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VIGNETTES

Twelve Biographical Sketches

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, PUBLISHER

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VIGNETTES

Twelve Biographical Sketches

Mrs.
BY BESSIE RAYNER PARKES Belloc
AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS ON WOMAN'S WORK," ETC.



ALEXANDER STRAHAN, PUBLISHER

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1866

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PREFACE.

THE twelve biographical sketches contained in this book were originally written for a periodical which I was engaged in editing; and only a few words are required as to the sources from which they were drawn.

Three of the number are strictly original—Madame Luce, Madame Pape-Carpantier, and Mrs Jameson; and in the case of Madame Luce and Madame Pape-Carpantier, were composed from notes given to me by those ladies themselves.

The five sketches of Madame Swetchine, La Sœur Rosalie, Harriot K. Hunt, Madame de Larmartine, and Madame Mojon, are translated and abridged from books almost entirely unknown to the English public. The life of Madame Mojon

has indeed been only privately printed ; but having been struck with a translation of it in an American periodical, I afterwards made inquiries in Paris, and obtained supplementary material from her surviving friends.

The remaining four—Mrs Winthrop, Miss Cornelia Knight, Miss Bosanquet, and Mrs Delany—were biographical reviews cast into the shape of a short story ; the books are either well known or easily accessible.

The twelve women thus depicted, without any attempt at a connecting link between them, are as various in nationality, creed, habits of mind, and daily pursuits as can well be imagined. There is a moral in their utter dissimilarity which I leave to the intelligent reader ; but of every one of them it may truly be said that they did worthy work in the world.



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I.

MADAME SWETCHINE.



I.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

THE biography of a Russian lady of high birth and great cultivation cannot but be deeply interesting to English readers, even when the story of her life is unmarked by great vicissitudes, because we know but little of the interior developments of Russian nationality, and next to nothing of the thoughts and feelings of the female subjects of the Czar.

A large portion of the life of Madame Swetchine was spent in Paris; to which circumstance it is owing that her memoirs, after a period of extraordinary popularity, have become a standard work in French literature. It had already entered its third edition in the spring of 1860, and occupied a prominent place in every book-

seller's window ; insomuch that the unknown and somewhat barbarous name of "Swetchine" met the eye at every turn, causing the loiterer to wonder to what nation it might appertain.

Sophie Soymonof, by which name the subject of this biography was known in her early maiden days, was born in Moscow, in the month of November 1782. Her father, the scion of an ancient Muscovite family, occupied a high post in the internal administration of the empire, and was one of the founders of the Academy of Science at Moscow : her mother came from an equally distinguished race, and one in which a taste for letters was combined with military zeal. We are told that little Sophie's maternal grandfather, Major-General Jean Boltine, translated nineteen volumes of the French Encyclopædia into Russian,—an enjoyable task to a tough literary appetite ! His granddaughter inherited an astonishing power of plodding through the most voluminous studies.

Moscow was then, even more than at the present day, the national capital of Russia ; and the first impressions which Mademoiselle Soymonof received were blended with the most illustrious associations of her native land. But the great Empress Catherine II., a woman whose marked intellectual powers elevate her to a rank in the roll of European monarchs which her

moral character was far from commanding in a woman's domestic sphere, appreciated the services of distinguished men, and confided to some few of her subjects the charge of her private correspondence and closest personal interests. Of this number was M. Soymonof: she gave him a high post in the administration, and made him a private secretary; in the fulfilment of which trust he quitted Moscow, and took up his abode in the imperial palace at St Petersburg. His mind was solid and cultivated; his manners and his countenance were full of nobleness; his features, preserved in a cameo likeness, resemble those of an antique head. His father, Théodore Ivanowitch Soymonof, had likewise been a man of high distinction, educated in the Naval School instituted by Peter the Great; and had sustained a brilliant examination in the presence of the Czar, whom he afterwards accompanied in many of his campaigns, notably in that of Persia. Ivanowitch wrote the first description we possess of the Caspian Sea; and kept a journal with valuable remarks on what he saw and heard. The history of Sophie's paternal grandfather bears a lively witness of Russian high life: for this *protégé* of Peter the Great was exiled by the Empress Anne in 1740, and then made Governor of Siberia (where he had been a prisoner) by the Empress Elizabeth. He died in the reign of the Empress

Catherine, in 1780, nearly a hundred years old, and surrounded by universal honour.

Mademoiselle Sophie Soymonof was christened after the Empress, who had originally been the Princess Sophie d'Anhalt-Zerbst, and had only assumed the name of Catherine on becoming a member of the Greek Church. M. Soymonof, notwithstanding his occupations as courtier and *secrétaire intime*, found time to bestow assiduous care upon the daughter who remained for six years his only child. Struck with her rapid progress, his fondness was soon blended with fatherly pride, for little Sophie showed talent alike for music and drawing, and in the acquisition of languages ; and, what was more remarkable in so young a child, she developed singular firmness of character. Exceeding steadfastness is perhaps the most noteworthy point in her future history and correspondence ; and it was early planted in the power of self-denial. She had set her heart on possessing a watch, and her father promised that she should have one ; the days which elapsed between the promise and its fulfilment were filled with expectation, and the little woman could not sleep at night from intense anticipation of the delights of this wonderful treasure. It was bought—it was given—it was proudly worn ! when suddenly another idea rushed into Sophie's head. “There is something grander than having a

watch," said she, "*and that is giving it up of my own free will.*" The English reader will smile at this infantine sublimity, so exactly like the children in Sandford and Merton. Those were days when virtue, self-sacrifice, and patriotism flourished all over Europe in the largest capital letters, and very young people were fed upon ethics and the dignity of man. Some Russian Dr Johnson must have enlarged upon renunciation and the moderation of human wishes before Sophie, for she ran off to her father and gave up to him this passionately-desired watch, telling him her motive. He was a wise papa, for he looked fixedly at her, took the watch, locked it away in a drawer, and not a word more was said about it.

Again, M. Soymonof's apartments were enriched with pictures, bronzes, medals, and valuable marbles. Little Sophie lived familiarly with all the fabulous or historical personages represented in these materials; but she could not abide a certain closet into which her father sometimes called her, and which contained several mummies. The poor child blushed at her own weakness, and determined to overcome it, so one day she opened the dreaded door, dashed at the nearest mummy, took it up and hugged it, and then fell on the floor without sense or motion. Her father heard the noise, ran in, and carried her off in his arms, persuading her with some difficulty

to tell him what was the matter. But the little girl had gained her victory ; from that day she felt no more fear of the mummies than she felt of the busts and portraits.

