

A Survey of
French Literature

VOLUME IV
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



Third Edition

MORRIS BISHOP
KENNETH T. RIVERS

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French Literature

VOLUME FOUR:
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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THIRD EDITION

KENNETH T. RIVERS

For Dianna Lipp Rivers

with added appreciation to
Beatrice Rivers and Alison Jolly

NOTE ABOUT ILLUSTRATIONS

One of the most easily noticed differences between this edition and its predecessors is the addition of extensive visual material. Nearly half the new illustrations included have come from the Bibliothèque nationale de France (the French National Library), which was of considerable help to the editor. The remaining illustrations are, except for the few noted otherwise, in the public domain and derived primarily from rare books in private collections. The line drawings illustrating each century are by Alison Mason Kingsbury; they constitute the only pictures carried over from the previous editions.

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Preface

The editors of this compilation have been guided by certain principles: to introduce the student to the greatest masters of French literature; to make a Survey of Literature rather than a course in literary history; to choose famous examples rather than obscure ones; to choose examples more for their merit, interest, and present vitality than for their “significance” or importance for other than literary reasons; to present one long selection in preference to a collection of *morceaux*; and to make the entire text as user-friendly as possible for instructor and student alike.

This volume is divided into twenty lessons, representing the maximum number of assignments usually possible in an American college semester. Even so, in the choice of selections, the editors have been forced to compromise sometimes. In choosing texts, a balancing of qualities has been necessary, as not every work of an important author is simultaneously interesting, famous, self-contained, and of convenient length. The case of Balzac may serve as an illustration of the editors’ problems and of their effort to resolve them. Balzac’s great novels, flowing and diverse as life itself, do not well lend themselves to excerpting. Some of the most familiar of his short stories seemed unsatisfactory for one reason or another. The editors chose *La Femme abandonnée*, which, though much praised by the critics, is not famous in the way that, for example, the rather lackluster story *Le Curé de Tours* is famous. *La Femme abandonnée*, if not famous, is interesting, lively, self-contained, and of convenient length; it is splendidly illustrative of Balzac’s purpose and method. Thus the editors made what seemed to them the best choice for the readers’ purposes.

In this Third Edition, account has been taken of suggestions offered by many over past years. We are proud to give a greater representation to women writers, such as Madame de Staël and George Sand, both of whom have now been added to our roster of nineteenth-century authors. The selections from a few other authors throughout the edition have been further abridged to make them more manageable for class assignments. The footnotes have been somewhat amplified throughout, in order to assist students who may not have the strongest of vocabularies or much background in French culture. The introductions have been expanded, updated, and reorganized. Bibliographical information is now included at the end of the volume. And as regards the appearance of the text, numerous visual materials have been added, including, where possible, portraits of authors or pictures of their hometown areas in order to give a sense of social context and make their work seem all the more real to the reader. Moreover, the appearance of the text has been modernized to enhance clarity and ease of use.

Your editors will embark on no long defense of their own judgment, which others have every right to impugn. No doubt every instructor will quarrel with some of the editors’ choices and omissions. Many readers will undoubtedly be delighted to learn that we have brought back Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, and Heredia, who were absent from the Second Edition after having appeared in the First. We believe these restored writers in this Third Edition may properly stand with their illustrious predecessors. Some readers will bemoan the absence of Nerval, Daudet and A. France, and the shortening of the list of some author’s poems. We are sorry, but France has happily produced more immortals with more great works to their credit than we can accommodate. Still, we have presumably more than enough for anyone’s needs.

Introductions and footnotes are in English. Our students apprehend and remember best what they have read in their own idiom, without the intrusion of language difficulties. They need not labor with an editor's French; they might better get on as fast as possible to the memorable words of the great authors.

In the footnotes, words and phrases which would not be in the vocabulary of a typical good student are translated, and other aids to fluent reading and ready comprehension are given. Since footnotes should aid and not distract, the editor has struggled against the temptation to give unnecessary information. What is there is enough to keep most students from having to consult the dictionary or the encyclopedia very often.

Imaginative Travels

In 1791 he came to America. He wished to see the free natural savages of the forests and the new free social men of the young Republic side by side. He had also the fantastic purpose of building two enormous covered wagons, proceeding westward to the Pacific, journeying north to Alaska, and returning along the arctic coast via Hudson Bay to civilization.

