

view of his character, is a matter for the future to decide. AN OBSERVER.

# THE GRANDE MADemoISELLE.—I.

PARIS, December 19, 1901.

The memoirs of the Grande Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston d'Orléans and a niece of Louis XIII., are in every historical library. They are a very valuable document on a highly interesting period—all the more, perhaps, as they are very artless and devoid of all literary pretensions. Madame Arvède Barine has used them largely in writing 'La Jeunesse de la Grande Mademoiselle (1627-1652).' It is very readable, and has all the merit of her former works, already very numerous. Among them I will cite only 'Portraits of Women [Mrs. Carlyle, George Eliot], 'Princesses and Great Ladies [Marie Mancini, Queen Christine, the Duchess du Maine, the Margrave de Bayreuth].' If I had to criticise these historical studies, I should say that the author does not enter enough into the spirit and atmosphere of old times; she cannot help being very subjective, and she interjects here and there words and remarks which savor too much not only of the present time, but even of Parisian life. There is at times in the expression of her thoughts what I should almost call a journalistic turn, which produces on the reader the effect of a dissonance in a succession of grave musical sounds.

The "Grande Mademoiselle" is certainly one of the most original figures of her time. "One cannot say," writes Arvède Barine, "that she figured in the foreground. Hers was a rather small genius . . . But this adventurous and picturesque woman was eminently one of those personages whom Emerson called representative. The spectacle of her agitated existence is a marvellous commentary on the profound transformation which occurred, towards the midst of the seventeenth century, in the sentiments of France." This transformation coincided with the civil wars and the troubles of the Fronde; and the Grande Mademoiselle was one of the actors in the Fronde. "In the first part of her life, none of the great ladies of the Fronde was more than she a heroine of Corneille, none had a more boundless desire for greatness, a more superb contempt of low passions—and among these Mademoiselle placed love." Generalizations are always dangerous: Arvède Barine would have it that the Grande Mademoiselle's early career is typical of the Cornelian spirit, while in the latter part of her life she represents the Racinian type. *Pauline* of "Polyeucte", and *Phèdre* of Racine's tragedy are two representatives of the passion of love, who, in Mme. Barine's mind, show the transformation that took place in the French mind and French manners from the time of Louis XIII. to the time of Louis XIV.

The Grande Mademoiselle, Duchess de Montpensier, was the daughter of Gaston d'Orléans and of a distant cousin of the royal family, Marie de Bourbon, Duchess de Montpensier. It is difficult to be too hard on Gaston d'Orléans; his portrait by Arvède Barine is only too exact. I will cite it, chiefly in order to show this author's *manière*:

"Her father," she says, "resembled our decadents. His nerves were out of order,

his will abolished, yet he dreamed of accomplishing rare and singular deeds. . . . He was, *en chair et en os*, in the seventeenth century, the Prince whom our modern writers believe they have invented, and whom they like to introduce on the stage or in their novels; the living anachronism who has inherited the traditions of rugged ancestors, but who can place at their service only an enervated and unbalanced character."

At the age of eighteen, Gaston d'Orléans possessed the duchies of Orléans, of Chartres, the county of Blois, and a revenue of a million of livres. His wife was the richest heiress in the kingdom. She brought in dower the sovereignty of Dombes; the principality of La Roche-sur-Yon; the Duchies of Montpensier, Châtellerault, and St. Fargeau; a number of estates. Mademoiselle was born at the Louvre on the 29th of March, 1627; her mother died the seventh day after her birth. The child was educated at the Tuileries, which had not yet the dimensions they afterward acquired, and were then, so to speak, in the country.

