

# THE TYPES OF CHARACTER

PRESENTED IN THE WORKS OF

ALPHONSE DAUDET

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Numa Roumestan-----	"	
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## INTRODUCTION

In looking over the field of literary effort, the general consensus of opinion is that the author who is most successful in arousing sensations in the souls of his readers is the one, who, himself, has most experienced them. Likewise the writer who is most successful in his choice and delineation of characters is the one who, in his selection, consults his own life, and presents types of mankind taken from the field of his own experience. Alphonse Daudet believed thoroughly in the efficacy of this method of procedure, and his great success is proof of the force of the reasoning.

His brother Ernest says of him, in "Mon Frere et Moi": "With his habit of describing nothing which he had not seen, of telling nothing which had not happened, of borrowing every detail from real life---characters, environment, conversations--every mental and moral characteristic which came to his notice seemed as a precious vein of metal, which should, sooner or later, enlarge his intellectual store."

Born and brought up in the south of France, the author filled his works with the familiar faces and figures of his early environment. The sadness of his childhood and youth appears reproduced in

the unhappy lives of his youthful types. From his life as a young man in the "Bohemia" of Paris, spring forth the many peculiar and striking figures which lend their piquancy to his Parisian stories. His travels in Algeria, Corsica, and the South of France are productive of quaint and unusual types, and from his brief military experience, comes stories of soldier life, and tales of patriotism, which stir the emotions of all Frenchmen.

In the treatment of all of his types it is by his exactness of detail and absolute truth of description that Daudet interests and charms the reader. Knowing that no human being can produce creations worthy of comparison with the humblest effort of Nature, he takes her as his model, and is not ashamed of admitting his plagiarism. Many of his most fascinating productions are presented as simple sketches taken in their entirety from the greatest of painters. He well expressed his creed of composition in the one simple phrase, "D'apres Nature." Therein lies the whole secret of his success.

#### RESUME OF BOOKS.

The three books of the Tartarin series are worthy of considerable attention. They consist almost entirely of a description of the acts and doings of Tartarin.

In the first volume, "Tartarin de Tarascon", our hero, is introduced to us at home in the Midi, surrounded by his fellow-townsmen, in that joyous, innocent, Provençal atmosphere of boasting and exaggeration which Daudet is so fond of describing; the wonderful hyperbolical effects of which he pleasantly attributes to the mirage caused by the southern sun.

Tartarin, inspired by the sight of a caged lion, sets forth for the indiscriminate slaughter of lions in Algeria. It is needless to state that he is not successful, lions having long since ceased to exist in that country. After carefully stalking and killing an in-offensive donkey, and having various other exciting adventures, he ends his career by slaying the tame sacred lion of Algeria. After imprisonment and a heavy fine, he decides that he has had enough hunting, and, completely discouraged, sets sail for home.

When he reaches Tarascon, however, the before mentioned mirage has its customary psychological effect, and he speedily convinces his fellow countrymen, and himself as well, that he slew untold lions and performed prodigies of valor.

In "Tartarin sur les Alpes" our hero, feeling himself called to new adventures, essays mountain-climbing, and attacks the Jungfrau and the Rigi in Switzerland.

The influence of his natal atmosphere accompanies him, and consequently he furnishes amusement wherever he goes. He is persuaded by Bompard, a fellow countryman, that the Alps are owned and

managed by a great London syndicate which, as a purely financial investment, supports the various picturesque herds of cattle, erects the many charming little chalets, and maintains the Swiss people, with their fantastic garb, simply to make the mountains more attractive to tourists. The gorges, and deep crevasses are likewise constructed to serve as a drawing-card for those ~~who~~ loving danger, but are arranged carefully, so that no accident can happen. Secure in this belief, Tartarin undergoes the greatest dangers with the most beautiful sangfroid, and by so doing wins undying fame throughout the vicinity. Unfortunately for his peace of mind he learns that he has been deceived by Bonnard, in regard to his surroundings. He makes this discovery when near the summit of Mont Blanc, and his frame of mind during the trip downward may be easily imagined.

He reaches home, however, in safety, with his load of honors as a mountain-climber, and is henceforth regarded as an authority upon that subject.

"Port Tarascon" is a history of the wane in popularity and the downfall of the great man. Deceived by a wily sharper, calling himself the Duc du Mons, he persuades the entire Tarascon population to emigrate to a newly discovered island, represented by the Duc du Mons as being an earthly Paradise. Upon reaching Port Tarascon, thus they named the new land, it is found to be an unhealthy and utterly useless piece of land, where it rains continually. After making

a brave effort to conquer the difficulties of the situation, the misguided colonists return sorrowfully homeward. Tartarin is brought before the court on the charge of complicity in the machinations of the Duc du Mons, and although acquitted, loses his ancient prestige, and is greeted with jeers by his own people. Unable to endure such cruel treatment, this second Napoleon is forced into exile, and dies of a broken heart.

"Le Nabab" also treats of a native of the Midi. Bernard Jansoulet, "Le Nabab", is an inhabitant of Provence, who makes an immense fortune in Tunis, and comes to Paris, seeking political and social honors.

The great city, with all its needy adventurers, and penniless nobility, receives him with open arms, and proceeds to fleece him in every way possible. He is without a true friend in the city, with the exception perhaps of the Duc de Mora, the prime minister, and de Gery a young lawyer. Jansoulet spends his money lavishly, and makes a brave struggle, but cannot prevail against the cruel scheming Parisian world, and fails completely in his undertakings. Utterly baffled, and crushed by adverse fate, he dies from apoplexy, caused by his righteous indignation against the cruelty and injustice of mankind.

"Jack" is the story of the sad life of the illegitimate son of a frivolous, light-minded woman, Ida de Barancy.

The first part of the boy's life is very happy. During several years all the affections of his mother are centered upon him, but while he is still quite young she becomes the adoring mistress and slave of a selfish conceited poet, d'Argenton. From this time forward Jack's existence is very unhappy. First he is sent to a boy's school in Paris, modeled very closely on Dicken's "Dotheboys Hall". Unable to endure the privations of this life and temporarily deserted by his mother, he runs away, and although a mere child, succeeds in finding her. After a brief space of happiness with her, by the command of d'Argenton he is placed in an iron foundry, where his physical and mental sensibilities are quickly blunted. After spending several years in this work, and in the debasing atmosphere of the stoking-room of a trans-Atlantic steamer, he returns home, and through love for a charming young girl reforms. Stimulated by the hope of a home of his own, he studies medicine at night, while working at his xx trade by day.

Ashamed of the condition of his mother, he succeeds in persuading her to leave d'Argenton, and live with him. After a very short stay, however, his mother, fickle as ever, returns to her former liason. Jack, wounded by this desertion, weakened by his night-work, is dealt the final blow by the desertion of his lover. He becomes sick, is taken to the hospital, and after sending vain, imploring messages to his mother, dies in agony of spirit, with her name on his lips.

Daudet's last work, "Soutien de Famille", appearing in "L'Illustration" at the time of his death, is a story of the Paris of to-day. The main plot centers around a family of the middle class, which the ruin and suicide of the father leave in destitute circumstances. Two boys remain, Raymond, and Antonin, fourteen and twelve years respectively, upon whom the family must depend for maintenance. Two friends of the family, Pierre Izoard, an old stenographer, and Marc Javel, a rising young politician, furnish means sufficient to pay all debts and also offer a college education to one of the boys.

Raymond is unanimously regarded as the future "soutien de famille" and as such is given a liberal education, and all the advantages necessary for a successful professional life. Antonin, placed as an apprentice in an electrical concern, quickly learns the business, and by a fortunate invention finds himself in a position to support modestly the family. He is a simplehearted, quite commonplace type of young manhood, while Raymond is handsome, witty, and aristocratic in his tendencies.

Graduated from the lycée, the elder brother, continually, petted and venerated by the family, tries in turn various professions without the slightest success, and finally becomes a veritable idler. The "cadet", almost worshipping his brilliant brother, and trusting completely in his future greatness, works quietly along, supporting his mother and sister, and paying the bills of the idler.

At this stage of the proceedings, Geneviève, old Izoard's daughter, being infatuated with the handsome Raymond, becomes his mistress, and gives him unconditionally her dowry of thirty thousand francs. Raymond, representing this as an advance on one of his unpublished works, pays his debt to his brother, and continues his career as a fruitless scribbler.

