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A PROVENÇAL PILGRIMAGE.



HEN Coleridge wrote "The spring comes slowly up this way" he was, no doubt, wholly within his poetical rights, but what he meant was, the spring comes late. It is only in the South that the spring

does indeed come slowly, with noiseless footsteps, taking her gracious leisure, lingering lovingly over the opening of every leaf and the fashioning of every flower. When we had fairly set out on that vernal pilgrimage to Provence of which we had been dreaming for so many years, and found the apple-buds beginning to show pink in all the cider orchards of Normandy and the chestnuts lighting up their torches of blossom along the dazzling Parisian boulevards, we had a passing fear lest we might be too late after all for the overture to the year in the poetic precincts of Gard, Vaucluse, and the Bouches du Rhône. But we comforted ourselves by remembering the loitering footsteps and long pauses of the fair season in Italy, and when we were once clear of Paris we were amply reassured by the golden green of the meadow grasses, the keen fragrance of willow trees in flower, and the diaphanous drapery of the swaying poplars (I have borrowed Thomas Hardy's incomparable word for the texture of young leafage), which went with us in a glad procession all the way. Nay, we had outstripped the spring before we reached the height of land which formed of old the northern boundary of the Provincia Romana.

The almost unvisited chain of La Lozère is every bit as wild as the Maritime Alps, and, as we slowly climbed, the population seemed always more and more poverty-stricken, and the snow in the treeless glens gave little sign of yielding. "But now we shall shoot straight into the South," we joyously cried the moment we

had satisfied ourselves that the mountain brooks were making for the Mediterranean, and shortly thereafter we were among beautiful chestnut woods just beginning to show their green, and in an hour we were raising a pæan at the sight of our first olive. The sweetest and least traveled member of our party had a great revulsion of feeling when enabled to identify the object of our enthusiasm. "What! That little one-sided, whity shrub? Is *that* what you are singing and weeping over?" We knew that the dear tyro would one day feel with us. For what does not the meanest specimen of the olive say to those who have once passed under its profound poetic spell?

As the afternoon declined, our train began to slacken speed among the odorous gardens of Nîmes, and we felt that we had arrived and that our pilgrimage was fairly begun. Yet Nîmes looks less like a southern town than any other of the South which I know. It has rather the air of affecting to despise its ancient lineage, and wears and seems to cultivate an indefinable aspect of Protestantism and prosperity. And as a matter of fact it is the stronghold of the so-called reformed faith in these parts: the guardians of the monuments officially declared "historic" are every one Protestants, and reflect on their dark memories of persecuting days with much acerbity.

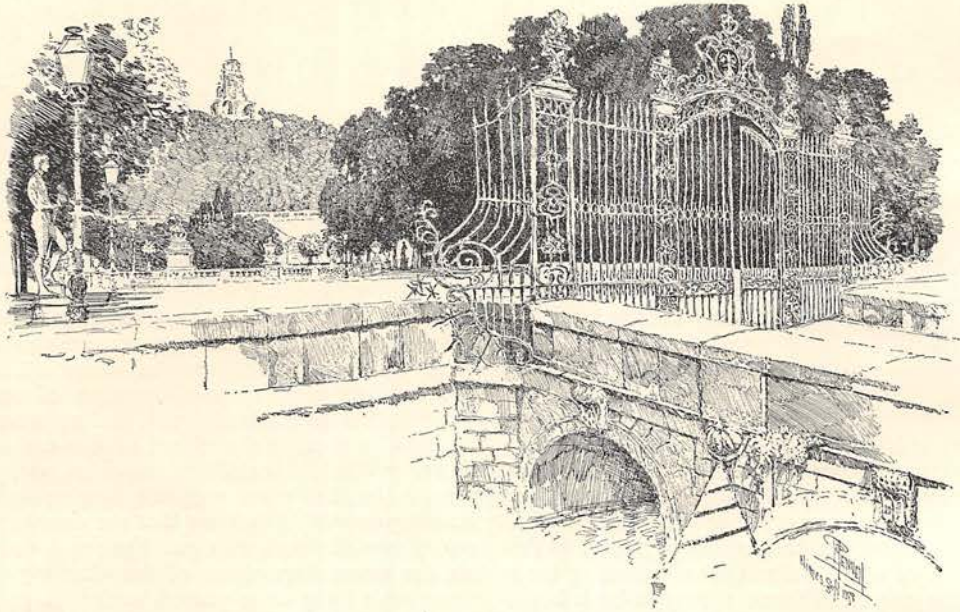
At Nîmes, nevertheless, even in the gay center of the modern town, we first identified a spot associated with the work of that unique contemporary genius—that living singer of the nineteenth century with notes of the ninth before our era—who has gathered into a single nosegay all the perennial poesy of the land; who has left untouched no picturesque custom nor romantic tradition of this immemorially inhabited coast, and has touched nothing which he has not adorned. Need I

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say that the poet whom I mean is Frédéric Mistral, and the poem his "Mirèio"? The *félibres*, votaries of the Provençal dialect, have but sung to his baton and danced to his piping; he himself has produced later works which are marvels of rich fancy and ingenious versification, but the "first, fine, careless rapture" has never been recovered. "Mirèio" is the one

The Nymphæum — perhaps because of the modern Versailles-like parapets which surround its basins of limpid green water and the well-patronized café at the gates of Diana's Temple — has a certain spurious air like that of the well-made ruins at Virginia Water; but those three are overpoweringly impressive.

It is a sharp climb up through murmuring



LA TOUR MAGNE, NÎMES, FROM THE FOUNTAIN-GARDEN.

perfect aloe flower of a literature which had slumbered well on towards a thousand years. Vincen and Mirèio are as real as Romeo and Juliet; they are almost more real than Petrarch and Laura, to whom they yield precedence at Avignon; and it was on the esplanade at Nîmes that Vincen ran the famous foot-race and sustained the honorable defeat which he so ingeniously describes to the fascinated Mirèio in the dewy first canto of the idyl.

Ten yards away from the glowing theater of his contest you may involve yourself, if you will, in the dark, tortuous streets of a medieval town. Traces of ancient splendor are seen at every turn — grand porticos crumbling into dust; graceful, statueless shrines, with their dainty Gothic carving veiled by thick-hanging cobwebs; and, finest of all, the disfigured and mutilated front of the old cathedral, once as richly wrought as any in Lombardy.

So much for the Nîmes of to-day and the Nîmes of yesterday. Both sink suddenly into insignificance when we discern the three great existing relics of the *Colonia Nemausensis Augusta*, which was planned by Augustus and fostered by Agrippa — the amphitheater, the peerless Maison Carrée, and the Tour Magne.

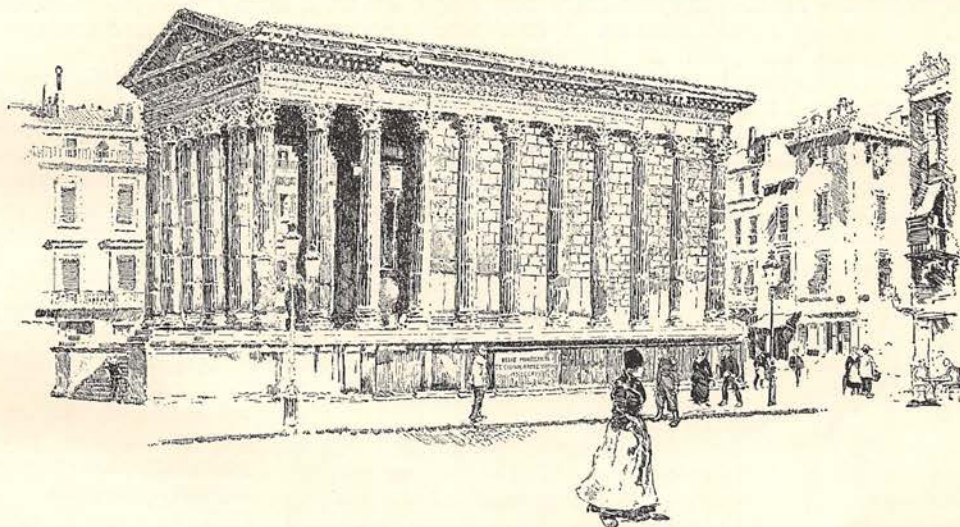
pine woods, which throw out a spicy fragrance under the hot sunshine, to the table-like summit of the hill where what is now called the Tour Magne was built — by whom, or for what purpose, is barely guessed. Lighthouse tower or mausoleum, it may have been either. Let the antiquaries decide. The unlearned visitor is at once reminded of that triumphal monument to Augustus above Monte Carlo — the Trophæum Augusti — from which Turbia takes its name, and which dominates long stretches of the richly colored Mediterranean and its luxuriant coast, as the Tour Magne the pearl-gray landscape of Provence. One restores in imagination a broad portico in front of the monument, whose circular base was thickly incrustated with marble and the octagon of its second story supplied with a statue between each pair of its half-engaged pillars; and upon the summit we erect a statue of Augustus himself, destined as a perpetual reminder to all the surrounding country of the world-shadowing power of Rome.

Fascinating as is the Tour Magne and the spacious view that it affords of olive orchards and lines of thick-set mulberry trees, of silent farmsteads and lazily turning windmills, we

must leave it behind and descend to the Maison Carrée, one of the most exquisitely made and perfectly preserved pagan temples in all the world. Formerly this, too, was referred to the Augustan age, but the latest and most probable theory identifies Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus as the *principes juventutis* who acted as its sponsors and set their names in bronze letters under its beauteous pediment. How have they ever remained intact, those rich and delicate moldings, through all the vicissitudes which the building has sustained? By turns heathen temple and Christian church, stable and receiving-tomb, meeting-place of a revolutionary committee and warehouse for grain, the Maison Carrée is now the municipal museum, and contains a small collection of antiquities and a few modern pictures. The authorized guardian of these treasures is an unconscious imitator of Charles Lamb, and excuses the lateness of his arrival at the scene of his duties by promising to depart early.

wandering through interminable corridors and clambering over the broken ranges of seats, we descended and asked to be let out. The wife of the guardian was for the time being in charge. Waving her fat hand with true southern dignity towards the nearest archway, through which a straggling line of miscellaneous mankind was passing to the interior, "Ladies," said she, "I counsel you not to leave. This afternoon, as doubtless you know, there will be a serious affair in the arena, with tridents and cockades, but just at present the youth is going to exercise and amuse itself with a cow—a small cow—left over from the last course."

We were impressed by her manner, and began meekly to retrace our steps. Having found and established ourselves in a shady spot, we turned towards the arena and perceived for the first time that the central space was encircled by a low wooden paling, closed at one extremity by a pair of red-painted doors which might have been looted from a north New England

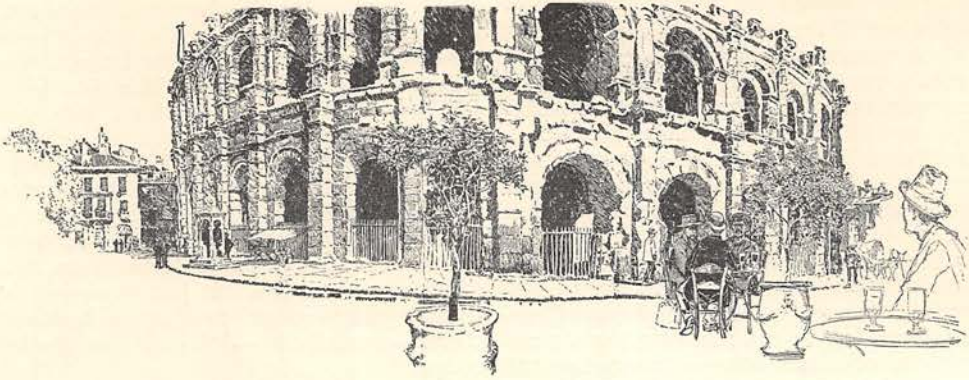


LA MAISON CARRÉE.

On the massive amphitheater—about as large as that of Verona—the history of its nineteen hundred years is more legibly written. The fortification of it under Goths and Saracens has left its trace, and so has the attempted destruction of the edifice by Charles Martel, when corridors and passages were filled with wood and set ablaze, with the sole effect of blackening and cracking the heavy masonry; so also have the close-set hovels which packed its arena until the middle of the last century, when they were removed to make room for that noble local amusement called variously *la ferrade* and *la course aux taureaux*.