What did he do in America? He *says* that he interviewed General Washington in Philadelphia, went to Boston to see the sacred battlefield of Lexington, returned to New York, sailed up the Hudson to Albany, rode to Niagara Falls, crossed western Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, descended the Ohio and Mississippi to Natchez, made a side trip to Florida, returned overland via Nashville to Chillicothe, Ohio (which was in fact still untouched wilderness). There he learned of King Louis XVI's flight and recapture. He returned to France immediately to fight on the royal side.

What in fact did he do in America? His interview with Washington is pure imagination. The itinerary he describes is an absolute impossibility, in his four and a half months in this country. An intensive search has so far revealed no independent check on his own assertions. No one noticed him on his travels (and he must have been rather striking, since, he says, he was wearing a bearskin robe and a red woolen cap with ear tabs, in a New York August.) None of the stories he tells can be corroborated; some of his assertions are grotesquely impossible. He probably made the journey to Niagara, and then returned to Philadelphia. But, for our purposes, it makes no difference what he did or did not see. The important thing is that in his American experiences he found material for great art.

He returned to France, married (frankly for money), joined the royalist army in Belgium, was wounded, and took refuge in London. There he was penniless and hungry; he ate (he *says*) even grass and paper. He lived somehow by tutoring, and began writing in earnest.

Religious Inspiration and Literature

Chateaubriand wrote an *Essai sur les Révolutions*, skeptical, radical, anti-Catholic. He then wrote the pro-religious tract *Le Génie du christianisme*, either because he was mystically converted ("j'ai pleuré et j'ai cru," he says) or because, as a troublesome story goes, his London publisher persuaded him that atheism was out and that Christianity would sell books.) An extract, *Atala*, appeared in 1801, and suddenly made Chateaubriand famous. *Atala* is a prose poem, a pulsing tale of love and Christian faith in a wild American setting. It is vibrant with emotion, sumptuous in description of exotic nature.

Le Génie du christianisme (1802) is a defense of Catholicism more on *aesthetic* than on *rational* grounds. It emphasizes the beauty of Christian doctrine and ceremony. The art inspired by Christianity, literary, graphic, plastic, architectural, surpasses any pagan art, he says. Especially the art and architecture of the Middle Ages deserve our reverent admiration, he asserts, pleading that the French should open their eyes to the splendor of their own past.

The *Mal du Siècle*

Interpolated in *Le Génie du christianisme* is the story of *René*. René is Chateaubriand's young self; even the name is his own. He is intensely emotional, and he observes his emotion with fascination. He alternates between fits of frenzy and periods of pathological boredom. Conscious of his superiority to the world, contemptuous of religion, he sees no recourse but suicide. A mild manic depressive, we might say. But in his own time, René represented the superior young man's dream-picture of himself. It became fashionable to confront the world with loathing and despair, to patrol lonely cliffs on stormy midnights, to be at the same time a misanthropic hermit and a volcano of passion. This attitude, or affliction, became known as *le mal de René*, and later as *le mal du siècle*. This astonishing glorification of bipolar disorder would wreck havoc with the literary world and even society in general for decades to come.

Chateaubriand evidently conceived and wrote *René* as a part of an *épopée de l'homme de la nature*. He adapted it to the purpose of his *Génie du christianisme* by arguing that he was teaching the young not to withdraw from their duties toward society, and that he was showing the evil results of eighteenth-century skepticism (for the René's of the past would have found peace in a monastery).

Many readers of the story wonder whether the "*criminelle passion*" of Amélie for René was founded on fact; that is, whether Lucile de Chateaubriand's love for her brother was abnormal. Most admirers of Chateaubriand insist that he put in the suggestion of incest to make the story more exciting. Lucile, in fact, married and was widowed and, mentally deranged, died as a boarder in a convent. (Sainte-Beuve says she killed herself.) Chateaubriand did not even attempt to discover and mark her grave.