At last Antonin is drafted for the army, and Raymond, recognizing his total incapacity for supporting his mother and sister, and fearing the wrath of old Izoard, when his daughter's liaison is discovered, magnanimously offers himself as a substitute, and sails away in a halo of undeserved glory.

"Les Rois <sup>e</sup> en Exile" is a sketch of the life of a royal family in exile in Paris. It furnishes a good idea of the existence led by the many kingly representatives, who, from various political causes were living in Paris in the years following the siege. The royal family of Illyria, after an heroic resistance, is driven from its kingdom by revolutionists, and takes refuge in Paris, awaiting a favorable opportunity for the re-conquest of its rights.

King Christian, although brilliant, and apparently strong, is in reality weak and pleasure-loving. He quickly surrenders to the attractions of Paris, resigning all hope of re-conquering his kingly possessions. Giving himself over to the wildest dissipation, he sells the crown jewels, and even the royal orders of Illyria to obtain money.

The true king is his wife Frederique, who continues energetically the struggle for the throne, and strives in every way possible to maintain the royal dignity, and ~~to~~ atone for the profligacy of her husband. Despairing of ever inspiring him to kingly deeds, she obtains his written abdication, and fastens her hopes on her young son, Zara. For guide and tutor the young prince is fortunate in having a sensible young teacher, Elysee Meraut, who, although belonging to the lower classes, is nevertheless well instructed and an ardent royalist.

The young Zara grows up rather feeble in body, but vigorous in intellect <sup>and Fortune</sup> seems to smile upon the ambitious projects of the mother. Suddenly a terrible misfortune falls upon the young prince. Accidentally shot in the face by Meraut he loses his sight, and becomes almost weak-minded from the fright. The queen-mother is disconsolate, as now her last hope for the restoration is swept away. Conquered as it were by fate, she is compelled to give up the struggle, but finds consolation and happiness in fulfilling her duties as a mother, and in lavishing her love on the afflicted little prince.

A very pretty little story is given us in "La Belle Nivernaise", a children's tale, written for the author's son, when a boy of ten. It is the life of a little foundling, picked up in the streets of Paris by Père Louveau, the simple, big-hearted owner of

the small lumber boat "La Belle Nivernaise". At first the wife refused to receive the little waif, as they had two children of their own, and were very poor, but finally, pleased with the nice behavior of the little lad, she relents, and he is installed as a member of the household. The small stranger rapidly grows into a robust youth, and is loved by the whole family.

When he is about fifteen years old, his real father, a wealthy carpenter, finds him, and takes him away to be educated. Unable to endure the change in life, and the separation from his loved ones, Victor becomes seriously ill with brain-fever. In order to save his life his father gives up his high ambitions, and sends him back to the river, where he resumes his former existence, and finally marries his playmate, Claire, the daughter of Louveau. The usual happiness follows.

"L' Immortel", Daudet's satire upon the French Academy, is interesting more from its presentation of Parisian life and characters than from the rather disconnected plot. The main object of the work is to hold up to general ridicule the academicians.

Primarily the story is based on the life of the family of Pierre Astier, secretary of the Academy. The inner actions and ambitions of the Academists are presented in a very unflattering light. Astier works and intrigues to become secretary of the Immortals, regarding that position as the one object in life.

He obtains this position, but loses his literary fame and honor by being exposed to public ridicule by an ignorant sharper, who imposes upon him some antiquities palpably counterfeit. This misfortune is followed by the disgrace of his son, who marries dishonorably, and the desertion of his wife, whom he married as a mere stepping-stone to the Academy. The old Academician, realizing at last that he has bartered his life and domestic happiness for an empty and unsatisfactory honor, in a fit of remorse and shame drowns himself.

"La Fédor" is a pretty but pathetic little story of the sickness and death of an actress, who after various liaisons becomes thoroughly in love with one man, and through this love begins a new life. Unfortunately the man marries, and settles down in a country house, some distance from Paris. La Fédor, in order to be near him, makes her home with her older sister, who lives a few miles away from his château. The older sister has always been jealous of the younger, and makes her life a veritable martyrdom. La Fédor endures it all patiently for the sake of her love, but finally falls sick, and dies without having had a glimpse of the man she loves.

The wonderful effects of the southern imagination in the line of beautiful exaggeration, which we have already found so amusing in the Tartarin series, are presented again in "Numa Roumes-tan". Numa comes to Paris, a young, innocent, Provençal, with no

great amount of brain-power, but with an abundance of natural eloquence and energy. Smiled upon by Fortune, he increases his influence by marrying into an old Parisian family, and rapidly makes his way upwards. Finally he becomes minister.

His enthusiastic southern temperament, which gave him his success, is now continually giving him trouble. Especially disastrous is his love for making promises. There is no malice aforethought in his utterances. He simply likes to see the people around him happy, and if a promise can accomplish this, he is quite ready to give it. He never expects to fulfil it, and is quite surprised and pained, when he finds his words taken seriously. Solely to give a young tambourinaire a momentary feeling of pleasure, he tells him to come and play his instrument in Paris. "I will guarantee you two hundred francs a day." The tambourinaire immediately sells his farm, comes to Paris with his family, makes a complete failure, and is left on Numa's hands.

Again, in love affairs, his passionate disposition causes domestic trouble. He forms a liaison with a young actress. His wife discovers it, and leaves him, resolved never to return. Roumestan, who really loves her, is in despair, but at last, at the deathbed of his sister-in-law, a reconciliation is effected.

The entire life of this supposedly great man is a deception. He makes a brilliant appearance in public, but in private is weak and inefficient.

"Rose et Ninette" is a Parisian story showing the evils resulting from divorce when there are children involved. Fagan, the father, is a dramatist, who is compelled by reason of domestic discord to secure a divorce. The two daughters, Rose and Ninette, are given into the custody of their mother, who allows them to see their father but once a week. The poor man, who greatly loves his children, endeavors, by many sacrifices, to retain their affection, and is quite successful during their childhood. Later, however, the mother remarries, leaves Paris, and takes the daughters, now young ladies, with her. The father, left alone in the city, finds solace in the affections of Madame Hulin, a widow, separated from her husband, and living in the same apartment house with him. He finds, however, that on account of her relations with her former husband, he cannot marry her, and passes the rest of his life in loneliness.

The devastating effects of the siege upon the environs of Paris is brought home to us with striking force in "Robert Helmont", the personal history of a Parisian, who during the war remained concealed near Soisy, on the Seine. He has numerous narrow escapes from the enemy, and is a witness of many exciting events, in which Prussians, reckless franc-tireurs, and vengeful peasants play interesting parts. At last peace is proclaimed, and he returns to his home in Paris.

A tale even sadder, and more heart-rending than "Jack" is given to us by Daudet in "Le Petit Chose". The first part of this book is based upon the unhappy childhood and youth of the author himself. Le Petit Chose was the son of a manufacturer of Nîmes, who was in comfortable circumstances at the time of the child's birth. The little one, however, seemed to bring misfortune. The father lost his property, and was compelled to go to Lyons in search of a situation. Affairs went from bad to worse, and the family sank into miserable poverty.

Le Petit Chose, being too weak and puny to work, went to school, where he studied little, but read much. Forced by poverty he obtained a miserable position as " pion ", or usher in a country academy, where he passed a most wretched existence. The larger boys bullied and oppressed him, and the teachers despised him. The sensitive little fellow suffered terribly from all this, and even attempted suicide, but was prevented by a kind-hearted old German teacher, and given new hope and courage by his kindly counsels.

After a bitter year of this slavish existence, La Chose goes to Paris, where his older brother Jacques welcomes him lovingly, and although himself very poor supports the double burden without a complaint. The weak, passionate, Petit Chose becomes fascinated with the charms of a beautiful but heartless woman, and he spends several miserable months as the slave of her whims. Finally, however, the

watchful love of the gentle older brother seeks him out and brings him back to honor and happiness. The author draws a beautiful picture of the affectionate self-sacrificing character of this brother, and Le Petit ~~Shose~~ himself, although very weak, and easily led astray, is given a personality which attracts the affection of the reader.