Wearied out that Sunday morning with

barn. Inside the paling, in convenient proximity to these doors, were grouped some forty of *la jeunesse de Nîmes*, of age varying from fifteen to fifty. There were soldiers and policemen off duty, clerks from the town-shops and "hands" from the neighboring farms, boys with dogs and boys without, all swayed by the same passion for the classic diversions of the arena. A cry is raised of "*Elle vient!*" and a tumultuous movement arises among the youth, followed by a series of loud thuds, as eighty heels smite the wooden paling and eighty legs are adroitly swung over to the side of safety. The alarm proving false, they cautiously return to the post of danger, and not until this escapade



THE ARENA AT NÎMES.

has been several times repeated do the barn doors actually turn upon their creaking hinges and admit to the arena a lean and wistful-looking heifer. She let her eye drop languidly, first on the *jeunesse* astride the fence, and then with a shade more of interest upon ourselves. Even thus, beholding her full face, we could but own that she was a small creature. A little triangular black head, with moody mouth, sleepy eyes, and widely branching horns, two short thin legs, and a waving tail, were all that we could discern. After a few moments of suspense one of the more adventurous youths stole forward upon tiptoe, whooped in the animal's ear, and then dashed back to the fence amid loud applause. Moolly turned her head half around and contemptuously switched her tail. The experiment was repeated from the other side of the oval space, and she started on a calm trot for the red doors, only to find them closed. Her movement had quite sufficed, however, to clear the arena of human com-

batants, with the exception of one plump sergeant, who missed his leap over the paling and lay biting the dust. We waited impatiently for the next act of the drama, but nothing ensued, and the conviction slowly forced itself upon us that the fun was all over. "It was very interesting, was n't it, ladies?" said the guardian's wife as she accepted her fee and ceremoniously bowed us out.

Well, it was not exactly our idea of a Roman *venatio*, nor even of one of those fierce branding-bouts described with such magnificent vigor in "Mirèio." Still, it had been intimated to us in the beginning that this affair would not be serious, and we had indeed found it quite the reverse. The next day, at Aigues Mortes, we were to see the genuine thing.

We were cheerfully disappointed in the approach to Aigues Mortes. Mr. Murray warns the readers of his excellent guide-book, and we had been told by previous travelers, to expect the acme of desolation. Even Mis-

tral speaks of the utter sadness of the briny plains, traveled only by vagrant sea-gulls. It must all depend upon the season of the year, for nothing could have been more affluent and smiling than the aspect of the plain the day we crossed it. The greater part of the land seemed to be reclaimed and well cultivated. Every marsh island had its farm and orchard. The wheat-fields were gay with poppies, and the ditches which divided them crowded with the lance-like leaves and splendid blossoms of the yellow

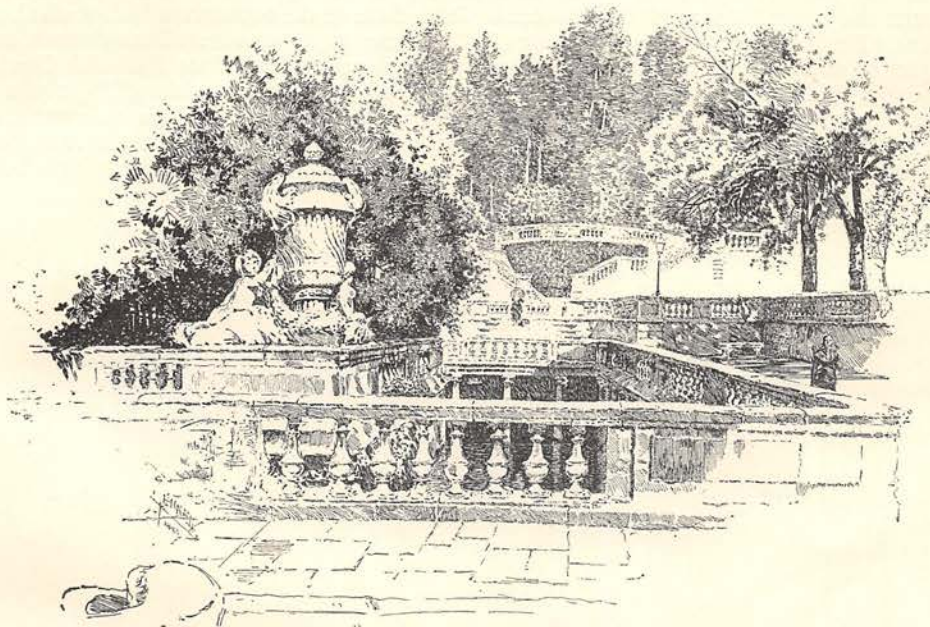


CATHEDRAL AT NÎMES.

iris. The unbroken parallelogram of the massive town wall of Aigues Mortes starts abruptly out of the flowery level, a perfect example of medieval fortification. Philip the Bold built these walls, but it was St. Louis who purchased the site of the town of the melodious monks of the Abbey of Poalmodi, hard by, and thereby secured for his crusading fleet a port upon the Mediterranean. The statue of the sainted monarch sits in the market-place, looking both meek and obstinate, as doubtless he did in life, and the solitary inn is named for him.

How we might have fared for our lunch there on an ordinary day I cannot say, but, thanks

crowd which surged about St. Louis in the square, and looked for a little while at the course. There were veritable bulls in question to-day—small, black, vicious-looking beasts, every one having a cockade on his forehead inscribed with a number 5, 10, 25. The men were armed with tridents, and he who could pick off a cockade with his classical weapon received as many francs as the number thereon designated. The sport seemed to us more stupid than cruel, and the guide who was waiting to show us the famous Tour de Constance, at the northern angle of the town wall, professed himself quite of our mind. The people of Aigues Mortes were very *bête*. They always



A FOUNTAIN AT NÎMES.

to the *course aux taureaux*, we found preparations of a festive order well advanced, and many were the dishes set before us, new acquaintances and old friends following in bewildering succession: *bouillabaisse* and beefsteak, salad of dried olives, and — baked beans! Lunching at another table in the same room with us were the very wildest-looking set of men that I have ever seen, in hue like the North American Indian, quite satisfying one's ideas of Camarguan cattle-breeders. And such they were, come to take part in the day's sport; but their manners were mild and civil, though they talked a strange guttural dialect, which was no more the elaborate language of the *fêlibre* than it was Parisian French, or the Greek so long ago spoken here.

We hung upon the outskirts of the dusty

voted for the conservative candidate, actually. Still, we were requested to believe that nowhere else could the real, old, murderous *ferrado* now be seen in perfection, and that the base of St. Louis's statue often reeked with the blood of the slain.

Our guide was a serious-faced man, with slow and weighty delivery, admirably adapted to the blood-curdling tales of the Tour de Constance, not one of which he spared us. He showed us the series of subterranean dungeons, every one with a hole in the floor, communicating with a still lower chamber of horrors, and certain sad relics found in a corner of one of these—a pair of lady's slippers, with the Louis Quinze heels turned sidewise and the thin soles worn through with use, and by the side of these a baby's shoe.

The Tour de Constance is of enormous strength: the walls have an average thickness of twenty feet, and the huge blocks of masonry are so chained and clamped together that Viollet-le-Duc said it was more like a tower of iron than one of stone. Naturally it seemed to the men of old a proper prison for those who suffered for conscience' sake, and almost from the beginning it was so used. Forty-five Knights Templars were incarcerated, condemned, and executed here in 1307. During the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Huguenots of either sex were confined here; but later still, doubtless on account of its exceptional strength, it was reserved for women alone. Women of the nobility and the middle class occupied the upper floor, peasants the lower. In 1766 the Maréchal Prince de Beauvau was appointed governor of Languedoc, and started on a tour of inspection. Arriving on the 11th of the following January at Aigues Mortes, he went at once to the Tour de Constance. His companion and eulogist, the Chevalier de Boufflers, relates how they were met at the entrance by an ob-

sailles, avowing his act, and placing himself and his office at the king's disposal. He got a severe reprimand from the minister of state, Saint-Florentin, but nothing more.

In the tiny Gothic chapel of the Tour de Constance, where Louis IX. kept vigil the night before he started on his first crusade, and where he heard mass in the morning, our guide bade us remark the absence of two of its principal foliations from the central ornament of the ceiling. These, he assured us, were knocked off and carried away as mementos by Francis I. and Charles V. in person when they had their famous interview at Aigues Mortes in 1538, after Francis had come back from his captivity in Spain. "And," continued our stately cicerone, "M. le duc d'Aumale informed me on the occasion of his last visit here that those fragments were still in existence, one having descended to Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the other to himself." It was a curious fancy, and one thinks on measuring the height of the chapel that the two great rivals of the sixteenth century must have been as athletic as they were august.



AIGUES MORTES.

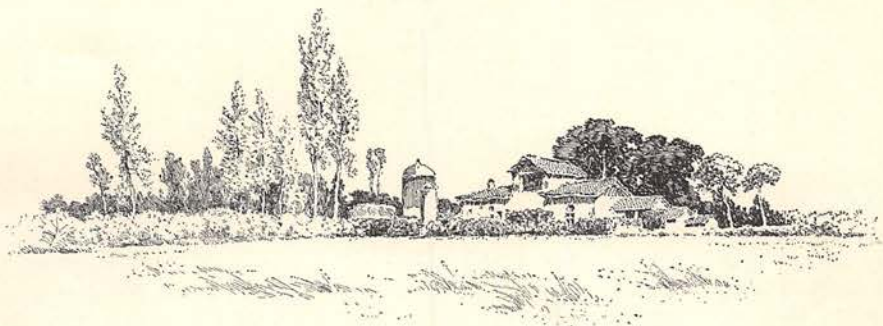
sequious concierge, who led them by dark and winding stairways to a door which he unlocked and flung back with a loud noise, revealing a sight at once hideous and touching. There, huddled in a dim, ill-ventilated room, were fourteen women, whose only crime was that they had been born in the same faith as Henri IV. Marie Durand, the youngest of these women, was fifty years old: Boissy d'Anglas also tells her story in an account of his own visit to the prison, fourteen years earlier. She had been seized when walking at her mother's side to church and thrust into this dungeon at the age of eight. M. de Beauvau had brought with him the gracious permission of Louis XV. to liberate three or four of the prisoners, but he was so overpowered by the sight of them that he nobly took the responsibility of releasing them all, providing for their immediate necessities from his own purse. He then wrote to Ver-

From the top of the tower the whole of the little walled town is seen to great advantage, with the silvery Mediterranean stretching round half the horizon, while away in every direction across the flat green land run the long, undeviating lines of some half-dozen canals. Our guide, who appeared to be a bit of a snob for all his radical politics, had reminiscences of visitors of the highest distinction connected with every tower on the wall. Here had lunched his Majesty of Brazil, and there "your illustrious compatriot the Prince of Wales." Of course we ran up the Stars-and-Stripes without delay, but he did not seem much impressed by our patriotism. "It's all the same," he observed loftily. "I only noticed your 'ye-es, ye-es,' to one another."

Equally with Aigues Mortes, Mr. Murray appears to have seen *en noir* the stupendous Pont du Gard. He describes it as "spanning

a rocky valley . . . partially covered with brushwood and greensward." The valley is, in fact, richly wooded; the slopes are mantled with cistus and sweet-brier; the turf is green to the very edge of the musical stream whose waters, here iris-hued and there broken into snowy foam, are as clear and cold as those of

From Nîmes to Tarascon is but a half-hour by rail, and we bargained at the station for a little trap to take us on a sort of side pilgrimage to Saint-Remy. And still the dallying spring indulged us with breezy weather, and we found the white road plane-shaded almost all the way. We were now in the beautiful re-



A FARM IN PROVENCE.

