



LILIAN WHITING

nal of Boston has printed it three times, and in July, 1908, ten years after its first publication, it reappeared in the columns of the *Cosmopolitan*. It was this story that former President Roosevelt recommended as "a tract in all families where the men folks tend to selfish or thoughtless or overbearing disregard of the rights of their womankind."

Boston in the fifties, Lilian Whiting tells us in her *Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend*, had little to boast of in the artistic line, but in its intellectual life it had long been distinguished among American cities. In the early years of Mrs. Moulton's life there Lowell gave his course of lectures on "Poetry" before the Lowell Institute, and Curtis his course on "Bulwer and Disraeli." Longfellow at this time was writing "Hiawatha"; Richard Grant White was often coming over from New York to confer with the Cambridge group on nice points in his edition of *Shakespeare*. The interest in literature is illustrated by the fact that when "Maud" appeared in the summer of 1855

Longfellow and George William Curtis made a pilgrimage to Newport to read and discuss it with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Mrs. Moulton made her first visit to Europe in 1876. Her poems had been published in England, and her welcome at the hands of London literary men and women seems to have been very genuine. It was at a breakfast given in her honour by Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) that she first met Browning.

Shortly after I came into the room, Lord Houghton, whose voice was very low, brought a gentleman up to me whose name I failed to hear. My fellow-guest had a pleasant face, and was dressed in grey; he sat down beside me, and talked in a lively way on every-day topics until Lord Houghton came to take me in to table. Opposite to us sat Miss Milnes, now Lady Fitzgerald, between two gentlemen, one of whom was the man in grey. Presently Lord Houghton asked me if I thought Browning looked like his pictures. "Browning?" I asked. "Where is he?" "Why, there, sitting beside my daughter," he replied. But, as there were two gentlemen sitting beside Miss Milnes, I sat during the remainder of the breakfast with a divided mind, wondering which of these two men was Browning. After going back to the drawing-room my friend in grey again



ELIZA CALVERT HALL



L. C. MOULTON

came and sat beside me, so I plucked up courage and said, "I understand Mr. Browning is here; will you kindly tell me which he is?" He looked half puzzled, half amused, for a moment; then he called out to some one standing near, "Look here, Mrs. Moulton wants to know which one of us is Browning. *C'est moi!*" he added with a gay gesture.

Readers of George du Maurier's *The Martian* will recall the extraordinary English of the Frenchmen who were sup-

posed to teach English in the French school attended by Barty Joselyn and Robert Maurice. Du Maurier might have been describing the poet Stephen Mallarmé whom Mrs. Moulton met in London and with whom she formed a close friendship. Mallarmé was at this time professor of English in a French college, and his use of that language afforded Mrs. Moulton some amusement. "He always addressed me in the third person," she related, "and he made three syllables



JULES GUÉRIN, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "THE HOLY LAND"

of 'themselves.' He spoke of useless things as 'unuseful.' Mrs. Moulton saw much of Mallarmé later in Paris, and when she was about to cross the Channel once more Monsieur and Madame Mal-

larmé came to pay a parting call. 'We have wishéd,' began the poet, mustering his best English in compliment to the occasion, 'Madame and I have wishéd to make to Madame Moulton a souvenir for the



ROBERT HICHENS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY LAND"

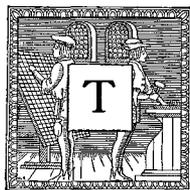
good-bye, and we have thought much, we have considered the preference beautiful of Madame, so refined; and we do reflect that as Madame is pleased to so graciously the dolls of Paris like, we have

wished to a doll present her. Will Madame do us the pleasure great to come out and choose with us a doll, *très jolie*, that may have the pleasure to please her?"



By ISABEL

FLOYD-JONES



THE inspiration of one of the most frequently sung operas, and itself perhaps the finest short story ever written, Prosper Merimée's *Carmen*, hardly had need of the bringing forward of its heroine's great-granddaughter to secure its perennial popularity. The fact is, however, that the young lady, Mintz Nadushka, has recently become the wife of a Parisian journalist, M. Léon Roger.

As a side issue resulting from one of Merimée's archæological surveys of Spain he recounted the history of one Don José Navarro, Brigadier of Cavalry in the Almunza Regiment, who first met at Seville a *gitana*, Carmen, so called—"La Carmencita." The soldier fell in love with her, killed her lover and then took up the life of a smuggler, committing further crimes from day to day. Carmen preferred, however, a picador of the Plaza Toro to the gallant Cavalier. The soldier in a jealous fury knifed the bull-fighter to his death, buried him with his own hands and gave himself up a prisoner. Upon these slight but moving facts of history Merimée founded his *picaresque* romance. That the incident, or incidents, existed in the real there is no doubt, and now comes on the scene, in the Paris of the twentieth century, Madame Léon Roger, to give another air of reality to the tale.

To begin with, Carmen was a Spanish name adapted by Merimée for his hero-

ine—for, well, for many reasons, perhaps, but at all events it was wrong to give it to a *gitana*, the more so since Madame Roger tells us that a gipsy would never bear a patronymic thus: that her real name was Ar Mintz, signifying the tigress or the untamable. Merimée did well, or ill, to change the name. It all depends upon the point of view; Carmen is smoother to the speech, but it lacks, after all, the picturesque force of the Roman nomenclature. Possibly it was by intent that Merimée thought to shield the family, whose name was Nadushka, from any hurt.

The tribe had camped in the environs of Gibraltar, at Algeciras across the bay—how many conducted or non-conducted steamship tourists know this—and pursued the happy, care-free and profitable life of smugglers.

From her infancy Carmen vagabonded over the highways and byways of all Iberia with never a care save that her happy, roving life should lead her into no disaster. By night or day, by pale moon or dazzling sun, it was ever the same: March! March! March!

Very young, Carmen first married a *gitana* of her tribe, Yaleo, without doubt the one Merimée called Garcia le Borgne, but who, as a smuggler, was subsequently killed in a fight with the customs officers. Was Ar Mintz, or Carmen, a cigarette-maker at Seville? That no one knows. It was a picturesque environment in which to put the leading character of a