She had a royal establishment, an army of servants and attendants. Her governess was a Madame de Saint-Georges, who knew the court well. She confessed afterwards that she was very badly educated; people spoke to her only of her high rank and of her great wealth. Madame de Saint-Georges was old-fashioned, and not one of those whom Molière afterwards described in the "Femmes Savantes." She believed that the greatest Princess in France knew enough if she knew how to read and write. The Memoirs of Mademoiselle show us the court of Louis XIII. and the great events of the time as they might be viewed by the most ignorant child. Cardinal Richelieu appeared to her a sort of monster, always ready to interfere with the amusements of the court. Speaking of the time when her father had left France, had become a rebel, and had remarried secretly with a sister of the Duke of Lorraine, she says:

"A great many things happened at that time. I was a child. I took part in nothing and could remark nothing. All I remember is a ceremony in which the Duke d'Elbeuf and the Marquis de la Vieuville were degraded from their orders. I saw their arms taken from the rank of the others; I asked the reason. I was told that this injury was done to them because they had followed Monsieur. I immediately began to weep."

When Mademoiselle came of age, the choice of a husband became the great pre-occupation of her life. Would her husband be a King, or merely a Royal Highness? The first candidate, who amused her only for a moment, was the Count de Soissons, who was commonly called Monsieur le Comte, a cousin of hers, a brilliant soldier, but a very ordinary man, who had followed the cause of Monsieur in his second rebellion. M. Le Comte was killed at the battle of La Marfée, and Mademoiselle understood, so she says simply, that "they were not made for each other." Mademoiselle cast eyes on the Cardinal-Infanta, Ferdinand, the third son of Philip III., who commanded in Flanders the army of the King of Spain. He was Archbishop of Toledo, but he had not been ordained as a priest, and he might take a wife. The Cardinal-Infanta died on the 9th of November, 1641, after a very short illness. We read in the memoirs that the Spaniards were accused of having poisoned him, "for fear lest he should make

himself master of Flanders by an alliance with France."

Soon afterwards the famous conspiracy of Saint-Mars opened the eyes of Mademoiselle to her own father's character. "Monsieur," says Arvède Barine, "surpassed himself in this crisis. He trembled and cried, he lied and denounced, with so much abjectness that the noise of his shame filled France and penetrated the Tuileries, where it threw Mademoiselle in despair. Her father deranged her theological ideas regarding Princes of the blood. How could a being who partook of divinity be so utterly contemptible?" When the Queen Henrietta of England, daughter of Henri IV. and wife of Charles I., took refuge in France, she thought of marrying her son to Mademoiselle; but the Prince of Wales was then very timid. He was younger by three years than Mademoiselle, and made a very unpleasant impression on her by his awkwardness. She tells us that at a representation of "Orphée" at the Palais-Royal, where she sat on a throne, magnificently dressed, with the Prince of Wales at her feet, she took pity on him. "My heart as well as my eyes looked down upon him; I had it in my mind to marry the Emperor."

She was for a time possessed with the idea of becoming Empress; so much so that when Ferdinand III. took a wife, she said: "The Empress is *enceinte* and will die in her confinement." Curiously enough, she did die, and Mademoiselle's hopes were revived.

"The desire to be Empress," she says, "which followed me everywhere, and which always seemed to me to be near fruition, made me think it would be well to cultivate beforehand habits which might be in conformity with the Emperor's humor. I had heard that he was devout, and, following his example, I became so devout myself that, after having feigned some time to be so, I experienced for a week the desire to make myself a nun at the Carmelites, but I confided this to nobody. I was so occupied with it that I could neither eat nor sleep. . . . I can say that during that week the Empire was nothing to me. I was not without some vanity in the idea of leaving the world at such a conjuncture."

This is certainly a most extraordinary confession, and we must agree with Arvède Barine when she says: "Having begun for political reasons to make the gestures and take the attitudes of devotion, she fell into her own trap and deceived herself to the point of wishing to enter a convent. There is no more curious example of the power of auto-suggestion."

After a short time, Mademoiselle's religious crisis was over, and she threw herself into politics, like so many great ladies of the time. "We have three ladies," wrote Mazarin to Don Louis de Haro, "who would be capable of governing three great kingdoms or of turning them topsy-turvy: the Duchess of Longueville, the Princess Palatine, the Duchess of Chevreuse." Her adventures are a part of the history of France. The daughter of Gaston d'Orléans had grown up in the belief that the Orléans branch of the royal family might reach the throne. From Charles VIII. to Louis XIII. the crown had been transmitted only three times from father to son. Before the birth of Louis XIV. Gaston thought himself almost on the throne. At the age of nine Louis XIV. was very ill, and it was thought for a moment that he would die.

