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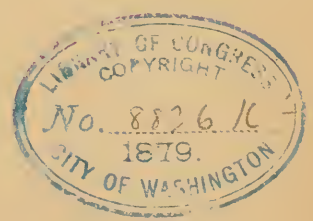
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# THE COUNT AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN.

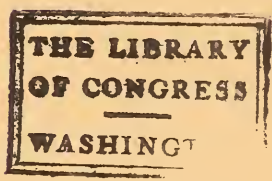
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# CONTENTS.

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INTRODUCTION, . . . . .	PAGE 7
CHAPTER I.	
EARLY EDUCATION, . . . . .	15
CHAPTER II.	
THE ACADEMY, . . . . .	23
CHAPTER III.	
PUBLIC LIFE, . . . . .	33
CHAPTER IV.	
THE ORATOR AND WRITER, . . . . .	53
CHAPTER V.	
THE MAN, . . . . .	83
CHAPTER VI.	
THE LAST WINTER, . . . . .	131



INTRODUCTION.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THERE are some men who have deserved well of their generation because of their courageous defense of just rights threatened or withheld, and their persistent devotion to the great cause of truth. The power of their words and writings has served to strengthen anew the tottering foundations of the family or the faith, and with their feet firmly planted on immutable principles, they have toiled to dispel those clouds of passion which gather around us here below. It is they who have pointed out the road which leads above, and the heights humanity could scale, were it but willing to fulfill its glorious destiny. Conscientious and intelligent workmen, they have devoted their talents and consecrated their life to that labor whose faithful perform-

ance it was their duty to achieve. Their works are subject to criticism, and posterity will ratify or reverse the verdict of the critic.

But the author himself, his inner life, his soul, and, in a word, his whole moral being—the fire at which all his torches have been lighted, and the fountain from which have flowed all those thoughts which have moved his hearers and his readers—form a subject for a study whose interest will be proportionate to the elevation of thought, and the extent of the influence wielded by the author during his life-time.

The mission of Christianity is to arouse the world from that indifference under which it is perishing, and to place it on the road to indefinite self-culture; the glory of Christianity lies in the fact that by it is rendered possible the creation of such characters as approach more nearly to that Ideal, which it has been the heartfelt desire of all of us, at some time or other, to resemble. If the Crown of Humanity is composed of those men of genius who have shown in the realm of science or art, its more precious treasure is to be found in these characters and lives which in every station of society and in



every century have been living witnesses of their Divine paternity.

The work which is here presented to the public is based upon certain notes accurately transcribed by a trustworthy and reliable hand.

It was the privilege of the author to be personally acquainted with the Count Agénor de Gasparin. Spending a few days each year under his roof at Valleyres, and entertaining toward him the relations of a sincere friendship, he has had an opportunity to study his character—a task which was rendered the more easy by a habit of observation which a life of reflection and contact with all classes of society unconsciously gives. Although holding different views on ecclesiastical questions, the author has not written a single line without carefully guarding against the affectionate enthusiasm inspired by so beautiful a character. To flatter would be to overlook the humility of his hero and belittle his real greatness. A biography especially should be unequivocally true.

Am I mistaken in thinking that there is any need for such a biography? It would seem to

me as if I were but discharging a just debt of my country in rescuing from utter oblivion the memory of those crowds which during the whole winter gathered at Geneva around the eloquent Chairman of the Conference, and in collecting together the testimonials of admiration and homage which have appeared from day to day among us, seven years after his death, in an age alike careless and forgetful. Moreover, in this land, where the melody of a true greatness is drowned in the noisy discord of the demagogue, it is a salutary work as well as a simple act of justice, to dwell for a little while on the services which this good knight has rendered to every just cause, and to present to the world the example of a real Christian.

Encouraged at all times in his work by the charm which pervades the memory of his gifted and loving friend, the author has received greater encouragement still from another thought, the hope of arousing the emulation of the brilliant youth of France and Switzerland whose weakness, indifference, and vices threaten to ruin the soul and destroy the mind.

This life was not that of an unpractical dream-

er, but a life interested in the great questions of the day, in the triumphs and defeats of his country; a life worried by political struggles, worldly temptations, and the conflicts of the Church; and, moreover, a life which found its chief pleasure in the simple joys of the fireside. Shall it have been lived in vain? Nay, shall it not rather serve to encourage every one in whose breast the fires of purer desires have not been wholly quenched?

Oh, how much sorrow and sadness would be spared the wives and mothers, if those hearts which are dearest to them, instead of wasting themselves on trifles, would become fired with a more lofty ambition! How many souls would be saved which are now lost because they resist that Divine voice which would tell them of the sterner joys of duty! What a future, what a greatness is reserved for that people who shall number among her sons many citizens of a character and moral elevation like unto that which belonged to him whose portrait we are about to sketch!

TH. BOREL.

GENEVA, *November*, 1878.



EARLY EDUCATION.



## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY EDUCATION.

THE Count Agénor de Gasparin was born at Orange, July 12, 1810, and belonged to the Corsican family of Gasparins, of which the elder branch became extinct by the death of the Count Luce de Gaspari-Belleval. The younger branch was established in France with Ornano toward the middle of the sixteenth century, and still retains in its possession at Cape Corse, the "tower of Gasparin" which was bequeathed to it by its head. The church of Morsiglia contains the tombs of many of its ancestors. By his grandmother he was descended in a direct line from Jean de Serres, royal historian under Henry IV., and on both the maternal and paternal side his ancestors had followed the profession of arms. His father\* had also at one time embraced this calling. Successively prefect,

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\* Died in 1862.

Peer of France, Minister of the Interior, and Member of the Academy of Sciences, the Count Adrien de Gasparin was one of the most distinguished statesmen France has ever possessed ; a man who combined indomitable energy with a stern sense of justice, a singular sweetness of disposition, with a rare capacity for work. His scientific writings are authority. The agriculturists of his own and other countries erected in 1864 a statue of him at Orange, his native city, as a tribute to his services in their department of science.

He married Mlle. Adèle de Vaunant, a woman earnest, courageous, and sympathetic, and at the same time a sincere and simple Christian.

Up to the age of twelve, Agénor de Gasparin lived with his brother Paul\* at Orange, where he was pursuing a wholesome course of study, whose monotony was varied by outdoor amusements—riding on horseback and swimming long distances in the river Aygues—for which he had

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\* The Count Paul de Gasparin, formerly Deputy and Mayor of Orange, followed with distinction the scientific pursuits of his father.



a passionate fondness. After this severe physical exercise it was his habit to refresh himself with a raw onion and a piece of bread, and of these simple viands his hunger made short work. Fascinated with stoical ideas, he would, for the purpose of inuring himself to pain, put pebbles in his shoes, and walk in this way as nimbly and as long a time as he could, and the greater the pain so much the more was he pleased.\*

Against this clear and already rosy sky of childhood there stands out in bold relief the figure of a man, in the prime of life, of a poetic temperament, generous and chivalrous, M. Auguste de Gasparin, their favorite uncle, who was accustomed to accompany and encourage his nephews on these Spartan expeditions, and their hardy bravery increased his affection for them.

The two brothers had for a tutor M. Schaeffer, an Alsatian, and a finished scholar, whose academic learning, illumined by the practical teachings of the father of his pupils, put into these young

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\* By a singular coincidence, his future brother-in-law and she who was to be his wife, were doing the same at this time at Rivage, and were modestly styling themselves "the Hercules of the North."

heads only right ideas—nothing to unlearn later, as happens to many people.

In the autumn, the family were in the habit of spending a few weeks at Pomerol, at the foot of the Alps. Of this, as of all the happy hours of his childhood, Agénor de Gasparin has retained a vivid and tender memory. It is a more hilly country than Orange, and one may almost live in the open air. The long walks and Alpine excursions gave him, as a child, an insight into the poetry of nature, whose charms and pleasures few men have appreciated better than he.

Whether studying or engaging in outdoor sports and exercise, the pure influence of a mother, whose sole ambition was that her sons might grow up earnest and virtuous men, at all times surrounded Agénor, to whom was given, in addition, the familiar advice of a wise and affectionate father, and the fleeting pains and pleasures of a happy home.

Each evening the father, holding his two boys on his knee, would sing to them the old song, "Marlborough is Marching away to the War." At the last two lines,

"The good-nights said,  
Every one goes to sleep,"

the nurse would come to lead the two brothers away to bed. Hence, when they saw that the fatal couplet was coming, "Not the good-nights! not the good-nights!" they would shout with one voice, and soon sleep made short work of their childish grief.

These early years made a deep impression on the heart of Agénor de Gasparin, whose full influence was to be felt later on in life. An allusion to them may be found in his own beautiful book, "The Family," where he says: "My eyes are turned towards a time which will never return—towards familiar and well-loved ones which I shall see no more on earth. Never can I forget that library of my father in which we, as children, have passed so many happy hours, going from the electrical-machine to the beautiful books of engravings, rumaging the shelves which contained the works of travel and history, and which we were allowed to handle, and thus gathering together memories which come again, after so many years, to awaken the best feelings of our natures."\* But this system of home edu-

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\* "Rights of the heart," p. 82.

cation was not in sympathy with the times. Their father, moreover, foreseeing for his sons a public career, wished to bring them at an early age in contact with the world.

When he was twelve years old, Agénor left his father's house, in company with his brother, to go to Paris, whither M. and Mme. Gasparin accompanied their two sons, in order that they might leave them there.

THE ACADEMY.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE ACADEMY.

THE Academy Louis le Grand, which Agénor de Gasparin entered with his brother, was for him the entrance to the world, and one, indeed, which appeared very dark and gloomy, and of which he used to speak with great bitterness in after-life. He always looked upon academies—that is, boarding academies—as a cross between a prison and a convent, as the life of the barracks applied to study, and what is still worse, as demoralizing and vicious in their tendencies. Intelligent men, who see the truth because they look beneath the surface, have given the same testimony. In place of the snug family nest, here were the cold and naked walls of a monastery; instead of lessons made easy by intelligent instruction, the inflexible routine of a regiment. Hearty and outdoor exercise was replaced by a prim and formal walk through the streets of Paris. If contact with students of one's own

age imparts to some boys a manliness it were impossible to acquire under the family roof, and smooth out the peculiarities of their characters, it too often happens that this is done at the cost of much suffering and loss of refinement. In Agénor's case, the suffering endured was real and lasting, but instead of blunting, it served to render more acute his sense of delicacy and good-breeding.

What complete and perfect happiness was his when during the all too short vacations, he came home, and was able to renew once more those outdoor sports in which he excelled. The favorite uncle, who had made his nephew a fearless horseman and excellent pedestrian, always had ready some unbroken horse for his service. Too soon, alas! did the hour come for his return to Paris, and the gloom of the prison succeeded this sunny life.

There is in the academies of France an unfortunate personage, a sort of subordinate overseer, whose duty it is to preserve order as best he can during the hours of study and recreation. The subject of the insults, wrath, and conspiracies of the pupils, who regard him as an enemy,



against whom all malicious practices are fair, he has been dubbed "pawn." This species of gaoler, the more to be pitied as his duty is wholly one of suppression, will arouse at first the sympathies of the new pupil. He does not, for a time, engage in the pranks played against the "pawn," and in after years his recollection of this poor drudge places him among those unfortunate beings who are cut off from all sunlight and condemned to live in a damp and unwholesome atmosphere—the Pariahs of the civilized world, who are entitled to our deepest sympathy.

During his stay at the academy, Agénor made more than one visit home. It was then that he began to value the affection showered upon him by his family—an affection, as his after-life goes to show, which neither made him self-conceited nor less manly.

In 1831—he was then in his twenty-first year—the cholera suddenly broke out in Paris, and in its fearful ravages carried off all classes of the population. Some of the private schools closed, and it would seem to be a time for the students of the academies to return to their

families. In fact, some parents did send for their children to come home. Madame Gasparin, to whom her husband had given permission to recall her sons, allowed them to remain in their rooms at Paris. "If young people expect to become men," she said, "they must learn not to flee from danger." The Christian mother knew into whose hands she had committed her most precious treasure; the Spartan knew how to train the athlete.

Let us return to the academy. Agénor, who had graduated with high honor, pursued several branches of study, but devoted himself especially to the study of law, a knowledge of which he believed to be indispensable to any one who intended to enter public life.

This was in France the brilliant period of the revival of letters and intellectual energy. After the wars of the Empire and the suppression of free speech under the Despotism, a more liberal life, quickened by the teachings of illustrious professors, was flowing in the veins of the new generation. An enthusiastic band of youth was crowding around Royer-Collard, Guizot, Cousin,

and Villemain, the echo of whose voices was heard even in the more remote provinces. The works of Casimir Delavigne, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo were in the hands of every student. The State was agitated by the skirmishes, the hand-to-hand struggles, and fierce battles which the Classic and Romantic school were at that time waging. It was a literary duel which hid from view another struggle, more wide-spread, less noisy, and entirely different; but none the less formidable—the struggle between the Jesuitical and Reactionary party on the one side, and those modern tendencies toward a fuller liberty and a wider dissemination of knowledge.

Gasparin was wholly in sympathy with this age of energy and enthusiasm. His earnest nature and independent spirit drew warmth and nourishment from the heated atmosphere in which he lived, and it was a habit with him to commit to memory, from time to time, the "Messéniennes" of Casimir Delavigne, the most beautiful odes of Victor Hugo, and the Iambic verses of Barbier. He himself used to admit that the rather obscure poetry of Lamartine had, perhaps, less fascination for him.

He followed with a deep interest the political debates, and there was no greater treat for him than to be present at a session of the Chamber on the occasion of a stormy discussion.

On the breaking out of the revolution of 1830, when he—as every intelligent youth of France—foresaw in the struggle a question of life and death for his country, he distinguished himself as a member of the National Guard. On one occasion an incessant fire, issuing from the house of a bourgeois, was pouring down on his battalion. Almost overcome with heat, singed with powder, and infuriated by the resistance offered them, and the sight of the dead and wounded, the National Guards forced their way in, and were preparing to put to death every one they found. It was at this time that Gasparin took upon himself the defense of the prisoners, and covering them with his own body, refused to give them up until he had delivered them into the hands of the provisional government. These three days had done their work. Closing his ears to the angry din of the Forum, the young student finished his law studies, and took out his diploma as attorney. It was the

crowning point of a long course of profound study, but it was not the end. He will never plead. The high position of his father opened pursuits more congenial to his tastes.

Having once entered upon his public career, his talents were destined to play an important part. He had foreseen this, and aspired to the position. His metrical translations from the Greek poets, and his success at the academy, led him to form a just estimate of his own abilities, and the young man was sensible that the wings of ambition were opening.



PUBLIC LIFE.





## CHAPTER III.

### PUBLIC LIFE.

HIS public career gave to the Count Agénor de Gasparin a profound knowledge of men and practical affairs.

He entered public life on a mission of the highest importance. It was in 1833, and he was at that time twenty-three. The city of Lyons, of which his father was prefect, had just risen in insurrection; messages could no longer be sent to or received from it, and fiery spirits, everywhere laboring under the most intense excitement, were breathing forth lively threats against the Government. France was not yet a network of railways, and communication, at all times slow, was now seriously interrupted. It had become necessary at any price to send some secret instructions to the prefect of Lyons, and it was only possible to reach this seat of the rebellion by traveling through departments either openly hostile or of doubtful loyalty. M. Thiers,

at that time Minister of the Interior, summoned into his presence the son of the prefect, and asked him if he would be willing to undertake so dangerous a journey.