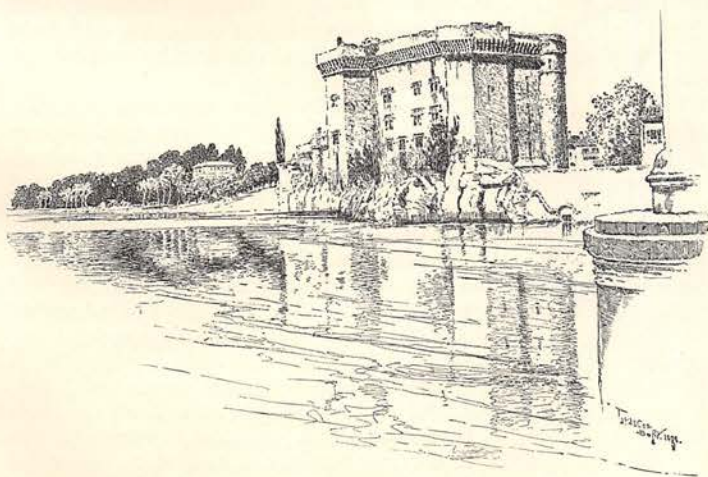
any White Mountain river. As for the enormous range of arches in three tiers, which spans the entire valley and supports the now empty aqueduct, the grandeur of it simply beggars description. Oh, the race of Titans who made it! how dwarfed one feels beside the slightest memento of their passage over the earth! We crossed and recrossed through the covered way along which the water-pipes were carried, and where the marks of the Roman workmen's tools are as sharp as though the rocks had been chiseled and the cement laid but yesterday. The line of aqueduct may be traced for about twenty-five miles from a spring near Uzès to the Pont du Gard, and thence to the hill of the Tour Magne and the Nymphæum, whose water it supplied.

gion from which Joseph Roumanille, the precursor of the *félibre*, sprang, and where was situated the rich farm or *mas* of Master Raimon, Mirèio's father. Any one of a dozen which we passed might have been its original:

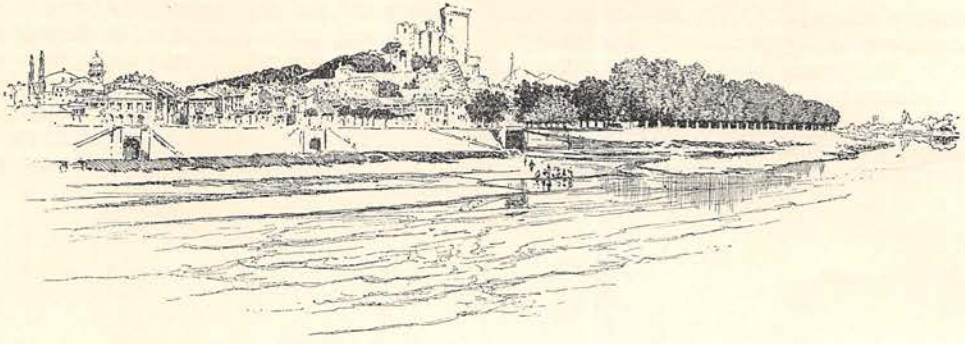
Tè, veses pas soun òuliveto?
Entre-mitan i'a quàuqui veto
De vigno e d'ameliè —

Look, do you not see their olive-orchard, laced with ribbons of vines and almond trees?

The farm buildings lay always deep in the fields, and were approached by long, densely shaded avenues. Arrived at the picturesque little village of Saint-Remy, we left our horses to their feed and our driver to a harmless tipple of red wine in the shady market-place, while we proceeded on foot to the Roman monuments which we had come to see. Again, as we inquired our way of a passing peasant, we were struck by the accuracy, down to the minutest local detail, of Mistral's drawing: "It is the *antiquities* you seek? Mesdames are on the right road." And then we remembered how, when the first and worthiest of Mirèio's suitors made a point of pausing by the *mas* door and asking his way of the little coquette, she told him to cross a certain rocky pasture, and then



THE CHÂTEAU, TARASCON.



BEUCAIRE.

climb by a hill path to a tomb and a portico, "which the folk here call antiquities." (*"Ei ce qu' apellon lis antico."*)

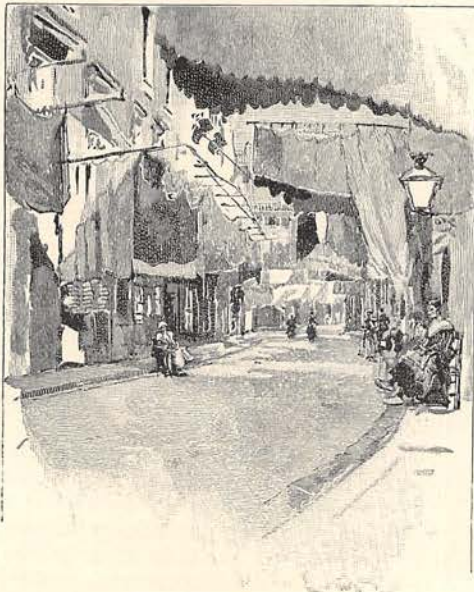
These are all that is left standing of the Roman town of Glanum, but they quite suffice to prove that in its heyday it must have been one of the fairest of the fair land which was The Province, *par excellence*, to its Italian overlords. A small triumphal arch and a beautifully proportioned monument raised by the piety of his children to some forgotten proconsul stand, half a dozen yards apart, on a silent grassy plateau, with the purple hills of the Alpines for a background and half Provence lying in sunlit reaches far below. Both structures are in wonderful preservation. The semicircle of the arch is surmounted on both faces by a deep border of fruit mingled with laurel and oak-leaves, very richly carved, reminding one of those which Mantegna loved to paint above the heads of his majestic Ma-

donnas. The monument, with its storied quadrangular base, also most elaborately wrought, has the statues of the proconsul and his wife under an elegant cupola at the top. Pine trees grow here and there about the plateau, under whose shade we sat, lost in a dream of the old world, until a shepherd's dog dashed up, panting, and stretched himself for a moment's rest confidingly at our feet. Presently the shepherd appeared. He was leading his flock up into their summer pasture in the mountains. Their bells tinkled sweetly as they passed, and the thyme, bruised by their small footsteps, filled the still spot with its keen aromatic fragrance. The monuments of Saint-Remy are two antique gems in a setting of perfect beauty.

The Tarascon and Beaucaire of to-day need no description for those who have followed the fortunes of the immortal Tartarin and know the delicious apology of Daudet for himself and his hero in "Trente Ans de Paris." They say the *félibres* had a good mind, at first, to quarrel with Daudet for poaching on their preserves in the "Lettres de mon Moulin"; nevertheless, these are quite indispensable to a full knowledge of the country, and they are savory with that salt of humor which is the one delightful element lacking to the fine lyric staves of Mistral.

The bare quadrangle of the castle of Tarascon, as we see it, is the work of an old count of Provence. The many embellishments which René d'Anjou is said to have added have all vanished. His was not the sort of genius that leaves lasting results in stone and mortar. Let us turn, therefore, to the graphic description of the good king and his court at Aix which the practical English hero of "Anne of Geierstein" received from his thoroughly loyal guide.

"'You must know further,' continued Thié-bault, 'that the king, powerful in all the craft of troubadours and jongleurs, is held in peculiar esteem for conducting mysteries, and other of those gamesome and delightful sports and processions with which our holy Church per-



A STREET IN BEUCAIRE.

mits her graver ceremonies to be relieved and diversified, to the cheering of the hearts of all true children of religion. It is admitted that no one has ever been able to approach his excellence in the arrangement of the Fête-Dieu; and the tune to which the devils cudgel King Herod, to the great edification of all Christian spectators, is of our good king's royal composition. He hath danced at Tarascon in the ballet of St. Martha and the Dragon, and was accounted in his own person the only actor competent to present the Tarasque. His Highness introduced also a new ritual into the consecration of the Boy Bishop, and composed an entire set of grotesque music for the Festival of Asses. In short, his Grace's strength lies in those pleasing and becoming festivities which strew the path of edification with flowers, and send men dancing and singing on their way to heaven."

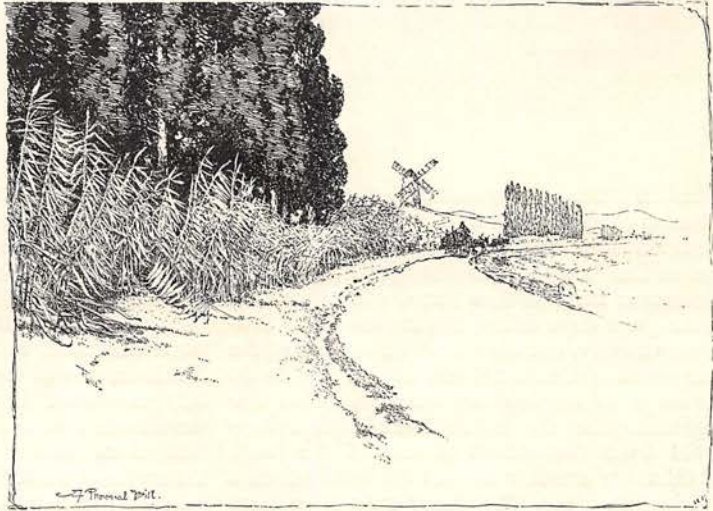
Minute stage directions for these mimic dances, in which the text, as sung by a chorus, was illustrated by the steps and gestures of the actors proper, have come down to us in the old chronicles. In the Fête-Dieu festivities mentioned above, the devils who cudged King Herod were to sprinkle with holy water the horned head-pieces which they wore, "lest some true devil should make his way into their band, and at the end of their performance they should find they were one too many, as they say happened once upon a time." When the Queen of Sheba appeared, it was her duty "to put her two hands upon her hips and swing herself about nobly, without leaving her place, keeping time to the music of the air composed by King René."

This mode of representing a story by dance and song was in vogue for both religious and secular subjects. All through the early centuries of the Provençal church we find the bishops inveighing against the *coroulas*, or *corolas*, as they were indifferently called, names plainly derived from the Greek *χορός*. Despite the fulminations of the Church, the secular *corolas* were hard to die, and the sacred lingered until our own day. The play of "Ste. Marthe et el Tarasque"—the fabulous beast which gave its name to Tarascon, and which the more practical of the sisters of Lazarus is said to have bound and led captive with her girdle

—was one of the last to go, as it had been in its day one of the most popular. Louis XI. came down to see it in 1444, while he was still dauphin. At all events he solemnly protested that he came for the play alone, albeit unfriendly critics accused him of wishing to spy out the land and estimate his chances of succeeding to his uncle King René, whose only child was a daughter, Margaret, the hapless wife of Henry VI. of England.

Louis had about forty years to wait for the realization of his dream. The moment the reunion with France was accomplished, Aix, the capital of old Provence, dropped into a secondary position. Fifty years later its palace was burned by the Duke of Savoy, who desired to destroy certain documents which he erroneously believed had been secreted there.

The portraits of King René and his second



A PROVENÇAL MILL.

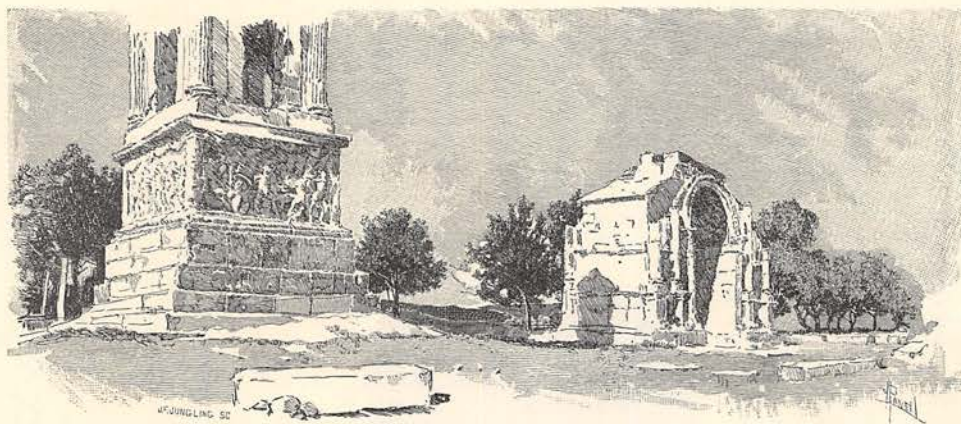
wife, surrounded by their patron saints, may still be seen at Aix, in the cathedral of St. Sauveur, whose twelfth-century cloister well repays a visit. So does the church of St. Jean de Malte, and that of St. Maximin, in a hamlet sixteen miles to the eastward of Aix. Tradition makes the latter church the burial-place of Mary Magdalene, and points to a pair of rude sarcophagi in its very ancient crypt as those of the saint and her maid Marcella.

Three among the many gifts which the bounteous René bestowed upon his little kingdom have not merely withstood the waste of time, but have multiplied exceedingly with the years. They are the rose, the clove-pink, and the muscat grape. It is hard to realize that the landscape of Provence must have been much more stern in the days of the troubadours than at present. Then the white mul-

berry was unknown in the land, the vine and the olive were rare, and the royal revenues were chiefly derived from the countless flocks of goats which browsed over the rocky and scantily wooded hills.

One spot there is, however, four miles only by the passes of the Alpines from smiling Saint-Remy, where the landscape which often sup-

died from the shock occasioned by seeing a flock of black-birds alight on his window-sill once while he was dining. It was an intensely superstitious race, and over and over again the head of the house refused to increase his possessions for fear of breaking the charm of the magic number seventy-nine, which told the tale of his towns and villages.