Something quaintly vigorous and imaginative mingled in all this child's education ; her dolls were very large, had proper names, and carried on the varied relations of adult society ; she composed a little ballet, entitled the " Faithful and the Frivolous Shepherdesses," which she acted and danced to her father and his friends ; and in one of the autumn evenings of 1789, when she was seven year old, M. Soymonof, coming home, was amazed to find a large gallery, which formed an antechamber to his drawing-room, lighted from end to end with an immense number of little candles. Being asked the reason of this grand illumination, the child said, " But, papa, must we not celebrate the taking of the Bastille, and the setting free of those poor French prisoners ?" This shows the habitual tendency of the conversation of her elders. In truth, it was the fashion then in all the northern courts of Europe, in Berlin, in Vienna, but more particularly at St Petersburg, to raise the voice against abuse of power, and to look forward to general emancipation of everybody from everything. In a moment of truly royal inspiration, Peter the Great had exclaimed, " Alas ! I work at the reformation of my subjects, and I

do not know how to reform myself!" These noble words were, so to speak, suitable as a device for Catherine and her court, as well as for most of the reformers of the eighteenth century; more given to consider how they might mend the world, or reconstruct the basis of society, than to take the trouble of driving in solid piles in the way of individual well-doing. M. Soymonof, who possessed all the attributes of his generation, partook also in its illusions; he was generous, liberal, alive to every prospect of social amelioration, but forgetful of the lessons of experience, given to Utopian ideas, and sceptical in religion. Such were the influences which presided over the education of his daughter; influences more or less common among the nobility of Europe at that day, and against which our own English "Farmer King" set himself with a dogged determination which had its good side in keeping England in the middle path of reform. The Russian empress was just what might have been expected from the training, or rather from the want of training, to which her powerful mind was subjected. The Prince of Anhalt, her father, had done little or nothing for her cultivation. An inferior governess had hardly even succeeded in teaching her to read when she was sent into Russia to marry Peter III., a stupid, vulgar, and half crazy boy, ^{whom she soon despised} who soon left her a widow. The first book which fell into her hands was "Bayle's Dic-

tionary," which she read three times through with avidity, during the space of a few months.

At twelve or fourteen years of age the little Sophie, nurtured under these conditions in the imperial palace of St Petersburg, was acquainted with her native Russian tongue, (an unusual accomplishment among Russian young ladies,) spoke English and Italian as perfectly as she spoke French, understood something of German, and was studying Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. But she knew nothing of religion beyond the pompous spectacles of the imperial chapel, and had never said morning or evening prayers in her life. Her love for her father, and her motherly care for her little sister, ten years younger than herself, were the only elements of moral culture in her childhood.

In 1796 the Empress Catherine died of apoplexy, leaving her throne to her son Paul I.; and Sophie Soymonof was named maid-of-honour to his wife, the Empress Marie, a good and beautiful woman, mother of six children, and an angel of sweetness to her violent and capricious husband, who made her ride about with him in all weathers, hot and cold, and take part in military manœuvres; sometimes forgetting to fetch her from a post where he had planted her, till she had waited many hours, or even a whole day! But the serenity of the empress never failed outwardly; and the

young maid-of-honour, destined in future life to know, to prevent, or to console so many human griefs, began thenceforth to penetrate into the secret of vain prosperity and its silent tears. Under this maternal care she attained her seventeenth year. Her residence at court had not dissipated her love of study; and her accomplishments had received a great stimulus. Drawings in pastil yet remain from her hand, which would do credit to a professional artist. Her full, sonorous, and flexible voice, of a rare compass, was as familiar with the learned and touching harmonies of the north as with the brilliant melodies of Italy; she read music at sight, and accompanied herself on the piano. In personal appearance she was not striking; but her physiognomy, her gestures, and her voice, were all attractive and sympathetic. Her blue eyes were small and slightly irregular, but very animated and sweet in expression; her nose had *la pointe Kalmouk*; and her complexion was dazzling. She was not tall, but walked easily and well, and every word and every movement were alike stamped with the mark of delicacy and distinction.

This aristocratic young maiden was naturally sought by many ardent suitors; and the despotic and capricious character of the Russian court was such as to cause a parent the greatest anxiety in regard to the future of a daughter. No man, however high in position

and public repute, could tell that he might not find himself suddenly exiled to Siberia or to the shores of the Black Sea : and M. Soymonof, seeing the frequent fate which struck men invested with office under the late Empress Catherine, feared that disgrace might also come to him in his turn. He looked about, therefore, after the fashion of anxious aristocratic fathers, for a son-in-law who should "insure a brilliant existence, and in all circumstances prove a protector" to his child. He cast his eyes upon a man of great distinction, and one already his own personal friend, General Swetchine, who had served with honour in the military career. The proposed husband was a tall imposing-looking man, with a firm upright character combined with a calm gentle spirit ; his age was forty-two. Sophie received her father's choice with affectionate deference, as she received everything which came to her by his will. She had lost her mother several years before : and that which chiefly attracted her in this marriage, thus planned for her by her elders, was the assurance that her little sister should not be separated from her, but should remain with her under her maternal care. It is said that there was a young Russian nobleman of high birth, large fortune, and great talents, who would fain have had Mademoiselle Soymonof for a wife : Count Strogonof was his name ; and his grief remains on record,—an

old-world tale of sixty years ago. But at last he "resigned himself to another marriage;" and what Sophie thought or felt about him we are not told. It is certain, however, that she was for fifty years a fond and faithful wife to General Swetchine; and that her father judged not unwisely in the choice he made.

But his own presentiments had been too true: he enjoyed a vivid but fleeting pleasure in witnessing his daughter's early married life, from which he had promised himself a peaceful old age. The Emperor Paul suddenly, and without even allowing Sophie or the General time to intercede, exiled M. Soymonof from St Petersburg. Moscow offered a natural and honourable retreat, and thither he repaired; but the bitterness of his disgrace, the separation from his much beloved daughter, and a cold welcome from a friend on whom he had particularly relied, plunged him into unconquerable sadness; and the poor old nobleman was carried off by a fit of apoplexy at the moment when those who loved him at home were anxiously seeking how to procure a recall. Bitter as was this blow to Madame Swetchine, she could not under that despotic rule indulge outward regrets. Her husband's military position retained him at St Petersburg: he was about to be promoted to a post of activity and importance, and she was obliged to remain amidst the fashionable world,

and to take her place as mistress of a large establishment at the very moment when her soul was filled with grief. Constraint, subordination of all her own actions to the proprieties imposed from without, and subjection to a thousand claims of secondary importance to religion and morality, but absolute and imperious in her social circumstances, were the lot of this young wife from the first day of her so-called independence. The life of a great lady in Russia, if she be also a woman of cultivated intellect and pious heart, must indeed present many painful problems: and the grave and steadfast nature of our heroine turned in upon itself, in anxious seeking for a sufficient guide. Then first it was that the philosophical *belle-esprit* asked herself where she could repose from the weary excitements of such an existence; and being no longer able to say "My father," she lifted up appealing accents, and said, "My God!"