To those interested in the study of Parisian life "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné" furnishes a most fascinating subject, treating as it does of the homelife, social conditions, and ambitions of the great middle class.

Risler aîné is a Swiss peasant who, accompanied by his brother Franz, comes to Paris seeking fortune. By unflagging industry he becomes the partner of Fromont jeune in the large Fromont paper factory. Affairs go well until Risler makes the fatal mistake of marrying an unscrupulous worldly Parisian of the middle class, Sidonie Chébe, who becomes his wife, merely as an advance in social position. She immediately commences her campaign for social honors, but as her true worth is quickly recognized, she is unsuccessful.

She then turns her attention to intrigues, and seduces the affections of Fromont jeune from his young wife, and obtains complete ascendancy over him. Before the very eyes of the unsuspecting husband the liaison is carried on. The younger brother, Franz Risler,

warned of the state of affairs, comes to Paris to interfere, but he also is seduced by the wiles of Sidonie, and is rendered powerless. Jewels, carriages, a country house, and other magnificent presents are showered by young Fromont upon his cold-hearted mistress, until the credit of the house of Fromont is seriously impaired, and failure seems inevitable. Then only does Risler aine discover the plot against his fortune and his honor, and the heartless character of the one whom, with simple-hearted faith, he has been cherishing and loving. He drives his wife from home, sells all his possessions, and works night and day to retrieve the credit of the firm. Placing the honor of the house over his own personal feelings, he pardons his weak partner's treachery, and works calmly by his side.

At last, the name of Fromont being again honored in the commercial world, the stoicism of the old peasant gives way, and he sinks into a state of despondency. The information that his brother whom he loved and trusted more than anyone else in the world, had also assisted in his conjugal dishonor, completely overwhelms him. Feeling himself deserted by everyone, his belief in humanity shattered, and all hope of a happy life destroyed, he becomes desperate, and ends his trouble by hanging himself.

## TYPES OF CHARACTER.

- 1.-Midi--.2.-Child--.3.Bourgeois and Peasant--.4.Lover--.  
5.Woman--.6.Foreign--.7.Military--.8.Ecclesiastical--.

MIDI.

The Médi type, in conjunction with the ecclesiastical, may be regarded as the type proper in Daudet's works, devoted to humor. This choice is perfectly justifiable, for no where can better mirth-inspiring models be found, than in the joyous, laughing, light-hearted, sunny South.

Himself a native of this country, the author loves to paint its people. Losing sight of their many failings he depicts them in their mental gala-dress, gay, free from care, grandiloquent in word and deed, and yet always attractive. Continually in a state of psychical intoxication their words flow forth in a stream, producing a beautiful rhythm, but very rarely expressive of deep thought, and their wild and eccentric gestures are a fitting accompaniment to their words. Boasting and extreme egotism, which in the mouths of others would be very distasteful, from their lips seem natural, and even pleasing. Few of them, when transplanted, seem to be able to merge into their surroundings, but always appear to retain their individuality. The best idea of Daudet's Midi types may be obtained from an individual treatment of several representative figures.

(Tartarin) The most fascinating, and at the same time the most exaggerated Midi type is Tartarin, the hero of the Tartarin series of novels. He is the best representative of the native of Provence, and may even be regarded as the strongest character found in the works of the author.

We are first introduced to him at his home in Tarascon, that self-sufficient little village in southern France, whose inhabitants are continually suffering from an attack of what might be called an aggravated case of contagious exaggeration. For centuries in that quiet little hamlet the beauties of the hyperbolical style of discourse have been highly appreciated, and cultivated to such an extent that the natives have become the most delightful, innocent, unsassuming set of prevaricators in the world.

Tartarin is the choicest specimen of this interesting race. His house, unpretentious externally, is wonderful within. His garden is very extensive. Grouped in striking profusion are cocconut-trees, palms, fig-trees from Barbary, and other exotic productions, all carefully labeled. These are not larger than ordinary garden vegetables, but in the magnifying light of the Tarascon atmosphere they quickly become an African forest.

The great man is first shown in his study, the walls of which are covered with the arms of all nations: English carbines, Corsican knives, Malay kris, brass knuckles, Mexican lariats, and so forth.

We will permit the author to describe him: " Before the round table a man was seated. From Forty to forty-five years of age: short, fat, thick-set, of florid complexion, in shirt-sleeves, and with flannel small-clothes. He had a short bristly beard, and flaming eyes, in one hand he held a book, in the other he brandished an enormous pipe, with an iron lid. While reading, what formidable tale of scalp-hunters I know not, he made a terrible face, which gave to his simple countenance that same character of naïve ferocity which reigned throughout the house. . . . . This man was Tartarin, Tartarin de Tarascon, the intrepid, the grand, the incomparable Tartarin de Tarascon."

Further along in the book the author presents a peculiar combination of bravery and cowardice, of energy and sloth, in this remarkable native of the south. This apparent contradiction he pleasantly attributes to Tartarin's double personality; Tartarin Quixote, and Tartarin Sancho. The first is continually seeking adventures, and urges on the luxury-loving second into very wearisome and dangerous undertakings, such as lion-hunting in Algeria, and mountain-climbing in Switzerland. There is a constant combat between the two going on within our hero's breast. Tartarin Quixote is victor in the two cases before mentioned, but Tartarin Sancho obtains revenge by falling in love on both occasions, and delaying greatly his twin personality's bold projects.

Tartarin indeed may well be compared to the immortal Don Quixote. He is always surrounded by enemies, conjured up in a brain rendered hyper-sensitive by a steady diet of exciting tales of adventure. At Tunis, when the colored porters swarm upon the ship, and seize the baggage, our bold adventurer springs up with a thrilling cry of "To arms! Pirates!" and picking out an unsuspecting darkey, would have quickly annihilated him if help had not arrived. Again, when lion hunting near Algiers, he goes at night just outside the city, and imagining himself in the wilds of the desert ambushes and slays a lion. The rest of the night he spends waiting for the female, as he has read that lions travel in pairs. In the morning the much-dreaded female appears, and a dangerous encounter occurs. The female is the owner of the donkey, which our Nimrod has just killed in the cabbage field where he has spent the night.

In spite of his extensive reading Tartarin was as guileless and unsuspecting as a child. When Bompard, a fellow-countryman, informs him that the Alps are handmade, and absolutely free from danger, he believes it, and jokes with the guide, while hanging over a bottomless abyss, within a few inches of death, and winks knowingly when they congratulate him on his narrow escape.

His power of imagination is something abnormal. He is never embarrassed. If any question is asked about a subject, upon which he is uninformed, his fertile brain works out a response, and people stand

aghast at the universality of his learning. This wonderful power did not diminish with age. Preparing for the emigration to Port Tarascon, and before the slightest news had come from the shipload of Tarasconites who had departed for the new land, Tartarin edited a paper filled with the daily happenings in the colony, calling it "La Gazette de Port Tarascon". In it were articles upon the imaginary resources, beauties, and magnificent future of the island; tales of discoveries, combats with the savages, to suit the taste of the adventurous; marvelous tales of hunting and fishing for the sportsmen; and ravishing descriptions of shady dells, heavily laden fruit trees, and a total absence of flies, to please the sedentary bourgeois.

One of the great man's foibles was a weakness for pretty faces. He stops in the very midst of his great Algerian hunting expedition, charmed by a pretty face, and waits much precious time. Again, in his Alpine trip he becomes acquainted with a beautiful Russian, and abandons his lofty enterprise for many days. Then as Governor of Port Tarascon he feels the need of gentle female society, and marries the darkey princess Likiriki. Unfortunately he does not meet the true conjugal happiness, which he craves, as the chief amusement and pastime <sup>of</sup> the young wife is to cling to the tops of cocoanut trees, and project cocoanuts upon the anxious head of her worthy husband.

Wherever our hero goes, he carries life and gaiety with him, and with all his pretended fierceness, he has a soft, tender heart. Finally cast down from his high estate, scorned and mocked in his own beloved Tarascon, he leaves the little village, with his heart full of anguish, and dies soon after from loneliness, and chagrin.

The commandant Bravida, the gunsmith Costecalde, Bezuquet the pharmacist, and Bompard, the guide, are all smaller, and less perfectly developed editions of Tartarin. Curious and talkative as old women, self-important, braggart, and yet timid at heart, like big children they pass their lives in a country peopled by their own imaginations.