Gasparin's reply was contained in a single word, "Yes, and start immediately." Every moment of delay increased the danger of the situation. He rode post-haste day and night, at first in a light buggy, and when that broke down, in a cart, his dispatches in his breast, and his pistols in his hand. He reached Lyons, however, when order had been restored and the worst was over. The unflinching and collected courage of the prefect had quelled the riot.

What are usually called favoring circumstances, and the advantages arising from an assured position in the world, exercise less influence in shaping a life than is usually thought. The temptations peculiar to prosperity must be overcome by unremitting strife, or it will work the ruin of him whose inheritance it is.

These early years of freedom in the spring-time of life, too often wasted in frivolous and questionable pursuits, were, in the case of Gas-

parin, only an opportunity for the continuation of those studies which related to practical life, to diplomacy, and political economy. He first published, on the subject of amortization, a pamphlet which excited comment because of the wisdom of the principles laid down and the maturity of judgment it exhibited, which one would say could only have been formed by long experience. Soon after this, when France was debating the advantages and dangers of the colonization of Algeria—a conquest of the previous reign—at a time when leading minds were divided on a question of such vast importance, Gasparin evinced a remarkable foresight and a lofty patriotism in his pamphlet, “Ought France to retain Algiers?”

His intelligence, his rising reputation, and passion for work, quickly brought him into public notice. In 1836 he was appointed Head of the Cabinet of the Minister of the Interior, and in 1837 he entered as Master of Requests into the Council of State.

This was the period of his marriage. He had married Mlle. Valérie Boissier,\* who belonged

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\* Mlle. Boissier had passed an entire winter at Paris. The two families of Gasparin and Boissier led the same

to one of the first families of Geneva. His book, "Marriage from a Christian Point of View," points out the real grandeur of married life, whose poetry and beauty it was permitted him to realize. This earth has rarely seen the union of two natures so well adapted to one another. Both were lovers of the ideal and the true, and both were equally efficient in the practical affairs of life, although the wife was of a dreamy and the husband of a positive character. Yet never was a union of two souls more close, more complete, or more happy.

Ah! had the world but seen that love more closely, it could better understand the grief of that aged widow, whose faith was not sunk in the shipwreck, but whose heart has received a death-wound. She who, after thirty-four years of unspeakable felicity, was cast down from this summit of earthly happiness and crushed by the fall, has shut herself up with her Bible for her sole companion, and finding comfort in the lamentations of the broken-hearted, patiently waits.

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kind of life and moved in the same society. The future husband and wife quarreled only once. "I acquit myself of all share in it," said M. de Gasparin, when relating the incident.

In 1842, the Count Agénor de Gasparin placed before the voters of Corsica his acceptance of the nomination for the Chamber of Deputies. The political parties, which are very violent in Corsica, do not hesitate to have recourse to means which are anything but legitimate. Party feeling there runs at times so high as to lead even to assassination. The shot-gun makes short work of a political foe, and this candidate was not without enemies.

On the day of the election, Mme. de Gasparin, fearing a victory more than a defeat, was alone in her parlor, anxiously awaiting the result of the vote, when a loud knock at the door rudely interrupted her thoughts. Opening it, she found herself face to face with a man of gigantic stature, whose features were partially concealed by a huge black beard. It was a relation—a Gasparin who had come down from the mountains. He did not enter, but standing in the doorway, contented himself with saying, “Do not be afraid”—then going through the motions of aiming a gun—“if they kill your husband, we will avenge him.”

A pleasant prospect for a young wife.

A magnificent speech on slavery, relative to the right of search, marked the occasion of taking his seat in the Chamber as Deputy from Bastia. It was an unexpected flash of indignant eloquence and generous pity which assigned him a front rank among the orators of the day. This position he maintained, and each session beheld increased eloquence. As soon as he ascended the Tribune, there was a deep silence. One after another, the Deputies, leaving their seats, would descend into the semicircle, in order to hear better. The interruptions, contradictions, and questions of his opponents, instead of silencing him, only served to increase his courage. These were to him what the whistling of balls, the roar of cannon, and the crash of battle is to the tried soldier.

During the four years of his parliamentary life, he attacked every iniquitous practice, denounced every abuse of power, and aided every advance toward freedom. Religious liberty among the rest had not a more intrepid defender than he.

His independence, pure character, and catholic spirit won for him the respect of all his

colleagues. Unwilling to identify himself with any one party, it was in obedience to his conscience, which always guided his sympathies, that he would vote to-day with his enemies of yesterday. His impartiality, recognized alike by friend and foe, gave his judgment great weight even among those whose convictions compelled them to oppose his measures.

While he was a Deputy a serious quarrel arose between the two editors-in-chief of two of the most influential journals in Paris. They were about to repair to the Bois de Boulogne to obtain satisfaction by a duel, when one of the seconds proposed referring the whole matter to Gasparin. The proposition was accepted, and the antagonists promised to faithfully abide by whatever decision might be rendered. Gasparin, after examining the case, pronounced his verdict, and the two adversaries straightway shook hands.

Everybody knows that in any deliberative assembly there are always a certain number of active working members who are called more frequently than others to serve on committees. Gasparin had his full share of such labor. The

variety of his knowledge, the clearness and trustworthiness of his judgment, and his capacity for work, especially qualified him for those tasks which during the session left him but little leisure. The Deputy gave up all his time, sacrificed all personal convenience, and exhausted his strength for the sake of duty. In the evening alone would he take a rapid walk along the streets of Paris in company with a wife, who, like him, loved the woods, the mountains, the green fields, the pure sunlight, and broad stretches of country.

In 1846, the hour of liberty was ushered in for him. The firmness of his principles, united to his strength of character, would not permit this defender of every wise step toward a more complete freedom, to become a candidate acceptable to the Government. The Clerical party, strong everywhere, saw in him one of its most formidable enemies.

Gasparin had endeavored to form in the Chamber a party whose object should be the purification of the ballot, and who should refuse to solicit the ministers in the name of the electors, even at the risk of not being re-elected. The



party thus formed lived but a short time, and he, still faithful to principle, was not slow to see that all hope for re-election was gone in those smaller districts which were entirely wrapped up in the pursuit of the petty ambitions, and which were capable of becoming interested in nothing which did not directly concern their little town. Hence, in 1846, he secured his nomination as Deputy from Paris. He did not for a moment think of refraining from giving free expression to his convictions; and in a ringing speech, which was loudly applauded, he outlined the policy he should pursue. But he was not re-elected.

A project for a long time fondly contemplated—a journey through the East—was about to be put into execution, when some peculiar circumstances of a domestic nature, caused its postponement for several months. After a winter of retirement, sweet alike to husband and wife, in the family manor at Valleyres, after a happy summer spent in the midst of his family, M. and Mme. Gasparin set out in the month of September, 1847, for Greece and Egypt, leaving France, apparently, in the enjoyment of perfect peace.

In March, 1848, the news reached them at Cairo of the revolution which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe. Every French colony which only the day before was Orleanist, immediately assumed the red cockade. M. de Gasparin, after having addressed an open and sympathetic letter to the exiled monarch, sent in to the Council of State his resignation as Master of Requests. Then he shut himself up in the desert of Sinai.

The unbroken solitude and unfettered life, the view of that mountain which at one time trembled in the presence of the Most High, and the sight of those vast tracts of sand furrowed by the passage of an ungrateful and rebellious people, inspired in these two young, enthusiastic and Christian souls a feeling of profound reverence and holy meditation. Each evening when the tent was pitched, the Bible which accompanied the travelers everywhere on their journey, was opened under the broad vault of heaven, whose glittering constellations declare the glory of God.

On Sunday, no matter what might be the spot where a halt had been made the day be-

fore, the little company rested and engaged in worship. The Arabs who formed the escort would gather around M. de Gasparin and listen to some parable from the Gospels, or a selection from the Old Testament. Sometimes they halted on a green oasis, but more frequently at the foot of a mountain which sprang out of the desert, and which had seen Moses pass by.

Our travelers examined Palestine with great care and interest, and when recalled to Europe by political events and a family affliction, they took up their residence in Switzerland, passing the summers at Valleyres, in the canton of Vaud, at the foot of the Jura Mountains, and spending the winters at Rivage, near Geneva, upon the borders of the lake, and in full view of Mount Blanc.

M. de Gasparin loved Switzerland, not only for its own sake, but on account of the friends he had there, and the atmosphere of freedom which pervades that country. His resolution to live there was not formed hastily and without deliberation, nor under the influence of a first impression. He canvassed, with the unbiased judgment of a mind master of itself, the advantages and disadvan-

tages which would result from such a change of residence, and consented to remain only after the most careful consideration of the whole case. His friends in France have severely censured this decision, which they most unjustly styled the desertion of his country. Never did he love France better than at this time, where his attendance at numerous synods and frequent visits to his family called him. Never did he serve her more faithfully than during that period of his life, which these disappointed friends were pleased to term his exile.

The various attempts to entice him away from Switzerland, which became more earnest as the fame of the orator and writer increased, were baffled by a determination which neither France nor Vaud had reason to regret.

Were we to attempt to give the motives which prompted this resolution, it would reveal one of his most prominent characteristics. Never did it occur to him that it was necessary to make any justification whatever of an action of whose rectitude he had not the slightest doubt.

We Protestants recognize a power higher

than that of pope or priest. M. de Gasparin, who admitted the authority of neither the one nor the other, frequently had occasion to defend himself against impertinent interference with his personal affairs. A born enemy of slavery, he claimed that he was free, free alike to choose his mode of life and his mode of work. He conceded to no one the right to govern his conscience, and he continually and severely censured that system which arrogates to itself the prerogative of assigning arbitrary tasks upon its members. Such a wanton usurpation, which is rebuked by the Bible, and which is an infringement on the moral law and an insult to the individual, he relentlessly opposed. His earnest protest is contained in his book, "The Moral Liberty."

"False duties!" he exclaims; "our lives will be overburdened with them if we give them the slightest heed, and not only overburdened, but rendered servile. No longer will we act freely, and soon we will become mere machines. Moreover, since life is too short to accomplish everything, let us not punctiliously fulfill these artificial obligations at the cost of neglecting our

real duties. These former are insatiable in their demands. 'You *must* do this,' they say. 'In this direction your path lies; this is what we expect of you. If you fail here, you will excite amazement and give rise to reproach.' Moreover, these false ideas pervert our sense of sin, and weighed down with arbitrary commands and maledictions, we walk with lagging footsteps. It is no longer the elastic gait of the willing servants of truth, but the shuffling pace of the convict who marches under the lash. Fortunate is he in whom such nauseating slavery shall not have bred at last disgust for duty itself."

Whenever there arrived at Valleyres some one of the Papal bulls thundering forth command or censure, he would reply to it with a courteous firmness. But the exhibition of such intolerance pained him, as it did all around him.

If the man and the Christian is not the complete master of his work, yet, at least, it is his privilege to choose the manner and the field of his labor; and, above all, his place of residence. These are his inalienable rights. On the last day God will judge only the work of each one.

His right proven, let us now analyze the motives of Gasparin in moving to Switzerland. He himself has expressed them in the book quoted above. Speaking of Paris, he says: "They talk and write much. They discuss, criticise, and judge. The current of ideas is rapid, more rapid, perhaps, than deep, and it remains to be seen whether it is always easy to avoid being carried away by it. It were well if here and there this current of fashionable literature and prevailing opinion were stemmed by an original thought, if the despotic rule of reigning parties were thwarted by individual opposition. Or, rather, if individuals, the men of genius if you wish, would refuse to cast themselves headlong into this seething social cauldron. Give them a short season of seclusion from the world, and of communion with themselves, with nature, and with God. Such communion, as I have learned from experience, is out of the question at Paris. It is almost impossible to be one's self there. One fondly flatters himself that he is independent because he attacks one party, and it entirely escapes his notice that he is simply obeying the opposition. In politics, in re-

ligion, in philosophy, the opposing parties are drawn up in rank and file ready for active warfare."

"How often have I thanked God when circumstances have permitted me to live in the country, removed far from the foul and heated atmosphere of party hate, in the performance of wholesome and simple tasks." "There are some things which I could never have written had I not been sitting before the little rustic table in my summer house, where there was wafted to me on the wings of the health-giving breeze the odor of the fir-tree and the fragrance of the new-mown hay. This it was which gave me renewed strength and courage."\* The unhealthy excitement of such a life as that at Paris had not escaped the notice of Gasparin.

Cheerfulness of disposition, and a symmetrical intellectual development, are two such necessary conditions for the attainment of self-knowledge, that in their absence man rarely learns to know either himself or the full extent

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\* "Moral Liberty," Vol. ii., "Large Cities," pp. 303-309.



of his powers. Had Agénor de Gasparin allowed himself to be drawn into the whirlpool of Parisian life, that individuality which was his chief charm would never have ripened into the full fruit. The author would never have written the books he did, for the whole current of his thought and feeling would have been changed. The unconstrained mode of living in free Switzerland, and outdoor life amid the invigorating mountain breezes and under the blue and unbounded heavens, were as great a necessity to him, as the simple joys of the fireside, the loving family circle, and the union of two souls in one. It was the realization of such joys as these which has inspired his book, "The Family."

Since his marriage he had spent nine years in public life in France. Compare the work of these nine years with that of any nine years of his subsequent life. From 1848 to 1857 he has struggled almost alone under the enormous weight of ecclesiastical questions in the "Archives of Christianity." He has successively written: "The Bible Defended," etc., "Innocent III.," "The Schools of Doubt," "Words of Truth," "The True Happiness," "Moral

Liberty," "The Question of Neuchâtel," "The Tables Turned," and "After the Peace." From 1857 to date, "Equality," "The Family," "The Outlook of the Present Time," "The Uprising of a Great People," and "America before Europe." This list omits the various lectures to which we owe "Luther," "The Good Old Times," "Conscience," and "The Family Enemy," and lastly, "The Declaration of War," "The Neutrality of Alsace," "An Appeal to Patriotism and Good Sense," and "France," the highest expression of the author's patriotism. There yet remain several works to be published, and he had three or four in projection. Has the harvest been sufficiently abundant, and has the workman been faithful?

To those cogent reasons which detained him in Switzerland, and which he himself has taken care to make public, we must add one not generally known. God, in overruling a family affliction, had assigned to M. and Mme. Gasparin their place in Switzerland, where they were henceforth to be occupied with the performance of those duties which He in His Providence should lay upon them.

THE ORATOR AND WRITER.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ORATOR AND WRITER.

POLITICS, history, ethics, and the Gospel have all in turn occupied the attention of the Count de Gasparin. In all these pursuits, various as they were, he devoted himself without reserve to the highest ends—justice, truth, liberty, the suppression of slavery, the protection of the weak, the defense of the oppressed, the recovery of the lost. All have had a claim upon him, and all have found him, sword in hand, ready at his post, which in his case was the rostrum, lecture hall, book, and newspaper. Always ready to fight on every battle-field, he has been a man of battle, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, he has been in a no less degree a man of peace. A moment's reflection serves to unriddle the paradox. Righteous war can alone lead to the true peace.

As a man of battle he spent his life in combating what was false and wrong, in contradict-

ing public opinion. Could the life of a Christian, occupied with the great interest of humanity, be aught else than a battle? A battle against doubt and sin. A battle, fought in the Chamber of Deputies, in the Synods of France and Switzerland against black and white slavery, against socialism and Romanism, against the corruption of the ballot-box, against rationalism, mysticism, and Mormonism. A battle waged in behalf of the Bible, the family, freedom of conscience, and the oppressed. Such was his life. "The trumpet of Jesus never sounds retreat," he used to say, and his march was always forward. No; his life could be naught else than a stern conflict in this century of torpedoes, drawn swords, and cannon—fit symbols of those violent passions which have from time to time shaken the Old and the New World. It could be naught else in a century of decided materialistic tendencies when the discoveries of science linking into closer union the nations of the earth, and opening to the avarice of mankind avenues of self-gratification heretofore unknown, have served primarily to increase the thirst for pleasure, to intensify fleshly lusts and appetites, and to be-

little all those nobler instincts which raise man above the level of the brute.