The society in which, from her first entrance, she occupied a high position, was then one of the most brilliant in all Europe. The French Revolution infused into it an element which was rather new than foreign, and which appealed vividly to the mind of Madame Swetchine. The most distinguished residents of Paris and Versailles fled to the despotic court of Russia for protection, but they were generally those whom the

proscription had not entirely deprived of all their property, or whom the Emperor Paul had personally known at the time when, under the name of the "Comte du Nord," he visited France in the early and happy days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. For instance, the Prince de Condé, who had *fêted* him at Chantilly, was established by the emperor in the Hôtel Tchernitchef, with servants and suitable appointments, and during the reparation of the hotel, the palace of the Taurida was put at his disposition, where the grand dukes and the principal dignitaries of St Petersburg went to offer him their respects, even before he had paid his to the emperor. The empress named the Princess de Tarente her *dame à portrait*, because the emperor had known her in Paris under the roof of her grandfather the Duc de la Vallière. The Duc de Richelieu and the Comte de Langeron were installed in posts of political confidence, and young men were placed in the army. The drawing-rooms of St Petersburg, and particularly those of General Swetchine, resounded every day with names familiar to Versailles and Trianon.

Such were the early associations which bound Madame Swetchine so strongly to the French people, and though the reverses of favour inevitable to an imperial *régime* soon overtook her husband, and he retired from his

public career, their way of life continued much the same. Their estates were far away ; Moscow offered no attractions since the death of M. Soymonof, and Madame Swetchine had very delicate health. All the time spared from the education of her young sister she devoted to persevering study, and to the society of her large circle of friends.

We now first find the traces of the hard intellectual work which she underwent for more than fifty years, and which explains the influence she exercised over all who approached her, inasmuch as it shows the extraordinary force of character which lay concealed under the aristocratic mould in which it was cast. As a poorer woman she would probably have made her mark in literature ; as a more ambitious woman she would have converted her social sway into a means of political power : Madame Swetchine did neither, her simple humble nature contented itself with learning and loving, and only after the close of her long life comes the echo of her friendships with many of the most remarkable minds of her generation.

Reading was never to her a simple recreation, no book left her hands without being annotated, commented upon, sometimes nearly copied from beginning to end. The date of the first extracts which she made is in 1801, when she was only nineteen, and had been married two

years. They are not made in albums, nor on fine paper, but on common quires, covered with fine close characters; and only bound afterwards in order to preserve them, as may be seen by the partial disappearance of some of the words where the margins have been too closely cut. Thirty-five such volumes remain, others have been lost; thirteen of the number are in quarto. The names attached to the first in date are very various. Among them are Barthelemy and (the Precepts of) Pythagoras, Bernardin de St Pierre, and long melancholy pages from Young's "Night Thoughts!" Fénelon, Madame de Genlis, translations from Horace, and a mass of matter from Rousseau. In the third volume we find Bossuet, and a long analysis of the "Precepts of Legislation" of Lycurgus. The fourth, dated 1806, quotes the romances of Madame Cottin, Sermons, and French and Italian poetry. Volume five opens with long extracts from Madame de Staël; the whole showing a considerable range of light and heavy literature devoured by a young married lady between the ages of nineteen and five and twenty.

But however earnest was Madame Swetchine's increasing love of intellectual exertion, it did not suffice then, or ever for her happiness. To the care of her little sister she now joined the adoption of a child whom circumstances, faintly indicated in the biography, cast

upon her maternal sympathy. The name of the new member of the household was Nadine Staëline ; who thenceforward knew no other home than that of her young adopted mother. At the same time she began to occupy herself in works of active charity. The wife of Alexander I., who had now succeeded to the throne, combined with the empress-mother in carrying out benevolent ideas ; and institutions for affording education, or material relief, were multiplied under their patronage. Madame Swetchine contributed to this movement, and was soon made to take a chief part in its direction ; a dozen little notes have been preserved, addressed to Alexandre Tourguenief, a man high in office in the department of Public Instruction, which show her interesting herself about various objects of charity, men, women, and children. The last is dated on "Saturday morning," and says, "My dear Tourguenief, do render me a great service, and give me an idea how to place out safely a little girl of nine or ten years of age, who depends on me, and about whom I should be very glad to be at ease. Could I not get her into the House of Industry, by paying for her board ? I know nobody but you to whom I can at this moment apply ;" followed on Friday by a reminder, and the remark that she is only afraid that the little girl may not be so well off as she wishes, in any new place. "By well off, I only mean a safe

refuge, and an education suitable to her condition in life, and one which will insure her being able to earn her own bread. The simpler, and the more devoted to handicrafts she can be kept, the more content I shall be. When you write to me, you will be so good as to tell me what you hope to find for her, and that will make my mind easy."

While Madame Swetchine was thus occupying herself in new interests, another tie to St. Petersburg arose in the marriage of her young sister to Prince Gregory Gazarin, a youthful, brilliant, and much-distinguished member of the Russian aristocracy, and one in high court favour, and up to the year 1811 the closest family union prevailed between the two households. Five little nephews came one by one to tease their Aunt Sophie away from her books and her charities, and all her life long she clung to them with a mother's affection. In 1811 General Swetchine re-entered active service against the French, and his wife retired to their country estates. While there she missed Madame de Staël, who, pursued by the enmity of Napoleon, quitted Vienna as a fugitive, traversed Poland, and arrived at St Petersburg by way of Kiew and Moscow. But even here she did not feel safe, and Stockholm formed the farthest point in her "*Dix Années d'Exil.*" When Madame Swetchine returned to St Petersburg she found only the brilliant memory of

this apparition. Their meeting was reserved for later years, in France.

