

He hints at German monographs, cursed in style but containing treasures of fact, latest discoveries in the field, or what not. But the bookmaker reads no German. The adviser takes another tack—suggests the encyclopædias. Bridling, the bookmaker explains that she is making a book, that she possesses the *Britannica*, and finds it inadequate; would the sub-librarian kindly recommend an authority not encyclopædically brief and not in German? Taking her measure, he recalls and recommends the book of one who consulted him in a similar spirit fifteen years ago, and turns to the routine task of persuading the young gentleman who asks for a lively novel that he really wants Thackeray.

Meanwhile, the contented bookmaker has commenced the reduction of the work of his or her predecessor into that raw material of manuscript notes wherefrom a new book may be framed. Besides the steady task of distilling the essence of the easiest book on the subject, there will be excursions and alarms into the general field. Bookmakers almost inevitably read the wrong things, but read a good deal they do. The notes take on a singularly readable quality. Having but half-knowledge or none, the zest of discovery, unchilled by considerations of mere accuracy, sustains the worker. Prince Kropotkin has noted the joys of reading a language that one barely understands. All the words and phrases are unstaled by familiarity. It is in this spirit that the bookmaker files commonplace upon commonplace until there is a sufficient mass to fill a book.

Here we seem to approach the solemn moment of literary creation itself—that moment in which inchoate materials are fused into a new and lovely form. But the case is really simpler than that. The bookmaker indulges none of the prodigalities of authorship. The plan, always the most obvious, usually that of the last bookmaker in the field, has been determined already. The notes, naturally, have not been made with pains, in order that some may be considered and thrown away. There is no nonsense about your bookmaker. All the material must go in, and when there is enough of it, from that day, like Francesca, she reads no more—except for copying off, the book is ready.

This at least is the end of it, you

will say. Having given pleasure to its creator, its office is accomplished, oblivion awaits it. There could be no greater mistake. This ought to be the fate of such a book, but, as a matter of fact, no nautilus ever swam more proudly the sea than do these feather-headed books ride into popularity. It is such works that a regiment of agents impose blandly upon the unwilling, yet fascinated, farmer's wife. This proven-der is duly fed to thousands of women's clubs. The bookmaker is not without honor among publishers, and is mentioned respectfully by literary editors. And the book itself—even it does not die. After a fitting season, it is resolved into notes by a new bookmaker, recompact into a book, re-eulogized, re-advertised, re-read. The phenomenon partakes of the cyclic character of cosmic processes.

Some impatient and cynical philosopher will ask, Why isn't the bookmaker found out? In a world where value persists, what keeps this literary comedy going at the public expense? Here we find something more than the universal love of illusion. The bookmaker has a very definite quality—that of being or simulating the average reader, and the product usually has the undeniable merit of readableness. The bookmaker has the plain man's cardinal virtue of not knowing much about the subject, but knowing what he likes. What he has happened to like in the desultory process of uncritical note-taking, Tom, Dick, and Harry are pretty sure to like in the equally casual process of reading. They trust the bookmaker, who is, or seems to be, their own kind. So the plumber of Rochester will buy a balm for lumbago more readily on the testimonial of the baker of Buffalo than on that of a banker from Chicago.

Yes, the bookmaker, if a most imperfect, is also a necessary institution. The problem is not how to abolish, but how to amend him. If one could add to his diffused curiosity a zeal for reasonably exact information, reinforce his industry with a modicum of scholarship, eliminate his trivialities without impairing his popular appeal, one might then hail him as a veritable apostle of education. Such bookmakers there have been. The ever-delightful Mrs. Jameson is, perhaps, the best instance. And, happily, such bookmakers there still are, though few.

## FRENCH BOOKS OF HISTORY

PARIS, September 10.

The author's name alone is sufficient to accredit "*Les Premières civilisations*" (Leroux), by J. de Morgan, former director-general of the antiquities of Egypt and of late charged with the excavations at Susa, the capital of Darius and Xerxes. The book (600 pages, with 77 maps and 50 figures in the text, sold at 15 francs) is a continuous series of studies on pre-history and history to the end of the Macedonian Empire. This span of time reaches from the first signs of man's appearance on the globe to the end of Alexander's conquest, that is, to the beginning of Greco-Latin civilization. M. de Morgan long since published his researches on the Stone Age in Egypt. His present volume gives the views, and the reasons of them, of a scholar who, to special knowledge of several parts of his subject, joins the general culture needed to appreciate the results of the labor of others.