A complete analysis of his works would exceed the limits to which this study must be confined. We must rest content with simply pointing out those traits which characterized him as a writer.

The Count Agénor de Gasparin was a man of principle, and with him principle was the truth—that stamp of our divine paternity, that chain which binds us to Heaven. Always and everywhere did he search for principles. No matter what might be the subject he was treating, he always studied it in the light of unchangeable truth, and always with inflexible logic followed out to the end its legitimate consequences.

Absolute truth alone satisfied him. Blot out from the soul all knowledge of absolute truth, and the integrity of principles will disappear. Such knowledge he found in those eternal and immutable laws which the Creator has engraven on our conscience, that inner witness: he found it in the Bible, whose plenary inspiration his

pure soul and inquisitive mind accepted. When the feet are planted on such foundations the head is not turned with every wind of doctrine. We admire principles, but are careful to embrace only those which are compatible with certain existing institutions we dare not overthrow. No one to-day has the courage to venture on the full sea relying simply on a principle as the mariner relies on the star and his compass, but we timidly coast along the shore of facts. It is not in this way that a Christopher Columbus is made.

Let us now turn from the general outlines of his portrait thus rapidly sketched to the details.

It was his habit of positive and emphatic affirmation—which is in reality nothing else than the expression of an absolute truth—which cost him the censure of his enemies, and at times even of his friends. But this was no habit of arbitrary assertion, for he possessed that light which, permitting neither hesitation nor doubt to cloud his thoughts, clearly lit up from the beginning the goal toward which he was advancing; and so clear and intuitive has



been his insight into those problems whose solution the future alone held, that in two or three of his books the author has become a prophet and forerunner of his times.

Such qualities in the eyes of many men have their disadvantages. The inflexibility of his principles forbade him at times from yielding to the emergencies of an occasion, from a temporary compromise with an evil state of affairs, from the employment of specious and cautiously worded language. Although the tones of his eloquence were infinite in their variety, his conscience never learned the secret of elasticity. In his hands the truth did not go round, but overturned the prejudices which obstructed its passage. Never could he be persuaded to use diplomacy where the question was one of right and wrong. Sin he did not bend, but broke. To be silent before error, to concede to it in the slightest degree was equivalent to treason in his eyes. Such uncompromising demeanor cost him the enmity of all that was wrong—cunning, pious sophistries, and false arguments for good causes. “We belong to the truth, and not the truth to us,” he would say.

His methods of attack were open and honorable. Never did he have recourse, for the sake of his cause, to those means so common in controversies—the flattery of a newspaper, or a complimentary paragraph written by an obliging friend—or to any of those contemptible intrigues which pave the way to worldly success. His integrity forbade the employment of any questionable argument, and he refused to belittle his self-respect by engaging in a personal attack. In theory all are ready to admit that we should separate the man from his opinions; that the latter, not the former, is the legitimate object of attack, yet in practice the majority of men do just the reverse. It was not so with him. As he was the more unyielding, uncompromising, and relentless, so much the more did he respect the rights of the individual. “Absolute truth is alone tolerant because it has supreme faith in itself,” was his favorite maxim. After or even during the battle he was always ready, true gentleman as he was, to shake hands with the adversary whose opinions he had just attacked.

He had no personal enemies. His unflinching courtesy overcame all prejudices and quenched all

hatreds. The foremost advocate of a fuller political and religious freedom, of every wise reform, and of a more impartial administration of justice, he usually battled, single-handed, with the vanguard of the enemy. For a long time he stood alone in France as the avowed opponent of slavery and the corruption of the ballot-box. Almost alone did he battle in behalf of religious liberty, the separation of Church and State, and the just settlement of those peculiar questions connected with the defense of Hayti and the American conflict. In the first pages of the "Declaration of War" he himself has noted this fact of isolation with a fierceness shadowed by a profound sadness: "If one intends to undertake the settlement of delicate and difficult questions, to dispute the authority of prevailing opinion and refuse allegiance to the petty powers in the State, he must make up his mind in advance to suffer great wrongs and gross injustice. A man of independent spirit is regarded as the enemy of society, and society at his approach huddles together like a flock of frightened sheep, while our pet institutions, feeling themselves menaced, sound the call to arms.

It is a thankless task to redress wrongs and preach the truth. The world advances only by the sufferings of him who has been the instrument of its progress."

It must not be imagined that he presented the truth in a cold and dry manner, as if it were a formula in mathematics. It is hardly possible to open any one of his books without perceiving that he has at no time written for the sake of writing and of gratifying some contemptible literary vanity, or even for the purpose of engaging in a discussion. In all his literary work a heart is revealed which grieves for the sorrows and sins of humanity, and which speaks in the loving tones of one longing to see every soul come out of its darkness and unrest into light and peace. It is love which expands and selfishness which contracts the faculties of man, and love was his master. I call to witness this statement all who have known him, all who have heard him, all who have read him. Take any one of his books and open it at random. Here are debates, theories, history, philosophy, and science. Yet you are impressed less with the brilliancy than the intense feeling of the author.

You may almost hear the beating of his heart.\*

Filled with a deep respect for the audience he was to address, and thinking that it was not lawful for him to lightly occupy the time allotted him for preparation, he has never undertaken the delivery of a lecture nor written a book without making himself thoroughly familiar with the whole literature of the subject, without pursuing special studies and conscientiously consulting every available source of information—old folios, modern books, reviews, and newspapers. He has read much, and read alike with avidity and deep reflection. Indeed, so constant and uninterrupted has his reading been that it very nearly cost him his eyesight. Great thinkers have always been great readers. Pencil in hand, he would hastily jot down when reading, either some thought of the author, or more frequently some idea suggested by what he read, as the spark flies forth when steel strikes flint. At no time was his subject en-

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\* This is what Prof. Hornung probably meant when he said the Count de Gasparin was more of an orator than a writer.

tirely out of his mind. Whether walking or talking, he would occasionally jot down a sentence or two on some one of the small sheets of paper with which his vest-pocket was plentifully supplied. The notes thus taken he would subsequently classify.

These months of reading and reflection were the approaches of the siege, and he lingered over this part of his work with delight. At length, fired with the desire to make an assault, he threw his plan upon paper, writing and rewriting it until it satisfied the severe requirements of his logic and included all his thoughts. Then the orator gave his lecture, which, aided by the chain of ideas, he wrote out in full for the press.

Prophet and forerunner of his times did we call him?

Prophet he has been on more than one occasion.

In 1861 the terrible American conflict broke out. The maintenance or abolition of slavery was the question. To-day it has no place among us, but in Europe sixteen years ago it was still the subject of hot debate. Thanks to commer-

cial and political considerations; thanks to that ancient selfishness which imagines all will go well, provided there is no violent disturbance, the South received more sympathy than the North throughout the whole of England.

In the midst of all this vacillation Gasparin could not contain himself. His blood boiled in his veins. "Slavery is a crime." This was the principle from which he started, and he hurled his unconcealed indignation upon Europe and America in "The Uprising of a Great People." This book, quivering with righteous anger and invincible in its logic, in which an ardent lover for the defenders of liberty is coupled with a generous charity for their adversaries, predicted victory for the North. He predicted it because he saw injustice could never succeed. Moreover, he predicted it at a moment when the South had just obtained signal success, and when the wise men of the world were declaring that all was lost, that there was nothing left to be done but to submit to the will of the conqueror. Against the arrogance of facts he pitted the sovereignty of a principle. To the North, crushed and defeated as it was, he gave the victory.

In Europe the book was a comfort to every conscience not yet seared and hardened, a refreshing breeze in a foul and close atmosphere. The North welcomed it with enthusiasm. She felt her hopes revive and her courage rally under the cheering words which were wafted to her from across the Atlantic. She saw she had some friends in Europe, whatever might be the seeming indifference of the masses and the open hostility in certain quarters.

Private citizens, military commanders, and officers of State—in fact, the whole North—expressed its obligation to the author, who at that moment was carrying on an important correspondence with Mr. Lincoln.

For this foresight he was indebted to his unwavering faith in justice. “The abolition of slavery,” he wrote, “will be, I have always thought,\* the crowning achievement of the nineteenth century, its chief recommendation in the eyes of posterity and the excuse for much weakness.” The book closes with these words: “It is a foregone conclusion that the

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\* “The Uprising of a Great People.”



nineteenth century will see the end of slavery in every form, and woe be to him who would oppose such progress." \*

At the close of the fratricidal war he certainly had a right to give the United States that advice which his conscience dictated and his sympathies inspired, and which he conveyed to his friends beyond the sea in his book, "America before Europe." To conqueror and conquered he spoke alike of justice, wise equality, pardon, and forgetfulness. The book is a work on reconstruction and morals, penetrated through and through with political science.†

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\* "The Uprising of a Great People."

† A shrewd habit of generalization explains in part this intuitive foresight which characterized him. In 1870 he was present at one of the sessions of the Œcumenical Council. The Fathers, seen through the colored light streaming through illuminated windows, as they assembled in one of the side chapels of St. Peter's and stood motionless on the immense estrade, the pale yellow glimmer of waxen tapers and the clouds of incense constantly ascending, all combined to present a picture of incomparable grandeur. One would have said it was an ancient painting of a Michael Angelo or Raphael. Soon they descended, and dividing into two files, marched onward in long procession. Cardinals, bishops, patriarchs from be-

A forerunner of his time he has been in ecclesiastical questions. He had made the question of the separation of Church and State a subject of profound study, viewing it in the triple light of the Gospel, Philosophy, and History.

Planting his feet on the lofty heights of principle, and refusing to admit that any circumstances whatsoever could justify the perversion of the truth, he boldly advocated the disunion of the temporal from the spiritual power. By a remarkable coincidence not infrequent in the history of human thought, two co-workers appeared at the same time in the field of ecclesiastical warfare. As two nations were simultane-

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yond the sea, the famous monks of Egypt and Palestine, venerable figures, white beards, sacerdotal vestments of unequalled splendor, shed a lustre of saintliness over the whole pageant. The ladies of the party who accompanied M. de Gasparin, fascinated with the artistic beauty of the scene, watched attentively the ceremony of the Elevation of the Host. He himself watched it standing a little to one side. When the two companies had vanished from sight in the distant nave, he approached his companions, and with a slight shrug of his shoulders, said: "They will all vote for Infallibility."

ously solving the problem of slavery—America in proclaiming the freedom of the blacks, and Russia in emancipating the serf—so M. de Gasparin will meet on that high plane whither his inexorable logic had brought him, a man of the highest intelligence and deepest piety, the Vaudois Vinet, in whom he was not slow to recognize a brother and companion in arms. Vinet had crawled up almost in spite of himself to this great height with slow and uncertain steps.\* The acknowledged defender in 1826 of the rights of conscience and religious freedom, he was slow to advocate the entire separation of Church and State. His whole heart was bound up in the national institution. It might be truly said that when brought face to face with the legitimate deductions of his principles, his filial respect caused him to shrink from the practical operations of his logic.

The free churches of Switzerland and France have done Vinet no positive injustice, but they have allowed a shadow to rest on the name of him who fought with the same means in behalf of the same ends.

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\* See his Biography by Rambert, p. 363, 2d edition.

Gasparin, whose conduct was always in harmony with his ideas, did not hesitate for a moment to openly submit to the requirements of the truth as it appeared to him. He boldly cast his lot with the party advocating separation, and assisted in the formation of a free church at the Canton of Vaud when the Synod met in March, 1847. Vinet was detained by sickness, but he sent a letter of cordial approval, and filled with priceless advice.

During the nine years following the death of the illustrious Vaudois,\* he defended almost alone, in the "Archives of Christianity," the principles both had advanced.

Intolerance, wherever manifested, was hateful to him; but whenever he met it in a Protestant country it especially angered him. Fighting it till the end of his life, he has attacked it in Sweden, in Prussia, and England, and more fiercely still at Rome or Madrid.

In France there was not a moment's lull in the battle. So fiercely did the conflict rage that Gasparin was compelled not only to repeatedly

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\* Vinet died in 1847.

claim in the presence of a hostile Government his right to personal freedom, but also to defend himself both against those timid Protestants whom his speeches terrified, and against those imprudent and rash Protestants who injured their cause by insisting on a violent and arbitrary exercise of authority, when all that was needful was a warning that such a measure would be resorted to should it become necessary. There is nothing more eloquent than the peroration of his last speech in the Chamber on April 6, 1846.

After having brought to the notice of the Administration the suits pending against the missionaries, the sentences imposed upon the colporteurs, and the petitions of the churches of France, he concluded, emphasizing his words with vehement gestures: "I tell you, in all calmness and earnestness, to be careful, for in saying what I do, I am but giving utterance to a stern and invincible resolution. If you refuse us the liberty we ask, if you persist in imposing fresh checks on the exercise of a just right, I forewarn you that, taking on our own shoulders the packs of the colporteurs, we will sell Bibles,

defy your threats, and cause you to cast us in prison." There was a moment's silence, and then a perfect thunder of applause.

At home Gasparin was no less a man of action than a writer.

In 1852, when the Madiāi (husband and wife) were thrown into prison at Tuscany by the Ducal Government—their only crime was that of having read the Bible in company with a few friends—he became, by unanimous request, a member of the Christian embassy which was to repair to Florence, and there demand the release of these courageous witnesses of Jesus Christ.

Capable of being adjusted in one of two ways—either by diplomacy or uncompromising reliance on principles—the whole affair was fraught with grave perplexities. It was the latter method, it is, perhaps, needless to say, which Gasparin wished to employ.

Diplomatic interference, even had it resulted in opening the doors of their prison to the Madiāi, would have compromised the rights of religious liberty. As far as principles were involved, the cause would have been lost.

The embassy was to arrive at Florence on a certain day, and there decide on the course they should pursue. Several of the delegates delayed on the route failed to arrive. Lord Roden, President of the Embassy, M. de Gasparin, M. de Mimont, and M. de Bonin came together on the day previously agreed upon, and opened the proceedings without loss of time. In fact, it was important to act quickly, in order to forestall any diplomatic or official interference. By his untiring zeal and the easy authority he knew so well how to assume over debates, Gasparin maintained the question on its proper grounds. Not a single official representative of any Protestant Power interfered in the matter, and in the region of Ideas, where all true battles are lost and won, religious liberty gained another substantial victory.\*

In 1842 he had published his book, "Some things of general interest to French Protestants." Recognizing the magnitude of the field to be plowed, and the unfavorable condition of the soil overgrown with weeds, he had founded

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\* Some months later the Madiāi were pardoned.

a society, which was especially intrusted with the rights of Protestantism and the formation of certain organizations.\* In theory the purpose of this society was to establish religious liberty on a firm basis, which in reality it defended and practiced. His example was followed in a few cases, but the majority showed themselves hostile, and the minority remained more or less indifferent. To-day all are compelled to do what he long ago endeavored to bring about. The progress of the age, the follies of Rome, the lame and unsatisfactory negations of Rationalism, have all combined to precipitate the storm for which he wished to prepare his country.