The sentiment of duty was always so strong in Madame Swetchine's mind, that patriotism naturally dwelt there also. The epoch in which she dwelt, and her own mature conviction, disposed her to the doctrine that one's native country has a right to demand every sacrifice, and as a Russian this principle assumed a monarchical form. The Emperor Alexander fought at the head of his army, and was regarded by his subjects with the strongest personal enthusiasm. He showed great tenderness of heart towards the wounded, and went himself among the dying on the field of battle, succouring alike the Russians and the French. More than once he was known to weep at hearing cries of pain and farewell words uttered in every European tongue. To the hospitals also he gave personal attention, undeterred by the fear of infection, for they were decimated by epidemic maladies, and the Duke of Oldenbourg, his brother-in-law, caught the typhus fever and died of it. One day, when he was telling the Countess de Choiseul of a poor Spanish prisoner whom he had visited, she asked him if it was true that the *incognito* which he always endeavoured to preserve had been discovered. "Yes," replied he with simplicity, "I was recognised in a room full of officers; but usually I am taken for the aide-de-camp of General

Saint Priest." Such an example makes the heart of a nation burn. All Russia wished to share with its Emperor in assisting the innumerable victims of the war. The destruction of Moscow by fire was the occasion of a national subscription ; a society of ladies gathered together for the soliciting and distributing of alms was organised at St Petersburg, under the patronage of the Empress Elizabeth. The women of the highest rank contended for posts in this society, urged by the spontaneous movement which animated the rich and the poor, lords and peasants, merchants and soldiers. Madame Swetchine was elected president, being at that time thirty years old.

In 1813, Alexander carried his operations into Germany, and the Empress, who followed his march at a distance, was accompanied by Mademoiselle Stourdza, a young lady of Greek extraction, and the intimate friend of Madame Swetchine. The letters written from the German capitals by Mademoiselle Stourdza have been destroyed ; but those which she received were piously preserved, and form a curious and interesting picture of the friendship between the two ladies. The Count de Falloux, who writes this biography, observes, "One is seized with respectful astonishment in following step by step the intimacy of these two women ; young, brilliant, mixed up with the most famous and romantic events,

but only extracting from thence grave lessons in politics and morality, and only indulging, amidst all the temptations of ambition, in dreams of passionate friendship, philanthropy, and solitude." Here is an extract from one of these letters, in which Madame Swetchine mentions an English friend :—"Apropos of Lord Walpole, I find you have judged him very severely. If you had looked at him from a nearer point of view, you would have seen that he has another spirit within him besides that of contradiction, and on many subjects his conversation is interesting and rich. I often see him ; he inundates me with English books, and I should find it difficult to say up to what point the books which he has lent me influence my opinion of him. People at St Petersburg are all of one mind in devouring time without pleasure and without profit ; it is veritable robbery, and that which I save out of the pillage only makes me regret more keenly that which I lose, I need leisure so much ! The turmoil of the life I have led makes me almost a stranger to that inner self which cannot fully be said to exist, unless it can give itself up to gentle affections, to nature, and to that world of intellect which sometimes makes us forget the one outside."

Here is another sentiment admirably expressed :—"General benevolence has been the romance of the second part of my life. When one no longer hopes to

live without interruption in a single soul, all other souls are none too many to replace that only one. Nothing is so common as to make quantity a substitute for quality.

“In order to do something effectually, I need to be absorbed in my work; if I can only devote myself to it by fits and starts, I feel fatigued without pleasure. It is one of the great inconveniences of the life which I lead for a character like mine, that I have to cut up my day, leaving intervals of idleness. Sadness nestles in these empty holes, and will not be dislodged. (*La tristesse se loge dans ces brèches, et puis il n’y a plus moyen de la faire déloger.*)

“I do not prefer others to myself, but it is others whom alone I love; in them is placed all my personality, and everything seems good to me, provided I do not live concentrated in myself; I have never thought that anybody owed me anything, (you have no idea of the latitude I give to this principle,) and I have always felt that, in order not to be thoroughly unhappy, I ought to believe that I owed all my life to others. This idea may make an odd and extravagant character, but it is safe and sure, and would not disgust even ungrateful people.

“I expect my husband from day to day. I long for him to come back, and that his wandering life may be at

an end. For a long time we have resembled *M. le Soleil et Madame la Lune*, who are hardly ever seen together. My husband sends me word that the news of the victories reached Moscow on St Alexander's day; on that same day the cathedral had been consecrated. At night there were illuminations and transparencies, and a prodigious crowd of people in the streets. Think of the contrasts of this *fête* in the midst of those ruins!"

The war being ended, and the news of the first restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France having reached St Petersburg, all *la société* precipitated itself in congratulations on the mansion of Count Golowine, where dwelt, amidst love and honour, an elderly French exile, the Princesse de Tarente. "This lady owed her sway to the authority of her virtues rather than to the ascendancy of her intellect. Her political principles were neither profound in wisdom nor based on acute penetration, but intimately blended with such majestic traditions, with such pathetic misfortunes, that all the world forgave her immobile contemplation of the past, and never approached her without feeling their hearts elevated by veneration and sympathy." The princess prepared to return to France, and the Emperor Alexander made arrangements for her conveyance on board a ship of war, but she was never destined to see

France again ; every joyful emotion fell with a shock on a heart so long accustomed to grief and exile, and she sank away at fifty years of age within full vision of the promised land. Mademoiselle Golowine, who kept a journal of the last days of their guest, records, that one day when she was reading prayers to the princess, the latter seemed particularly impressed with a prayer for patience, but taking notice that it extended to every point where patience was likely to be required, she said on the morrow, "My child, only read the part about illness ; I do not need that about the forgiveness of injuries." "Nevertheless," replied Mademoiselle Golowine, "a great deal of harm has been done you which you must now forget and forgive." "No," replied the worthy friend of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette ; "nobody has done me any harm ; or if I have forgotten it, this is not the moment to call it to mind." When the last prayers for the dying were being read over her, she exclaimed, "My God ! Thou knowest how long ago I offered up to Thee the renouncement of the dearest wish of my heart—the happiness of seeing my king in his native land !" These were almost the last words she pronounced distinctly ; she died on the 2d of June 1814, and her corpse was embalmed and taken to France, and buried in the Chapelle de Videville, under the care of the last of the race of Châtillon, her sister the Duchesse

d'Uzès. More than forty years after, Madame Swetchine was affectionately received at the feudal Château de Fleury, which had passed into the hands of the nephew of the Prince de Tarente, and from thence she wrote to Mademoiselle Golowine, long since become the Comtesse Fredro, and the mother of grown-up sons:—

“FLEURY.