ROMAN REMAINS AT SAINT-REMY.

plied so grim a background to the fiery love dramas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries may be seen in all its pristine austerity. I mean Les Baux—the solitary, grotesque, and gruesome ruins of Les Baux, whose lords in their great days defied, not the counts of Provence merely, but the kings of France and the emperors of Germany, refusing, in fact, to do homage to any earthly suzerain. One tradition ascribes the foundation of their stronghold to a descendant of one of the magi, Balthazar; another derives the family from a Visigothic stock. Whatever may have been its origin, from the close of the tenth century onward its members figure on every page of Provençal history. They claimed the rank of independent sovereigns, and sought to fortify their position by the most ambitious matrimonial alliances; and it was by virtue of one of these marriages that the lords of Les Baux fiercely disputed for many years the succession to the county of Provence.

One of its chatelaines was the first love of that Guillaume de Cabestan whose ghastly fate all students of the gay—and tragic—science know. Another presided over one of the most famous of the Courts of Love. The men of Les Baux were equally famous in love and in war. Many excelled in the aristocratic pastime of “finding” rhymes and melodies for their high-wrought passions, and one Béral des Baux, of the Marseilles branch, devoted his life to the study of the black art, and was so convinced a believer therein that he actually

The thirteenth century saw the family of Les Baux and the considerable town which had grown up about the castle gates at the summit of their splendor. The line of direct descent failing early in the fifteenth century, the counts of Provence entered and took possession, and, with the rest of their domain, Les Baux passed to the crown of France about fifty years later. In 1640 the lands of Les Baux were made over to the princes of Monaco, who held them until the great Revolution, when the castle was attacked, plundered, and finally ruined in an access of red republican fury by a mob of Arlésiens. The forests on the adjoining hills, which while they remained partly veiled the savage contours of the scenery, were leveled at the same time. The gorge which the castle overlooked still goes by the name of *l'Enfer*, and anything more diabolical in aspect, more hideously barren and awesome than the scene to-day, it would be difficult to imagine. It is impossible, at the first glance, to distinguish the freaks of nature from the handiwork of man. Gaunt rocks thrust themselves up out of the blasted soil, writhing and twisting into distorted likenesses of living or imaginary things. Here is a dragon petrified, and there a leering sphinx, and yonder the crumbling skeleton of some primeval monster:

Penury, inertness, and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's portion—
“See,
Or shut your eyes,” said Nature peevishly.

"It nothing skills: I cannot help my case—
The Judgment's fire alone can cure this place,
Calcine its clods, and set my prisoners free."

A fragment of the once haughty castle, perched upon the topmost pinnacle of rock about the ruined town, seems to stare through empty windows at the spectacle of chaotic ruin. Quite enough remains of the immense fortress to show in how strange a manner it was originally constructed. Story upon story, *salle des gardes* and audience hall, lady's bower and princely chapel, all were first hollowed out of the limestone rock. Staircases were cut and chimneys tunneled in like manner, and the living wall was pierced for doors and windows, whose lintels, frames, and deep embrasures were adorned with elaborate sculptures. The retainers of the lords of Les Baux, crowding for defense about their castle gates, imitated their bold manner of building, and there, in a species of stone labyrinth, still dwell their descendants, to the number of two or three hundred. Wretched as are the holes in which they abide, they are a fine race physically, the women statuesque and beautiful like those of Arles, and wearing with grace a very coarse and humble imitation of the same picturesque costume. The story goes that the rocky site was always exceptionally healthy. The plague, which from time to time devastated the lowlands, never touched Les Baux, and the only epidemic ever known there occurred in the time of the Romans, and was sent in chastisement by the Saintes Maries

at their feet, and many a prayer is said there on the Maries' fête-day (May 24); but there are rationalists who hold that the three figures were to represent the great general Marius (who was encamped near by for many months during his Gallic campaign, 100 B. C.), his wife Julia, and Martha, a Syrian prophetess, by whom Plutarch tells us that he was always accompanied.

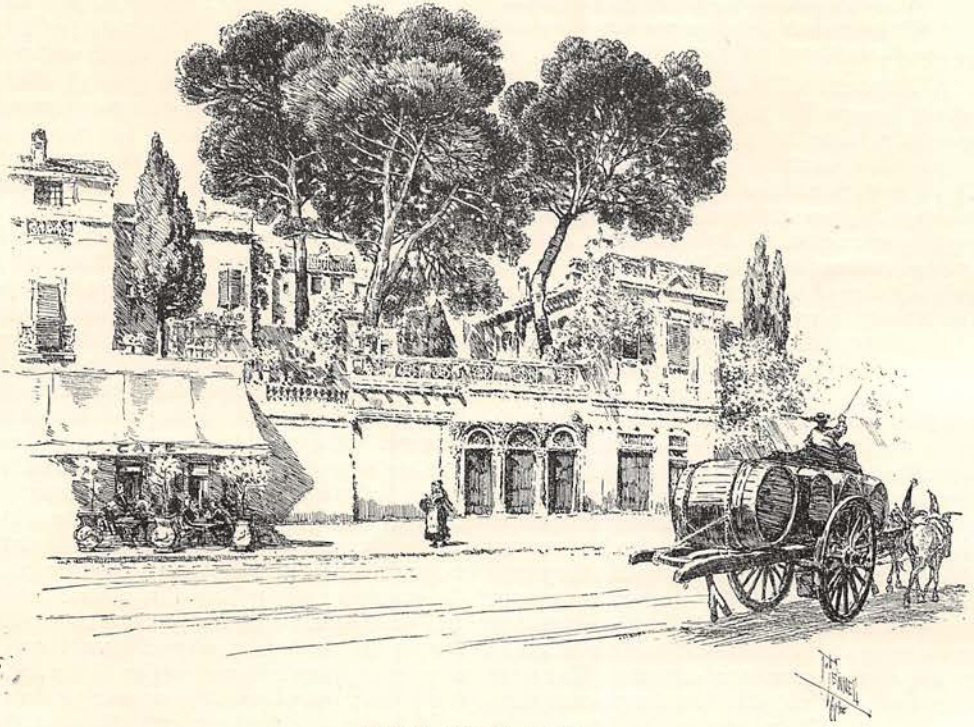
The view southward from the escarped cliff of Les Baux comprises a large portion both of the stony plain of Crau and of the salt marshes of the Camargue. It was over these burning plains that poor little Mirèio took her fatal way to the Maries' church — the monumental pile on the very edge of the Mediterranean which we ourselves were purposing to visit on the morrow. The witch's cavern where Vincen was healed of the ghastly wound which he had got in his little lady's defense was entered from the gorge of *l'Enfer*, and must have ramified under our very feet. I used to think the sixth canto, in which the monstrous phenomena of the cavern are described with minute realism and what seems a perfectly staggering credulity on the poet's part, a great blemish on the convincing simplicity and verity of the rest of the poem; but nightmares appear to have a solid basis at Les Baux, and all manner of witchcraft becomes plausible here. One of the least canny features of the spectral town is the way in which when one has left it and looks back from the first turn in the road every



ARLES FROM THE RIVER.

because they had been refused hospitality there. It was by way of expiating their fault on this occasion — so the country-folk religiously believe — that the men of Les Baux carved on the sheer surface of the rock which afterward sustained the castle three figures in Roman drapery whose outlines, together with an almost effaced Latin inscription, may still be traced among the crumbling debris on the castle's southern side. Flowers are deposited

trace of human handiwork seems to have vanished from the hillside, and you ask yourself whether it were not after all conjured up for half an hour only by some potent spell, and you in a trance while you seemed to walk its desolate ways. I recur with renewed satisfaction to the word I have already used. Les Baux is *diabolical*. So, emphatically, are the large, lean, coal-black hounds with hungry eyes and curling tails that dash out of the farm-



HANGING GARDENS, ARLES.

yards, yelping furiously, as you roll rapidly down in the warm dusk towards the gates of Arles. They look as though they had coursed with the Wild Huntsman.

Three or four miles from Les Baux we passed what we promptly identified as Daudet's windmill—at all events, one among many whose position answered very well to his minute description. A little farther on towards Arles come the imposing ruins of Montmajour, a landmark for many miles as they dominate the bowery hillock, once an island like that of Ely, and known in legal documents as *L'Île de Mont-majeur* as late as the fifteenth century. The earliest existing portions of this vast and heterogeneous pile date from the sixth century; the latest,—the mere shell of an ugly building in the Italian style, sacked in the Revolution, and very disfiguring to the general effect of the ruins to-day,—from the eighteenth. The Pointed church and its crypt are but an echoing waste of stone—impressive, however, from their enormous proportions. But there is a small Romanesque chapel of the ninth century, simply adorned with elementary dogtooth moldings, with a fig tree overshadowing the altar-stone and vine-tendrils weaving a light green lace-work where the windows used to be, which preserves so sweet an atmosphere of immemorial prayer that one is visited by a passing impulse to lie down in one of the rude

coffins hollowed out of the rocky floor itself in the vaulted passage by which one approaches the place, and let the world go by for a thousand years more.

Very interesting, and curious also, is the Romanesque chapel of Ste. Croix, close by, with its massive square central tower and four semicircular apses. Whether or not it was built, as long believed, by Charlemagne to commemorate a victory over the Saracens, it is plainly of a hoar antiquity, and the rock which sustains it is honeycombed with early Christian graves.

Once upon a time, they tell us, Arles stood among its lagoons as Venice stands to-day, save that its islands—those of the city proper, of Montmajour, and others of less importance—were often rocky and steep, rising to a considerable height above the water level. Merchant ships came from all the Mediterranean ports to the harbor at the mouth of the Rhône, while smaller craft, with their draught reduced by inflated bladders fastened along their sides, navigated the water-ways of the city. There was a Celtic camp here in the very dawn of history, and then a wealthy Grecian colony, which Cæsar rewarded for taking his part against Pompey by leaving there as a permanent garrison a part of his sixth legion, under Claudius Tiberius Nero, father of the future emperor Tiberius. The Roman camp was on

the side of the river where is now the suburb of Trinquetaille, and Roman fashions spread rapidly in the Grecian town, until it became, in the words of Ausonius, "a little Gallic Rome," and the pride of all Provence. Mistral has touched, with even more than his wonted grace, this phase of the perennial beauty of *Arelas* :

Roumo, de nòu, t' avié vestido
En pèiro blanco bèn bastido. . . .

Rome had arrayed thee in a new garment of well-wrought white marble. She had crowned thee with the five-score gates of thy great Arena; thou hadst, Imperial Princess, to minister to thy delight, circus and stately aqueduct, theater and hippodrome.

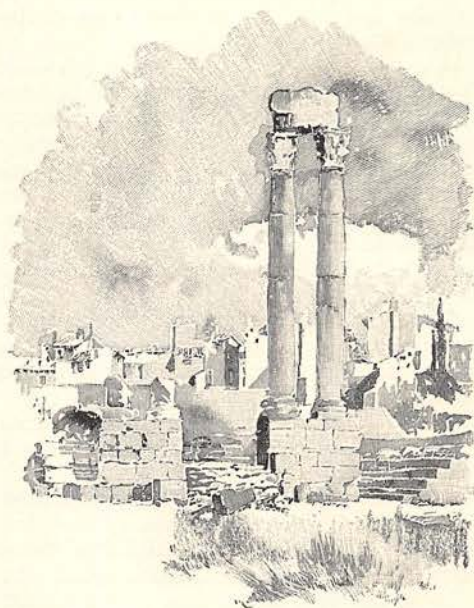
Even then, however, the sea was receding, as it is receding still. The indefatigable Rhône filled up the shallow basin under the beholder's very eyes, and called for a new lighthouse every fifty years. If the Tour Maluscat, the beacon erected at its mouth in the thirteenth century, were standing to-day, it would be exactly half way between Arles and the sea. "An utterly incorrigible river," was the verdict of the great engineer Vauban when he was sent, in 1665, to examine the delta of the Rhône; and his decision has never been reversed. The double ranges of dikes which hem it in are periodically broken and the whole country desolated for many miles by the untamable spring floods. Many think it would have been better if the river had been left to its own devices, like the Nile, and that the rich deposit of its broad and quiet overflow might have rendered as fertile as the basin of the Egyptian stream both the stony Crau on the left and the immense triangular tract of the Camargue, whose two remaining sides are bounded by the Petit Rhône and the sea.

Superbly situated at the point where the two streams divide, the Arles of to-day troubles itself very little about either its ancient glories or its possibilities of modern improvement. It is a city of dreams, where visible relics of all the ages group themselves with careless grace and a result of perfect unity. The far-famed beauty of the Arlésiennes is of a distinctly Greek type, straight-featured, low-browed, and delicate. It is enhanced by their graceful black costume, with swelling fichu of white lace and coquettish little cap of the same material set high on the head and bound with a broad black ribbon, one end of which is left free and falls to the shoulder. Young and old, these women, almost without exception, have luxuriant hair, curling lightly about the temples. The smallness of the head as compared with the size of the neck — another strikingly classic feature — accounts in part, no doubt, for their superb carriage. This, too,

is a beauty which they seem never to lose. I have seen a heavy woman of sixty, with the marks of severe toil about her person and carrying a big burden, who crossed the central square of the town with the step of an empress.