There is little need to describe Chateaubriand's other works, valuable and influential though they are — works such as *Les Martyrs* (1809), *L'Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem* (1811), *Mémoires d'outre-tombe* (1848–1850). Nor is there need for much detail about his eminent political career, in which he was ambassador to Berlin, London, and Rome, and served as the Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVIII. (Gourmets will be interested to know that Chateaubriand's chef in London did indeed invent the beefsteak dish still known in restaurants as *Chateaubriand*. His recipe was: cook a sirloin steak stacked between two others; when the two outer ones are blackened, throw them away and eat the middle one. The family dog must have eaten uncommonly well in their household.)

Chateaubriand died in 1848 and was buried, by his own arrangement, on a rocky islet off Saint-Malo, beaten by all the storms from the Atlantic ocean ("Levez-vous vite, orages désirés..."). A statue of the author still marks the spot.

Unstable Enchantment

The twenty-first century reader, especially in a cynical mood, may be inclined to find Chateaubriand insufferably vain, ridiculous in his tragic pose, untrustworthy with facts, and mentally unstable, all of which is undeniable. Why, then, is Chateaubriand still esteemed so highly? The answer lies in the richness of his creative imagination, and especially in the magic of his style, which, for most admirers, redeems every shortcoming. In his descriptions, such as those of the awe and mystery of American solitudes, he sought to transpose visual sensations into musical prose. Any reader who develops an ear for the evocative harmonies of the French language as used by Chateaubriand will understand why he has been called, for the past two centuries, the Enchanter.

*MÉMOIRES D'OUTRE-TOMBE*¹

[Excerpts]

La Vie au château de Combourg²

Pendant la mauvaise saison, des mois entiers s'écoulaient sans qu'aucune créature humaine frappât à la porte de notre forteresse.³ Si la tristesse était grande sur les bruyères⁴ de Combourg, elle était encore plus grande au château: on éprouvait, en pénétrant sous ses voûtes, la même sensation qu'en entrant à la Chartreuse de Grenoble...⁵

Le calme morne du château de Combourg était augmenté par l'humeur taciturne et insociable de mon père. Au lieu de resserrer sa famille et ses gens autour de lui, il les avait dispersés à toutes les aires de vent⁶ de l'édifice. Sa chambre à coucher était placée dans la petite tour de l'est, et son cabinet⁷ dans la petite tour de l'ouest. Les meubles de ce cabinet consistaient en trois chaises de cuir noir et une table couverte de titres⁸ et de parchemins. Un arbre généalogique de la famille des Chateaubriand tapissait le manteau de la cheminée, et dans l'embrasure d'une fenêtre on voyait toutes sortes d'armes, depuis le pistolet jusqu'à l'espingle.⁹ L'appartement de ma mère régnait au-dessus de la grand'salle, entre les deux petites tours: il était parqueté¹⁰ et orné de glaces de Venise à facettes.¹¹ Ma sœur¹² habitait un cabinet

dépendant de l'appartement de ma mère. La femme de chambre couchait loin de là, dans le corps de logis¹³ des grandes tours. Moi, j'étais niché dans une espèce de cellule isolée, au haut de la tourelle de l'escalier¹⁴ qui communiquait de la cour intérieure aux diverses parties du château. Au bas de cet escalier, le valet de chambre de mon père et le domestique¹⁵ gisaient¹⁶ dans les caveaux voûtés, et la cuisinière tenait garnison¹⁷ dans la grosse tour de l'ouest.

Mon père se levait¹⁸ à quatre heures du matin, hiver comme été: il venait dans la cour intérieure appeler et éveiller son valet de chambre, à l'entrée de la tourelle. On lui apportait un peu de café à cinq heures; il travaillait ensuite dans son cabinet jusqu'à midi. Ma mère et ma sœur déjeunaient chacune dans leur chambre, à huit heures du matin. Je n'avais aucune heure fixe, ni pour me lever, ni pour déjeuner; j'étais censé¹⁹ étudier jusqu'à midi: la plupart du temps je ne faisais rien.