("Le Nabab"). Bernard Jansoulet, "Le Nabab", appeals to our sympathies more than any of the other Midi types. We feel some sorrow for the misfortunes of Numa Roumestan, and the mishaps of Tartarin, but in both cases it is merely transitory, while the cruel, heartless treatment received by Le Nabab stirs up our anger, and the melancholy ending of his fruitless struggle leaves us with the feeling of the profoundest sadness.

He is a type which holds the hearts of the readers from the first introduction. His touching affection for his little old peasant mother, his childish joy in surrounding her with unaccustomed luxuries, and his regard for her feelings are beautiful to see. In many respects he is simple-hearted, and naïve, but where to limit

this simplicity is a difficult question. He seems to throw away his money recklessly, but when he is kindly taken to task by his young friend de Gery, he knows perfectly where it has gone, and explains clearly and logically the reasons for the apparent waste.

His unattractive bourgeois nature frequently appears. He is noisy in manners, flaunts his riches, worships nobility, and makes political honor his religion. But even in all this he presents a strong figure. No better or more appropriate metal could be found for his bust than that chosen by Felicia Ruys . . . bronze. His whole being, and all his actions, seem in accord with his massive figure, thick neck and solid head. Broad in character, passionate in disposition, he seems to drive everything before him, and to win his ends through sheer force of will. The defection of the friendship of the Bey does not overwhelm him. He staggers from the blow, but presses on with all the vigor in his great body. In the final scene, his defense against impeachment, <sup>his</sup> the straight sledge-hammer blows are carrying all before him, when simply through love for his mother, and for the sake of the family honor, he suppresses the one fact needed to exonerate him.

Even in his failure he shows the possession of strength, until, utterly vanquished, his wonderful firmness gives way, and he hides his face on his little mother's shoulder, sobbing "maman, maman!" He recovers from this blow, and with indomitable tenacity continues

his course, but when he is hissed, and publicly insulted by his false friends, and those upon whom he has lavished favors, he can control himself no longer. Stung to the quick by this treachery, and in speechless anger, he attempts to give vent to his feelings, but is struck down by apoplexy, and dies without a word. So perishes a gentle-hearted, inoffensive native of the kindly south, a victim of one of the greatest wrongs Paris has ever committed.

("Numa Roumestan") Numa Roumestan is perhaps a more brilliant type of the southerner, but he lacks the mental and moral solidity of Jansoulet, and does not carry the reader with him in his well-deserved misfortunes. He has the true Provençal garrulity, in his case developed into eloquence, but there seems no depth of mind or intelligence underneath. He lacks order in his ideas, soundness in his theories, and is decidedly lazy. He slights his duties as Minister, and depends upon his power as an orator to conceal his lack of ability in other lines. His Provençal origin also appears in his love for making extravagant promises, never expecting to fulfill them. There is no love of deceit in our Minister, merely a desire to live in a happy atmosphere, surrounded by contented people.

The most comfortable characteristic which Numa possesses, however, is elasticity of spirit. Compelled to harvest his large crop of promises, deserted by his wife, apparently in the depth of despair, the mere sight of his native land causes him to forget all his

troubles, and he becomes as happy and joyous as a child. Successful in public life, a failure in private life, his existence is well summed up in the Provençal proverb, "Joie de rue, douleur de maison"

("Bombard")

Bombard, Numa's privy councillor and friend is an interesting type, as the possessor of an almost unequalled museum of hallucinations, second alone, perhaps, to Tartarin. A short visit to his dwelling in company with Numa Roumestan will give a good idea of his unexcelled capacity for harboring and exploiting<sup>t</sup> illusions. " ' Have you seen the garden? ', Bombard cried out joyously from the depth of the wash-basin. "The garden" was the leafless tips of three plane-trees, which could be seen only by climbing up on the one chair in the room. ' And my little museum? ' He thus named some odds and ends, labeled and placed upon a board; a brick, a short pipe of hard wood, a rusty knife-blade, an ostrich egg. But the brick came from <sup>the</sup> Alhambra, the dagger had been used by a famous Corsican bandit in his vendettas, the pipe bore the inscription, ' Pipe de forçat mare-  
-cain. ' Finally the hardened egg represented the miscarriage of a beautiful dream, all that remained, except a few laths and pieces of old iron, piled up in a corner, of the Bombard incubator, and artificial breeder.

("Madame Portal")

The author very wittily describes the peculiar character of the southern people in his description of "Aunt

Portal": "In any other place in the world she would have been treated as crazy-but in Aps,a country of boiling and explosive heads, the people were satisfied with intimating that perhaps Madame Portal had 'le verbe haut'." If anyone dared to intimate that the Protestants were as good as the Catholics,or that Henry Fifth was not about to mount the throne,the veins on the old lady's neck would swell up,she would tear her hair,and pour forth a string of threats and imprecations. Likewise if the servants made a mistake,maledictions rained upon them,accompanied by a copious shower of dishes and furniture. However, as the author says, "An estimable lady, passionate,generous,with that desire of pleasing others,and of sacrificing herself,which is one of the characteristics of the race!"

This concludes the discussion of the Midi types,a class of characters in the description of which Daudet shows his greatest genius.

#### CHILD.

The author's own sad child-life,so feelingly portrayed in "Le Petit Chose",had a strong influence on his treatment of youthful characters. The lives of all of them are tinged with sadness. However,the very bitterness of his youth seems to have given Daudet the magic power of appreciating and expressing the feelings of this universally misunderstood class of beings. What truer concep-

-tion of boyish character could be given than that brought forth in the childish battles of the little "Elysée Meraut", in his native village. The two little armies, white against red-Catholic against Huguenots-with an old mill for a fort, and cobblestones for arms. Again what a perfect picture of the little happy-go-lucky village school boy in "La Dernière Classe"! The main strength of these descriptions lies in the absence of impossible features, and in the simple portrayal of the child, as met with in ordinary life.

("Le Dauphin") The death of the "Dauphin," a short sketch from "Lettres de mon Moulin", gives us a very pretty little picture of the vague, childish idea of death.

At first the little Dauphin, learning from the sobs of the Queen that he is dying, tries to comfort her. "Do not weep, my queen mother, you forget that I am the Dauphin, and that the Dauphin cannot die thus,"----then, the queen weeping yet more bitterly, he becomes frightened, "Hullo!" he says, "I do not wish Death to take me, and I know how to keep him from it-- --have forty strong soldiers mount guard around my bed---let one hundred cannon watch day and night, with lighted matches, under my window! And woe unto Death if he dares to approach us!"

To please the child, these orders are executed, but the court chaplain finally tells the child sorrowfully that he must die:

"What you tell me is very sad, Monsieur L'Abbe, but one thing con-

-soles me, it is that up yonder, in Paradise, with the stars, I shall still be "Le Dauphin".--- I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank". Then he orders his most beautiful garments to be brought to him. "I wish to make myself beautiful for the angels, and to enter Paradise in the costume of Dauphin."

Again the Chaplain leans over, and talks a long while to the little prince.--- Suddenly, in the midst of his talk, the royal child interrupts him, in a burst of pitiful anger: "Why, then !" he cries, "to be Dauphin amounts to nothing at all !" Without wishing to hear more the little Dauphin turns to the wall, and weeps bitterly.

( "Le Petit Chose" ) A good picture of the life of the average boy is given us in "Le Petit Chose", in which the author depicts his own childhood. We can easily follow in imagination the actions and thoughts of the little Provençal. Who is there who cannot picture in his mind Le Chose, and his boy friend, Rouget, playing Robinson Crusoe, with the deserted factory as the island, Le Chose as Robinson, and Rouget furnishing on demand, "My Man Friday", or the howling savages. Also the sensation caused when Le Petit Chose produces at dinner a rare specimen of the street gamin's vocabulary in the shape of a formidable oath. At Lyons, how clearly is brought out the little heart-aches given Le Chose by his blue checked blouse, his old second hand books, and his nickname, "Little Thingumbob". Then in his posi

-tion as choral boy in the Church, how his smallness worried him, and how he worked to stretch up his puny little form in order to make a majestic appearance in the procession. These are small affairs, but the author gives them their due importance in the life of the child. The story of Le Petit Chose is a portrayal of the dark side of youthful life, and the realism of the treatment makes it doubly sad.