Louis XIII. was in very delicate health. Besides the Orléans branch, there was a third, the branch of Condé, which was a little further from the throne, but the members of which were remarkable for their brilliant qualities. It is, therefore, not surprising that Mademoiselle prepared herself for the most exalted career. Her vanity was boundless; her ambition vague, but all the more ardent.

## Correspondence.

### VERBAL PREJUDICES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An *obiter dictum* in a paper which I read before the Modern Language Association last week has since appeared in a number of newspapers in a curiously distorted version. The following is a sample:

"A professor of the University of Michigan, being desirous of ascertaining the most hated word in connection with spelling-reform investigation, wrote to a thousand persons for their opinion, and was surprised when the majority replied that the most hated word was 'woman.'"

What I actually said was as follows:

"A considerable number of persons hate the plural form *women*, as being weak and whimpering, though the singular, *woman*, connotes for the same persons ideas of strength and nobility. It is for this reason, perhaps, that *woman's building*, *woman's college*, and the like have supplanted in popular speech the forms *women's building*, *women's college*, etc. It is noteworthy, also, that, in the titles of women's magazines and the names of women's clubs, the singular in most instances has been chosen instead of the more logical plural."

It will be noticed that *women* was not the best-hated word on my list. That bad eminence was reserved for *virtuals*.

I take the opportunity to say that any one who has violent antipathies to particular words or phrases, not traceable to the meaning, will do me a favor by corresponding with me. All that I wish is (1) a list of such *verba non grata*, with (2) reasons for the dislikes, where reasons can be given.

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, December 30, 1901.

## Notes.

We can make but a comparatively meagre selection from Macmillan Co.'s very numerous spring announcements: 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' by Thomas E. Watson, and yet another biography by J. H. Rose; the Life of Sir George Grove, by C. L. Graves; the third and last volume of Mrs. Hamilton's translation of Gregorovius's 'History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages'; the second volume of Prof. William Ridgeway's 'Early Age of Greece'; 'A Short History of Germany,' by Ernest F. Henderson; 'The Story of the Mormons,' by William A. Linn; 'Source Readers of American History,' by Prof. A. B. Hart; John Richard Green's 'Oxford Studies'; 'History: Suggestions as to its Study and Teaching,' by Prof. Lucy Maynard Salmon, from whom we are to have also 'A History of the Appointing Power'; 'The Mastery of the Pacific,' by A. R. Colquhoun; 'The Island of Formosa: A Complete Account of its Condition, Political and Industrial,' by James W. David-

son, United States Consul; 'The Principles of Western Civilization,' by Benjamin Kidd; 'A History of Political Theories, Ancient and Mediæval,' by Prof. William A. Dunning; 'Democracy and Social Ethics,' by Jane Addams; a translation by Frederick Clarke of Ostrogorski's 'Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties'; 'The Genesis of Modern Constitutions,' by Prof. James Harvey Robinson; 'The Development of Cabinet Government in England,' by Mary Taylor Blauvelt; 'The Theory of Prosperity,' by Prof. Simon Patten; 'The Ivory Workers of the Middle Ages,' by A. M. Cust; 'Lessons from Greek Pottery,' by John H. Huddleston; 'The Chatsworth Van Dyck Sketch-Book,' with letterpress by Lionel Cust; 'The Diamond Mines of South Africa: Some Account of their Rise and Development,' by Gardner F. Williams; 'A Lexicon to the Poetical Works of John Milton,' by Laura A. Lockwood; 'What Is Shakspeare?—An Introduction to the Great Plays,' by Prof. L. A. Sherman; 'Shakspeare in Tale and Verse,' by Lois G. Hufford; and 'The English Chronicle-Play: A Study in the Popular Literature concerning Shakspeare,' by Prof. Felix E. Schelling.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, will issue directly 'The Cloistering of Ursula,' a romance by Clinton Scollard.