It is a long run down the ages of humanity to the subject of the posthumous volume of Achille Luchaire, "*La Société française au temps de Philippe Auguste*" (Hachette, 10 francs). This trained historian served his apprenticeship in episcopal and communal archives of mediæval France, and was at his best in a world still judged from the religious controversies of three hundred years later. Not that the present volume weaves any counter-legend of ideal Ages of Faith—rather the contrary. Court prelates who were comrades of warriors one hand's-breadth removed from brigands; country priests like the half-serfs from whom they sprang and whose life they shared; townsmen whose fearful commerce was slowly steering the community toward settled order, could scarcely compose a society productive of an English Sabbath. Yet those who care for this personal knowledge of bygone times will feel that the book, with all its completeness of documentary detail concerning civil and military society, does not take up so thoroughly the moral, religious, and mystical side of the times.

Ten of the twelve volumes devoted to "*Paris: les anciens quartiers*" (Michalon) have now appeared under the artistic direction of Georges Cain, with whose own writings they must not be confounded. The text is by various students, each of the quarter which he handles; it includes outlying places like Versailles and Saint Denis (each volume, with atlas of 40 plates, 8.50 francs). Although the interest is primarily attached to what still remains, underneath these Stones of Paris lie all the centuries of changing history.

While Philippe Auguste was building new walls round his enlarged Paris, a man who took his name from some obscure love of France began upsetting

the world by turning his back on it. "Saint François d'Assise: sa vie et son œuvre" (Perrin), by Johannes Joergensen, a Danish convert to the religious faith of the Franciscans, is written after much study of all that relates to the saint, with natural enthusiasm, and not without side reference to the Protestant work of Paul Sabatier.

Those who care for the by-tracks of historical science will find interest in "Leibniz historien" (Alcan), by Louis Davillé, a new doctor of letters. It is an essay on the historian's activity and method, which are known to the general student only from the somewhat unfavorable correspondence with Bossuet.

"Les Aventures du Cardinal de Richelieu et de la Duchesse d'Elbeuf" (Sansot) is an anonymous account from the archives of the Château of Ancy, such as must have made up the underground of recent French history when Leibnitz was young. What it says concerning the daughter of Henry IV and his Gabrielle, whose husband the terrible minister of Henry's son exiled from court, is of little interest to the veracity of history, for which we have to go to writers of our own day like Hanotaux, less open to the gossip of contemporary passion. The book has an introduction and notes by Baron A. de Maricourt.

In the quite serious, but very personal, series of the History of France *racontée à tous*, Casimir Strylenski of the French University publishes "Le Dix-huitième Siècle" (Hachette). It covers the period from the death of Louis XIV to the eve of the Revolution, years fertile in Mémoires, on which the author has drawn freely. He winds up with a chapter on the artistic and intellectual movement of this century of Voltaire and Madame Geoffrin. With this may be joined a book which belongs rather to the history of literature than to that of men, "Idées et doctrines littéraires du XVIIIe siècle" (Delagrave), by Prof. Francisque Vial and Louis Denise of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It gives the literary theories of a writing century from its prefaces and treatises—a work which has been already carried out for the preceding century.

Étienne Dejean, director at the Archives, in "Un Prélat indépendant au XVIIIe siècle" (Plon), gives a first complete biography of Nicolas Pavillon, bishop of Alet (1637-1677). Even the managing courtiers at Versailles, whom he worried from his distant mountain perch among rudimentary populations, would have stared at his interesting France more than two hundred years later to the extent of such a volume. This, as might easily be divined, is due to the picturesque religious legend which has been built up, among Free-thinkers as well as Protestants, around Jansenism, for which Pavillon is claimed. In reality, he signed his act of intellectual obedience to the Pope in a

matter where the act of faith was not directly in question; and this true Jansenists refused to do. Confusion is also made between the episcopal pretensions of this bishop who was determined to manage his own diocese in his own way, whether for or against the Pope and King who had named him to it; and the theological assumptions of Jansenists and Gallicans (who are also confused together by most literary and historical writers on this subject, so foreign to their special knowledge). Many a living bishop, who perhaps voted Papal infallibility, has also had controversies with religious orders evangelizing on their own account in his preserves. This is not enough to make the austere bishop a Jansenist saint instead of a Roman Catholic, the more so as he, like the Jansenists themselves, had no tolerance of Huguenots. The real value of such a book is not in church history, in which it does not illustrate even our own Modernism, but in the history of the rude people whom he evangelized; just as the Jesuit Saint Francis Régis had done a generation before with the same faith and sacraments, prayers and commandments. That these people belonged to the Grand Monarch at Versailles—two extremes of a social scale difficult to understand amid the clouds of party and religious prejudice—greatly heightens the value of this history at first hand.