(Jacques) Jacques, the Chose's brother, in his younger days is a mirth-inspiring type. He furnished the tear supply for the whole family. Upon the slightest occasion, and often without any occasion at all, his lachrymal glands would relax and a fountain of tears would burst forth. In fact this was his normal condition. Often the father, irritated by this continual overflow, would exclaim to his wife, "That child is ridiculous! Just look at him, he is a regular river!" The misfortunes of the family were a blessing to him, for he could spend entire days in weeping, without being disturbed by the troublesome question, "What's the matter with you?"

He is attacked by the ordinary childish maladies—the sticky-fingered glue-pot period, and the poetical epoch, but after glue-ing up a few books, and writing four lines of poetry, he passes this crisis. With the oncoming of age he loses his blundering and tear-distributing propensities, and becomes the affectionate support and counselor of Le Petit Chose.

(Le Petit Franz) We feel the writer's perfect comprehension of the subject in his delineation of the boy in "La Derniere Classe" It is not difficult to imagine oneself in the place of the little Alsatian hurrying along to school, a little late, and with every nerve simply tingling to play truant, and run off across the fields where the blackbirds are whistling and the bees humming. Then his entrance into the school room, on tiptoe, in mortal fear of the big iron ferule, and his feelings on failing to give the long rule on participles. The reader from the description gains a perfect mental picture of the old school room, with its notched desks, the children bending over, studying, with hands tightly clasped over their ears, and an occasional lazy June-bug sailing through the room. The whole picture—the old school-house—the master—and the scholars, is a very pretty piece of word-painting.

(Zara) Count Zara, the little Prince of Illyria, passes a childhood surrounded by all the comforts of wealth, but still his life is not a happy one.

Spending the first portion of his life in the midst of the bloodshed and alarms of revolution, the child develops slowly, both physically and mentally. He is absolutely dependent upon his mother. Often snatched from his cradle in the dead of night, and hurried through burning streets embraced in her arms, he comes to regard her as a refuge from all danger. Consider the perfect trust

in his mother shown by the youthful count, when, in her despair, the Queen poises herself on the edge of the lofty balcony. " At the cry of the father, the trembling of the arm which sustained him, the child-entirely outside of the window- believed that it was ended - that he was to die. Not a word, not a complaint did he utter, since he was going with his mother. Only his little hands tightened around the neck of the Queen, his head sank confidently upon her shoulder, and his beautiful eyes closed in fright at the fall. The child already knew how a king should die." The loss of sight is a terrible blow to the young prince, as he knows the cherished ambitions of his mother, and fears the loss of her affection.

Finally, the last hope of recovery is gone, and then the little Zara, turning a tender, fearful, imploring glance towards his mother, gives vent, in one sentence, to the fears of months. "Mamma, if I am not king, will you love me still the same?". Reassured by a tender embrace, he is perfectly happy, although he loses his kingdom.

#### BOURGEOIS AND PEASANT

These two types have been placed together on account of the difficulty of making a clear distinction between them. As with the others, so too, the best understanding of this type can be obtained from a consideration of a few of the individuals representing it.

(Maître Cornille) One phase of the southern bourgeois is presented by Maître Cornille, the old miller, who for sixty years had lived in the dust of his mill, watching with jealousy the advance of modern improvements. At the installation of mills operated by steam he was almost beside himself with anger. Stubbornly he set himself against the new method, dubbed steam the invention of the Devil, and traveled along in his old furrow. The new mills drew away his trade, but still the wings of the old mill revolved, and the old miller was seen on the highway day after day driving his heavy cart, loaded with sacks of flour. As no one seemed to enter the mill this appeared suspicious to his neighbors, but finally all was discovered. Some children entered the mill by stealth one day and the secret was explained. There was no flour within, nor had any grinding been done for many days. The old miller lived in poverty, but clung to his traditions, and through pride in his mill kept the wheels turning, and completed the deception by means of sacks filled with sand and gravel.

(Old Chachignot) The sordid character, and utter lack of patriotism of some of the peasants is exemplified in the old miserly Chachignot in "Le Bac". A cabaret-keeper, Mazilier by name, a respected and honest man, owed him four terms' rent, and for wine. Through feelings of patriotism Mazilier refused to sell wine to the Prussians during the siege, and hence became bankrupt. The old

miser's character may be judged from the following speech:-"He is a fool! He could have made his fortune out of the Prussians, only he didn't want to. The very day they arrived he closed his tavern, and took down the sign. The other inn-keepers have done a golden business during the war. He hasn't sold a cent's worth! He is a fool, I tell you ! Was this war any of his business? Was he a soldier? He had but to furnish wine and brandy to his customers, and now he could have paid me. Canaille! Just you wait! I will teach you to play the patriot!".

Continuing, he tells the ferryman that he is going for the bailiff to have the whole family turned into the street. The ferryman, an old soldier, remonstrates, and Chachignot turns upon him. "I advise you to talk. You! You good-for-nothing! You are another one of these patriots ! Five children, not one cent, and away you go, and amuse yourself firing cannons, without being forced to it!".

Many of the peasants are like this old man, living their narrow lives without a thought for anything save hoarding money and providing for themselves.

(Blacksmith Lory) A pleasing contrast to the class just mentioned is presented by the old blacksmith, Lory, in "Le Mauvais Zouave". His only son is taken from him for military service, and sent into Algeria, but the sturdy old soldier never utters a complaint. He himself has fought and suffered for his country, and

expects the same sacrifice from his son. Returning home from his forge one evening, he finds there his son, who, tired of the discipline of the camp, and regardless of honor and patriotism, had deserted his duty, and returned home. Crazy with anger and shame, the old warrior seizes his sabre, and would have killed the coward, but moved by the tears and entreaties of the mother, finally spares him.

In the morning the old man takes his son by the arm, leads him down to the smithy, and speaks sadly but firmly, "Boy," says he, "There is the anvil, the tools, . . . . all that belongs to you, . . . . and all that also", he adds, showing him the little garden, full of sunshine and brightness, spreading out before their eyes. "The hives, the vineyard, the house, all belong to you. . . . . since you have sacrificed your honor for those things, it is right you should keep them . . . now you are master here. . . as for me, I depart, . . . you owe five years of service to France, I am going to pay them for you." "Lory ! Lory ! Where are you going?" cries the poor old wife, "Father!" cries the youth. . . . But the old smith has already gone, walking with great strides, without glancing back.

(Les Mères) A slight glimpse of the Parisian bourgeois is obtained from the author's siege sketches in the "Contes du Lundi". An old couple, after great exertions, finally obtain leave to see their son, who is a militiaman, on duty at Mont Valerien.

After a long tramp they make their appearance before the gate. The old man wears a long chestnut frock coat, with a collar of greenish velvet, resembling old wood-moss. He is little, thin, red-faced, with a retreating forehead, round eyes, and a nose like an owl. A regular bird's head. Wrinkled, solemn, and stupid. At first all that could be seen of the woman was a gigantic buggy-top bonnet, and an old shawl, which wrapped her closely from head to foot. Then from time to time, amid the faded ruching of the bonnet could be seen sticking out a pointed nose, and a few scanty grey locks. The couple were loaded down with preserves, chocolate cakes, bottles of wine, and provisions of all kinds, in the expectation of having a little picnic with their son.

The son appears, and after a flood of caresses, and tender embraces, the three prepare to dispose of the eatables. Suddenly the bugle sounds, and the young soldier is called back to duty, and the party is broken up. His old parents sorrowfully load him down with their supplies, send him back, and mournfully return home.

(Belisaire) In "Le Prussien de Belisaire" the bitter hate of some of the lower classes for the Prussians is strikingly shown. The scene is laid during the armistice, after the surrender of Paris.

Belisaire, a worthy Parisian bourgeois, sets out with his small son for Villeneuve-la-Garenne, to look after a little property which he has not visited since the beginning of the siege. The Prussians

swarm in the streets, rude and insolent, and the good man's hands itch to even up affairs with them. The presence of his child makes him control himself. Finally however, when he enters his small house, and finds there a Prussian, who starts to draw his sabre, Belisaire strikes the foreigner dead with a single blow, and escapes. At night he returns, and throws the body into the Seine. His only fear is of being seen and punished, and he is absolutely free from all feelings of remorse for his bloody deed.