A onze heures et demie, on sonnait le dîner que l'on servait à midi. La grand'salle était à la fois salle à manger et salon; on dînait et l'on soupa à l'une de ses extrémités du côté de l'est; après le repas, on se venait placer²⁰ à l'autre extrémité du côté

1. These 1848 memoirs "from beyond the tomb" were posthumous in that Chateaubriand submitted them to his publisher just before his death.
2. Combourg, about 25 miles southeast of Saint-Malo, in Brittany.
3. The castle dates in part from the eleventh century; it still stands. Chateaubriand was sixteen years old at the period he describes.
4. *bruyères*: heath.
5. *Chartreuse de Grenoble*: picturesque eleventh-century monastery in the mountains of southeast France.
6. *aires de vent*: points of the compass.
7. *cabinet*: study, small room.
8. *titres*: deeds, certificates of ownership.
9. *espingle*: blunderbuss.

10. *parqueté*: floored with inlaid wood.
11. *à facettes*: made of fitted sections.
12. *Ma sœur*: i. e., Lucile.
13. *corps de logis*: main block of building.
14. *tourelle de l'escalier*: tower enclosing circular staircase. Chateaubriand considers his room to be both a medieval tower room and a quasi-monastic cell.
15. *domestique*: servant staff.
16. *gisaient*: lay, were lodged.
17. *tenait garnison*: was quartered.
18. *se levait*: Notice the force of the imperfect tense throughout. Chateaubriand is indicating habitual repetition of the household activities.
19. *censé*: supposed.
20. *se venait placer* = *venait se placer*.



Combourg Château. Courtesy of Bibliothèque nationale de France.

de l'ouest, devant une énorme cheminée. La grand'salle était boisée,²¹ peinte en gris blanc et ornée de vieux portraits depuis le règne de François I^{er} jusqu'à celui de Louis XIV;²² parmi ces portraits, on distinguait ceux de Condé et de Turenne;²³ un tableau représentant Hector tué par Achille sous les murs de Troie²⁴ était suspendu au-dessus de la cheminée.

Le dîner fait, on restait ensemble, jusqu'à deux heures. Alors, si²⁵ l'été, mon père prenait le divertissement de la pêche, visitait ses potagers,²⁶ se promenait dans l'étendue du vol du chapon;²⁷ si l'automne et l'hiver, il partait pour la chasse, ma mère se retirait dans la chapelle, où elle passait quelques heures en prière. Cette chapelle était un oratoire sombre, embelli de bons tableaux des plus grands maîtres, qu'on

ne s'attendait guère à trouver dans un château féodal, au fond de la Bretagne. J'ai aujourd'hui en ma possession une *Sainte Famille* de l'Albane,²⁸ peinte sur cuivre, tirée de cette chapelle: c'est tout ce qui me reste de Combourg.

Mon père parti et ma mère en prière, Lucile s'enfermait dans sa chambre; je regagnais ma cellule, ou j'allais courir les champs.

A huit heures, la cloche annonçait le souper. Après le souper, dans les beaux jours, on s'asseyait sur le perron.²⁹ Mon père, armé de son fusil, tirait des chouettes³⁰ qui sortaient des créneaux³¹ à l'entrée de la nuit. Ma mère, Lucile et moi, nous regardions le ciel, les bois, les derniers rayons du soleil, les premières étoiles. A dix heures on rentrait et l'on se couchait.

21. *boisée*: wainscoted.

22. *François I^{er}*: reigned 1515–47; *Louis XIV*: reigned 1643–1715.

23. *Condé*, *Turenne*: famous generals, period of Louis XIV.

24. *Hector tué par Achille sous les murs de Troie*: In Homer's ancient Greek epic poem *The Iliad*, the Greek hero Achilles defeats and kills the Trojan hero Hector in the city of Troy, believed to be in present-day Turkey. Such a scene would have been typical for an eighteenth-century Classical painting. However, the average family would

not have had such a collection of king's portraits and battle scenes in their living room.

25. *si* = *si c'était*.

26. *potagers*: kitchen gardens.

27. *vol du chapon*: as far as a capon can fly — about 200 feet. (Term used in medieval definitions of land rights.)

28. *Albane*: Albani, seventeenth-century painter.

29. *perron*: entrance steps.

30. *tirait des chouettes*: would shoot owls.

31. *créneaux*: battlements.

