue Sylvabelle, and in the afternoon I went out with Charlie, and rode in the street car along the Corniche road, drinking in the beauty of the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean, the villas perched up on the cliffs, and the rich somber shrubbery.

Monday morning Ma and I took a lovely walk up on Colline Puget, which is at the end of our street. It is beautifully terraced and the ivy, laurel, holly, palms, and so forth, are luxuriant beyond description. The view from the very top is superb, for nothing can be more beautiful than the sea here—dashing up over the rocks and anon fading away into illimitable space.

Tuesday Charlie took us on the Prado and the Corniche, and Wednesday we went down to the Docks, there took a cab and drove to the Quai des Anglais,—one of the finest seawalls in the world. The sun was setting, and the new moon rising, and the light on the water was indescribably beautiful; the sea itself a perfect symbol of calm, blotting out all thought of petty human passions, while down in the docks, and in the brilliantly illuminated city the noise and bustle of ceaseless traffic reigned supreme.

Thursday we walked to one of the open squares and heard a military band discourse mediocre music, seeing human nature in the raw material, for one note of music not only brings the whole world out of doors, but makes it kin in these fair Southern climes. Friday I went with Grace to the dressmaker's, and today we received again and met very pleasant French people.

*Saturday, Nov. 14th.* On Sunday the Consular Chaplain gave us a good sermon from the text, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Monday was a day of indoor occupation, and Tuesday a tussle with the Modiste, Mme. Charbonier.

Wednesday afternoon we called on the wife of the Russian Consul, Mme. Kartchewsky, one of Grace's most intimate friends, as foreign social etiquette requires that the stranger shall call first. Mme. Kartchewsky before her marriage was the Princess Suze, and we also met there the Honorable Mrs. Harris, daughter of an English nobleman, and wife of a British Consul at Copenhagen. Mme. K's rooms are very handsome indeed, and filled with costly bric-a-brac, beautiful pictures (which I was aching to examine), and gilded furniture.

Thursday was a day of exquisite beauty and we made the most of it by going to the Palais de Longchamps. Its grand cascade, striking colonnade, and the gigantic balls of the fountain were shown to great advantage in the dazzling sunshine, and against the cloudless blue of the sky. We went into the Musée des Beaux Arts, and found the pictures decidedly better than I had expected. *The Battle of Rocroy*, by Féron, *the Farewell of Leonidas*, by Couder, an Indian

*Hunting Scene*, and a classical Greek *Hunting Scene*, a fearful representation of *The Conclave of the Gods on Chaining Prometheus to the Rock*, a really beautiful idealization of *Iphigenie en Tauride*, (the legend of Iphigenia sacrificing the shipwrecked stranger in Taurica) in which the ill-starred girl comes forth from the bed-chamber, all in white, to meet the exquisite Achilles, the hero of her dreams; a modern *Deposition* by Castelman, closely copied after the Masters, but interesting withal; and upstairs Mme. de Pompadour, painted as Aurora by Nattier; several well painted scenes of *The Docks and Wharves of Marseilles*; two beautiful landscapes, several pretty sheep scenes; an *Enthroned Madonna* by Perugino—the gem of the collection, a most fascinating portrait of the Provençal poet, Frederick Mistral, a copy of Raphael's *St. John*, a queer conglomeration called *La Vierge Consolatrice*, in which the Virgin is surrounded by women of all descriptions, high and low, rich and poor, "some more, some less, but of the whole not one quite happy, no, not one"; a very fine large painting of the last meeting of the Girondists; a highly dramatic scene of three of the Revolutionists,—probably Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, in frenzied altercation; Josephine preparing for the coronation ceremony, and an Arab girl with her dog, were among the most striking, while among the sculptures, a dreamy girl entitled *Meditation*, and a full length statue of Thiers, were the only ones that interested me.

We then went into the lovely Jardin behind the Palais, and looking down from one of the stairways, the view is one of the most romantic I have ever seen. The music was good and the zoölogical collection in-

teresting, especially the Bird of Paradise and the Sacred Ibis, and we all enjoyed our dear baby's enjoyment of the animals.

Friday we called on the British Consul's family, and took tea with them in the prescribed English style. Mr. Percival himself fell to my lot, and gave vent to such red hot Tory sentiments, that my intensely democratic sympathies were stirred, and I must have appeared a perfect simpleton to him, as I did not think it worthwhile to tell him that I did not agree with a word he said.

*Thursday, Nov. 19th.* On Saturday last the treat of our stay here occurred, for we made the ascent of Notre Dame de la Garde. The striking Romanesque basilica, built in alternate courses of white and black marble, crowned behind by a cupola, and in front by a square tower surmounted by a colossal figure of the Virgin holding the Child, can be seen in almost every part of the city, and from many points of view, as it stands absolutely alone on the highest mass of rocks within the city limits.

We drove up the hill in a carriage and then walked up almost countless flights of steps, separated by broad terraces. As one stops at each of these to look down upon the sea and the city, it seems impossible that the view can get any finer. But it keeps on widening at every ascent, until the sensation is more nearly that of being up in a balloon than any I ever expected to experience. One is, indeed, suspended above a wide territory,—the sea, the pine groves, the mountains, and the vast city affording a most beautiful variety of scenery. The day was so perfect, that I can say with