(Goudeloup) Even a better example of this relentless hate is shown us in the character of Goudeloup in "Robert Helmont".

Before the siege he is a prosperous farmer, living a few miles from Paris. With the Prussians, however, comes misfortune. He locks himself up in his barn, and tries to defend his property, but after shooting a Prussian he is captured, and hung to the ridge-pole of his own barn. He is saved and set at liberty through the intervention of the Captain of the troop, who is a brother Mason. His house and barn, with all his possessions, are burned, and he is commanded to leave the country on pain of death.

Maddened and embittered by this treatment, he becomes almost insane. Concealing himself in the woods during the days, he spends his nights killing his enemies. His usual method is to siggle out a solitary Prussian, steal quietly upon him, like a beast of prey, and stab him to death, or crush out his brains with a club. During

the war the victims of his mortal hate number twenty-two. Many other peasants of the same class joined the franc-tireurs and committed deeds of unparalleled daring and ferocity in the guerilla warfare.

### LOVER

In the consideration of this type the reader should bear in mind the peculiar standard of morals among many of the French people. Among the cases of love, met with in the works of the author, more than half deal with what is generally considered by us as illegal and reprehensible. While the French people in general do not approve strongly of this condition of affairs, there is not the depth of feeling against it which is prevalent in the United States.

(Princesse Colette) . . . Colette, Princesse de Rosen, who appears both in "Les Rois en Exile", and "L'Immortel", is a good representative of the ambitious, giddy-headed Parisian woman, capable of changing her affections as easily as her glove. Her husband, the Prince de Rosen, during his life, receives but few tokens of her affection; in fact, for months she is the mistress of his friend, the King of Illyria. When he dies, however, the depth of her mourning is something remarkable. She cuts off her hair, dons garments of the deepest black, and remains in isolated sorrow for some time. Before

her husband's grand mausoleum is completed, however, she falls in love with it's young architect, Paul Astier. With pleasure she receives his declaration of love, uttered within the tomb itself, during a rain-storm, the two lovers sitting upon the husband's coffin, under the touching little motto, "Love is stronger than Death". Within a few weeks, however, the ambitions of the young princess gaining the mastery, she marries, for social position, the high-born Prince d'Athis.

(Sidonie Risler) Sidonie, in "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné", is of the same general type, but is much more ambitious, and lacks the womanly tenderness which the Princess Colette possesses. Worldly-minded, and perfectly unscrupulous, in her impetuous rush after social position and notoriety, she treads into the dust the hearts of three men. Spending money like water, she almost ruins the business of her husband, and finally, driven in anger from his house, finds a fitting sphere in life as variety singer in a low "café-chantant".

(Désirée Delobelle) A sad story of true, but unrequited love, is that of the pretty little crippled milliner, Désirée Delobelle, an early friend of Sidonie Risler. From girlhood she grows up with a deep love for Franz Risler, and this affection is returned until the young Franz falls into the coils of Sidonie. After being deceived

and spurned by the charmer, he returns to Désirée, seeking consolation in her pure love, but is unable to escape the seductive charms of Sidonie. Désirée despairs of his love, and after attempting suicide without success, sinks into a decline, and dies of a broken heart. The character of the little seamstress is an attractive one, and her sorrows, and pitiful attempt at suicide, stir the emotions of the reader.

(Danjon) Danjon, the unsuccessful suitor of the Duchess Padovani, in "L'Immortel", lends a touch of humor to this type, by his manner of wooing. He commences his campaign by aping the manners of a man greatly admired by the Duchess, and by making himself generally useful. When he thinks she is sufficiently prepared to appreciate him, he makes the proposal in a cynical, business-like manner. He regards the affair as a sort of cerebral association, profitable for both parties. "A man like him . . . a woman like her . . . together they would bring the world to their feet". Promptly refused as husband, in reply to his plaintive entreaty, she accords him the privilege of being her "zebrež, or, in Latin phraseology, her "umbra".

(Fromont Jeune) Fromont is an example of the extreme folly, to which passion may drive a man. In his reckless love for the beautiful Sidonie Risler, throwing prudence to the winds, he disdains

the honorable love of a charming wife, stifles all feelings of conscience, and destroys the happiness and honor of his oldest and truest friend. His type is quite common, and many similar characters are found in the author's works.

(Jan) The same strength of passion, although in a lower rank of society, is brought out in the tragic history of the young peasant Jan, in "L'Arlésienne". He loved with all his heart a young girl, a little Arlésienne, and they are betrothed. The marriage day is rapidly approaching, and the young man is blissfully happy, when suddenly, he discovers that his fiancée is unfaithful to him, and is the mistress of another. Almost crazed by the blow, the unhappy young man refuses to see her again, and strives to tear his love for her from his heart. After months of vain endeavors to forget the image of his false love, the miserable Jan gives up in hopeless despair, and leaping from his chamber window, dashes out his brains upon the ground.

(Hortense Le Quesnoy) The imaginative love of a young girl is well embodied in Hortense Le Quesnoy, the sister-in-law of Numa Roumestan. As a mere child, in her "teens", she sees a handsome, dashing, southern "tambourinaire", Valmajour, at a Provençal fête, and from that moment she enshrines him in her heart, as the hero of all her day-dreams. Valmajour comes to Paris, with his tambourin, and

after a temporary success, fails utterly in pleasing the people.

The young girl, however, wrapped up in her own romantic dreaming, believes in him most enthusiastically, and after one of his performances, sends him her portrait, with the following on its back: " I believe in you, and love you -----, Hortense Le Quesnoy". Soon after, through the aid of Valmajour's sister, she has a closer view of her prince, no longer within the roseate-hued walls of a dreamy air-castle, but in a rickety four-storied tenement house, and her delusion becomes disgust. Her evanescent, cardiacal affection, however, costs her dearly. The long-headed family of her hero values highly the photograph, with its touching inscription, and it costs ten thousand francs, and the aid of the police force, to obtain it.

### WOMAN

A number of the best woman types have been treated under other heads, but quite an interesting group still remains.

"Queen Frédérique) Probably the strongest and best of these types is Queen Frédérique, in "Les Rois en Exile". In the midst of the enervating and corrupting influences of Parisian life, united to a profligate husband, she remains steadfastly true to her duties as a wife and a queen.

Her nature seems rather too strong to fulfil the general

acceptation of the term "womanly wife". But in regard to dignity and strength she may be regarded as a model Queen. Nevertheless, in conjunction with this queenly firmness and majesty, she has a tender affection for her small son. Her first thought on rising is for the young prince, and although she trains him for his royal position with unbending will, she is loved and adored by the child. While her royal husband is throwing away his money and energy in dissipation, Queen Frédérique is receiving deputations, and exerting all her strength towards re-conquering the royal possessions. To her is due the carefully planned attempt for the recovery of the throne, which would have been successful but for the utter worthlessness of the king.

In the Queen is presented a charming intermingling of royal majesty and motherly affection, and to her credit be it said, that the latter is the stronger feeling. When finally the young Zara, by becoming blind, destroys completely her ambitious projects, she heroically conceals her bitter disappointment, and, ceasing to be queen, becomes simply the loving mother of a weak, timid, blind boy.

(Ida de Barancy)

As a striking contrast to Queen Frédérique may be mentioned Ida de Barancy, the mother of "Jack". She also loved her son with all the affection of which a nature as fickle as hers was capable, but she lacked the firmness and steadfastness of character which were predominant in Queen Frédérique. Carricious, whimsical, extravagantly fond of luxury and display, she passed her

life seeking pleasure.

While Jack was small, and did not interfere in her pleasures, she kept him near her, and appeared to have a strong love for him. As soon, however, as his presence in the slightest degree grew troublesome, she exiled him, and while condemning him to misery, continued her own light-hearted existence. Like all weak minds, she chose her idol, placed him upon a pedestal, and worshipped him. Captivated by the melancholy moustache, the artistic poses, and the resounding nothingnesses of a conceited, would-be poet, D'Argenton, she became his mistress. Although treated like a slave, she loved and believed in him thoroughly.