In Prof. George R. Carpenter's brief life of Longfellow (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) the excellent series of "Beacon Biographies" is prosperously continued. Considering the present widespread reaction against Longfellow's old-time vogue, Professor Carpenter's task was not of the easiest; but he has performed it in a fashion at once workmanlike and sympathetic. The account of events in the poet's life is clear and consistent, and sufficiently enlivened by local color. Indeed, with the full records edited by Mr. Samuel Longfellow, this part of the work was doubtless comparatively easy. The narrative of less external happenings in the development of Longfellow's mind and art is fairly intimate and no less clear. The final criticism of Longfellow's poetry is discriminating and just, yet rather unusually appreciative of his real merits. In short, the little book exhibits, in the phrase of the prospectus of the series, "the best contemporary point of view." Its chief virtues are clarity and good sense.

Mr. Strutt's 'Fra Filippo Lippi' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan) is one of those compilations for which there seems a great demand, and the production of which at a moment's notice has been made easy. The receipt is so much Morelli, so much more of certain of his followers, a pinch of Cavalcaselle, sprinkled over with references to authorities (chiefly such Germans as have been of small use to the writer), full of nice plums in the form of illustration, and salted with caustic remarks against the laborious students who really "fished the murex up." There is not an idea, nor even a fact, in Mr. Strutt's book due to Mr. Strutt. Yet we can, for that reason, perhaps, sincerely recommend it. All that the person of culture need know about Fra Filippo he will find in this book. There are a good number of errors due to unfitness and haste, but they are not vital.

'Bright Days in Merrie England,' by A. Vandoren Honeyman (Plainfield, N. J.; Honeyman & Co.), is a pleasantly, though

most naively written record of four-in-hand journeys in England. It is no more than a guide-book to famous roads and inns and show-places in several counties, but its numerous illustrations, from photographs, give it a certain interest for those who care for rural England, and the tourist may find his profit in the writer's sprightly comments on the comforts and discomforts that attend coaching. Oxford was the main starting-point of these excursions, but there are also chapters on the Isle of Wight and the English lakes. The literary gossip is sometimes amusing, as when, in comment on a picture of Marie Corelli's house in Stratford-on-Avon, we are told that "her splendid literary work has conferred additional honor upon this already world-famous town." The naïve enthusiasm and uncavilling enjoyment that pervade the book are as rare as pleasing.

The quaint volume by Jane De Forest Shelton, entitled 'The Salt-Box House: Eighteenth Century Life in a New England Hill Town' (Baker & Taylor Co.), takes its name from the local designation of the house built and occupied for five generations by the family whose history is herein given. Heredity, social position, and means were more favorable to this family than environment, which, from their isolation in a remote corner of Connecticut, made them less conspicuous in public affairs than many of inferior standing. On the other hand, we have an exceedingly pleasant picture of a comparatively rare phase of New England colonial life—that of a well-to-do family of the Church of England, with slaves and ample household appointments, somewhat after the pattern of English country gentry, yet with a distinct American flavor. We accompany it from one generation to another with all their widening interests and varying affiliations. The book is remarkable for the minuteness and accuracy with which every detail of domestic life is depicted. As is truly remarked in the preface: "There is not recorded a custom or a costume, an article of use or adornment, a habit of life or of manner, for which there is not authority for the period and locality designated." The gradual decay, through removal and thinning out, of the family life exemplifies the process by which so many homes in rural New England districts have been desolated. The final occupant of "the Salt-Box House," while of the ancient-maiden type indigenous to New England, was as unique and characteristic as the house she represented. The illustrations of this work are interesting and effective.

In 'The Wild Fowlers,' by Charles Bradford (Putnam's), we have duck-shooting treated in colloquial fashion. The opening chapter, "Point-Shooting for Black Duck," suggests Mr. Barlow and his two famous pupils, Sandford and Merton. In the present instance that eminently good man and the two youths are represented by Dr. B——, and one "Peritus," a young companion. An attendant, in the person of a professional gunner (who speaks the dialect which one never encounters outside of works of fiction), is used to set decoys and as a foil to emphasize the correct language of his employer and his young friend. The copious conversation of Dr. B—— and "Peritus" serves as a medium to impart information in regard to "shot-guns, ammunition, the natural history of wild-fowl, and