Built into the front of a house in this same Place du Forum are two massive granite pillars, plainly of antique workmanship, the very same perhaps behind which Sidonius Apollinaris tells us that he one day saw certain courtiers dodge to avoid saluting him because they fancied him in disgrace. The Hôtel du Forum, where we abode, fronts upon the same square, now shady with plane trees. The soft-eyed daughter of our landlady — who speaks a very engaging English of her own — told us that the old house had wonderful vaults beneath it, where many fragments of fine sculpture had been found and sent to enrich the marvelous museum of Arles. There was a fountain at one side of the courtyard, whose water fell into an exquisitely carved basin, which might once have been, as local piety suggested, a *bénitier*, but looked more like a fragment from the front of a Roman sarcophagus.

Inside the museum one's adjectives fail. One stands divided between speechless admiration at the beauty of the remains there amassed and speechless wrath at the senseless fury of the human iconoclasts who must have whacked away with so brutal a will to reduce them to their present condition. The Roman theater, across whose proscenium once ran a magnificent colonnade, a pair of whose pale-



REMAINS OF A ROMAN THEATER, ARLES.

green marble columns are still standing, connected by their entablature, was deliberately and conscientiously sacked in 446 by a Christian mob under the direction of one Cyril, an ecclesiastic holding the rank of deacon. Its fair statues were hewn in pieces as idolatrous images, its marble facings reduced to lime, its very masonry torn down and rewrought into

history are set forth with the most naïve realism. It sounds incongruous, but the interest is infinite, and the general effect one of unique richness and beauty. The gentle old guardian who showed us about and enabled us to decipher the Scripture incidents on the capitals was fully imbued with the spirit of the place. "They ask me," he said dreamily, "if I never tire of my cloister. But no; I read my book a while, and then I take a turn and look at my pillars." And prophet and saint seemed to relax a little of their rigidity and smile approval at him from *his pillars*.

On the side of the Place de la République opposite to St. Trophime (what irony, St. Paul's comrade and the third French Republic commemorated in the same square!) stands the deserted church of Ste. Anne, appropriated to the museum aforesaid. The finest among the many fine things there are the pagan sarcophagi from the Aliscamps, and a bust, exquisitely lovely amid all its mutilations, which is said to be of the Empress Livia.

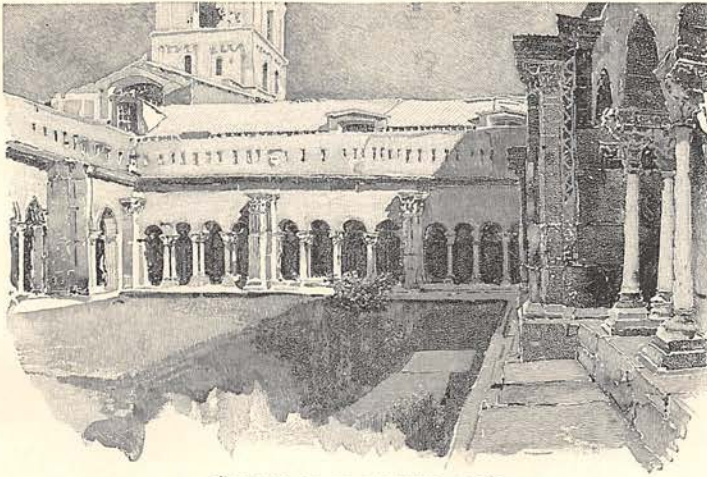


ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

the walls of church edifices destined to share a similar fate one day at the hands of the Saracen and the Jacobin.

Fifty years ago the archæologist M. Clair reported that there were nine churches in Arles either desecrated or entirely abandoned, every one of which deserved, by its high antiquity or its intrinsic beauty, to be preserved and restored. The last vestiges of most of these have now been swept away. One supremely beautiful ecclesiastical monument Arles does indeed possess in its Romanesque cathedral, dedicated to St. Trophimus, the disciple of St. Paul and first Bishop of Arles. The deep portal is like a cavern lined with intricate sculpture, the cloister is of matchless loveliness. Over and above the wistful, restful charm that abides in every cloister there is here an infusion of Greek feeling such as one remarks in some of the oldest mosaics at Ravenna, a tradition of Greek methods of work which modifies the stiffness of the early Christian sculpture without impairing its reverential spirit. Rich Corinthian capitals, copied from the models which the Arlésiens had ever before their eyes, alternate with those on which the chief events of Bible

Hence the traveler wends his way, by narrow streets which invite the artist's pencil at every turn, to the great amphitheater, more nearly approaching in its dimensions the Colosseum at Rome than any other known specimen equally well preserved. The twofold circuit of its inner and outer walls is almost complete, and a population of two thousand souls lived or burrowed in the mean dwellings which packed its arena within the memory of living men. You climb, if you are enterprising, to the top of one of the quadrangular watch-towers which the Saracens built at each of the four cardinal points of the amphitheater when they held the place as a fortress, and looking down upon the city, where the Roman remains are still the most conspicuous objects, you summon the ghosts of its untold generations and strive to make some clear image to yourself of those former things which are forever passed away. In vain; they bewilder and baffle you by the very infinity of their multitude — those weak and tenuous ghosts. It is time to go down into that mysterious burying-place where, acre beyond acre, tier above tier, full sixty generations of them have been laid in earth.



CLOISTERS OF ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

Not always in consecrated earth. The Aliscamps—*Elysii Campi*—had been a pagan *ceramicus* for centuries before the saints arrived from Palestine. St. Trophimus, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, and to whose legend I shall presently recur, is said to have met with great opposition from the other clergy when he first proposed to consecrate the spot for Christian burial. The difficulty was solved, as difficulties always were in those days, by a miracle. A troop of angels—some said our Lord himself was their leader—came one night and performed the act of consecration. After that, of course, the Elysian Fields of Arles were looked upon as doubly sanctified, and all who heard the tale aspired to take their last rest therein. The dead were brought from great distances for interment here. Sometimes, farther up the Rhône, when the friends were too poor to equip a proper funeral cortege, the corpse, robed for burial, was set adrift alone upon the river, like the Lady of Shalott, with a few coins laid in the lifeless palm, to pay for placing it in the holy ground. It was held an especially blessed and salutary work to tow these little skiffs ashore and perform the last offices for the silent voyager. Mistral has told us the history of the Aliscamps in the finest passage of his "Nerto," and in the Middle Ages the then vast inclosure was simply crowded with hillocks and humble tombs, princely mausoleums, and mortuary and expiatory chapels. Ariosto mentions "the plain full of sepulchers," and the memory of it arose and fitly mingled with Dante's vision of the Inferno:

Si come ad Arli, ove 'l Rhodano stagna,

Fanno i sepolcri tutto 'l loco varo.

The close-set graves had made the surface hilly even then.

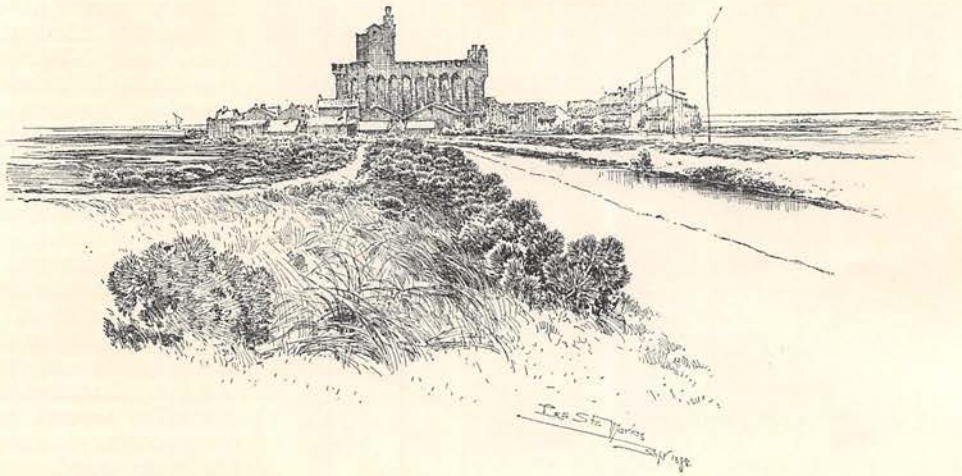
VOL. XL.—45.

Every museum in Europe has rifled this place. Louis XIV. sent five boats laden with sarcophagi hence to the Louvre. Churches destitute of "relics" found a storehouse here from which to repair their lack. The area of the old necropolis has been greatly retrenched, and the river no longer touches it. A part of it is still in use as the public cemetery of Arles. The railway to Marseilles severed another portion, where coffins were found many deep when the engineers

made their cutting; but beyond the railway workshops a space was walled in, and is the only one which still preserves its venerable aspect. Five crumbling chapels are here out of the nineteen which the Aliscamps once contained. A long avenue of whispering poplars leads from an iron gateway down to the best-preserved of these—the church of St. Honorat. Within, arranged as mural tablets, are memorial inscriptions from all the ages—here that of the daughter of a Roman governor, dead at seventeen, there that of a sainted bishop. And what are these rows upon rows of strange, rude troughs or basins which flank the poplar avenue? They are the massive



THE ALISCAMPS, ARLES.



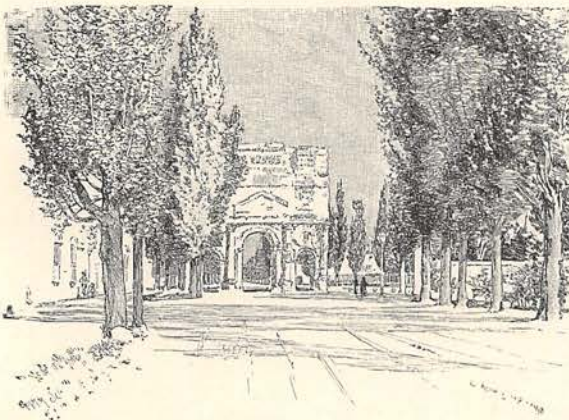
SAINTES MARIES.

stone coffins of the first Christian centuries, empty now save for the soft shower of Provençal rose petals which are shed into them from the tangled bushes running riot over all the place.

A visit to the Aliscamps has the effect of shortening in so singular a manner the perspective of Christian history that it prepares one to receive at least with patience that all-pervading, most ancient, and most tenacious legend of the refugees from Jerusalem, which is commemorated in one way or another by half the old churches of Provence. During the persecution—so the tale runs—which arose shortly after the death of Christ certain of his most intimate friends and followers were forced into an unseaworthy vessel and set adrift on the Mediterranean. Among them were Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary Salome and Mary mother of James the Less, with their maid Sara, Trophimus, Saturninus, and Eutropius. The crazy bark, miraculously preserved

from destruction, was guided to the shores of Provence, and the involuntary missionaries landed at the extremity of the Camargue and devoted themselves to the evangelization of the country. Perhaps the strangest thing about this tale is that it may possibly be true. Certain it is that the family of Bethany, associated so closely with the last and most affecting scenes in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, disappear in a very remarkable manner from the records of his infant church, while on the other hand there were intimate commercial relations at that time between Palestine and Provence and communication by water was frequent. In short, the legend, still implicitly credited and even cherished with a sort of passion by the common people roundabout, because of the healing efficacy supposed to reside in the relics of the Marys, comes nearer than many others to having a plausible historical basis. The company dispersed soon after their landing. If you want the story

told with fascinating garrulity and all manner of picturesque details, go to the eleventh canto of "Mirèio." The preaching of Trophimus converted Arles; that of Saturninus, Toulouse; that of Eutropius, Orange. Martha delivered Tarascon from a dragon, as we have seen, but the three Marys lived and died on the Mediterranean coast; Mary Magdalene in the grotto of *la Sainte Beaume*, where sacred art has often represented her long expiation, the other two in the Camargue. The very name has perished of the prince who built the vast fortress-like church, with its buttresses and machicolations—built it of extraordinary strength, in order to defend against the incursions of Mediterranean pi-



ROMAN GATEWAY AT ORANGE. (ON THE LYONS ROAD.)

rates both the graves of the patronesses and the houses of the wretched little hamlet which clung and still clings to the bases of the church like children to the skirts of their mother. The sacred graves were somewhere under the massive pile, but it was reserved for merry King René himself, in 1448, to identify them, exhume the relics, and build for their reception upon the roof of the church the curious chapel where they now repose, and whence they are let down by pulleys once a year, on the Maries' fête-day, into the cavernous choir below :

Car cou pourtau (qu'es la parpello
D' aquelo benido capello)
Regardo sus la glêiso :

For the portal (as it were the eye of that blessed chapel) looks upon the church, and far, far away is visible the white boundary-line which at once unites and divides the vault of heaven from the bitter wave—is visible the eternal rolling of the mighty main.