The free lectures which he gave—"The Arbor of the Right Bank," "The Hall of the Reformation," "Casino"—great as was the labor bestowed on their preparation, afforded him much pleasure. So popular had he become, that the hall, with a seating capacity for three thousand

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\* The farming-colony of Saint Foy, for young convicts, is one of these organizations.



persons, could scarcely contain the crowds which the announcement of a lecture by him constantly drew. The workmen—who were the sort of hearers he was especially anxious to attract, and who usually occupied seats in the galleries—might be seen as soon as the day's work was ended, thronging the streets which led to the hall, and asking one another: "Are you going to hear Gasparin?" The fine figure, frank expression, winning smile, and magnetic presence of the orator; his impassioned, ringing voice, and easy gesticulation, too frequent, perhaps, but always in harmony with his words; his custom of relieving the dryness of an abstract argument by some pithy anecdote or homely illustration drawn from every-day life; the frequent flashes of wit, which served to render some telling point more clear, and the knack, which he alone seemed to possess, of setting off things to their best advantage, or of neatly complimenting some modest fellow-citizen by means of an apt quotation; his indignant eloquence, exquisite, but good-humored irony and tender pathos, which moved the hearts of every one present, as well as his unaffected modesty and

unfailing dignity—all combined to hold his hearers breathless for one and sometimes two hours, worn out as they were with a long day's work.

He spoke without notes. Not, however, by sheer force of memory, but because his thoughts, held together by the compact chain of his logic, succeeded one another without interruption, finding spontaneous expression as they assumed their proper place in the discourse. Having once mapped out his plan, he steadfastly adhered to it, and never lost sight of the goal he was endeavoring to reach. The principles he was advocating as well as their logical deductions, he held firmly grasped in his tenacious memory, but the flowers of rhetoric he gathered by the way; while the sight of some one in his audience was often sufficient to suggest the anecdote he introduced in his speech.

An unsparing critic of himself, he prepared the full plan of his subject with such complete concentration and such keen, clear, and critical analysis as to leave no point obscure or of doubtful interpretation. Then the ideas flashed forth in such quick and unbroken succession as

to leave the impression that the harvest had ripened in a moment, without any previous plowing or planting.\*

The audience not infrequently gave vent to their emotion in perfect thunders of applause.

Real convictions command, not obey, those who entertain them. One evening, giving no heed to the loss of popularity it might cost him—such a thought should never enter the head of the orator—Gasparin delivered “The Circus of Pleinpalais,” a lecture upon the separation of Church and State. Rarely has he been more earnest or more brave than on this occasion. He seemed like some fearless cavalier who fights relentlessly, but uses only knightly weapons. The audience—three to four thousand in number—interrupted him more than once with prolonged applause. It was the act they applauded. It was the man, his independence, and his courage, which won their admiration and homage. The next day in the shops one artisan might be heard asking another: “Well! did you hear

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\* The lectures of Father Hyacinthe, and the first series of lectures by Prof. Naville, have alone, at Geneva, rivaled in popularity those of the Count de Gasparin.

Gasparin?" and then they would discuss the lecture.

He heartily reciprocated the affection of the Genevese. He was justly proud of his popularity, because it was due to none of those petty intrigues in local politics, by which, if the current of public opinion be followed, popular applause is surely won. With that diplomacy which converts the oration of the demagogue into the minister of his ambition, Gasparin would have nothing to do. He had too much of that self-respect which the truth inspires, to flatter the weaknesses of even his dearest friends. It was to those with whom he was most intimate that he confessed how his value of the affections of his Genevese audiences was proportionate to his estimate of their intelligence.

It will doubtless be asked what result was gained by these lectures and books? God only knows. He who plants does not always live to see the harvest. Who can tell the various ways in which a word of truth may find an entrance into a human soul? Carried on the wings of the wind a few grains have oftentimes sufficed

to plant a vast region with magnificent forests. It is hard to think that those lectures on "Moral Liberty," "Conscience," "The Family," "The Rights of the Truth," "Personality," and the "Gospel," were delivered during nine years, without leaving a vivid impression on some heart.

To all outward showing the spoken word dies in the utterance :

*"The moment at which I am speaking is far from me."*

When, however, this spoken word is supported by a life in accord with principles, who can calculate its power ?

J. J. Rousseau, after having deprived Mlle. Theresa of the custody of his five children, in order to place them in a hospital, published "Emile," his profound treatise on education and the duties of parents. He had avoided much sophistry and error had he practiced what he preached. Conscience protests against such inconsistency, and he alone can win the name of benefactor of the race whose outer life is in perfect unison with his expressed convictions. The consistent life of an orator is in itself an eloquent sermon.

This was the secret of Gasparin's power. His hearers, drawn from every class of society, have all come under this double influence. Indeed, certain skeptics have ascribed their conversion to the words and example of this true Christian. How many young students and ordained ministers of God his words have encouraged and his life inspired with new zeal! How many genuine and thorough conversions are taking place to-day wherever his books are read—in France, Switzerland, England, Germany, Russia, America, in fact, everywhere.

One of our great preachers has said: "Never can I be sufficiently thankful to M. de Gasparin for the good his lectures have done me." This was but the testimony of many.

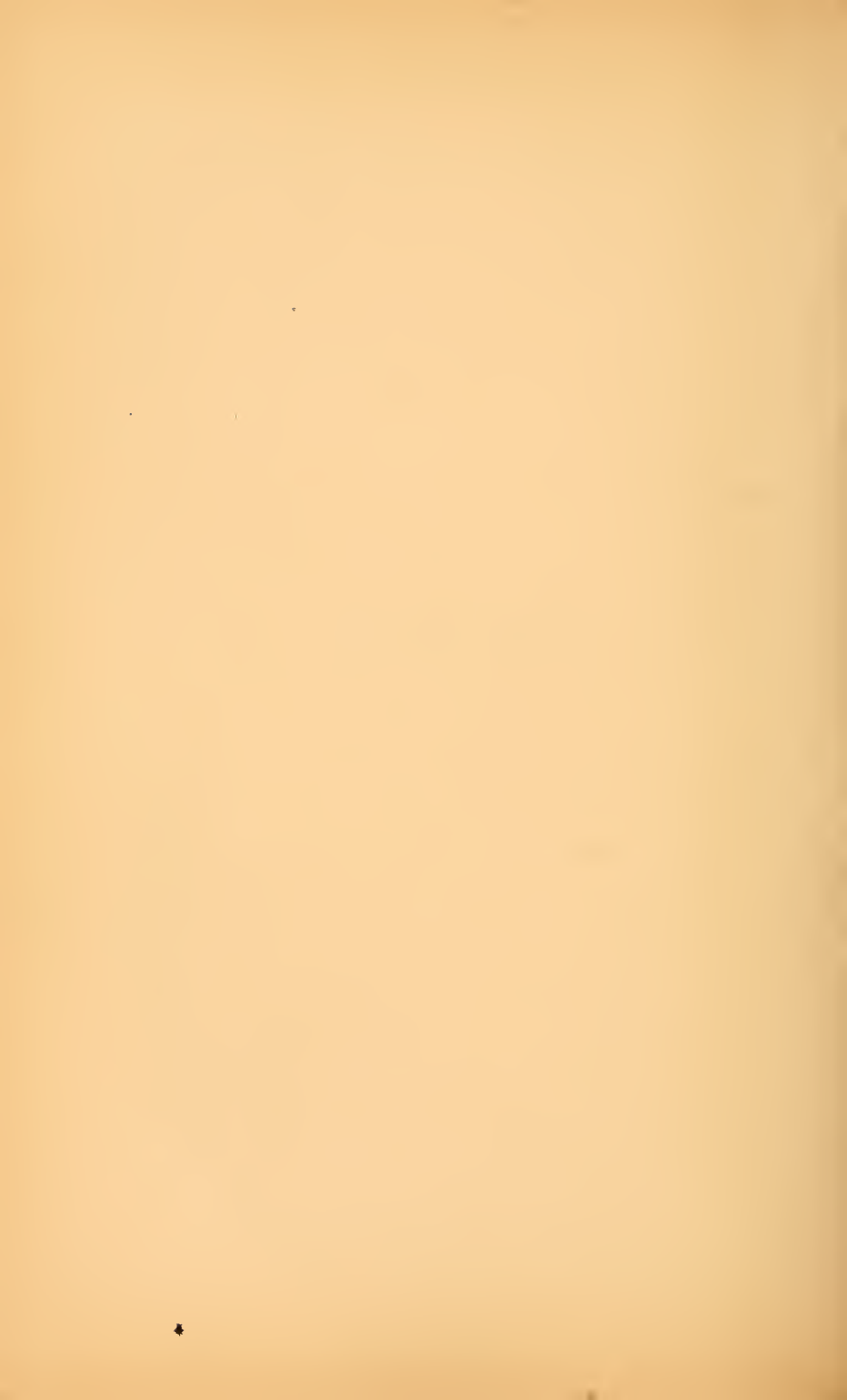
Some of his lectures were given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose President was M. Max Perrot, and more than once has this Society taken occasion to express its gratitude by paying the orator a visit at Rivage. Gathered together on the terrace on some warm evening in March or April, these young Christians would sing as in the time of Luther, their most beautiful songs of

patriotism or more inspiring hymns. The air was laden with the fragrance of spring-time, and the stars, mirrored in the clear lake, glittered in the deep vault of heaven, while their voices ascended in the holy silence of the night.





THE MAN.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE MAN.

IT is impossible to know a man thoroughly, without knowing the source where all his actions have originated and whence he has derived all his heat and light. In the case of Gasparin it was the Bible, and in this generous soil were all the fibers of his moral being planted. The Bible imparted to his faculties a higher range of feeling and wider scope of thought. Thus was he able to scale those glorious heights, which he abandoned only to mount higher still, that he might quench his thirst in the Eternal Source of all truth. From his earliest years the Bible was with him, as with all Protestants, a familiar book; but it was not a *living* book until after his marriage. The first gift Mlle. Boissier made him after their engagement, was a copy of the Gospels; the first promise she exacted from him, was that they would read the Holy Book together every day.

His was not a blind and unreasoning, but an intelligent faith, for his mental constitution was such as to be unsatisfied with opinions whose sole authority was derived from tradition. He became convinced only when by patient investigation and search he reached the solid rock. "So long as there is a single uncertain point in our creed it is our duty to doubt. What is it which makes the Christian sincere, humble, and devout? A faith without a *perhaps*." He had a horror of incomplete or insufficient proof. In his opinion it made more atheists than the fiercest attacks of skeptics.

The indifference of the century, the scientific and literary atmosphere of Paris had benumbed for a time that faith which was his richest inheritance. Other subjects, especially politics, occupied his mind; but so soon as the importance of those questions which concerned his eternal welfare were brought to his attention, he has made them the subject of his deepest study, bringing to the investigation the earnestness, uncompromising honesty, and tireless perseverance in the pursuit of truth which entered so intimately into the formation of his charac-

ter. He did not shrink from either the minutiae of Biblical exegesis, or the colossal dimensions of Biblical criticism. He fairly met every objection, and never let a difficulty pass unconquered. As, one after another, they would rise before him, not content with an easy victory, he would attack and wrestle with it, until he had overcome it by sound reasoning. In this struggle of such grave import the entire man—heart, soul, and brain—engaged. Never could he understand how a man, playing, as it were, two opposite parts, could believe as a Christian what he denied as a philosopher.

At length the day broke, and the Bible proved itself as Bible to him. What it said and what it had wrought—without that collateral testimony which is unimpeachable—proved to him its divine origin. The wonderful plan of God was fully revealed to his eyes. The Bible was to him, in very truth, the Word of God. His belief in it was full and deep, alike in its inspiration and its infallibility in all particulars, as the sole source of absolute truth.

He possessed the truth, and the truth possessed him. It was his childlike obedience to the teach-

ings of the Gospel which gave him his strength of character, his independent spirit, his moral greatness, and those unaffected virtues which have made his family relations so happy. It was the Bible which has expanded his heart. To his energy, it added charity; to his inflexible observance of the rule of right, a broad humanitarianism; to his detestation of sin, a sympathy for the sinner. The outline of the figure loses nothing of its manliness, but there is shed over it from above a soft and tender light.

Hence, his relations toward God were in all things those of a child toward his father—in the little as in the great affairs of life. He did not enter on a long journey, nor take a short walk without first committing himself to the loving care and guidance of Him in whose eyes nothing is small.

Prayer was the atmosphere in which he lived. Not formal prayer, uttered only in cassock and band, but spontaneous and unaffected prayer, inspired by every incident, however trivial, of his daily life; by the golden glory of the sunset, or the crimson splendor of the dawn; by the sight of a bunch of wild roses, or the arrival

of sudden news; by the stroke of grief, or the full and unrestrained flow of gayety. By prayer he made Heaven a sharer in his happiness. With him it was the constant need the child feels for communion with the All-wise Father whose hand he tightly holds.

Himself a practical believer, he was burning with a desire to make others partakers in that unspeakable joy inspired by the truth of whose reality he had no doubt. Wherever he went he scattered copies of the Scriptures. Never did he quit a cottage or hotel without leaving a copy of the New Testament for the servants who had waited on him, satisfied that in so doing he was doing good. Never did he part from a *vetturino*, a *cicerone*, or guide without having placed the Word of God in their hands. In all cases were they received with profound respect.

During his first sojourn at Kreuznach, in 1839, he devised a temporary system of scattering copies of the New Testament and Psalms throughout the country by means of colporteurs. When the German troubles, in 1849, quartered on this same spot twenty-five thou-

sand troops, he opened his parlors for the gratuitous distribution of the Scriptures. From morning to evening, privates, and not infrequently officers, would come and receive a copy of the Holy Book, which was freely given them accompanied by a few words of earnest and brotherly advice.

The troops of Garibaldi hastening alone or in companies to rejoin their great leader in Italy, have carried in their bosoms, soon to be exposed to battle, the Word of God, which this other defender of liberty has given them!

When traveling, whatever might have been the fatigues of the day, the tourists celebrated its close with family worship. If they chanced to be stopping at some hotel, the proprietor and servants received alike a cordial invitation to join them. Long will the memory be retained at Pegli, at Baden, Orgorri and Kreuznach, of those Sundays which gathered around the Bible, both the tourists and their friends. As soon as he entered a city in Spain he would carefully search out the Protestant clergymen and struggling congregation, and encourage it by his cheering words.



To preach the Gospel to simple country hearers was one of his greatest pleasures.

He might often be seen early Sunday morning traversing the distance between Valleyres and Baulmes, his face radiant with contentment, and his whole frame drawing strength and vigor from long draughts of the exhilarating mountain air. After supplying the place of the sick or absent pastor in the latter village, he would come back to Valleyres toward evening, where the small congregation of the Free Church awaited his return. His sermon would be at first rather conversational in style, and easy to be understood by all. Soon, however, his wings would open, and he mounted higher and higher, drawing his audience along with him.

“But this student of the Bible, this man of prayer, must have been a monk, and his home a cloister,” I hear some one say. “The gloom of a stern and unnatural austerity must have pervaded his character, his work, and even his social and domestic life.”

Do you think so? Let us draw nearer and

study this man in his own dwelling, especially at Valleyres, for it is there that his true character will be best revealed to us.

The Count de Gasparin was a severe, although an intellectual workman, but he was none the less a complete man. Domestic life, wholesome physical exercise, and country scenery were, one and all, a necessity in his case.

After morning worship, in which husband and wife joined, came in summer an early walk across the fields, in which always two partook, and sometimes three or four when the children accompanied them. Then came breakfast, at nine or half-past, which they enjoyed with appetites sharpened by exercise. Afterward M. de Gasparin, with bag and baggage—pens, inkstand, books, and paper—adjourned to the large summer-house on the terrace.\*

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\* M. de Gasparin would sometimes by his sudden movements upset the inkstand, and on one occasion, at Sorrento, such an accident had transformed the carpet into a veritable sea of ink. François, running at the call of his master, armed himself with two citrons, and squeezing out the juice, rubbed and washed the carpet so well that it soon recovered its pristine purity. What a valuable discovery! M. de Gasparin could upset his inkstand in the future without the slightest fear of consequences.