She loved her delicate handsome young Jack also, but at a single word from her master, she sent him to a life of torture in the iron mills. When he returns, and offers her an honorable home, she accepts, and begins her new life as his housekeeper with great zest, diverted by the change. Within a very few weeks however, variable as ever, she becomes weary of the monotonous life, and returns to her former condition, regardless of the despair of Jack. Later, summoned repeatedly to the bedside of her dying son, she is prevented from going by the influence of D'Argenton. Finally she decides to go, but arrives too late, and her much abused, but still loving son dies without seeing her.

of the lower class. In the midst of the crowd of workmen returning from the factory, a little shadow is seen, hastening along the street. Wrapped in a thin shawl, with her little wan face buried in an immense bonnet, she has a timid, miserable look, and how anxious! Where is she going? What does she want? The sneers of the crowd may be heard in answer: "Look! There goes "The Monkey" looking for her man. - - - kss - - - - kss , she went find him". That is true. The pathetic little figure is trying to find her husband before he reaches the cabaret, in order to obtain some money for the needs of the hungry children.

At last, through the window of a cheap saloon, she sees him, but she dares not enter-----she is so ugly that he will be ashamed of her. Finally, after waiting a long time in the cold street, the thought of her children gives her courage, and she enters. A burst of laughter greets her, and her husband, humiliated and furious, rushes at her with upraised hand, and drives her out of the door. In two bounds he reaches her, just turning the corner of the street - - - everything is dark - - -no one passes. Ah ! Poor little Monkey !

But no, away from his companions the Parisian workman is not very bad at heart. After one glance at her face he becomes gentle, almost repentant, and they go down the street arm in arm, the voice of the woman sounding forth in the night, furious, plaintive, and

hoarse with tears. Le Singe is taking her revenge.

(Clarisse Roudic)

Clarisse Roudic, of Indrey, is a sorrowful example of a young and beautiful woman marrying a man older and of lower class than herself. Not long after her marriage she is thrown into frequent contact with her handsome, unscrupulous young cousin. After a weak resistance, she surrenders to his love, and becomes his mistress. Knowing her liaison to be almost public property, she lives in constant dread of discovery. Finally, summoning up all her will power, she sends her lover away, never to return, but after he has been absent some time, she finds she cannot endure life without him, and drowns herself.

FOREIGN

Many of these types are based on the author's travels in Algeria, and other parts of Africa, and show the results of careful observation.

(Si-Sliman)

The aga, Sli-Sliman, in "Un Décoré du 15 août", is a real character, whose history Daudet accidentally learned from an Arab "cafetier", while in Algeria. All the other agas have received the cross of the Legion of Honor, but on account of a quarrel with a superior in rank, the unhappy Sli-Sliman had been slighted. One

day he is summoned to Algiers, and adorned with the much-coveted ribbon, only to find out the next day, that it is a mistake, the result of a scheme of his enemy to humiliate him. Filled with mortification and anger the proud aga decides to go to Paris to the great French Emperor himself, and obtain his cross.

Believing it to be a mere matter of two weeks, he orders all his horsemen to wait for him at the port, and sets sail, serene and confident. When Paris is reached his difficulties begin. From morning to night, during four long months, the unhappy chief may be seen traveling wearily but proudly from office to office, from minister to minister, on the watch for an audience which never arrives

During all this time his cavaliers, encamped at the Port, await him with true Oriental fatalism, while at home the harvests are rotting in the fields for lack of workmen, and the women and children, with their faces turned towards Paris, are sadly counting the days. Such is the condition of affairs when the story is told. "When will he return?" "God alone knows", answers the dusky "cafetier". And all this for the sake of a little piece of ribbon.

(King Négonko, and Princess Likiriki).

King Négonko, and his

royal daughter, Nikiriki, add humor to the Port Tarascon adventures of Tartarin. The Tarasconites are incensed by the supposed murder and anthropophagical disposal of some of their number by the cannibals of the island. They attack the natives, and capture the

King Négonko, and several of his dignitaries. "In the triumphal procession homewards the king marches first; a long lean old black, with a large stomach, a bristling shock of white hair, and with a red earthen pipe hung to his arm by a piece of yarn. Near him comes the little Likiriki, adorned with a coral necklace, and bracelets of red shell, with eyes shining like a demon's." After a general rubbing of noses (à la Livingstone) as a sign of reconciliation, a treaty of peace is promulgated. King Négonko cedes the freedom of the island, in consideration of a barrel of rum, ten pounds of tobacco, two cotton umbrellas, and a dozen dog-collars. Little remains to be told. The after history of the King Negonto is a mere description of the mortal combat waged between his royal majesty and the barrel of rum.

The Princess Likiriki comes into prominence through her marriage with Tartarin. As "Princesse Royale" of the island, and wife of the governor, she has an undisputed position in society. She does not occupy it, however. Her ideas upon etiquette are rather crude, and the sight of the Governor's lady sitting in the tops of the trees, and dropping coconuts upon the heads of her husband's subjects causes some remark among the Tarasconites.

When the colonists leave the island, the parting between Tartarin and his wife is quite affecting. Coaxed down from behind the chimney of the gubernatorial residence by means of a box of

sardines temptingly displayed, the wife is captured, and a family conference is held, to find out her wishes in regard to leaving. She utterly refuses to go, and so when the ships slowly depart, the picture which the husband carries away in his heart, is that of his royal spouse, dancing a war-dance on the sandy beach.

(King of Dahomey). The little King of Dahomey in Paris is a sad little figure. Sent to the Morenval boys-school in Paris, in order to learn civilized manners and customs, the little negro has a very disagreeable life.

For the first few months, while the pay comes regularly, the child's existence was very pleasant, but when a revolution occurred in Dahomey, and his throne was lost, his trials began. He was quickly degraded from his position of guest of honor, and became the "Smike" of Dicken's "Dotheboys Hall", sweeping and cleaning, the slave of the establishment. Frequently the thoughts of his royal home, his own slaves, and former greatness, stirred up the feelings of the small king, but any attempt at independence was met with the severest punishment.

The unfortunate little "chaud pays" had a truly miserable time in the cruel, cold, northern country, and often did his thoughts wander back to the elephant hunts, the wild rides through the forest and the many other pleasures of his childhood, in the warm beautiful country of his birth. Excited by a visit to the Zoological Gardens,

he runs away, intending to reach Marseilles, and sail home to Africa. He is, however, caught by the police, and brought back to the school, a hopeless bedraggled little negro, with his spirit completely crushed, and all hope of again seeing his native land abandoned. Seized by a fever, brought on by exposure, he becomes sick, and having lost all interest in life, he surrenders to the disease, and dies, a simple-hearted little barbarian, killed by the cruelties of "civilized" Paris.

#### MILITARY

One of the strongest reasons for Daudet's popularity among the common people is his treatment of the Prussian war, and the siege of Paris. While at no time particularly bitter against the enemy, he gives utterance to the strongest patriotic sentiments, and depicts the events of the struggle in a manner which stirs up the enthusiasm of the people.

(Colonel Jouve)      The aged Colonel Jouve in "Le Siege de Berlin" is a magnificent type of the old Napoleonic warrior. At the beginning of the war of 1870, confident in the success of the French arms, he obtains a lodging on the Champs-Elysées in order to be present at the triumphal entry of the French troops after the inevitable capture of Berlin.

On reading the bulletin of the defeat of Wissembourg, with the name of Napoleon at the bottom, the old officer fell as if struck by lightning, and remained utterly paralyzed, body and mind, for three days. Then the news of Reichshoffen, distorted into a great French victory, reached Paris, and some distant echo of the popular joy, reaching him, even in the stupor of his paralysis, brought him back to life. The true report soon arrived- MacMahon in flight-the army crushed. This disaster was followed by a series of defeats.

To save the old man's life a course of deception had to be planned. Each day his granddaughter invented reports of great French victories, and a steady advance upon Berlin, when in reality the Prussians were rapidly approaching Paris. At last Paris is captured, and the Prussians prepare to enter in triumph. The old Colonel still follows his beautiful dream, and, hearing a few whispered words about the entry of the troops into Paris, believes it to be the triumphal return of the French, and that his granddaughter fears to excite him with the news.