“MY DEAR PRASCOVIE,—You must be very lonely without your son. I have no doubt that you control your sense of loss; but the word control implies something which does not go well of its own accord, and is not as easy as running water. In a little room here, once occupied by the Princesse de Tarente, and which happened to be open the other day, I was affected at seeing among the pictures which ornamented the walls, one of the interior of the library in the Rue de Perspective, with this inscription: *Madame la Princesse de Tarente, dans le cabinet de Madame la Comtesse de Golowine, 1801.* Relics of the past always stir the heart with a thousand tendernesses.—Adieu, dear *Pache.*”

One of those moments was now fast approaching for Madame Swetchine in which the arbitrary will of a despotic sovereign can turn the whole current of an individual career, and cause it to flow on far apart from its

original destination. General Swetchine was not, strictly speaking, exiled ; but a party was formed against him at court, and a fault committed by one of his subalterns was dexterously attributed to him ; he found that his enemies were gaining ground against him, and taking alarm at his false position, and unwilling to risk his pride by running the chances of enforced exile, he took the resolution of quitting Russia on his own accord. His wife, who had recently quitted the Greek communion, under which, as the national religion of Russia, she had been educated, and become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, was likewise an object of dislike and suspicion to the followers of the Greek patriarch about the court, and her departure caused much satisfaction. The Czar, undecided, and deceived by those about him, showed his personal regrets at losing her, by asking her to correspond with him during her travels. Alexander's mind, always ardent and unsettled, had been long under the influence of the mystical Madame de Krüdener, a woman who believed she had special revelations from heaven ; his intimate friends adhered to the equally mystical sects which found footing in those days in Germany ; some among them placed all their trust in societies for the diffusion of the Scriptures, without wishing for any ecclesiastical organisation ; others rushed into a contrary extreme, and thought that the

regeneration of Russia was to be developed out of the action of the masonic lodges! But this confusion of influences did not hinder Alexander from relying in intimate personal friendship on Madame Swetchine, whose moderate and well-balanced intellectual powers, naturally coloured by her early affinities among the French refugees, pursued both in religion and politics the middle course suggested by the circumstances in which she was born and bred. Her correspondence with Alexander lasted until his death; she kept with precious care the emperor's letters, and he bestowed the same respect on hers. On his death, either in accordance with his expressed will, or by the delicate kindness of the Emperor Nicholas, Madame Swetchine's letters were sent to her at Paris, and in 1845 she showed the entire double correspondence to a friend; but, as no sign of it appeared among her papers after her death, it is feared they were burnt by precaution in 1848.

In quitting Russia, the general and his wife appeared scarcely to have contemplated perpetual exile; that Madame Swetchine should delight in the idea of European travel, now first rendered possible by the peace, was natural to a woman of her intellectual cast; but that her imagination still clung to the hope of returning home eventually, is shown by the following note written to M. Tourguenief on the brink of her departure. "My

dear friend," it runs, " here I am again with my everlasting supplications ; but I leave so many unfortunates behind me, that any assistance is sure to be available to one or other among them. Do me the kindness to give some attention to them, and support your courage, if it is ready to sink, by reflecting that in spite of myself I shall very soon leave you quiet. Ah! my dear friend, if I had no other link to my native country than the poor and the little children whom I leave behind me, that link would still be stronger than anything which could give me pleasure in foreign lands. The feeling which I constantly experience on this point is the best guarantee of the tendency which will perhaps bring me home again even sooner than I expect."

It was at the commencement of the winter of 1816-17 that Madame Swetchine arrived in Paris, having travelled with little *détour* from St Petersburg. She was at that time thirty-four years of age, in the prime of her intellectual force, and at the epoch which she was particularly fitted to comprehend and sympathise with—that of the Restoration. It is not very easy to give the English reader a fair comprehension of the moral and social problems which henceforth occupied this remarkable mind, because Madame Swetchine's stand-point was so very different from anything we can well conceive. She certainly was not illiberal in any sense of the word ; she

took the deepest interest in the condition of the people, and was accustomed to spend time and trouble and her own uncertain personal strength in efforts to help and to instruct others. We have seen that she could be wise and thoughtful about her little *protégé*, and that she wrote letter after letter to men high in office whenever they could assist her in her plans. She took a profound interest in the serfs who came to her by inheritance, and did her best by them, and she appears to have been singularly wide-minded and free from prejudices. But she had never in her life seen even the shadow of a liberal institution. Born and bred in the Russian court, the early sympathies with freedom which she had imbibed from her father and his friends, had been stained, as it were, with the blood of the French Revolution. It was next to impossible for good people in that generation to imagine popular liberty as anything but the distorted phantom of the Place de Grève. Neither the years of anarchy and bloodshed, nor the supreme despotism of Napoleon, appeared to have left fruit in which the true lovers of their race could rejoice: the wrecks of the tempest yet strewed the devastated fields, the forest trees which had grown for ages were all uprooted and thrown out to wither, and twenty-five years of convulsion or of battle in all parts of Europe had left to the partisans of despotism and liberalism but little

distinction in their cause for mourning. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Madame Swetchine should entertain sincere hopes of the results of the restored Bourbon rule. *That* at least had root in the noblest traditions of France; *that*, if it could be guided by the freer spirit of the age and by the lessons learnt in exile, possessed an organic *raison d'être*. It is all very well for the English, than whom no people are more firmly linked in practical ways to their own historical past, to fling themselves theoretically on the opposite side, and imagine it possible to reconstitute the moral life of a people by the creating and carrying out of a new constitution; the new constitution may be excellent, but it has one capital defect, it will not work, or at least it will not work with the particular human material for which it was arbitrarily designed. It is exactly parallel to imposing an external rule of good conduct on an ill-educated, ill-disciplined adult; the man will not or cannot obey. If in England at the present moment all our traditions were uprooted; if the throne were vacant, or filled by a military general like Marlborough or Wellington; if the irregular boundaries of our dear old English counties were all straightened, and the land cut up into square or oblong departments, so that the names of Northumberland and Kent ceased to be familiar in the mouths of men; if the local centres of national life,

Gloucester and Birmingham, Manchester and York, the relics of antiquity and the resorts of modern trade, were alike held down by armed force or checked by the incessant action of a centralised police ; if a population which had escaped from provincial massacres or metropolitan civil murder, were decimated by military levies in the flower of their age, and no man knew who would reign or what would happen next,—then we can conceive that even Earl Russell might welcome the advent of a Stuart or a Tudor as one fixed point amidst the chaos, and that a fixed inheritance from a tomb in Westminster Abbey would seem a point from which the wholesome liberty of a distracted country might in the course of long years be evolved. And so it was that many wise and noble hearts, by no means indifferent to the truest welfare of their fellows, rejoiced in the fresh re-blossoming of the fleur-de-lys,—in the unfurling of the oriflamme of St Louis of France once more ; and is it for us, for us who in 1865 see a far more rigid and rootless despotism established in the Tuileries, and Paris degraded by a court which possesses neither the poetry of tradition nor the ardent and pious charity of many of Madame Swetchine's personal friends among the old *régime*, to say that those who hoped much from the restoration of the ancient monarchy were blindly and wholly wrong ?