He loved to work in the open air, and mapped out the plan of many of his books rapidly pacing up and down the hornbeam alley and broad meadows of Rivage, in full view of the lake and Mont Blanc, or the garden of Valleyres blooming with flowers, with the Alps toward the east, and the black Suchet, whose lofty summit pierces the blue and bending heavens. In his case it was an inspiration, not an interruption, to work where he might catch the morning breeze and scent the sweet perfume of flowers borne to him from afar; where he might hear the murmur of the brook, the low of cattle, the hum of bees, and the song of birds as well as the merry voices of children and the cheerful shouts of the reapers.

His method of work was peculiar. He jotted down his notes on small pieces of paper, as has been said, and his desk was covered with such notes. Sometimes a prankish breeze would scatter these Sibyline leaves—his handwriting resembled Egyptian hieroglyphics—and to run after these precious scraps, pick them up, and rearrange them was the first thing to be done. Had some peasant been a witness of the zeal he displayed in such a chase, he would have

doubtlessly imagined that it must have been bank-bills of which he was so careful. But such would have been a mistake. It was simply an exhibition of the workman's devotion to his work. Moreover, these pranks played by the wind forced him to indulge in just the recreation he needed. Frequently he would refresh himself by a short run, or a leap over a stone wall or hedge.

He used to stow away these notes—he had them on all subjects—in countless bags, and at a later period he would arrange and classify them. Never did he deliver a lecture or write an article without such previous classification.

His working hours extended to dinner-time.\* After dinner he would engage in a social chat, or else lounge under the huge trees in the courtyard where he might hear the cool sound of the water falling from the fountain; or, perhaps, he might make or receive calls, or play some game. It was here that he brought the mirth of the

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\* At least ordinarily so. On Sunday he went to see the sick and afflicted of the village, who during the week had been constantly visited by the different members of his family.

true student—mirth as unrestrained as his work was earnest. I can still see his modest, yet triumphant smile, when, in a game of bowls, his own ball, causing that of his adversary to roll afar off, remained in a good position.

Into all outdoor sports—ball games, pistol practice, fencing, hunting, and leaping—he entered with the greatest zest. To possess an inexhaustible fund of harmless amusements is one of the secrets of good humor.

At the family table there was an abundance without extravagance, and always a generous hospitality. Between M. Ed. Boissier,\* M. de Gasparin, his wife, the children, and guests, conversation never flagged for a moment. Do not, however, imagine that it was formal or pedantic, for quite the reverse of this was true. It was simply a family chat, where an impromptu jest or some pun ventured by M. de Gasparin for the sake of its sheer nonsense, was not out of place.

To his taste the most dainty viands were

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\* The botanist of European reputation, and brother-in-law of M. de Gasparin, whose manners were as cordial and unaffected as his knowledge was vast.

roast chestnuts, raw apples, olives, potatoes—baked in the embers of a wood fire—and, above all, bread.

As soon as the lamps were lighted the family adjourned to the parlor, and so long as his eyes allowed him, M. de Gasparin rendered all these evenings delightful by his readings. He read loud enough for all to hear, and exceedingly well, for his voice was capable of the most varied forms of expression—vehement passion as well as the most delicate intonation—and he had a rare appreciation of the airy ideality of poetry. Those who have heard him read a tragedy or comedy and recite the verses of Hugo or Musset, can never forget the marvelous tones of his voice.

The charms of his conversation lay more frequently in its brilliancy than in its depth. Once at a reunion of distinguished men at Rivage, the conversation threatened to become rather pedantic, when M. de Gasparin enounced with playful malice a very absurd proposition, accompanied by a merry word of sound good sense, which put the pedantry to flight, and set all present laughing.

Self-consciousness he detested. He termed it egotism, and wished that every one might be bashful, in order that there might be no danger of hurting one another's feelings.\*

About nine o'clock they engaged in family worship, at which the servants and a few true friends were invited to be present. M. de Gasparin would read a chapter from the Bible, and in case there was a stranger visiting them, offered prayer, although this part of the service was usually conducted by his wife. He considered this the duty of the head of the family, and yielded its performance to no one—with the exception of his brother-in-law—not even to a clergyman, if one chanced to be visiting them.

Nothing could be so impressive and yet so simple as this service of family worship. He commended to the care of God his parents,

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\* He liked elegant surroundings, nor did he hesitate to criticise any article of dress which did not suit his taste, which was very correct and very pronounced. Without being over-nice or exacting, he was very particular about the conduct of his servants—an irregularity in service especially annoyed him.

friends, and inhabitants of the village ; recalled with devout thanksgiving all the mercies which had fallen to their lot—the bountifulness of the harvest, some narrow escape, or great happiness, and spoke with resignation and faith of the misfortunes occurring daily, of some family perplexity or some public or private sorrow.

Perhaps I may be allowed at this point to relate an incident which might seem childish and inappropriate did it not serve to reveal the living character of this home worship as well as the innermost heart of the Count de Gasparin.

A guest who was on one occasion present at this home worship was shocked and felt himself almost scandalized, if we may use the expression, at hearing M. de Gasparin pray for a sick kitten—as affectionate an animal as one could wish ; after closer reflection, however, he reversed his former opinion. If the glory of God consists in His goodness, how can it be belittled by the petition of a Christian in behalf of a creature of God. Is not the Eternal One the God of the brute creation? Why should we blush to confide our most secret thoughts and desires to the Father who has numbered all the



hairs of our head, to the Merciful One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb? In His sight nothing is small and everything is great. The sympathies of men, even of the best, are quickly exhausted. God alone is never weary. He is always ready to hearken to our requests, for He knows all our needs. "Man," says the Count de Gasparin, "excuses his cruelty to animals by the plea that they have no souls; but the Bible teaches far otherwise. Of all cowards, he is the greatest who vents his brutality on the dumb animal."\*

Elsewhere he writes: "Luther prayed for sunshine and rain for men and animals, for the harvest and the flowers of the garden. Would you know the secret of such prayer? In the faith of Luther, God was the All-wise Father, hence Luther had with God the sweet familiarity of a child."†

He would frequently turn aside to avoid stepping on a worm, or stoop down to gently push some insect to one side of a crowded path.

In 1865, at the time of his first visit to Spain, he was following, in company with the "Band

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\* "Thoughts about Liberty," p. 120.

† Luther.

of Jura," a narrow path at the foot of Mt. Ser-rat, when Mme. de Gasparin, who was walk-ing a short distance in advance of the rest of the party, encountered a peasant brutally beating a horse harnessed to a heavily-loaded wagon. Remonstrances and commands were of no avail except to cause the blows from the whip-handle to fall more heavily on the back of the over-laden animal; at length, stepping back, she called to her husband, whom a few rapid steps brought to the side of the scoundrel who was wreaking his wrath with increased violence on his poor victim. M. de Gasparin, without saying a word, seized the whip, and breaking it in two, threw the pieces far away over the hedge into a neigh-boring field. The eyes of the peasant flashed fire, and at that moment the brave courier\* arrived. "That is all very well, sir," he said, "but if you continue as you have begun, it may cost you a wound from a *navaja*."†

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\* M. David Ravey, courier emeritus, who was very de-voted to the family, and has made with its different mem-bers eight journeys to Spain, not counting other expedi-tions.

† A formidable knife or dagger.

Although passionately fond of the chase, he abandoned it without regret at the urgent request of his wife. That sympathy which was awakened by the sight of every care-worn or sorrowful face, went out toward every breathing thing. Never did he forget the day when a partridge he had wounded fell at his feet, and it was necessary to wring its neck in order to bag it. Henceforth he fired wide of the mark, and he did not regret doing so.

Sometimes the family at Valleyres would take a holiday and spend twelve, and occasionally sixteen or even twenty-four, hours in rambling over the mountains and valleys, and gathering flowers by the armful, and thus gaining rest and strength. In large or small companies they would start out before sunrise for the top of Suchet, of Chasseron, or the spurs of the Baulmes Hills or Mt. Tendre, where the informal greetings of old as well as young friends filled all hearts with joy and good humor. The cones of the fir-trees—the "*pives*," as they are called there—with which the ground was covered, were blown wildly about by the wind, and the only refuge from their attacks was to be found in the

farmer's cottage before the bowls of milk and freshly-churned butter. Sometimes they would sing a national hymn or some student song whose rollicking chorus awoke the echoes of the mountains; or more frequently still, stretched out at their ease under the shade of a huge fir-tree, they would read some favorite poetical or prose selection. They would light fires and roast potatoes—right royal food!—carefully dig up by the roots a gentian or tiger-lily to transplant in the garden at Valleyres, or feed the fire with the worm-eaten trunk of some tree which they had pulled down by united effort. The long draughts of mountain air served to inspire fresh zest into their mirth, and the oldest of the party was the youngest. The sincere Christian, the practical Christian, the Christian whose creed was stern and uncompromising, had the simple joys of a child.

Every year M. de Gasparin took what he called his vacation, and he had sore need of rest and recreation after a year of hard work. In September, usually, he made with "The Band" a journey lasting several weeks. "The Band" was a company of distinguished men,

who were all intimate friends, and he was the life of the party. It is impossible for any one who was at all acquainted with him to read the books devoted to the narration of these expeditions,\* and fail to recognize him. The devout, ardent, chivalric, and catholic character, the unfailing mirth, the childlike simplicity, constant good humor, and freaks of playful malice, all belong to him as truly as the brilliant and fascinating wit and the capacity to find enjoyment in everything—even in misfortune—which was simply the ripe fruit of a well-spent life, and of a soul at peace with itself and in close communion with the great and wise God, who has not scattered His blessings over the earth in order to forbid their enjoyment to man.

“The Holy God has scattered flowers, fragrance, and color everywhere, even at the bottom of the sea, where they are unseen by man.”†

This unfailing good humor, this mirth as sparkling as the sunlight, this broad spirit of

\* “The Band of Jura,” in four volumes.

† “The Family.”

benevolence, this easy grace of a catholic and sympathetic soul, did not come naturally to him.

Although always a hard and intense worker, he was in youth of rather a retiring disposition. Yet this reserve was not due to timidity or diffidence, but sprang from excessive sensitiveness. At first it cost him no slight effort to visit the poor and sick, and to read and pray with them. Yet these visits of charity served to strengthen his faith, and eventually afforded him the deepest pleasure. By birth morose and reserved, these tendencies of his nature were gradually counteracted by the influence of the Gospel amid the pure atmosphere of love.

Dissipation disgusted him. In his opinion it impaired the intellect, corrupted the heart, and ruined the soul. But he loved a good laugh. His moments of exuberant mirth and stimulating thought were like crystal fountains, which, issuing from an unfailing source, sparkled in the sunshine. His life was sunny because his heart was pure and his soul at peace. It is the sun which lends fragrance and color to the flowers. The Count de Gasparin owed his equable tem-

per to his truthfulness, his rejection of false duties, his independent spirit, and wise moderation in work. At Paris he has been morose, but at Valleyres, Rivage, and Orange innocent mirth abounded. His laugh was so frank and ringing that its mirth was fairly contagious.

Although he had no children of his own, his life had its full share of pains and pleasures and duties. Young and old met under the same roof, all bound together by the strong ties of affection and respect.

At Valleyres and Rivage he has lived with his father-in-law—from whom death alone has separated him—and his brother-in-law, M. Ed. Boissier, who was a real brother to him, and whose modesty, as we have said, was only surpassed by his vast knowledge.\* The two children of this brother, deprived at an early age of a loving mother, were educated under the fourfold care of grandfather, father, aunt, and uncle.

To the French family the distance which

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\* Although honored with the most flattering notices from Europe, America, and the East, the journals of his own country have never said a word about him.

separates its different members affords no insurmountable obstacle to mutual visits. M. and Mme. de Gasparin were in the habit of visiting their father each year at Orange, and more than once have they had the privilege of entertaining at Valleyres M. Paul de Gasparin, his wife, and children, and also M. Auguste de Gasparin, the favorite uncle. Each year likewise the Count Adrien de Gasparin came to gain rest and health at the home of his son in the invigorating climate of Valleyres, where his evening of life was cheered by the tender ministrations of filial love.

It is, however, at the season of sorrow and disappointment that character is the most severely tested.

There was a time when the studies of Gasparin encroached upon his domestic duties, and this was at the commencement of those fierce ecclesiastical struggles in France. Excess of work had greatly impaired his health, and he was not slow to see that this was a cause of grief to his family. It was then that he resolutely stopped short in the midst of his work and devoted the greater portion of his time to



domestic affairs, general reading, and physical exercise. When the day's labor was once finished, he turned the key in the door, and left all thought of it behind—this is the privilege of great minds—nor did he once depart from this wise custom, which proved a most efficient safeguard against all selfish preoccupation in his work. He knew how to paint domestic duties and pleasures with such a charm and with such fidelity, because he has learned at first how to enjoy the one by performing the other.

Valleyres was not the Coppet of the time of Mme. de Staël, although art and science had no unworthy representatives there. It was rather a democratic society—like that to be found in the White House at Washington—where friends assembled to exchange their views on any or all subjects, to chat freely together, to listen to music, or hear M. de Gasparin read some literary masterpiece. There was no other intention—a rare occurrence in this world—than to make the time thus spent a refreshing halt in some newly-discovered Eden in the weary journey of life.

You might meet there the botanist Reuter, the wise and modest friend of M. Ed. Boissier, and almost a member of the family, who, always an intelligent listener of whatever was said, occasionally introduced a wise and forcible remark. You might also meet MM. and Mmes. Recordon de Rances, MM. and Mmes. Dufour de Montchérand, and their niece Hélène, all most intimate friends; the family Vuitel, whose every member stood on terms of the closest intimacy with the family at the manor; the Baron Alfred de Gùmoëns\* and his young wife; the Baron and Baroness de Bonstetten,† whom every autumn brought back to their large estates; and many old and true friends from Yverdon, from Method, from Lausanne, and from many a household in the neighborhood. As regards clergymen, you might meet M. Berger, a friend

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\* A charming and chivalric character, who, as a Major in the Austrian army, fulfilled with credit a difficult mission in Persia. Head of one of the most ancient families in Vaud, he had quitted the service and lived on his family estate, where he has dispensed a generous hospitality. Death, in 1876, has separated him from his loving family.

† Names familiar alike to literature and art.

of long standing to the Boissier family, and who had officiated at the marriage of M. and Mme. de Gasparin; M. Tachet, a man of a rare sense of honor, who has more than once made large sacrifices for the sake of the ecclesiastical opinions he held; M. Reymond, the able superintendent of the school at Lausanne for training nurses; M. Châtelanat, whose modesty was equal to his vast knowledge; and M. Borel, the friend alike of good and evil days, the national pastor and founder and superintendent of the Genevese Hospital; all distinct in their individuality, but all faithful and Christian hearts.

Outside of Valleyres he enjoyed in his visits to Morges the society of his relatives Forel, of M. and Mme. Lombard, and of Vinet. A deep respect for one another, and the perfect harmony of their opinions in respect to all ecclesiastical questions, have made the last his closest friend. Numerous, however, as were the conversations they have had, Vinet talked more freely and frequently with Mme. than with M. de Gasparin, for his secret preferences led him to seek the society of women rather than that of men.