In the morning the balcony window opens gently, and the feeble old soldier appears, wearing his helmet, with his great sword, and all the glorious accoutrements of the old Milhaud cuirassier, in order to do honor to the victorious troops. Then suddenly, as the advancing troops approach nearer and nearer, echoing throughout the

gloomy silence of the square is heard a cry---a terrible cry--"To arms ! To arms ! The Prussians !" And the cavalymen of the Prussian advance guard saw a grand old man stagger wildly, waving his arms, and then fall headlong. This time the old Colonel Jouve is indeed dead.

(Le Capitaine de L-) Le Capitaine de L- in "La Fedor" is an interesting figure. Inexperienced in war, he was made Captain of a company of veterans, defending one of the Paris forts during the Paris siege. Brave as he was, the ~~w~~<sup>h</sup>istling of grape over his head in the first engagement was too much for his nerves, and he dodged involuntarily. Apprised of his action by the laughter of his men, he felt himself dishonored, and seeking his commander almost in tears begs to be relieved from command, as a coward, and unworthy of the position. Refused kindly by the wise old officer, he returns to his company, and seeks death passionately, in order to blot out the disgrace.

The day of the evacuation of the forts, he steps before his company and declares that he has sworn that no Prussian should step within the fort while he was alive. "When the last one of you shall pass through the gate, your captain will cease to live. I hope now you will admit that he is no coward." Then, with a pleasant "bonne route, mes enfants", the Captain steps within his tent, and putting his revolver to his head, kills himself.

(Le Cabecilla) A peculiarly cold-blooded military type is met with in the Carlist leader and priest "Le Cabecilla". His men take prisoner an eighteen year old soldier, who, loyally refusing allegiance to Don Carlos, is condemned to death. The stripling, notwithstanding the surplice of the priest, asks for the sacrament before his execution. The Carlist cheerfully administers the sacrament, and then, his men having been dispersed by an unexpected attack, with his own hand he shoots down the lad.

(Le Porte-Draneau) An inspiring, patriotic type is the old flag-bearer, Sergeant Hornis. For twenty long years he had fought for his country, and carried the flag in all her wars. All his affection and interest in life was centered in the national emblem. Proudly he bore it through storms of bullets, and in the midst of dying comrades, without a thought of fear, and ready at any moment to give up his life in its defence. Then came the disgraceful surrender of Metz by the traitor Audain, and the flag went into the hands of the Prussians. The old Sergeant, wild with shame and anger, seeks out his flag, and tearing it from the desecrating hand of the Prussian, tries to rush away, but, overcome by conflicting emotions, falls dead, wrapped in its tattered folds.

ECCLESIASTICAL

Although Daudet pictures all of his religious characters in a humorous and rather irreverent light, it is done in a kindly manner, and not with the biting sarcasm, with which he assails the academicians. He portrays his ecclesiastics as ordinary men, not at all saint-like, enjoying the pleasures of a merry life, and subject to the passions and failings of mankind in general.

(Pope Boniface)

Pope Boniface, in "La Mule du Pape", is presented as a fat, kindhearted, jolly old man, who has a carnal affection for good living, and who thinks more about the welfare of his beloved mule than that of his papal possessions. And yet what a pleasant picture is drawn of his reign! What a happy life the people of Avignon led, under his benign rule! Perfect freedom everywhere. From morning till night fifes and drums played on the great bridge over the Rhône, and the lighthearted people danced there day after day.

"Ah happy time! Happy city! Halberds, which did not cut; state prisons, used only for wine-cellar. Never any want; never any war--- that is how the people were governed under our good little Pope! Oh, what tears were shed in Avignon when he died! He was a prince so kind, so amiable! He smiled down upon you so sweetly from the back of his mule, and, when you passed near him, -whether you were a poor

herb-gatherer, or the village magistrate--he gave you his blessing so kindly! He was a true Pope of Yvetot."

(Père Gaucher)            The story of Père Gaucher and his elixir is comical, but deals a little too harshly with the monastic character.

Père Gaucher is the herdsman of a little monastery in Provence, which from lack of donations becomes very poor. In its deep poverty the worthy Père comes to the rescue with the invention of a wonderful beverage, of delightful flavor. The concoction of the elixir is begun at once. The whole country becomes infatuated with it, and the monastery grows rich through its sale. Unhappily, the reverend Père Gaucher himself becomes infatuated likewise with it, and appears one morning during Mass, badly intoxicated, singing worldly songs, and otherwise misbehaving. The next day, recovered from his spree, he is deeply repentant, and tries by limiting his drinking, and praying continually, to control his appetite. It is all in vain, and in deep contrition he confesses that he will have to cease the manufacture of the tempting liquor, or eternally lose his soul.

The brotherhood is in deep distress, as no one else can mix the valuable beverage. Finally, the Abbé has a happy thought. Père Gaucher is to go ahead with his invention, and may drink as freely as he wishes. While he is drinking, however, the chapter is to recite in his behalf the Mass of St Augustine, to which is attached

full indulgence. Thus, night after night, while in the sacred chapel the solemn Mass is rolling majestically forth, Père Gaucher, in his distillery, wildly roars out his wicked songs, and madly stirs his foaming liquor, in the delirium of intoxication.

(Curé du Cucugnan)

L'Abbé Martin de Cucugnan is a worthy curate, who, pained by the indifference of his flock, tries to stimulate them by a vivid description of his trip to the other world, in search of his departed parishioners. In vain he seeks through the realms of Paradise for his Cucugnaniers; in vain traverses the gloomy wastes of Purgatory, - he can find no trace of them. Then sadly he wends his way to the remaining place, and there, roasting in Hades, he finds them all. With solemn emphasis the priest brings forth the names of those he met.

In fear and trembling his audience listened to the tale of the fearful voyage, and each one shakes in his shoes, as he hears that his father, brother, or uncle, is sweltering in the Satanic heating-plant.

The sermon has a wonderfully invigorating effect, and since that memorable Sunday the perfume of the virtues of cucugnan is spread for ten leagues around.

(Curé de Chemillé)

The valiant little Curé de Chemillé is a pleasing, and decidedly human figure, in his rôle as an exponent

of "Muscular Christianity".

Called in haste to the bedside of a dying man, he mounts his donkey, and with his little "Bon Dieu" under his arm, sets forth. Half way to his destination he meets a burly peasant in his cart, and as the road is too narrow for a passage, one of the two will have to return. The good priest gently explains the situation; the dying man,--and his need of haste, but the rough peasant laughs in his face, and threatens to drive over him.

The reverend Father sets the image down, and kneeling before it prays: "Bon Dieu de Chemillé, thou seest what has happened to me ----- and that I will have to bring this villain to his senses. In doing this I need help from no one, as I have a couple of solid fists, and the right on my side.----- So, little Bon Dieu, sit kindly on one side, and watch our battle, without being for the one, or against the other,--- that fellow's business will be quickly settled."

Then the daughty little champion rolls up his sleeves, and before the clumsy peasant is well awake, he smashes his pipe, pulls him out of his cart, and wallows him into the ditch. Then, calmly picking up his "Bon Dieu", the self-sufficient little priest quietly resumes his journey.

#### SUMMARY

The reader of Daudet is impressed with the great

versatility of the author's genius. With what ease and freedom he changes from one type to another, carrying the sympathies and hearts with him! Never are the feelings of the reader at variance with the wishes of the writer. The unworthy characters are cordially hated, the good are admired, and the unfortunate sincerely pitied.

Daudet is perfectly at home in the treatment of any class of subjects, depicting, with equally consummate skill,--youth--old age, the wife--the mistress, the villain--the hero. From his travels spring forth, living and breathing, strange foreign characters, and from his war experiences appear perfect military types, easily recognizable as modeled directly from life. The man is remarkable in this respect.

Daudet is a realist, but not in the general acceptation of the term. He depicts the real, existing, characters, both good and bad, ~~xxx~~ with exactness, but, at the same time, he handles his selections carefully, and the finer sensibilities are not shocked. He is a realist without being repulsive. In a word, the types of Daudet are those found in the paths of ordinary life, but clarified, and strengthened by the masterly handling of a most painstaking observer, and a wonderful word-painter.

The great writer is now dead, but his creations will exist long after him, and he will remain pre-eminent, an unquestioned leader in the delineation of French life and character.