

Madame Mohl was Scotch by birth. She was a Miss Clarke, whose mother settled in Paris in the beginning of the century. Later, Mrs. Clarke took the apartments of Madame Récamier in the Abbaye-aux-Bois; and in those apartments Mrs. Clarke's receptions were held, as well as Madame Récamier's; the "good-will" was, in fact, sold with the lease. Later on, Mrs. Clarke had rooms in the Rue du Bac, where, if one remembers rightly, Madame Roland used to live. Here is an idea of the free and easy style of the *salon* :—

It was the habit, for instance, when those three *amis de la maison*, Fauriel, Mohl, and Roulain, dined at the Rue du Bac, for everybody to take forty winks after dinner. To facilitate this, the lamp was taken into an adjoining room, the gentlemen made themselves comfortable in arm chairs, Mary slipped off her shoes and curled herself up on the sofa; and by and by they all woke up refreshed and ready to talk till midnight. Usually, other visitors did not arrive till after the forty winks were over; but one evening it chanced that some one came earlier than usual and was ushered into the drawing-room while the party was fast asleep. The tableau may be imagined. The gentlemen started up and rubbed their eyes; Mrs. Clarke fetched the lamp; Mary fumbled for her shoes, but could not find them, and afraid of catching cold by walking on the oaken floor, hopped from chair to chair looking for them.

The marriage of Miss Mary Clarke with Monsieur Mohl, who was a German Orientalist transplanted to Paris, did not take place till she was over fifty, and he was younger than she. There had been a little tenderness on her part for Fauriel; but circumstances and perhaps Fauriel's fortune were against marriage. They had no time to marry; they were so busy talking. "Where should I spend my evenings?" said Chateaubriand, when some one suggested he should marry Madame Récamier. Thiers confessed to her that he too had been in love with her; but he was, it is alleged, not sincere; his love affairs were never very serious, nor many; he had no more time than the rest of them—he was a journalist. The *salon* of Madame Mohl, after her marriage, and after the *coup d'état*, was anti-Napoleonic in tone. There is one exquisite story. A relative of a Duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain had married one of Napoleon's officers, and lived in the Tuileries. The Faubourg and the Duchess shut their doors and hearts to her. But she was dying, and the Duchess at length relented and made up her mind to call and see her die.

She ordered her carriage and said to the footman, "Aux Tuileries." The man stared, but carried the order to the coachman; whereupon that venerable functionary, who had driven three generations of De la R—s, got down from his seat, and, presenting himself at the carriage window, said, "Madame la Duchesse, I cannot have the honour of conducting your Grace to the Tuileries; my horses do not know the way there!"

The Duchess called a cab. Napoleon III. was wiser than Napoleon I., who persecuted Madame Récamier; Madame Mohl, bitter as she was, was let alone. She defended the character of Eugénie, and the Emperor was grateful for that. He sent a chamberlain with an invitation; and she tore up the invitation for reply. This book is a charming bit of light literary work, gracefully written and very readable, and can be confidently recommended.

Curiously enough, right after "Madame Mohl's Life" comes in order a book by Claude Fauriel whom she loved, and who was an eccentric man of genius like so many of the frequenters of the *salon* in the Abbaye-aux-Bois and in the Rue du Bac. It is a posthumous work discovered by M. L. Lalanne among the papers of Condorcet, which were put into his hands to offer them to the Institute. The title is "The Last Days of the Consulate." The MSS. was in some parts incomplete, and it was long before the real author was discovered. At length an accidental comparison of the MSS. with some of Fauriel's writing revealed the fact; and here we have a new attack on the Napoleonic prestige, sixty odd years since the death of the Emperor, and forty since the death of the writer. Literature has had a bitter enmity to the Bonapartes. It has spared neither the men nor the women of the family; and it is clear they were all bad, and have got no worse than they deserved. Literature and society hated and reviled Napoleon the First; and treated Napoleon the Third with hardly less severity. M. Fauriel does for "The Last Days of the Consulate" what M. de Maupas has done for the "Last Days of the Presidency," with different objects, of course, in view. M. de Maupas shows us that the last days of the Presidency witnessed a struggle between two camps of ruffians and conspirators; and more resolute and resourceful ruffians won the day, or the night. M. Fauriel shows us the vile game Napoleon the First played in the last days of the Consulate, and how he hated and hunted those who stood in his way to Empire. He instituted the family habit of trapping his opponents by means of his own spies and snares, and then calling it conspiracy. M. Fauriel is anxious, and makes a brilliant effort, to show that the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal and others was in part the work of Napoleon himself; and that Moreau was not a traitor but a victim. But, one asks—one cannot help asking—what did he have to do in that galley of