At Geneva he lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the learned Aug. de La Rive, a distant relative of his wife. Whenever they met after a brief absence, the two friends would greet each other by saying: "Come! let us arrange Europe a little." Would to God they might have had the power! With M. Alfred Le Fort, another relative, it was an incessant fire of sallies. Both knew their Molière by heart, and one quotation was matched by another in quick and brilliant repartee. With others, such as M. Eugène de La Rive, M. Adrien Naville, Colonel Saladin, Colonel Tronchin, M. Barbey, the Revs. Gaussen, Conlin, and Decombaz, and M. Merle d'Aubigné, his conversation was of a different order, better suited to the character and age of such eminent men.\*

He had the deepest respect and affection for M. and Mme. de Butini de La Rive, the uncle

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\* Let me mention here MM. Alfred du Mont, Alphonse de Candolle, Alphonse Favre, de Morsier, Sarasin, Marchinville, Pictet de La Rive, Max Perrot, W. and L. de La Rive, Micheli, Prevost, Boissier, Cramer, Le Maître, without counting the crowd of distinguished men whose love and esteem were precious to him.

and aunt of his wife, and was never wearied of praising the goodness and youthful spirit of M. Butini.

The family at Orange and Nîmes occupied a large place in his heart, and he carried on a regular correspondence with his brother, M. Paul de Gasparin. He sincerely loved his uncles and aunts at Daunant, the family of Dumas de Gasparin, who were in turn very fond of him. His affection for his nephews and nieces, who were the subjects of his constant prayers, was like that of a father. What he asked for them above all other things was that they might have faith, and that they might consecrate their lives without reserve to the service of God. Worldly success was a matter of secondary importance.

A loving soul sheds its sunshine over whatever it comes in contact with, especially over whatever demands its care and protection. It was the weakness and innocence of children which won Gasparin's heart.

At Seville he was present, in 1867, during the Easter festivals at a famous ceremony—the *Sant-Intierro*—when a glass coffin\* is once in

\* This coffin is consecrated to the Saviour.

every twenty years paraded through the streets with great pomp. The public square, converted for the time being into an amphitheater, swarmed with the faithful. Near him there stood a family consisting of the grandmother, mother, and a plump little girl of eight or ten, who, being short and stout, and almost as broad as she was long, could see nothing at all of the procession. Although they had perched her upon a chair, and requested the ladies in front of them to sit down, all their efforts were in vain, and the poor child remained hidden behind a mountain of fluttering skirts. Gasparin at length lifted her up in his arms, and held her there during the full hour the procession occupied in passing. The child had a good heart, for as soon as she perceived the advantages of her position, she cried out, pointing to his other arm: "And the grandmother!" Fortunately the grandmother broke out in a laugh at such a proposition, and vigorously repelled it. When the procession had passed by he put down his burden, and stroking his arm, said with a smile: "She was not particularly light."

Toward the end of autumn, when he was in

the habit of taking long walks across the fields, the little shepherd boys who ran to him to ask the time, always received a friendly word, and some prettily illustrated child's book with which they might while away the hours until it should be time to drive the cows and sheep home.

In August the children of the Sunday-school had their annual festival. On some beautiful afternoon, arranged in a long column, with flowers in their hats, and singing some hymn or rural song, they would march toward the skirts of the woods, following the footpaths which led from the villages of Valleyres, Rances, Abergement, Sergey, and Montchérand. Gathered together under the huge trees, they would join hands and form a circle, with M. de Gasparin, the merriest of them all, in the center. "Children," he would ask, "do you wish that I should talk for two hours?" And the reply would be: "Yes, for two hours." Then by a few brief words he would bring them to the feet of God. Soon the wagon came loaded high with baskets, and the anxious children rushed to the venerable oak under which were the tables spread with white-bread and cake. Afterward came different

games, which M. de Gasparin and his brother-in-law superintended, and into which he entered with all the zest of a boy; and in the evening there were fireworks and the gleeful march home.

Christmas was for him a happy season, when the ground and fragrant branches of the mountain firs, covered with frost, glittered like diamonds, and the large parlor was filled with children, who gathered around the Christmas-tree sparkling with numberless candles.

At the festival of "Encouragements," standing at the head of the tables, loaded with little packages, each bearing the name of a child, he would turn toward these faces glorified by the grace and purity of childhood, and speak a few earnest, loving words about Jesus and Heaven.

When the children of the village were told that they should see him no more, they were inconsolable. A few of them, who had gathered together in the porch of an old church, were speaking of him, when a lady, who was in her garden, overheard them say: "It is all over. We will have no more festivals in the woods." "Yes, you will," said the lady. "There



are others who will give them to you," and she mentioned the names of the young people who were still living at the manor. "It is not the same thing," replied the children. "*He never thought himself better than us.*" They had summed up in a single sentence that easy courtesy, that unaffected goodness—in short, that *something* which belonged to him alone.\*

With the co-operation of his brother-in-law, he had founded at Valleyres certain societies for mutual aid and protection, in the hope that it might lead to something more permanent. The contemptible manner in which women were treated in the canton of Vaud made him highly indignant.

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\* His modesty and uniform courtesy, which was without the slightest taint of affectation, had attracted the notice of every one in the village. When on one occasion a member of the family, clothed in deep mourning, was for the first time after his death walking in the street, an artisan abruptly stopped, and exclaimed, pale with emotion: "Oh, he was so modest!"

In a poor chamber, a seamstress, who sewed while taking care of her grandmother, suddenly stopped short in her work, and said: "They can truly call *him* benevolent."

He was a jealous guardian of the rights of the peasants, and their material welfare was the subject of his constant thought. The confines of the village were gradually becoming more and more contracted by the acquisitions of various wealthy citizens, but neither he nor his brother-in-law have at any time accepted, for the purpose of enlarging their estates, the offers of sale which were not infrequently made them. It was their purpose to give the farmers every opportunity of improving their condition. On one occasion, a short time before his death, M. de Gasparin negotiated for the purchase of a small tract of land, planted with magnificent walnut-trees, which bordered upon the road, and afforded a most picturesque entrance to the village.\* The trees were soon to be felled, for a contractor had bought them, and it was necessary to save them at any price. M. and Mme. de Gasparin resolved to purchase these few feet of land, with the intention of reserving for themselves only the slope of the hill on which the trees stood, and of dividing the rest

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\* By the side of the church.

into small lots, to be distributed at a later period among the honest and industrious poor who might need them for building purposes. At the last moment the owner introduced a clause into the agreement whereby all right of cutting timber was reserved. M. de Gasparin, justly indignant at this act, wished to break the contract; but some one near him eloquently pleaded the cause of the trees—the joy of the children, the glory of the village. The trees still live—they will live always.

It was his habit on Sunday afternoon, once in every five weeks, to deliver a lecture at Valleyres, which was attended by the residents of Orbe and those of the other neighboring towns. To the preparation of these lectures he brought the same conscientious diligence as he had to those delivered in Geneva before three thousand hearers, although the subjects were such as were better calculated to interest and instruct a country audience. After reading and explaining a chapter in the Bible and offering prayer, he would relate what he had seen on his travels, or speak of current events—the tunneling of Mount Cenis, the construction of a railroad

across the American Continent, aerial navigation, and the latest discoveries of science—or he would recall to their minds some of the most stirring and heroic scenes in their national history. His style, graphic and exact, was sometimes grave and sometimes gay, but always picturesque, and occasionally lit up by a flash of humor, which caused a frank laugh to run through his audience.

In Italy, the East, Germany, Spain, France, Switzerland, wherever he has traveled, he has left some devoted friends among the waiters at the hotels, the *vetturini*, and the sailors' children, in the fisherman's hut and the farmer's cottage, and on his return home he has frequently sent to some one of these a small gift, as a token of his good-will and affection. I have found at Cannes a keeper of a bathing-house—he died in 1877—who up to the end of his life has been the constant recipient of such gifts.

If he knew how to give, he also knew how to refuse; and this is a hard lesson for the generous soul to learn. Street beggars, demands on his purse made by letters stuffed full of flattery or

bristling with anathematizing texts, the claims of idleness and disorder, collections in favor of a festival his conscience disapproved, or of a cause opposed to his convictions—one and all he declined to aid.

His was an intelligent and practical system of charity.

He and Mme. de Gasparin had founded at Lausanne, in 1859, a free normal school for the training of hospital nurses, and placed it under the care and direction of Rev. and Mme. Raymond. This establishment—a practical application of the principle of Christian charity—graduated each year from sixteen to eighteen thoroughly-trained and competent nurses, whose services were eagerly sought for in all cases of sickness which required peculiar care and technical knowledge.

In 1864 there was opened at Yverdon an unpretending hospital, where during the bathing season board, lodging, and the use of the baths were gratuitously furnished to the indigent sick.

Some one has said that virtue is not always courteous nor religion always affable. Such

certainly could not be said of him, for nothing could surpass the unfailing courtesy with which he treated his servants. He had a sincerè affection for them, and they in return have loved him. Each evening on their knees before God, master and servant alike felt themselves bound to one another by bonds eternity could not break. It was a common saying that both families—the Boissier and the Gasparin—always treated courteously those who have waited on them.

In the world he attracted notice without any conscious effort on his part. His innate sense of good breeding, his easy and polished courtesy, even his reserve charmed all who came in contact with him. Wit may dazzle, but it is the heart which wins friends. Courteous without the slightest affectation, modest and simple in his manners, and a consummate master of that exquisite irony which cuts without leaving any sting behind, a look or a smile more frequently than the spoken word indicated his appreciation of some very absurd paradox or silly speech uttered in pompous tones. His courtesy, so much the more fascinating because it was nat-

ural, had none of that patronizing air which men of talent are liable to assume when thrown into the society of common mortals. In his own circle of intimate friends he was constantly striving to promote the welfare of each one. Nobody has been a servant in the highest sense of the word more than he. Willingly did he sacrifice everything—everything except duty—for his friends.

In 1861 he was spending, in company with the Band, a short season at Monaco. The proprietor of the hotel advertised that on a certain evening a concert would take place, for which the services of a *prima donna* and first-class orchestra had been secured. M. de Gasparin, delighted with the news, hastened to inform the Band, and their only thought at first was of the pleasure in store for them. Then M. de Gasparin took time to reflect. "It is the proprietor of the gambling-house who gives the entertainment," he reasoned. "It is he who issues the tickets," and he at once frowned on the project. They requested the privilege of paying for their tickets, as they paid for their board and lodging furnished un-

der the same management. This request the proprietor refused to grant, and M. de Gasparin, in spite of more than one invitation, has refused in turn to attend. He resolved not to be indebted for even so much as music to that infamous resort where so many souls are lost and so much happiness destroyed. The orchestra played its sweetest strains, but the Band did not attend the concert.

God had made him a man of peace, his age made him a man of war. But in war he simply sought after peace. This was the end he has tried to the last to attain.

He has sought for peace in 1870-1871, in the last months of his life, amid the wild tumult of the fray, when he was attacked with a perfect storm of letters, some signed and some unsigned, which inflict wounds more painful than bullets. Anonymous letters, those blows of the pen from behind, he has rightly styled cowardly. Yet they have never served to lessen his courage, for, although wounded, he has still remained true to his post. He has died a man of peace because his life was one stern combat.



Nor did his courtesy, any more than his courage, desert him. In the thickest of the fray he recognized the man behind the implacable foe, and respected his personal rights. Intolerance has its genesis in uncertain convictions. The Christian, whose faith is unshaken, can not lose his sympathy for the sinner any more than he can his love for the truth. "Christian love," he has said somewhere, "teaches us to love those who hate us, to pray for those who persecute us. The Gospel rule may be said to be as follows: severity toward things, charity toward men; deep compassion for the sinner, uncompromising detestation for sin." Were this rule but observed in all our controversies what a revolution it would initiate.

Charitable toward all men, but inexorable in the presence of whatever was opposed to his principles, he has more than once sacrificed *his* right, never *the* right. When, however, he did yield it was not through cowardice or weakness, for, rapidly changing front, he knew how, when it became necessary, to assert his rights.

He was not entirely free from fits of generous wrath and righteous indignation. A malicious

attack on what he held most dear was sure to swell his indignation into such a powerful stream as carried all before it. An unjust, mean, or cruel action was sure to put him in a rage. There was a moment's outburst of wrath, and then he was soon master of himself again.

One Sunday, at Valleyres—it was at the time of the violent persecutions against the Free Church—a certain cowardly official charged, club in hand, upon a young woman who was leaving the chapel, and struck her. The spectators looked on without making the slightest attempt to interfere. The Count de Gasparin, who had come up to the scene of the outrage, seized the coward by the waist, lifted him from his feet, and threw him—out of pity for his bones, as he afterward said—upon a heap of muck; while M. Ed. Boissier, coming upon the other side, completed the work by throwing him this time at full length on the pavement, much to the astonishment of the villagers, who were surprised to see that the gentlemen knew how to use their fists so well. This incident was of great value to the people of Valleyres, for it taught them to have less fear for the bully, and

it was likewise beneficial to the bully himself to be treated for once according to his deserts, for he learned first to respect and then to love the men who had thrashed him. On his death-bed he has asked them to come and pray with him, received their ministrations with gratitude, and to all outward appearances died reconciled to God.

The cases in which he has rendered such services to the dying are by no means rare. Very many infidels, refusing in their last moments the services of a regularly ordained clergyman, have eagerly listened to the sympathetic counsels of this layman whose faith was so strong. A Christian hearing of his death has exclaimed: "I had counted on him to soothe my dying hours!"

M. de Gasparin has been acquainted with grief. He has known what it was to stagger under a load of sorrow.

In the latter part of the autumn of 1857 he had just returned from one of his short trips, when he was suddenly summoned to Orange, where his dearly beloved uncle, M. Auguste de

Gasparin, was dying of a slow and painful disease. M. and Mme. Gasparin set out immediately, and did not quit the chamber of sickness until death had furnished a glad release to the sufferer, whose convictions, hopes, fervent prayers, and unfaltering faith that they should soon meet where there is no more parting, connected him by the closest ties with the little group that gathered around his dying bed. This uncle, a man of marked originality, had inspired his nephew from the cradle with a love for the Ideal, and it was the faith of the nephew which, brilliant as the noonday sun, illuminated the last hours of the uncle.

Some weeks later the same sad scenes of suffering and death were enacted at Rivage.

M. Boissier, the father-in-law of M. de Gasparin, was attacked with a fatal illness. A man warm-hearted and sympathetic; of great originality, unbounded liberality, and the keenest intelligence; extremely simple in his habits, and devoted to children, he has lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the Count Adrien de Gasparin, the father-in-law of his daughter. Twenty years of constant intercourse in the

house at Paris or under the same roof at Rivage, the finished courtesy of each as well as their great similarity in taste and temperament, had served to knit the ties of friendship more closely. From 1848 to the day of his death the children of M. Boissier have lived under his roof, and it was they who gathered around his death-bed. The Count Agénor de Gasparin, in the anguish of the last parting, reproached himself for not having been as dutiful as he might. The old man, lifting himself up a little, replied, with a voice which seemed to gain sudden strength: "*Agénor, you have been the best of sons-in-law.*" Then he added, turning toward his son and daughter and her husband, "Good-night all," and the hands were clasped for the last time.

Life is, after all, but a pilgrimage. Sweet are the greetings, but, oh, how bitter are the partings!

In 1862 he had just left Valleyres, where he had had the satisfaction of entertaining his father for two months, when on his arrival at Vienna, he was informed by a telegram that his father had suffered from a sudden stroke of apoplexy. An earlier attack some years before

had threatened his life, and left him in an invalid condition, although he still retained the unimpaired use of his faculties. M. and Mme. de Gasparin hastened at once to Orange. Death is only a temporary victory of the Destroyer. The believer knew this, but the son wept.

Two years later—in 1864—the unveiling of the statue erected to the memory of the famous scientist, brought together at Orange a large gathering of savants. At the invitation of the two brothers this distinguished body of men adjourned to the church, when the Count Agénor de Gasparin occupied the pulpit. He spoke with all the earnestness of conviction and all the pathos of deep feeling. It was probably the first time that some of the audience had heard the Gospel.