Her residence in Paris was not immediately permanent; the machinations of enemies at the court of St Petersburg caused her husband to go back for about a year; but in 1818 he returned once more to Paris, and never to the end of his life visited Russia again. During this year a close correspondence was kept up between Madame Swetchine and the Duchesse de Duras, full of the tender epistolary gossip of those days; they give the reader a very pleasant idea of these great ladies and their circle, though too full of passing allusion to bear extraction. The names of dukes and princesses, of churchmen and soldiers, statesmen and authors, are scattered thick as blackberries over every correspondence undertaken by Madame Swetchine; Humboldt and Chateaubriand, Lafayette and the De Noailles, enter the stage and pass off it, in the daily intercourse described in these letters by Madame de Duras. Humboldt is mentioned as having crossed the channel for a fortnight to see his brother, where he becomes a witness to "the frightful grief in which the death of the poor young Princess Charlotte has plunged England. Those are fine public institutions in which such a loss is felt as a misfortune, without materially affecting the political condition of the country. Such a state of things is of itself a sufficient eulogium on constitutional government."

The years 1823 and 1824 found Madame Swetchine

in Italy, and numerous letters describe her impressions of Rome, Florence, and Turin; they are, however, too much like those of all other travellers to warrant translation: and we proceed to her permanent establishment in Paris in the spring of 1825. It was at 71 Rue Saint-Dominique, a long street running parallel with the Seine in the Faubourg St Germain, that General Swetchine fixed his residence; and here for thirty years his wife assembled some of the best society in Paris. She sent to Russia for a selection of the pictures, bronzes, and articles in porcelain which had formed the collection of her father, and fitted up a drawing-room and library overlooking the gardens of that and contiguous hotels; and therein created a circle which had many distinct peculiarities compared to the *salons* of the day. It was neither a school of thought nor a literary coterie; its charm and central link consisted in the sweet even nature of the hostess, in her fine sense and tact, and power of harmonising the most diverse natures. Masculine in her power of intellect, she was nevertheless always womanly in nature, and her abnegation of self was neither feigned nor studied. She lived first of all in the lives of others, then in public events, and only remembered herself after having been occupied by all the world; she made people look at selfishness with disgust, merely by showing them the beauty of the opposite

virtue. She was eminently religious, without losing social breadth ; and a dear lover of science and knowledge for their intrinsic sakes, without any pretension for her own.

As a politician she was firmly and profoundly monarchical, but ever on her guard against all tendencies to absolute power. She recognised two essential conditions of good government : one, that the governing authority should possess a national and popular root, and should represent the people without in any way arrogating the right to absorb or confiscate it ; secondly, that the consecration of ages should have given the dignity of real chieftom to the monarch, investing him with that blended power of affection and of sway which no mere arguments as to the wisdom of creating such a potentate could procure. But beyond these limits, to which her Russian education naturally bound her, Madame Swetchine had an aversion for everything arbitrary, violent, or hypocritical ; she held it an offence against the conscience of humanity and the moral life and durable prosperity of nations.

Mixing with people of all parties during thirty years of the most changeful political complexion, the peculiar tolerance of her intellect was often in itself a cause of collision with more vehement and one-sided minds. Accustomed to weigh the most important social ques-

tions on all sides, and even seeking to penetrate to the very heart of every problem, she had sometimes to suffer lively reproach and temporary alienation from those whose views were less clear, and whose sentiments were less charitable, and who could not comprehend how equity may in certain cases be superior to what seems superficially just. "Justice follows the letter, applies the law, and may become pharisaic if pushed too far ; equity, more liberal and magnanimous in quality, and more Christian in essence, was, in the eyes of Madame Swetchine, the highest policy of great souls."

Petty resentments exhausted themselves before the calmness of her being ; her *salon* became a sort of neutral ground where passion was hushed, and sentiments and ideas met fairly face to face. One only reproach had power to touch and wound her, when it was occasionally said to her, "You are a foreigner, and you cannot feel this or that as we do."

Her guests did not go to her for *élan*, though she herself possessed plenty of spirit. God alone bestows mental and spiritual energy, and she did not try to excite it in others ; she rarely ever gave a counsel relative to particular cases, nor did she seek confidences. She was accustomed to say, "God only blesses our replies," and this expressive sentence reminds one of *La Sœur Rosalie*, who sought no one, yet to whom all flocked. Those

who look for the means by which Madame Swetchine exercised and carried into the most diverse spheres an influence which, for thirty years, was ever on the increase, at an epoch also peculiarly unfavourable to all sustained influence, are amazed to discover that she neither sought nor combined any means whatever. Even her conversation could hardly be said to be effective. Her natural timidity was never overcome; when first she began to speak it was in uncertain and almost obscure phrases; it was necessary for her feelings to be excited, or her mind keenly interested, before she spoke well, and even then it was neither novelty of diction, nor the utterance of striking remarks, which constituted her originality, but perfect truth manifesting itself equally in the style as in the thought.