The Maries' fête-day is the 24th of May; we made our pilgrimage on the 23d. The distance across the Camargue is twenty-five miles, and we were off at seven o'clock of the sweet summer morning. We crossed the Rhône to the suburb of Trinquetaille by an iron bridge, which replaces the famous bridge of boats on which the fairies danced in exultation the night after they had lured to his destruction the would-be assassin of Mirèio's lover. No sooner were we out upon the level country than we began to overtake parties of pilgrims, more pious than ourselves, who were on their way, many of them evidently from great distances, to celebrate the festival of the morrow.

Nothing could exceed the variety and quaintness of the vehicles by which they traveled. All had big bundles of hay or fresh fodder for the horses swung beneath or behind. The occupants of the carts, from eight to twenty in each, were for the most part women and children, the former sitting on chairs which they would later use as seats in church, the latter bestowed wherever there was a convenient perch. They were sheltered from the sun by light canvas awnings; they carried provision of bread and fruit and wine sufficient for several days, and the horses jogged lazily along. They would be in ample time for the first of the morrow's functions, and so the women sat knitting and chatting tranquilly, or sometimes the whole company would strike up one of the old Provençal canticles in honor of the saints to whose shrine they were bound. Some of the smarter vehicles had leather-cushioned seats running lengthwise, and gaily striped awnings. Others, poor and crazy to the last degree, with lean little horses, rope-spliced harnesses, and mangy dogs trotting beside the rattling wheels, appeared literally to swarm with wild-eyed, brown-skinned children, handsome as Murillo's beggars amid their dirt, who would in time become just such brutal men and scowling hags as the older members of their party. Gipsies are gipsies the world over, and gipsies cherish a special reverence for Ste. Sara, the handmaid of the Marys, who was of their own race, they say, and lies buried in the venerable crypt of the Camarguan church. Many a big wax candle is yearly bought by "Romany chieis," and burned there in her honor.

Harriet W. Preston.



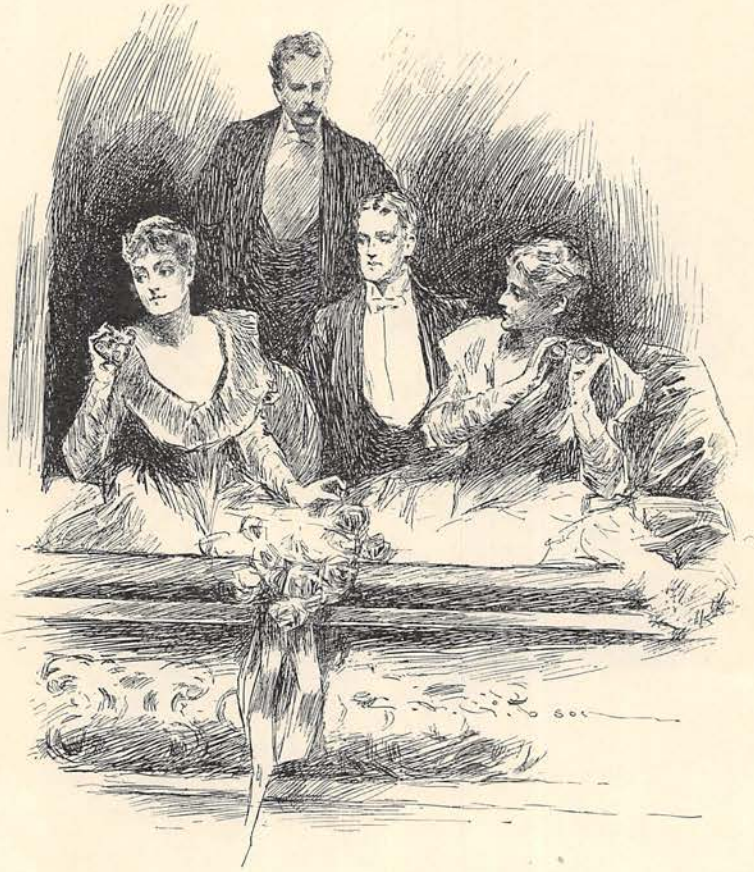
A TASTE OF KENTUCKY BLUE-GRASS.



OW beautiful is fertility! A landscape of fruitful and well-cultivated fields; an unbroken expanse of grass; a thick, uniform growth of grain—how each of these fills and satisfies the eye!

And it is not because we are essentially utilitarian and see the rich loaf and the fat beef as the outcome of it all, but because we read in it an expression of the beneficence and good-will of the earth. We love to see harmony between man and nature; we

love peace and not war; we love the adequate, the complete. A perfect issue of grass or grain is a satisfaction to look upon, because it is a success. These things have the beauty of an end exactly fulfilled, the beauty of perfect fitness and proportion. The barren in nature is ugly and repels us, unless it be on such a scale and convey such a suggestion of power as to awaken the emotion of the sublime. What can be less inviting than a neglected and exhausted Virginia farm, the thin red soil showing here and there through the ragged



"I HAD MY GLASS UP, AND WAS LOOKING IN THE SAME DIRECTION."

bags and parcels, contented themselves by craning heads from either sidewalk and asking questions, imperfectly supplied with answers from the blue-coated policeman who vainly strove to straighten out this puzzle of the streets. To the nationalities that go to swell

such a crowd of every day in lower Broadway all Europe and parts of the East contribute, and the types are interestingly varied; but plain truth exacts the statement that over them all the voice and presence dominant in petty authority is that of Erin.

(To be concluded.)

A PROVENÇAL PILGRIMAGE.—II.



MUCH of that portion of the Camargue which lies nearest Arles has been reclaimed of late, and the road, for ten miles or so, passes between cultivated fields across which leafy avenues like those of Saint-Remy lead to groups of substantial farm-buildings. Village there is none on all the plain, save the hamlet about the Marys' church, and imperceptibly, as you proceed, the aspect of the land becomes more desolate, all signs of cultivation cease, the shade trees vanish from the roadside, giving place to an almost continuous hedge of

rustling tamarisk, dust-powdered on all its feathery leaves and spikes of pale pink blossom. And now large reedy pools of turquoise-blue water begin to appear; black cattle graze along their margins; a half-dozen wild horses go scudding like so many cloud shadows across the middle distance; groups of gigantic stone pines loom up afar, recalling Ostia and Ravenna; and our driver shows us along the southern horizon a silvery streak, crossed by one dim perpendicular line—the Marys' tower beside the Midland Sea.

Within the dark church, what coolness and what peace! It is absolutely bare of ornament.



ON THE GRAND CANAL, MARTIGUES.

The vast nave and crazy wooden galleries are filled with seats, empty now for the most part. On the choir-steps are arranged cushions and mattresses for the sick who will be brought there on the morrow for cure, and ranks of candles burn bright about the entrance to the crypt, whence comes a sound of sweet, shrill girlish voices chanting the Marys' litany. No other office is proceeding, but single worshipers, ever one with some private plaint or quest, steal in, set up a candle, kneel awhile, and then depart. There is a well-curb in the middle of the central aisle. All pause to take a draught there, for the water is sweet, the perennial spring which supplies it having gushed out spontaneously among the briny grasses to quench the Marys' thirst when they first landed. A sorrowful-looking old crone, accompanied by an awe-struck lad, is industriously scraping away with a penknife at a bit of white limestone rock which projects from the dark masonry in one of the side aisles and has been deeply grooved by similar operations carried on for fifteen hundred years. On this white rock the Marys stepped ashore, and the powder of it mixed with water is excellent, so a vender of blessed candles told us, for all affections of the eyes. The modern

disciples of the faith-cure should come to the Marys' church, whence the prayers of the poor have ascended unwaveringly for so many years, and study its most authentic operation.

One of the more commodious of the white village huts had mounted a sign inviting man and beast to entertainment, and thither we, too, went in faith, and ordered a noonday meal. We were received with effusion by a couple of women, a mother and daughter, or rather a mother and grandmother, of whom the younger spoke very fair French. But when we asked the elder whether the eggs of which she purposed to make our omelette were fresh, she drew herself up and replied with some dignity, "Aviem li pouli." At least this is what it sounded like, and its meaning was unquestion-



CHURCH AT MARTIGUES.

able, although only the middle term of her syllogism was expressed. "We have hens" (therefore of course our eggs are fresh)—in other words, "we lay our own." I do not know what the *félibre* will say to my spelling, nor do I know what the *félibres* can do to me if I take occasion in this place to confess the heresy which I came to hold about their beautiful modern Provençal when I had listened more or less to the country folk. I cannot help thinking that it is after all only a dialect like another, made up partly of survivals and partly of excrescences, like the Dorsetshire dialect of William Barnes, or the elementary gutturals of the Northern farmer. A little phonetic exaggeration goes a long way in reducing such a speech to writing. But the regularities of declension, the assonant and rhyming terminations, the whole symmetrical fabric of the grammar, I suspect to be the work of these enthusiasts themselves, or rather of the great imaginative constructive philologist whose word they all obey, and who has given the appropriately romantic name of "The Féli-

difficulties to the reader as does the diction of Uncle Remus, but hardly more. I am far from meaning to say that the *félibres* are not acting in perfectly good faith when they meet in council and fix the form of a tense or a gender, or emphasize some analogy with the language of the troubadours. The late William Barnes is well known to have believed that Dorset was the true primitive English, and to have died lamenting that the language of Shakspeare had been diverted from its original channel.

But to return to our lunch at "Li Santen." We were respectfully conducted through the café to the *salon* of the establishment, a room six feet by nine, with a clean table in the center and a rather imposing dresser. There was no window, but a glass door with a red curtain, opening into a high-walled poultry yard, where stood a range of huge oil-jars, exactly like those which one sees half buried in the sand in the disinterred shops of Ostia; where waved the branches of an untrammled vine; where lived a somewhat noisy population, consisting of one baby, four large curly dogs, a cat



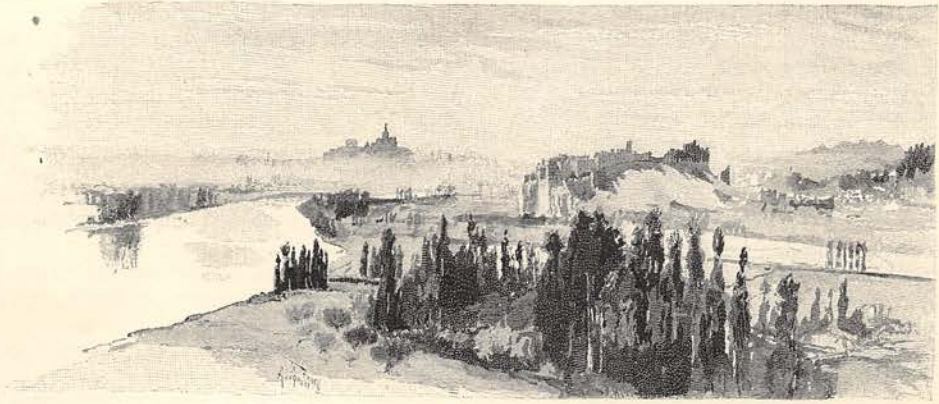
FAÇADE OF CHURCH, SAINT-GILLES.

bre's Treasure" to the lexicon which he is slowly elaborating. There is a very interesting little book lately published under the title of "Scènes de la Vie Provençale," by a *félibre* of Toulon,—Sénès, otherwise called La Sinse,—which took the prize for Provençal prose at the floral tournament at Hyères in 1885. It consists of detached bits in dramatic form, very humorously put and of a quite delicious vulgarity. And it presents the same sort of

of great spirit, two hens, and a vicious old goose tied by the legs. They all, except the tethered goose, paid us frequent and friendly visits during our meal, which consisted of Provençal fish-chowder and the omelette aforesaid. When the repast was concluded we were led out by way of the stable, where, thoughtfully removed beyond the reach of the horses' heels, stood, of all modern incongruities—a billiard-table! After that low-

ering sight we were ready to return to Arles. We felt a little injured, too, in that during our whole fifty miles' drive forth and back over the Camargue we saw neither mirage nor flamingo; but even with these trifling exceptions

Magdalen's Roman way,—as well as the ruins of the same period which crowned the eminence, have disappeared under one of the great fortifications lately erected to protect the harbor of Toulon.