Les soirées d'automne et d'hiver étaient d'une autre nature. Le souper fini et les quatre convives revenus de la table à la cheminée, ma mère se jetait, en soupirant, sur un vieux lit de jour³² de siamoise flambée;³³ on mettait devant elle un guéridon³⁴ avec une bougie. Je m'asseyais auprès du feu avec Lucile; les domestiques enlevaient le couvert et se retiraient. Mon père commençait alors une promenade qui ne cessait qu'à l'heure de son coucher. Il était vêtu d'une robe de ratine³⁵ blanche, ou plutôt d'une espèce de manteau que je n'ai vu qu'à lui. Sa tête, demi-chauve, était couverte d'un grand bonnet blanc qui se tenait tout droit. Lorsqu'en se promenant il s'éloignait du foyer, la vaste salle était si peu éclairée par une seule bougie qu'on ne le voyait plus; on l'entendait seulement encore marcher dans les ténèbres: puis il revenait lentement vers la lumière et émergeait peu à peu de l'obscurité, comme un spectre, avec sa robe blanche, son bonnet blanc, sa figure longue et pâle. Lucile et moi, nous échangeions quelques mots à voix basse quand il était à l'autre bout de la salle; nous nous taisions quand il se rapprochait de nous. Il nous disait en passant: « De quoi parliez-vous? » Saisis de terreur, nous ne répondions rien; il continuait sa marche. Le reste de la soirée, l'oreille n'était plus frappée que du bruit mesuré de ses pas, des soupirs de ma mère et du murmure du vent.

Dix heures sonnaient à l'horloge du château: mon père s'arrêtait; le même ressort³⁶ qui avait soulevé de marteau³⁷ de l'horloge semblait avoir suspendu ses pas. Il tirait sa montre, la montait,³⁸ prenait un grand flambeau³⁹ d'argent surmonté d'une grande bougie, entrait un moment dans la petite tour de l'ouest, puis revenait, son flambeau à la main, et s'avancait vers sa

chambre à coucher, dépendante de la petite tour de l'est. Lucile et moi, nous nous tenions sur son passage; nous l'embrassions en lui souhaitant une bonne nuit. Il penchait vers nous sa joue sèche et creuse sans nous répondre, continuait sa route et se retirait au fond de la tour, dont nous entendions les portes se refermer sur lui.

Le talisman⁴⁰ était brisé; ma mère, ma sœur et moi, transformés en statues par la présence de mon père, nous recouvriions les fonctions de la vie. Le premier effet de notre désenchantement se manifestait par un débordement de paroles: si le silence nous avait opprimés, il nous le payait cher.

Ce torrent de paroles écoulé, j'appelais la femme de chambre, et je reconduisais ma mère et ma sœur à leur appartement. Avant de me retirer, elles me faisaient regarder sous les lits, dans les cheminées, derrière les portes, visiter les escaliers, les passages et les corridors voisins. Toutes les traditions du château, voleurs et spectres, leur revenaient en mémoire. Les gens étaient persuadés qu'un certain comte de Combourg, à jambe de bois, mort depuis trois siècles, apparaissait à certaines époques, et qu'on l'avait rencontré dans le grand escalier de la tourelle; sa jambe de bois se promenait aussi quelquefois seule avec un chat noir.

Ces récits occupaient tout le temps du coucher de ma mère et de ma sœur: elles se mettaient au lit mourantes de peur; je me retirais au haut de ma tourelle; la cuisinière rentrait dans la grosse tour, et les domestiques descendaient dans leur souterrain.

La fenêtre de mon donjon s'ouvrait sur la cour intérieure; le jour, j'avais en perspective les créneaux de la courtine⁴¹ opposée, où végétaient des scolopendres⁴²

32. *lit de jour*: couch.

33. *siamoise flambée*: cotton material, in Siamese style.

34. *guéridon*: small table.

35. *ratine*: frieze, rough woolen cloth.

36. *ressort*: spring.

37. *marteau*: hammer.

38. *montait*: here, would wind.

39. *flambeau*: candlestick.

40. *talisman*: talisman, spell.

41. *courtine*: wall joining two towers. Note that in France dungeons were above ground, hence the view from Chateaubriand's window.

42. *scolopendres*: hart's-tongues (ferns growing on damp walls).

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The Sixteenth Century
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