A gentleman who had frequently met Gasparin, once said to his brother-in-law: "But do you not know of some flaw in his character?" "I have never been able to discover any so long as I have lived with him, and that is for more than thirty years," was the reply of M. Ed. Boissier.

I, who have now reached the close of a long life, and have seen the heart of hearts of many men, am ready to say in all sincerity, that I have known only one other Christian—J. L. Micheli, and he died at a comparatively early age—who so nearly reached perfection. Both of these men had only their social position in common, for they differed widely in character and ability, in their habits and disposition.

Diversity in unity is what the Gospel accomplishes. The world and the philosopher pretend to accommodate all men to the same standard, but the Gospel fears not to give full scope to every variety of character. Without the prism there can be no spectrum.





THE LAST WINTER.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LAST WINTER.

DURING the last two years of his life the Count Agénor de Gasparin has suffered a severe trial, which, by making an entire change in his mode of life necessary, threatened to seriously interfere with his work. He had magnificent eyes, soft, yet brilliant and piercing. Up to the end of the autumn of 1869 he had been in the habit of reading and writing during a greater portion of the day, and in addition of reading aloud in the evening by the light of a lamp. His sight all at once began to fail him, and the disease made rapid strides. When his eyes first commenced to trouble him it was a sore affliction. To have his eyesight impaired meant to read no more, to give up the execution of those grand projects for study he had formed, and to forego the completion of certain manuscript. After a bitter struggle, he has said to himself: "Well, I will change my mode of life. I will

visit the poor more frequently, and write less or not at all." But such was not the will of God. Dr. Recordon, of Lausanne, a skillful oculist, and devoted friend of the family, advised him to acquire the habit of being read to, and to accustom himself to the use of an amanuensis,\* and he resolved to follow this sound advice. A born orator, and accustomed to reduce his thoughts to writing only when they were fully fashioned, the effort cost him less than it would have another. His strong will conquered, and his thoughts were after this reduced to writing at the cost of less personal labor, but with no diminution of their strength. Nevertheless, his suffer-

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\* To the end God permitted him to conduct by himself his social and business correspondence, to take down his own notes on scraps of paper, and to read his Bible. For the purpose of dictation he employed M. Ph. Besson, a young watch-maker, who left his trade to wait on him. M. Vannod, the tutor at Valleyres, has also devoted a few hours each day to his service. He also occasionally employed M. G. Widmer, a vine-dresser, an intelligent and warm-hearted man, who on one occasion said, speaking of a few weeks spent with M. de Gasparin: "I could not have stayed with him much longer or I should never have been able to leave him." Toward one and all he entertained a sincere and Christian affection.

ing was intense. It seemed to him as if the light of the sun had suddenly gone out. To read to him was always a delightful task, but that penetrating voice, which fascinated all who heard its interpretation of the great works of the great masters, would be heard no more. It was at this time, although he was in his sixtieth year, that he has learned by heart hundreds and hundreds of pieces of poetry. Instead now of reading them, he recited them. The weakness of his eyes increasing, a murmur sometimes escaped his lips, but he soon learnt to undergo the trial with patience and resignation.

The terrible year of 1870—*the doleful year*, as he called it, which witnessed the first intimations of coming war—had arrived, bringing in its train a succession of unprecedented disasters and crushing defeats, the loss of two provinces, and the slaughter of her children. If ever an insensate war cost a people dearly, it was this one. France, in her infatuation and haughty pride, rushed blindly on to ruin.

M. de Gasparin was then at Gais, in Appenzell. The political horizon had assumed a strange

complexion, the official demands were ludicrous, and the diplomatic negotiations gloomy and threatening—but a war! It was an apprehension past belief. Surely there were not men sinful enough, nor fools rash enough to hurl upon Europe such an infernal tempest.

When the certain and frightful news was received it was a terrible blow for him. One hope alone remained in that soul too courageous to despair. France would arise and say, "I do not wish it." In France there must still be men whose spirit the despotism of the Empire had not yet crushed out, and with a single effort he wrote his "Declaration of War." The *Journal of Debate* refused to publish it, and this was the first disappointment. Others soon followed. "Before being conquered France will shed her last drop of blood. On to Berlin!" such was the shout of the infatuated nation.

The prophetic book obtained only rare and feeble expressions of assent, and its memory was soon lost. All cowered before the reality of facts. Yet he did not flinch, although his sufferings were keen. To burn with a passionate devotion for one's country, and to see her

incapable of manly resistance; to stand erect, when all cringe; to speak of national honor, when the nation treads honor beneath her feet; to appeal to conscience, when conscience is dead; to propose peace, when the heavens resound with wild cries for war and blood, requires a heroism which must be able to patiently endure, and rare indeed is such courageous self-sacrifice.

Then came the series of defeats when the blood of France was poured out in vain on the field of battle. It was at this time—December, 1870—that he published “The Neutral Republic of Alsace.” In Alsace it produced some effect, and his advice was asked. He knew on good authority that there was a chance for Alsace to remain neutral had she wished it, but the clerical party did not *wish* it. This party had wished for war at the *outset*, and the war continued.

In February, 1871, after the defeat of Bourbaki, when the enemy were advancing with rapid strides and the armies of France were evacuating city after city and the “last man and horse were to be sacrificed,” he uttered his final cry,

the "Appeal to Patriotism and Good Sense." No one heeded it, but these three books will remain as the great protests of a great prophet, and whoever reads them will find in their pages far-sighted predictions which every subsequent event has tended to verify.

The capture of Paris caused him less pain than the moral degeneracy of France. The acts of the Commune filled him with despair. The siege and final capitulation of Paris was the humiliation of France, the Commune was her debasement. Attacked and threatened on all sides, yet invincible in his stern love for his country, he has drained the bitter cup to the dregs, but to the end he has spoken the truth!

During the gloomy months of the war he had prepared that book which bears the name of the France he so dearly loved—a book replete with courage, hope, and faith. It was an earnest plea addressed to his fellow-countrymen for the pursuit of truth, for a purer morality and more conscientious life, for the preservation of justice and real greatness—in short for the Gospel, to sum it all up in a single sentence. France was bruised and bleeding, but it would



be only for an hour. Hope would soon return, and with hope renewed energy. It is out of the faith of such men that God forges conquerors.

There is a note written toward the end of his life in the large letters which the weakness of his eyes forced him to use, and which, discovered after the publication of "France," was originally intended to close the last page. "I have finished my task. Later it will be seen that I have spoken the truth. Will it be too late?"

No, it was not too late. France, learning the truth of his words, has arisen from her abasement. Oh, how the heart of this loyal Frenchman would have throbbed with joy had it been permitted him to be a witness of this splendid effort. His works, read everywhere, and the unfettered tones of his voice, have contributed in no small degree toward bringing about this result. The lips are sealed, but the heart still beats. The life of the patriot is immortal, and death does not end his work.

In February it was his good fortune to perform a very pleasurable task. M. and Mme. de Gas-

parin were then spending the winter at Valleyres. On the 30th of January he yielded, in spite of his morbid condition of mind, to several urgent invitations, and took part in an entertainment at Orbe, where he gave a recitation, for he had not the heart to speak on current events. Two days later the floor of the hall, which a short time before had been filled to overflowing, was covered with the mattresses of the ambulances on which the sick, emaciated, and half-frozen soldiers lay. On all sides might be heard the incoherent cries of the delirious, or the groans of the wounded and dying, which were wrested by intense pain from unwilling lips. But on that evening a more cheerful light illumined the sad scene. For an hour and a half the Count de Gasparin, his tall and noble figure dimly seen in the shaded light, recited the masterpieces of Hugo, Molière,\* Lamartine, and Musset. His hearers, even the children, were enchanted.

While the army of Bourbaki, which was in hot pursuit of the German troops, was hurled

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\* "Tartuffe."

back upon the Swiss, an inexplicable silence surrounded all the movements of the army. Usually the Count de Gasparin set out toward noon for a walk across the fields. The ravens, whom he daily fed, used to follow in his track, but during the last days of January they entirely disappeared, and the family at the manor said: "A table has been spread for them on some field of battle on the other side of the Jura." The air was filled with ominous sounds, and the discharge of artillery was frequently heard coming from afar off like the rumbling of thunder behind the mountain. A heavy fall of snow covered the ground.

Every day they went out in search of news. On the 1st of February, as they were on their way to Yverdon, they were met by two or three French troopers on full gallop. It is a retreat. The village of Yverdon was full of the officers of Bourbaki, and the main body of the army was yet to come. At the manor the staff officers of a regiment of light infantry were quartered, who were making hasty preparations to lodge and feed the troops. Soon they see descending the slopes of the Swiss side of the Jura Mountains the ragged columns of tired, sick,

and half-frozen soldiers who filled the little village to overflowing with their numbers. About nine o'clock the rest of the regiment, composed almost entirely of mere boys, had arrived, happy at finding a good supper, comfortable lodgings, and a hearty welcome in store for them.

At midnight—the barns and outhouses were full of soldiers—M. and Mme. de Gasparin retired to their parlor, thanking God for having permitted them to administer to the wants of these poor refugees. They had obtained the names of the soldiers, and Mme. de Gasparin was sitting down to write to their families, when the door was opened. “Monsieur, more staff officers.” This time it is the Count Tascher de la Pagerie, a cousin of the emperor, accompanied by eight or ten officers. Where shall they put them? what shall they give them? There is nothing left, neither food nor beds. To wake up the brave foot-soldiers, who slept as if they had not slept for twenty years, was a proposition entitled to no consideration. They asked the Count Tascher de la Pagerie and staff to occupy the dining-room for the present, and put upon the table whatever bedclothes

they could find which had not already been put to use. There was in the village a little cottage which belonged to M. and Mme. de Gasparin, and of which they had not thought. "Let us go there," he said to his wife, "they can now take care of themselves." The officers are rather formal in their manner, for they know who it is that gives them shelter. They at the manor also know that the party to which they belong is that one which has wrought the ruin of France. But the Count de Gasparin was too much of a gentleman to give a cold reception. His greeting was cordial, and the next day he heartily shook hands with the Count Tascher as, at the head of his regiment, he rode away on horseback to the depot of Yverdon.

This, however, was only the advance-guard of the defeated army. On the third and fourth of the same month the main body hastened into the province by every mountain path; soldiers with uncertain gait and wild looks as if worn out with fear and fatigue. The place of Tascher was supplied by the staff officers of a corps belonging to the Zurichois allies, and the

French infantry occupied every available place. In the barns the mingled chat of French, German, and Arabic might be heard, and those for whom no accommodations could be found were supplied with bread, soup, cheese, and a glass of wine. The question of rations was becoming a serious one, for they no longer knew where to obtain flour and meat and vegetables. It is impossible for twenty thousand soldiers to be suddenly quartered upon a small district without causing great distress. There were no longer accommodations for any more, and yet more were constantly coming.\*

It now became necessary to forewarn the mayor, or he would turn the entire army on the manor. M. de Gasparin hastened to the mayor, resolved to stay the flood. In a few minutes he returned, and in response to his wife's question as to the result of the interview, he said: "I found the poor mayor in the depths of despair, and I told him to send to us all

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\* M. François Allen, a devoted servant of the family, has displayed on this occasion a rare ability in the discharge of the duties of purveyor.

those for whom he could make no other provision.”\*

Early the next day M. and Mme. de Gasparin returned to Orbe. On the road, which was covered with a heavy fall of snow, they were met at each step by a straggling company of soldiers shaking with fever, and suffering from cold and hunger.

“Do you see that cottage below?” they would ask. “Go there, and you will find what you most need.”

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\* The inhabitants of Valleyres, Rances, and the neighboring villages received the lame and sick with open arms. The year had been anything but a prosperous one, and there was not much to offer, but what little there was they freely gave. The largest sausages were put in the pan and the best potatoes on the table, and there was no stint to the donations of milk and cheese and bread. They freely shared their beds, and more than one slept on the floor, or in the hay-loft, in order that some maimed soldier might be comfortably couched. The more wealthy citizens were not less generous in their hospitality. At Montchérand a bureau of very modest young ladies superintended the distribution of the warm soup. The Canton of Vaud seemed to many an invalid to be a sort of Paradise, and many have had but one idea—that of returning to it at some time. Alas! poor souls, here, as elsewhere, one must work would he eat.

As they neared the outskirts of Orbe the spectral figures grouped around the bivouac fires suggested a prophetic thought to the mind of M. de Gasparin. "These poor fellows," he exclaimed, "will spread disease in their track. The country will be poisoned."

In the meanwhile a wing of the manor had been converted into a temporary hospital, and a large wagon, provided with folding steps and comfortably lined with mattresses, was sent out on the road leading to France to seek for the wounded, and it always returned with a full load.\* Very soon typhoid fever and the varioloid broke out, and on the 6th of February the ambulances arrived, which, to the great regret of the poor invalids themselves, had come in search of the typhoid patients and those sick

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\* This enterprise was by no means an easy one, for companies of cavalry and infantry were constantly scouring the road between Orbe and Montchérand, and it was necessary to make a detour across the fields, covered as they were with snow, which sometimes reached up to the hub of the wheels. Two strong horses drew the wagon, and Ferrand, the skillful coachman of M. de Gasparin, throwing his whole heart into the work, conducted the expedition.



with the varioloid and scurvy. As soon as the invalids had been comfortably arranged in the ambulances and supplied with a piece of bread and small slice of beef, M. de Gasparin, passing from one sick soldier to another, and taking their pale hands in his, gave each some little gift—bashful as he always was when doing some charitable action. The manor still retained the charge of those who were sick with dysentery and bronchitis, and those whose feet had been frozen as well as many others in addition.

He had truly foretold the result. The contagious diseases spread with terrible rapidity, and cut short the most precious lives—his own among the number. The atmosphere was charged with the most deadly exhalations, but to run the risk of incurring disease in order to minister to the wants of the sick was esteemed by him a happy privilege. Moreover, there was yet another reason for his so doing. Each day he conducted in the hospital a simple religious service, to which the soldiers gladly listened, although very many, alas! had but little thought beyond the affairs of their regiment, the chances of promotion, the large soup-tureen, and the

piece of meat in the savory soup. It was to such as these that M. de Gasparin referred, when he once said: "I must find a soul for them." There was conversation as well as the reading of the Gospel, while on the table lay the envelopes and paper with which a correspondence on a gigantic scale was carried on. The pale faces wore a brighter look now, and the bloodless lips were seen to smile once more, for the brave soldiers felt that they were loved, and they loved in return. Some of them declare to this day, that they shall never forget the words which the Count de Gasparin has spoken to them.

The month of February was spent in attending to the needs of the sick who occupied the improvised hospital at Valleyres, and in visiting the sick at Orbe. In this latter place he also had the art—and the secret of this art was naught else than his cheerful disposition—of winning the attention of the invalids. As soon as he appeared they would raise themselves upon their beds, and even those who usually feigned sleep at the first intimation of a serious

talk, were very quickly all attention as soon as they became aware of his presence.\*

By the 1st of March the last of the invalids remaining at Valleyres were sent back to the central hospital at Yverdon by the same wagon which had brought them. Each one before starting was supplied with cigars, chocolate, and a bottle of cordial. A copy of the Bible had been given them all on the first day of their arrival.