AVIGNON AND THE VALLEY OF THE RHÔNE.

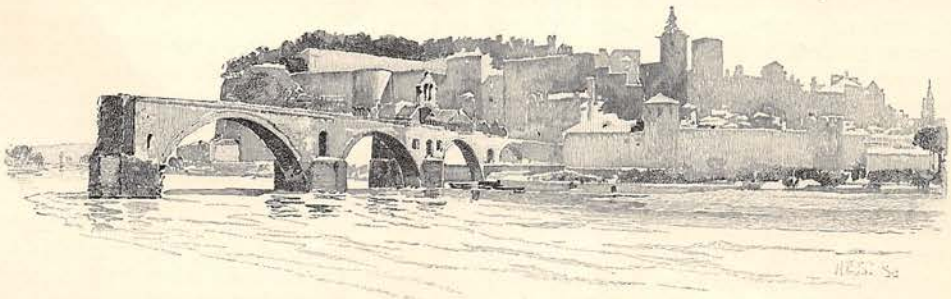
the day was one of singularly fresh and fascinating experience.

We went out the next morning, a short distance by train, in quite another direction over the Camargue, and gave one wondering look at the beautiful west front and venerable crypt of the abbey church of Saint-Gilles, sacked and almost destroyed by the Huguenots in 1622, and at the Maison Romaine, where Clement IV. was born, and which is maintained as an historical monument.

Eastward of Arles there are few existing relics of the old Provençal days. At Salon still stands a part of the château which Nostadamus describes as "one of the most beautiful, magnificent, and habitable dwellings in Provence." At Six Fours are three churches superposed after the manner of San Clemente, the lowest of extreme antiquity. But the excellently preserved roadway of Roman paving, which led to the hilltop, and went by the name of the *camín roumiou di Santo Madaleno*,—St.

At Marseilles, which all the world knows for a flagrantly modern town, albeit it was an old and flourishing colony when it warred with Carthage, we reluctantly turned our faces northward, our first destination being Avignon. We entered that beautiful city at midnight by the white light of the full May moon. "Poet, take thy lute," we said to the shade of Petrarch as we passed the gates.

Turning into the well-remembered courtyard of the picturesque Hôtel de l'Europe, we marveled if this was indeed the place which we had seen once before under leaden skies and in biting winter weather. The basin of the mossy fountain had been fringed with icicles then, and through the bare boughs of the big plane tree in the middle of the courtyard whistled a cruel northeast wind. Now the water trickled softly among luxuriant ferns and fell with tinkling music, and the whole place was rustling with leafage and spicy with the scent of roses full blown. Across that courtyard Laura might



BRIDGE AT AVIGNON.

have come to meet us, wearing the crimson gown that Petrarch loved so well.

The Middle Ages have it all their own way at Avignon, blotting out the remoter past and dwarfing the modern times, even as that Titanic Palace of the Popes dominates the town and reduces all the rest of its architecture to shapeless insignificance. It is used as a barrack now, and one look at the barren interior will suffice the modern pilgrim; but externally it cannot be spoiled. In majesty and air of permanence it almost rivals Mont Ventoux; and yet it served the use to which its builders destined it for barely a hundred years.

The whole story of the papal rule at Avignon reads more like romance than history. Affairs were indeed come to a bad pass both in France and in Italy when the fourteenth century reached its close. Between the days of St. Louis and those of his grandson Philippe IV., surnamed le Bel, a great change had taken place in the mutual attitude of pope and king. Philippe was no submissive son of the Church,

"I will make you pope by my influence if you will promise me six favors in return."

"Command, and I obey," replied the archbishop, kneeling.

The king raised him to his feet, kissed him, and proceeded.

"The six special favors are:

"*First.* My own complete reconciliation with the Church.

"*Second.* The removal of my excommunication.

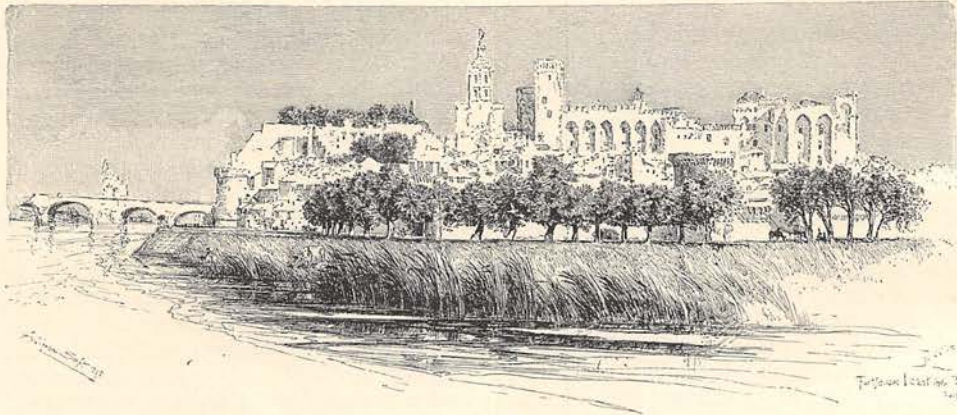
"*Third.* Resignation to the crown of the tithes of the French clergy for five years, to pay the debts incurred in the Flemish war.

"*Fourth.* A thorough vilification of Boniface VIII.

"*Fifth.* Bestowal of the cardinal's hat on the two Colonnas, Giacomo and Piero, together with their forfeited estates.

"*Sixth.* Something I will tell you in good time."

The final favor is supposed to have been the removal of the papal see to Avignon. At all



AVIGNON.

but denied entirely the temporal and to a large extent the spiritual authority of the popes. He waged a bitter strife of words and deeds with Boniface VIII. and his successor, Benedict XI. This culminated in 1304, when Benedict's bull of excommunication against the French king was speedily followed by his own death—poisoned, rumor said, by Philippe's agents.

The cardinals met in conclave at Perugia, and seemed in no hurry to agree upon a new head of the Church. Then one Bertrand de Got, a Frenchman and Archbishop of Bordeaux, received a summons from Philippe to meet him in the wood near Saint Jean d'Angély, a little town about midway between their two residences of Bordeaux and Tours. The archbishop having complied and sworn secrecy, the king unfolded his proposition with simplicity and precision.

events, on November 14, 1305, the archbishop was crowned at Lyons, and in that city he spent the winter, going thence to Bordeaux, later to Poitiers, and arriving in Avignon early in 1309.

He made his entry over the bridge of St. Benezet, "*cette orgueilleuse masse de pont,*" Nostradamus calls it, and tells us how it was begun in 1177, and was long the glory of the region. In his day, 1613, three of its original nineteen arches had fallen in; in ours only three are still standing.

It was under this pope that the Templars were condemned, and the sentence is said to have preyed upon his mind and ultimately to have caused his death, which occurred two years later, in 1614.

His successor, John XXII., though sixty-two at the time of his election, held office for

eighteen years. It was he who began the papal palace as we now see it, building the north façade and the Tour St. Jean, now detached, but then connected by a rampart wall to the main building. He rode about to inspect the progress of his works on a white mule, having solemnly promised Niccolò Orsini, at the time of his election, that he would never mount a horse again until he entered the walls of Rome.

ent VI. had been the beginning of the forty years' troublous reign of Jeanne I., Queen of Naples and Sicily and sovereign of Provence. She lost the confidence of the majority of her subjects very early in her reign. History did but repeat itself in the case of Mary Stuart — one night Jeanne's husband was murdered, and the next day, so to speak, she married the instigator of the crime. Forced to flee from Italy, where disastrous wars had brought her



VILLENEUVE-LES-AVIGNON.

The architect whom John had employed (Pietro Obrero) was retained by his successor, Benedict XII., to whom the southern part of the great pile is due. It was the only visible result of his eight years of rule, for his attempts to settle the disputes of Edward III. of England and the sons of Philippe le Bel, and to reform the religious orders, were alike unsuccessful. With the advent, in 1342, of Clement VI. all efforts in the latter direction were at once suspended. "Clement VI. was only fifty," says a biographer, "when he received the tiara. He had the tastes of a gentleman, and his contemporaries, for the most part, considered it perfectly natural that he should embellish his own and his friends' lives. No court was more polished and joyous than his." Certain rigorists blamed him for selling the benefices in his gift to the highest bidder, and mentioned the habits of his predecessors. "None of my predecessors knew how to be pope," he returned scornfully. Clement's is the western façade of the palace, that which follows the line of the modern avenue, and is the one best known to the passing visitor.

Contemporary with the accession of Clem-

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to bankruptcy, she took ship for Provence, only to be met on landing by a band of hostile barons, under the leadership of the then Lord of Baux, and by them imprisoned in a *château fort*, whence she was released only on giving her solemn promise never to part with Provence. There were rumors abroad that she intended to replenish her empty treasury at the expense of her French inheritance; and these rumors found their partial fulfilment in 1348, when she sold to Clement Avignon and its dependencies, which were held on easier tenure than any of her other possessions. The price agreed on was eighty thousand golden florins of Florentine standard. Some writers have maintained that this money was never paid, and others that Jeanne had no power to sell; but be this as it may, Avignon remained a papal possession until the French Revolution, though the papal seat had been restored to Rome before Jeanne, a gray-haired woman of fifty-five, was put to death by her rival's orders.

After Clement, in 1352 came Innocent VI., of whom St. Bridget of Sweden declared, in her fifth revelation, that he was "of better brass than any of his predecessors" — a compliment which has a dubious sound in our ears,

though she meant it for the high praise which indeed he deserved. For ten years he did his best to reform the abuses of the Church and to establish peace in Europe, with no great result in either direction. He laid his hand to the palace also, fortifying it and building the great inner chapel.

He was followed by Urban V., whose policy resembled Innocent's, and who by the time of his death, in 1370, had succeeded in restoring to the papacy much of its lost prestige.

Gregory XI. assumed the tiara on the last day of 1370. He was nephew of Clement VI., and had been educated in the inner circles of the papal court. He thoroughly understood his position, and perceived that the time had fully come for a return to Rome. But his timid and luxurious disposition recoiled from the difficulties and dangers of the change, and the majority of the French cardinals by whom he was encompassed begged him to remain, as also did the charming high-born women who made the papal court their home — Cécile des Baux, Miramonde de Mauléon, Estephanette de Romanin, Enémonde de Bourbon, and a score of others. The very day of departure was more than once determined, yet Gregory, alleging as a pretext his desire to make peace between France and England, still lingered on in the stately pile of which an old chronicler says that "in sober truth [*valde solenne*] it is of wonderful beauty as a residence."

Suddenly the court was electrified by the arrival of an ambassador from the rebellious and excommunicated Florentines — a fragile woman, her slight natural strength pitifully reduced by fast and vigil, a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. She was only a dyer's daughter of Siena, but she had gained a marvelous ascendancy over the mind of all Italy, and had now crossed the Alps in the depth of winter to plead the cause of the Florentines, and to urge upon the pope, with all the impassioned eloquence of which she was capable, his return to Rome. To accomplish this return had been her dearest and most sacred desire, a mission to which she believed herself divinely accredited. She pleaded in person with pope and cardinals; she preached to them in sumptuous chapels, — no sermons of mystical doctrine, but simple, vigorous expositions of their present duty, — and Gregory listened as one whose heart is moved. The court became alarmed, and speedily resolved itself into two parties. A small number, and chief among them the pope's sister, the Duchesse de Valentinois, supported Catherine, while the great majority exerted themselves to the uttermost to thwart her purpose; but still undaunted, though week after week slipped by,

the maid of Siena persevered, and it became evident to all that her power over the mind of the pope increased steadily, if slowly. Her partisans, too, were multiplying, though there were still many who derided her extraordinary claims, and even went so far as to declare that her long ecstasies were but acting, her visions mere inventions. One of the beauties of the court, Elys de Beaufort-Turenne, took her own means of testing Catherine's integrity. Stealing up behind her one day, as the enthusiast knelt in rapt devotion in the papal chapel, she ran a pin deep into the sole of her foot. But Catherine never stirred, and for the future Mlle. Elys owned with a sigh that "there really was something supernatural about that Italian."

At last the cause was won, and on the 13th of September, 1376, the papal cortège left Avignon for Rome, which it reached early in the new year.

Avignon's days of splendor were over. For fifty years more it was indeed the residence of the antipopes Clement VII. and Benedict XIII. The latter of these resigned his office in 1424; the papal schism was at an end; the popes were firmly fixed in Rome, and the palace was left desolate.

Some part of the incalculable treasure which had been amassed there was transferred to Rome, but much remained perforce, and perhaps as simple a means as any of illustrating the papal magnificence at Avignon is to give a list of the chief painters who were summoned from Italy to adorn the palace walls — Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Giovanni da Milano, — some exquisite bits of whose work remain in the Ognissanti at Florence, — Stefano da Firenze, Spinello Aretino, and Simone Memmi.