A study of Jansenism proper, from the Roman Catholic point of view, but with the erudition in Catholic theology and canon law which is so wanting to Sainte-Beuve and his followers, is contained in a substantial book by J. Paquier, doctor of letters, "Le Jansénisme" (Bloud), a study both in history and doctrine.

"Belles du Vieux Temps" (Émile-Paul), by the Vicomte de Reiset, who has specialized himself in the history of the later Bourbons, before and after the Revolution, is a lucid and authentic picture of the careers of certain *grandes dames*, *tragédiennes*, and other court adventuresses. "Souvenirs de Mademoiselle Duthé de l'Opéra—1748-1830" (Louis-Michaud), is a study in the *mœurs légères* of the eighteenth century, by Paul Ginisty, a writer of the personal side of history. Rose Duthé, whose career as a professional beauty brought her into close contact with most of the personages of the dying old régime, lived to cultivate the correctness of the Restoration, and she regaled her nineteenth-century acquaintances with piquant anecdotes of the perished grace and elegance of her youth.

The love letters of "Roland et Marie Philpon—1777-1780" (A. Picard et fils) are real documents from a world in sentimental gestation, which was soon to sweep away forever the old-time elegance. Claude Perroud, who must now have published nearly every scrap of manuscript or contemporary record con-

cerning Madame Roland, edits these 113 letters with introduction, explanatory commentary, and notes, with facsimiles of the handwriting and a plan. This young girl, who wrote like Rousseau's Héloïse, and her elderly admirer passed through all the regulation sentiments, although she, at least, was well settled in her mind from the beginning. The tragic fate which befell them in the revolutionary storm they and others like them had brought on warrants the sentimental interest of readers, while their public career throws light on much troublous history. With the abundance of documents published in order and commented by M. Perroud, there should surely be room for a definite life of Madame Roland. It would be very different from those hitherto published and would be immensely valuable.

S. D.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The latest writer on the bibliography of Molière, Jules Le Petit in his "Bibliographie des principales éditions originales d'écrivains Français du XVe au XVIIIe siècle," Paris, 1888, says of the first edition of "Le Tartuffe," 1669: "On trouve indifféremment des exemplaires soit avec le titre ci-dessus 'le Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur,' soit avec le titre 'l'Imposteur ou le Tartuffe,' sans autre différence." He gives a reproduction of the "Tartuffe" title-page, but not of the other. It seems presumptuous for an American to be making comments upon the bibliography of Molière, but an examination of several copies of this play leads us to the conclusion that the "Imposteur" title is the earlier form, and that the other title was printed later and substituted for it.

The play was written in 1664, and the first three acts were given before Louis XIV on May 12 of that year. Some friends of the King felt themselves hurt by the satire and its public presentation was interdicted, but it was played a few times more in 1664 and 1665. These early references describe the play as "Tartuffe." The interdiction was removed in 1667 on condition that (in the words of Le Petit) "le nom de Tartuffe serait rayé du titre et de la liste des personnages et qu'un certain nombre de passages seraient adoucis." The comedy was then called "L'Imposteur," and the principal character was called Panulphe. It was first played in public on February 5, 1669. The diary of La Grange (one of the actors in Molière's troupe), the manuscript of which is preserved in the Archives of the Comédie Française, records under February "Pièce Nolle de Mr de Molière Mardy 5me—Imposteur ou Tartuffe."

In the Rowfant copy with the "Imposteur" title-page there are two preliminary leaves only, the first the title, verso blank, the second the "Privilege" with the list of "Acteurs" on verso. This list contains eleven names only, one "Elmire" being omitted, and supplied in ink. In the copy with the "Tartuffe" title there are twelve preliminary leaves *a* and *b*, each six leaves, consisting of a blank leaf, title with verso blank, nine leaves of "Preface" and a leaf of "Privilege" with