Madame Swetchine's house was kept with great care, though without luxury of any sort. She never gave *soirées* nor dinners, but gathered a few people about a small round table, to the plenishing of which she attended with strict personal care. Her drawing-room was open to her friends morning and evening, and usually contained some plant in flower, or some object of art lent her by friends, or by artists glad so to exhibit their works. She brought from her Russian home a love of brilliant illumination, and until the last few years of her life her room sparkled with lamps and tapers. The first

impression was that of a place of worldly fashion, but her guests soon perceived that a higher spirit reigned within, and that she who possessed all these advantages was not herself possessed by them. Her extraordinary patience, invariably shown to the various disputants who fought out their political or religious battles by her hearth, came out in a touching manner to individuals. A certain lady of high rank was a sort of social scourge to Madame Swetchine's drawing-room during fifteen years. Her unfortunate temper made her burst like a storm on every subject under discussion ; she poured out questions without listening to any answer, and her appearance was a signal for putting the company to rout ; but Madame Swetchine never gave her a cold reception. She imperturbably discouraged all the attempts made by the rest of her society against the admission of Madame de X., replying gently, " What would you have me do ? all the world avoids her ; she is not happy, and she has none but me." Madame de X. died of old age ; and during her last hours it was Madame Swetchine who sought her out, and faithfully stayed for long hours beside the bed of death. And among younger ladies she was equally a favourite ; she possessed the secret of captivating women of the world, usually but little accessible to the influence of one of their own sex. Her individual toilette was simple and invariable, consisting of a costume of brown

stuff, from which she never departed ; but her taste in dress, as in all other things, was fine and sure, and she liked to see young ladies who moved in general society elegantly attired. They used to come to her at night, when ready for their balls, and pass in review before her indulgent and sympathising eyes, and then, in the morning, the very same young people would be found at her side, telling her their secrets, and obeying her advice. The enthusiasm with which her biographer, the Count de Falloux, dwells on her singular faculty of sympathy, the confidence with which he describes her widely extended social influence, are very singular. Who in England ever heard of Madame Swetchine, a woman who neither wrote nor spoke for the public ? Yet no sooner is she dead, than two thick volumes, published on the other side of the channel, run at once through three editions ; and attest, by a wail of lamentation, that a soul especially dear to and revered by her fellow-beings has been summoned from their midst.

The way in which she arranged her day was as follows : it was divided into three parts. She reserved the morning exclusively to herself, but the morning began for her before daylight. At eight o'clock she had already been to church and had visited the poor ; and the hours were her own until three in the afternoon. From three to six her *salon* was open to her friends ; from six to nine it

was again closed ; but at nine she again received company, who usually remained until midnight. The *habitués* of the afternoon and those of the evening were generally distinct ; some of those who came every night had never even seen others who had adopted the earlier hour. So fixed can the habits of French people become in these trifling things, that one lady, La Marquise de Pastoret, who visited Madame Swetchine every day from four till six, on returning from her visits to the hospitals and the poor, was told by her coachman that he could not answer for her safety if she *would* go and see a sick friend one evening, “ as his horses had never seen lighted lanterns.” Madame de Pastoret was accustomed to “ receive ” every night at her own house, and her custom appeared to have become a sort of law.

There are many biographies of which the fine flower and perfume cannot be gathered and presented in a small compass, and the correspondence between Madame Swetchine and her friends, though full of delicate and subtle touches, must be read at length to be appreciated. How, her adopted child, Nadine, having become the Comtesse de Ségur d’Aguesseau, she undertook the charge of the daughter of a dear Russian friend, Mademoiselle de Nesselrode, is told at length in letters to the absent mother. “ Hélène,” who afterwards became the wife of Count Michel Chreptowitch, was at that time

fourteen years old, and Madame Swetchine's ideas of education were well calculated to secure love from young people. When H el ene brings her correspondence to show to Madame Swetchine, the latter takes care to read to her young guest some of *her* letters in return; the elder lady places a little girl as an apprentice, and the younger insists on paying half the monthly expenses out of her "allowance," and so they go on together in a way that is not without interest for all who care to learn that Russian women of rank can be full of tender, pious charity and cultivated thought.

The Revolution of 1830 threw Madame Swetchine's personal friends on one side, but does not appear to have changed in any way her mode of life in the Faubourg St Germain. We find her still discussing social and political affairs with her numerous friends, and in 1833 writing a series of letters to "Mon cher Charles," the Comte de Montalembert, the man for whom English sympathy was so warmly aroused at the time of his conflict with Louis Napoleon a few years ago. But in 1834 the quiet household of the Rue St Dominique was suddenly convulsed by a blow which came neither from the fury of political passions, nor from the direct hand of Providence, but from the will of an arbitrary monarch, whose "delicate kindness" in the matter of the correspondence with his predecessor Alexander hardly

compensated for the sentence he was now about to inflict ; for an order actually came from the Emperor Nicholas, not merely for the return of the Swetchines to Russia, but for the exile of the General to any obscure part of the Russian provinces which he might fancy, so that it was far enough from Moscow or St Petersburg ! This order took the form of a sentence, and purported to be based on misconduct of which he had been guilty thirty years previously, under the reign of the Emperor Paul ! This decree reached Paris in the heart of winter.

Madame Swetchine made up her mind not to resist by flight or any measure of overt opposition. She had always refused to listen to her friends when they had advised her to realise her fortune and transport it into France, saying : " I wish to leave my inheritance intact to my sister and her children ; but even if none of them remained alive, I would not any the sooner break the last link which would then bind me to my native country, casting aside utterly the serfs whom Providence committed to my care, and strengthening in the Emperor's mind the fatal notion that in leaving the Russian Church one cannot remain a good Russian subject." She was now put to cruel proof, as witness a painful letter written by her at this time to a friend ; and she suffered more for the General than for herself. He was twenty-five years older, being then seventy-seven ; and for this

poor old man to leave his pleasant sunny Parisian home, in that gay delightful street of St Dominique, with its stately hotels, backed by green leafy gardens, stretching away almost to the Barrière, and wander off to some dreary provincial town in the heart of Russia, there to end his days eating the bread of bitterness, was indeed a frightful doom. It was his wife who had to tell him of the sentence, and she had some difficulty in making him comprehend. "He would believe I had made a mistake." Then for a moment he would not hear of her going away with him, but she would not hear of being left behind; and so only writing to beg that they might wait until milder weather, they made up their minds to obey; and what is sufficiently remarkable is, that Madame Swetchine tried to prevent the story getting abroad for as long a time as possible, and in her pride as a Russian subject would permit herself no complaint. "In my misfortune I will not forget that I am a Russian in the midst of the French." Then she alludes sadly to the "household gods"—"Our furniture, my pictures, my books, none of these things can be transported by people who are about to travel to a distance of eight hundred leagues, and who wander, so to speak, at the mercy of accidents, feeling themselves too old, too afflicted, too discouraged, to think of forming an establishment. When we have really obeyed

this decree, we shall only be living on from day to day, pitching a tent, as it were, and awaiting the hour when they will take down the canvas to make us a shroud. I am very sure, however, that however scantily we may be provided for, we shall not feel wanting in luxuries, for when one is very wretched one has but few needs. Adieu ! *ma bien chère amie*, if you do not weary of asking grace for us at St Petersburg, my prayers for you shall be equally unwearying as long as I live. Everybody must pay their debts in their own coin."