The last did much work in the Avignon cathedral too, and in one of his frescos Petrarch figured as St. George and Laura as the Virgin. This, perhaps the most precious of his works, has perished utterly, but sundry bits attributed to him are still shown in various parts of the palace, all sadly discolored by time, and yet more ruthlessly mutilated by the hand of man.

Of the town and its history little of interest remains to tell. In 1600 the papal legate who made his residence at Avignon organized a most gorgeous reception to Marie de Médicis, who passed through the city on her way to Paris as the bride of Henry IV. The statue of "*le brave Crillon*" stands in the square by the palace, and its air of sturdy bonhomie reminds one irresistibly of the best of the many anecdotes which illustrate the frank relations prevailing between himself and the gallant king of Navarre. Once, in Henry's bohemian days, the arrears of Crillon's pay had mounted to a

point which transcended even his patience. "Sire," said Crillon briefly, "*argent ou congé.*" "Crillon," replied Henry, "*ni l'un ni l'autre!*"

Crillon was buried in the cathedral, as were two of the Avignonese popes; the monuments of two more are in the Avignon museum, and one, more beautiful than any of these, in the chapel of the hospital at Villeneuve. The ruinous little town, on its ashen hillside, fostered by the French kings as a menace to Avignon during the papal occupation, but since then utterly neglected, is, however, worth a visit, not merely for the sake of the papal monument aforesaid, but for the view of Avignon from its castle-hill. The stately circuit of the walls looks perfect hence, and there looms the vast palace, topped with dome and spire and ringed with gardens whose rich verdure overflows their low boundary and trickles down over the gray bastions in many a wayward stream. All that is unsightly on a nearer view is veiled, all that is incongruous merges in the majesty of the general impression. The Glacière and its ghastly associations are forgotten, and a vision rises before us like a fresco of Memmi or Orcagna, of Trecento figures rising tier above tier,—popes and cardinals, kings and princes, and dames of high degree,—while Cola di Rienzi and Catherine of Siena, lingering a little apart, compare their unfulfilled ideals, and Petrarch kneels in the foreground and lays his laurel crown at the feet of Laura de Sade.

It had been on the invitation of Clement V., who offered, in 1313, an asylum to all political refugees, that Pietro Petrarca, the father of Francesco the poet, repaired with his wife and infant son to Avignon. On the midsummer night when the boy was born at Arezzo (July 19, 1304) his father and Dante Alighieri had both been engaged in an unsuccessful attempt of the Bianchi to reënter Florence. Both had now shaken from their feet the dust of an ungrateful country; but the Tuscan exiles found themselves too poor to live in the French papal capital, and took up their residence at Carpentras. Thence, at the age of ten, the little Francesco was taken to see that fountain of Vaucluse which impressed his boyish imagination so deeply, and was destined to be so intimately associated with his brilliant after-life. Means were found to send the boy to the University of Bologna, and here he first met Giacomo Colonna, the future bishop of Lombez. With Giacomo he returned when their studies were completed to Avignon, where that sumptuous old pontiff John XXII. was now holding his magnificent court.

With the cordial reception of Petrarch at the papal court may be said fairly to have begun the most conspicuous, dazzling, varied, and victorious career—even though sad in the

end and unsatisfying—ever accomplished by any mere man of letters since the history of letters began. Adopted, as it were, into the Colonna family by grand old Stefano, the father of his friend Giacomo, he had intimate relations before he died with every reigning house and almost every royal personage of his time—the Emperor Charles IV., King John of France, Robert of Naples and his too famous daughter Joanna, Azzo, Prince of Parma, Andrea Dandolo in Venice, the Estensi in Ferrari, and the Visconti in Milan. Yet so profoundly was he enamoured of the ideal, so incessantly preoccupied with its visions, that he came and went among these great ones of the earth with a curious dignity and detachment,—"*quadam prerogativa animi liberi,*"—and he shared all the earlier aspirations and long gloried in the brotherly affection of Cola di Rienzi. He proved in his own person all the nobler of the passions that have most swayed mankind, love, friendship, patriotism, and gave to every one a new poignancy of melodious expression. He was twenty-two years old when he first saw Laura de Sade, on the 6th of April, 1327, in the Church of Ste. Claire at Avignon, long since destroyed. He was but forty-four when he heard at Verona that she had passed away from earth on the exact anniversary of that indelible day and hour. The year 1348 was full of crowded catastrophe for the poet and the world. The great earthquake in January was followed by that most awful and widespread visitation of the plague which numbered Laura de Sade among its victims. Then, in June of the same year, came the death of Cardinal Colonna, and the presentiment of the aged Stefano was fulfilled. He had survived all his children.

Rotta è l' alta Colonna, e 'l verde Laura
Che facean ombra al mio stanco pensiero,¹

wrote Petrarch from the now oppressive solitude of the home which he had made for himself at Vaucluse.

O nostra vita ch' è sì bella in vista,
Come perd' agevolmente in un' mattina
Quel che in molt' anni à gran pena s' acquista!²

The decline of the poet's illustrious day had indeed begun, though he lived to complete exactly his threescore years and ten. Ever more and more wistful and unquiet, he passed to and fro between Italy and his lodge at

¹ Broken is the lofty column and the verdant laurel
Which offered their shadow to my weary thought.

² Oh this life of ours, so fair in prospect,
How easily it may lose in a single morning
The hardly won treasure of many years!

Vaucluse — his “Cisalpine and Transalpine Parnassus,” as he has called them in the season of his pride. Like the bird which he apostrophized in one of his most exquisite sonnets, he went mourning for the time gone by, “seeing night and winter at his side, and day and the months of joy behind his back.”

At the same time he turned with a certain fixed resolution to larger interests, graver studies, holier consolations, than before. He wrote his book “De Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ,” and the woes of dismembered Italy wrung from him that piercing cry, “*Io vo gridando pace, pace, pace,*” which Falkland echoed over the woes of England when, as Clarendon tells us, “he did often and sadly ingeminate ‘peace, peace, peace.’”

The papal court was not yet restored to Rome when, at last, in 1374, Petrarch was laid to sleep in his pillared tomb at Arquà. “May his soul, weary with earthly lands, find rest in the heavenly city,” pleads the inscription carved there.

Of course we made our pilgrimage to Vaucluse, but, alas! only to experience the severest revulsion of feeling which our journey had in store for us. Must I tell it? I will, if only by way of sparing to other pious pilgrims the shock which we received. The approach to the consecrated glen by way of the villages of L’Ile-sur-Sorgues and Vaucluse is pretty. All along the little river immense mossy water-wheels trickle silver in the shade of overhanging boughs. But not only is the path up the riverside from the village lined with vulgar cafés, and infested with obstinate little venders of impossible souvenirs, but at the very entrance of the glen what did we behold? The words that rang in our memory were these:

Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia,
Ma 'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino
Tra l' erba verde e 'l bel monte vicino
Onde si scende poetando : e poggia
Levan di terra al ciel' nostr' intelletto :
E' l' rossignol che dolcemente all' ombra
Tutte le notte si lamenta e piange.¹

The sight which met our eyes was a huge paper-mill, full of roaring machinery, and surrounded by reeking sacks of infectious rags! The deep, funnel-shaped basin above, into which the water rushes through a curious cleft in the walls of rock, and which is said still to

¹ No palaces are here, nor theater, nor portico,
But in their stead a fir, a beech, a pine.
Between, the greensward and the fair mountain, close
at hand,
Which we climb singing; and hills
That raise the thought from earth to heaven;
And the nightingale, that sweetly, in the darkness,
Throughout the nights utters her lament and weeps.

overflow in the time of the spring floods, was nearly dry; the moss upon the surrounding rocks was blackened, and cracked under our feet.

As we took our disenchanted way down the valley we were overtaken by a dear, dumpy little *bourgeoise* in widow's weeds, with a big basket of roses on her arm. She asked if we had visited the Fountain of Vaucluse, and when we had assented somewhat dryly she cried out against the desecration of the place as a *true horror*, and assured us that it had been stoutly resisted by all the worthier inhabitants of Vaucluse. She herself was the present owner of Petrarch's garden; at least her house had replaced an old one with his arms upon it, and the adjoining garden was unchanged. At the time of the grand centenary — the five-hundredth anniversary of Petrarch's death — in 1874 her husband had been *maire*; they had entertained persons of the most distinguished. There had then been talk of a fitting monument upon the riverside; but, alas! *la politique s'y était mêlée*, certain radicals and blasphemers had got possession of a part of the valley. They held their land at an outrageous price, and, failing to receive it, they had erected that *shame, that horror*; and the good lady was fain to wipe her eyes. Her sainted husband also had owned a bit of land in the valley — had we remarked that the entrance to one of the *cafés* was inscribed “*Agape des Bocages Rustiques*”? (We had indeed!) They had invented that poetic and appropriate name, she and her good husband. They had thought that, since the monument was not to be, they might at least do their possible to provide for the rest and refreshment of the strangers who would still come to visit Vaucluse. But for herself, so sickening had the spot become to her, that, living in Avignon with her daughter, she only visited it now twice or thrice a year to collect her revenues, and on the present occasion, indeed, to superintend the installation of marble tables at the “*Agape*.” And she wept again quite freely. Would we have a rose from Petrarch's garden? Had she dreamed of encountering souls as sympathetic as ours she would have brought a laurel leaf.

Before we left London a friend whose modern sympathies are as keen as his ancient lore is accurate and profound had said to me with a slight accent of admonition, “You will not be so absorbed by those fourteenth-century lovers at Avignon as to neglect the graves of two of our own day: I mean John Stuart Mill and his wife, who to my mind deserve immortality quite as well as the others.”

An austere pair indeed they seem beside those gracious figures of the earlier time whose ghostly footsteps we had striven to retrace, but

we found their grave without difficulty in the modern cemetery of Avignon. They lie under the same sarcophagus-like monument, the upper surface of which is completely covered by the engraving in small black letters of that elaborate tribute by Mill to the marvelous moral and mental ascendancy of his wife with which most of us are familiar. The magnanimity and humility of his own genius are more touching than the grandiose figure which he so strenuously tries to evoke. The little inclosure is richly shaded and beautifully kept. The narrow flower-border about the monument was blazing with blossom.

That Sunday when we visited the grave of the Mills was to be our last day at Avignon, and we grudged the passage of its golden hours. We sat long during the forenoon, in the glowing and yet not overpowering heat, on the high terrace of the old papal gardens, which are now a public promenade, trying to impress upon the memory in unfading lines and hues one of the stateliest and most suggestive land-

scapes in the world. I have asked myself sometimes, while crossing the pallid plains or skirting the distorted hills, whether Provence, after all, was really beautiful,—intrinsically, naturally beautiful,—like Italy, or only supremely interesting. "You must forget Italy if you would enjoy Provence," another friend had said to me. "Take the landscape for what it is, and you will find it charming."

And there, under the aromatic pine trees facing the magnificent crest of Mont Ventoux, now faint in the mist of noon with the shimmer of the olive on all the lower hills, the Rhône sweeping in majestic curves along the broad valley, and the tinkle of the tambourines in many a bowery arbor coming up faintly from below, his prophecy was abundantly fulfilled. The beauty of Provence is one that you must learn to appreciate: it has a subtle and fluctuating charm, like that of many a most attractive human face; but it is there, for those who will seek it, in almost infinite measure.

Harriet W. Preston.



MARIAN DRURIE.

MARIAN DRURIE, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the sea!
Acadie dreams of your coming home
All year through, and her heart gets free,—

Free on the trail of the wind to travel,
Search and course with the roving tide,
All year long where their hands unravel
Blossom and berry the marshes hide.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the surge!
April over the Norland now
Walks in the quiet from verge to verge.

Burying, brimming, the building billows
Fret the long dikes with uneasy foam.
Drenched with bright weather, the idling
willows
Kiss you a hand from the Norland home.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the sun!
Blomidon waits for your coming home,
All day long where the white winds run.

All spring through they falter and follow,
Wander, and beckon the roving tide,
Wheel and float with the veering swallow,
Lift you a voice from the blue hillside.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the rain!
April over the Norland now
Bugles for rapture, and rouses pain,—

Halts before the forsaken dwelling,
Where in the twilight, too spent to roam,
One whom the fingers of death are quelling
Cries you a cheer from the Norland home.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes filled with you!
Grand Pré dreams of your coming home,—
Dreams, while the rainbirds all night through,

Far in the uplands calling to win you,
Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide;
And never the burning heart within you
Stirs in your sleep by the roving tide.

Bliss Carman.