the enemy? Why was he opposed to French guns? It was unfortunate, and it was for such a short time. The bullet that found him was French, and was fired in defence of France. He ought not to have been in its way in that camp. M. Lalanne, who continues M. Fauriel's history appreciates the situation exactly. He says, "He had left the distant land to which Imperial enmity had banished him, only to go and die in Bohemia, struck by a French bullet in the ranks of our enemies, and to give his triumphant rival the cruel joy of seeing him go down to the grave dishonoured, and under the ban of his native land. Unhappy man, he could not wait. If, rejecting fatal and shameful examples, he could have resigned himself to exile for only a few months longer, he would have seen his proud persecutor hurled from the throne, and banished from that country which Moreau would have re-entered with a head held very high indeed. Then would the whole nation, recently overwhelmed by disaster, have welcomed the glorious outlaw who had so often led the soldiers of the Republic to victory with acclamation." Moreau was Napoleon's rival at one time. He might have been his successful rival. He was simply in the end his victim. He might have had glory, and accomplished only shame—

So much the leaded dice of war
Do make or mar of character.

NEW GUINEA is obviously a country which still offers us some of the fresh scenes of the days of Captain Cook. In nearly every other portion of the world the savage mind has comprehended cash and gunpowder and values; and has learned that there is money and merit in cheating. But in New Guinea, there is no doubt, we can find the unsophisticated savage of Captain Cook's period. But the people who have written about the country seem to have been actuated by one malignant spirit; they have all had petticoats on the brain, as was pointed out last week. A new candidate for fame, indeed a brace of them, now come to hand in a volume entitled "Work and Adventure in New Guinea, 1877 to 1885," by Messrs. Chalmers and Gill. The book is better than the one noted last week; indeed it is distinctly in advance of it in every way; but it is very clear that we shall not get a good book on this, no doubt, interesting country until we can abolish the native women or—dress them. In the first place they are mischievous persons. Mr. Chalmers says: "I have noticed that the instigators of nearly all quarrels are the women. I have seen at South Cape, when men were inclined to remain quiet, the women rush out and, as if filled with devils, incite them." Clearly these women are very objectionable persons. Beads and red cloth have no effect on them at first. But soon they begin to quarrel over them, and give much trouble. At some places the women do the trading. Generally they carry clubs, which is a bad habit. The petticoat question is still in a state of distressing crudeness. "After leaving Maiva the married men and women have very little dress." The Elema "young women are respectably dressed; married women have very small petticoats," etc. What constitutes the respectability one would like to know. At Port Moresby "women wore merely a grass petticoat." But there are times when the petticoat disappears. "At Maiva we noticed a young woman whose entire person was enveloped in a fine network by way of mourning. This will remain on her until it rots away." Widows merely blacken themselves all over, like the enthusiastic actor who acted Othello. One may be glad that the British Empire has got a new colony; but really what it needs most seems to be more clothes, some soap, longer petticoats, and travellers who will take no notice.

M. J. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE IRISH QUESTION IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Mr. H. Shewin's paper in the January *Overland Monthly*, excerpts from which were printed in a late issue of THE WEEK, creates a very favourable impression of the Chinese character. If the rays of light from it and from the appended citation from *The Tempest* were focused all admirers of national uprightness on this continent with reason look more confidently into the future?

Mir.
I do not love to look on.
Pros.
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.
'Tis a villain, sir,
But, as 'tis,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.

Toronto, Feb. 2, 1886.

M. J. F.