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\* In those wards of the hospital to which the typhoid patients had been assigned, Mme. Malth, Mlle. M. Hos, and Mlle. E. Duff dressed with their own hands the most loathsome wounds. M. Cavin, who had received his appointment from the municipal authorities, superintended with unfailing skill and kindness the material part of the work, to which M. Wehrli, Jr., brought a thorough self-consecration, and M. Duperrex, the pastor, a sympathetic and Christian heart. The patients in all cases heartily welcomed the visitors, whose conversation helped to while away the long and tedious hours of suffering. It was the same way in the other cities which had given shelter to the invalids. At Neuchâtel the ladies—among whose number was Mme. M. Abr, a niece of M. and Mme. de Gasparin—performed the same kind offices for the sick. Disease contracted in these ministrations has cut down many of these faithful servants of Jesus.

It was now necessary to disinfect the house, and so they remained a few weeks longer.

Mme. de Gasparin, haunted by gloomy presentiments, had no difficulty in persuading her husband to prolong his stay in these dearly loved places where the bloom of spring-time was succeeding the dreariness of winter. They used to take long walks together now at the foot of the mountain, where the clusters of yellow primrose and blue liverwort were forming a fit carpet for this beautiful garden of God. Or they would wander over Suchet, touched here and there with snowflakes, but blooming with the crocus wherever the snow had left the ground. In this way have they said eternal farewells.

On the 17th of March a few friends came to the manor to assist in the celebration of the thirty-fourth anniversary of their marriage. Never had M. de Gasparin been so light-hearted as then. He thought himself still young, and with good reason, for the years had but lightly touched him. "When in reading," he exclaimed, "I find the word *old* joined to those two other words, *sixty years*, I am thunderstruck. It re-

quires a few minutes of reflection before I can comprehend that that is my own age."

The departure for Geneva was delayed for a few days longer. M. de Gasparin, who seemed to have gained a new lease of life, looked upon the delay as a trivial circumstance, but his wife regarded it as the criminal condemned to death might regard a reprieve. He laughed at her fears. "What is there so terrible in a short stay at Rivage?" he asked; and then he added, "In six weeks we will come back again." But there are some souls, whose love and sufferings and misgivings would seem to have imparted to them an intuitive insight into the future. As if the misfortunes in store for them cast a heavy shadow upon them long before the blow actually fell. It seemed to Mme. de Gasparin as if to leave Valleyres were to leave Eden forever. Her heart was chilled with a vague fear when the time for their departure arrived. "I am marching to the scaffold," she said, while her friends laughed at her fears.

On the day they left Valleyres M. de Gasparin received a fresh attack of the fever the soldiers had left behind. The two travelers

ended their journey in a bitter, piercing wind, which, from Geneva, where they left the train, to Valleyres, whither an open carriage brought them, blew full in their faces, chilling them through and through.

The change in his health was far from making him low-spirited. Up to the end did he retain his frolicking mirth, his tender-heartedness, his even temper, and unruffled good humor. Never in all his life had he been more fascinating than at this time.

God in His mercy has spared His servant the anguish of a lingering illness! Even on the last day M. de Gasparin did not himself recognize the dangerous nature of his malady. He listened with a keen interest and real delight to music and reading, and when his wife, who was reading to him, burst out into a sudden flood of tears, he steadfastly regarded her with a smile full of cheerfulness and hope. He even walked in the garden, where the nightingales were singing their sweetest, and the trees were beginning to bloom, and plunging his face into a cluster of fragrant lilacs, he would exclaim: "How I love this flower!" Passing his hands

over his darkened eyes, he recalled with a playful smile a merry remark of his dearly-loved sister-in-law, Mme. Edmond Boissier. Once when a visitor was boring them by the unconscionable length of his call, she had taxed him with assuming a bored expression. "Lucile would be justified now in saying, 'Agénor, you have a bored look,' " he exclaimed.

He was cheerful even in his sick state, and he carefully refrained from every sign of melancholy in order that those about him might not become depressed. "Those Christians who are constantly complaining, dishonor their profession," he was wont to say.

He would frequently say to her he so dearly loved, pressing her hands in his: "We will soon sit down together in the heavenly places." The heavenly places! is not this the constant aspiration of those who love with undying love?

When his sufferings became more intense, he was heard to exclaim, borrowing the words of one of the songs of Schubert: "*Ich grolle nicht*"—I do not complain.

Surrounded by his most intimate friends he would commend his friends in France to their

loving care and prayers. When the crisis was past, he rejoiced at the thought of soon meeting them again in Switzerland, or in their own homes.

Toward evening, on the 13th of May, he paced up and down the hornbeam alley with his beloved wife for the last time. The birds were flying from tree to tree making their nests, and he repeated those lines :

*“Be thou like the bird perched upon some frail twig, who, although he feels the branch bending beneath him, yet loudly sings, knowing full well that he has wings.”*

His wife recalled to his memory those other lines which he had penned in a happy mood at the close of a beautiful day :

*“The glories of the sunset tinge the heavens with brilliant color. The sun has gone—but what matters that? It will soon return. Is not the sleep of each one of us in a like manner simply the preparation for a purer dawn?”*

His love for the starry heavens and faith and



ardent love were with him to the last hour. With a firm step he sought to reach the little parlor—the nest of so many happy hours—and purposely avoided leaning on the railing as he ascended the steps, for fear that this indication of increasing weakness might startle her who tenderly watched him, pale with grief.

She wished to walk up behind him. “No,” he said; “you know I like to have you go before me.” Then, having cast one long look at the eastern heavens studded with stars, he entered the house, his face still wearing a happy smile, but deathly pale. His malady was making rapid ravages, and severe frontal pains—they had recently become of frequent occurrence—forced him to lie down. He uttered a last word of infinite tenderness to his wife, and fell into a peaceful sleep.

All hope was not yet gone, and their prayerful eyes were turned toward heaven. Then there was a sudden cry, a terrible rattling in the throat, two convulsive throes of the body, and at two and a half o'clock in the morning all was over. This was the 14th of May, 1871.

If the years are to be recorded by the strength of the affections, by the profitable employment of the allotted time, by the work accomplished, the Count Agénor de Gasparin has lived far more than sixty-one years.\*

He has died at the post of honor on the field of battle, in the service of his Master, and in the performance of a task the most humble, and yet the most glorious. He has died as he has lived—in peace, and peace filled his heart. She was his companion to the last moment of his life. The heritage of the strong, she will blossom only in the soil of truth.

His faith has never wavered. In the forum or Senate Chamber, in the deserts of the East, or amid the bitter struggles which convulsed all Europe, it was always radiant, and gained fresh strength day by day. A Christian, whose heart was filled with peace, and fired with love for God, for man, and the truth, he has ascended to the gate of the Heavenly City where Jesus stood ready to receive him.

On the 16th of May, kind neighbors and

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\* His age was sixty years and eight months.

friends, with unaffected grief, laid his body in its final resting-place in the family burying-plot at Valleyres, near the church in which he had been married. Some of the most lowly of this earth—yet it was such as these he sincerely loved—as they stood around the open grave, could not refrain from bitterly weeping for him whom they had known and loved.

On one side of the marble slab erected to his memory these words are engraven: "*I know in whom I have believed.*" They might have put on the other side with equal truth: "*I have fought the good fight.*" In this simple sentence lies the whole secret of the moral grandeur of the Count de Gasparin.

France, land generous and fertile, thou hast lost one of thy most noble sons. He has never flattered thee, because he has loved thee with a holy love—the love of a son who wishes to see his mother happy and respected. Thy misfortunes have been his sorrows. For thee his voice has been lifted in fervent and constant prayer to Him who holds the destiny of nations in His hands.

This life we have just sketched: these early

years full of promise, these first yearnings for liberty, this conquering faith, this stern battle whose only end was peace, this full consecration to the eternal cause of truth—shall all this be but a fleeting meteor whose light is forever quenched on this side of the grave?

No; something will remain for the generations yet to come. What it has been permitted this man to realize by faith, all can accomplish with the same help according to their ability. The gifts and position vary infinitely, but the duty is the same, and the law of obligation which is imposed upon every member of the human family, renders us all alike responsible to God. One can serve God as well in the cottage as in the palace, in the deep darkness of the mine as in the sunlight, in adversity and upon the bed of sickness as in prosperity and health.

Youth of France, I inscribe here the battle-cry of the Count Agénor de Gasparin: "UPWARD AND ONWARD!"

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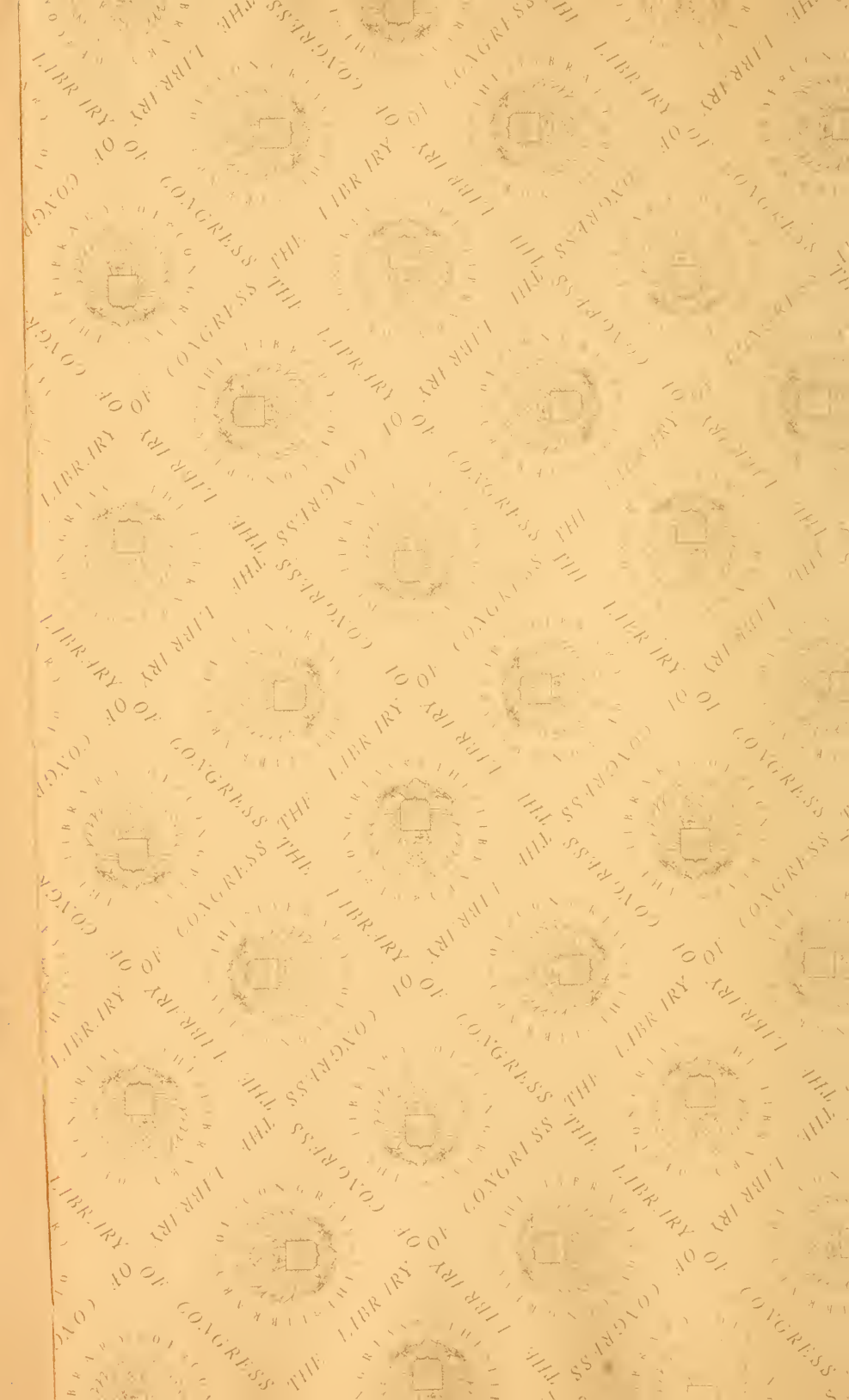
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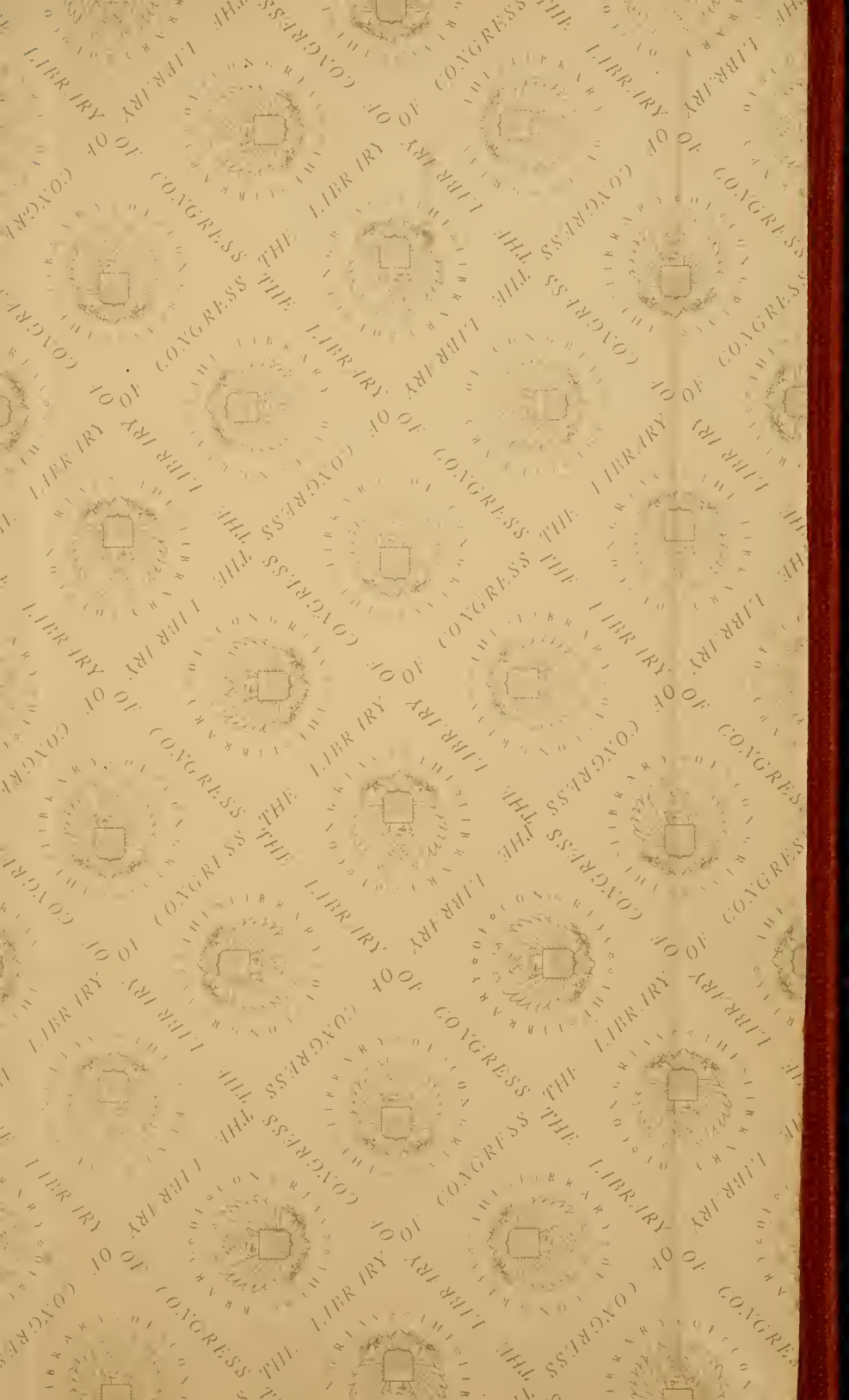












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