Such was the state of misery into which the Emperor whom we fought and conquered at Sebastopol could throw two elderly people whom, at all events in his capacity of sovereign, he had never seen in his life ; and who had certainly never injured or even disobeyed him or his father. As a matter of fact they did not go into exile ; but the nervous shock was great, and the anxiety which they suffered during many months was in itself a horrible torture. On the first day Madame Swetchine implies that she feared her husband would go mad and commit suicide. Finally, what actually occurred was this : their friends at St Petersburg obtained a respite, which Madame Swetchine employed in traversing Europe to plead, in person, her husband's cause. She left Paris on the evening of the 16th August 1834, and arrived at St Petersburg on the 19th of September.

It was the 16th of November before the aim of her courageous efforts was attained. She was then fifty years of age ; and always in bad health, she was now so far shaken that she could not quit Russia until the month of February. Her homeward journey must have been full of cruel suffering at that cold season ; but she reached Paris at six o'clock of the morning of the 4th of March, being the first day of Lent 1835. Stopping her carriage at the chapel of St Vincent de Paul in the Rue Montholon, she entered and rendered up thanks for her safe return ; and arriving at last at the threshold of her beloved home in the Rue St Dominique, she sank exhausted on to a bed of sickness, where she lay for three months hovering between life and death.

In 1836-7 Madame Swetchine lost her adopted daughter Nadine, and also her brother-in-law the Prince Gagarin, who had exchanged the embassy of Rome for that of Munich ; and the Princess Gagarin, thenceforth residing in Moscow with her five sons, was separated widely from the tender elder sister who had been to her as a mother. These losses made her more and more detached from the world, and more devoted to her religious duties and to charity. A letter is given from one of her servants, detailing how all those morning hours which she nominally reserved to herself were taken up by consecutive applicants requiring help and advice of

various kinds. "She knew so well how to comfort the poor in their needs, and the rich in their domestic troubles; how to call up the moral energies of the unfortunate, and sustain mothers of families who came to consult her about their children. Of those who came to her to seek consolation, I saw each quit her room with an expression of peace." She liked to mark any day of special rejoicing by an especial act of charity. Once, when she received a letter from her sister which put an end to a long period of anxiety, she sent Cloppet out on a benevolent mission, and when he came back successful, his mistress said joyfully, "My dear Cloppet, we will call the household you have visited to-day after *ma sœur*." On the day when peace was proclaimed at Sebastopol she sent him out on a similar errand, and this time the scene of his exertions was christened *la Paix*. She took part in many of the works of charity founded in France after the Restoration, but her particular interest attached itself to the deaf and dumb. In 1827 the administrative council, to which was confided the general direction of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, created two *comités de patronage*—one of men, for the boys; the other of women, for the girls. These two committees were especially designed to bestow protectors on the deaf and dumb children when the time came for their leaving the asylums. Madame Swetchine was the

first president of the committee of ladies. In 1837 she adopted into her own household a young deaf and dumb girl, who had great beauty, many excellent qualities, and a very bad temper. This girl she used to take out with her in her morning walks, leaning upon her arm, and making as far as possible a companion of her. It took all Madame Swetchine's habitual tact and gentleness to soften the violent disputes into which Parisse entered with the other servants; men and women alike came in for her inarticulate anger. But the battle was won at last, Parisse became gentle and good, and utterly devoted to her mistress, whom she served to the end, living with her for nearly thirty years, and watching over her on the bed of death. In 1838 Madame Swetchine became similarly interested in a family at Chantilly, who had seen better days, but then fallen into the extreme of poverty. Madame Louvos, the aged mother, was barely supported by the labours of her daughter, a girl of seventeen. During the autumn which she spent at Chantilly, Madame Swetchine lavished kindness on these two ladies, and in January she placed the younger one as assistant in an *ouvroir*. "When there," says Mademoiselle Louvos, "how much good she did me by her loving counsels! When I had doubts about my calling, and thoughts of changing my situation, I found how full she was of charity, what hold it had upon her mind.

How kindly she showed me of what use I might be to the young women who were confided to my care, and exhorted me to patience." Mademoiselle Elisa Louvos is at the present time directress of one of the first *ouvroirs* in Paris.

Her care for her own Russian serfs, whom she would never allow to be alienated into other hands, was very touching. Unable to live among them, she made them the object of an incessant vigilance and indefatigable correspondence. Her friends in the interior of Russia kept her informed of everything that occurred on her estates, and it is easy to see by their replies, found among her letters, that she questioned them much more about the moral well-being of the families on those estates than about the state of her revenues. She is found promoting enfranchisement with unceasing care, forbidding or repairing the disastrous transport of serfs from one estate to another, and communicating to others in the pursuit of amelioration the same perseverance and energy which she displayed in her own person. A private letter, apparently from a female friend, evidently shows Madame Swetchine as endeavouring to fathom the relations between the serfs and their overseers, and listening to the complaints of runaways; but a certain reserve prevails on this head in the biography of the Count de Falloux, who fears lest some indiscreet revela-

tion should injure the "noble measures" now being undertaken by Alexander II., in conjunction with the nobles of his empire, for freeing the serfs.

Space fails for any more detail regarding the life of Madame Swetchine. The book from which we have extracted this sketch touches on all the political events which have affected Paris for the last twenty years, giving numerous private letters from men and women engaged in the heart of the various struggles. In 1850 she lost her husband, who had attained the extreme age of ninety-two, and from that time she retired more and more from the world, though a circle of intimate friends still met in the Rue St Dominique. M. de Lamartine, the Prince Albert de Broglie, and M. de Toqueville, appear on the scene; from the latter are many profoundly interesting letters on the state of France, and the differences between ancient and modern society. So this gentle and pious life wore away, in the exercise of every Christian duty, and in the cultivation of every intellectual faculty, until the autumn of 1857, when she died, full of years and honours. The closing scenes are described in a long letter written at the time by the Count de Falloux to the Count de Montalembert, showing the tender reverence in which Madame Swetchine was held by men of much worldly mark. It is just because she excelled in no special gift that the lesson of

her life is so touching and so instructive. Faithful to the duties imposed by a high worldly calling, yet so simple and humble that she deemed nothing beneath her sympathy, the quiet story of this Russian lady's earthly existence has charmed thousands of readers in the country of her adoption. May it find a few sympathising hearts in our own !



II.

LA SŒUR ROSALIE.



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LA SŒUR ROSALIE.*

IN the month of October 1855, an aged woman, who had spent all the years of a long life in works of charity, was called away to her rest, amidst the lamentations of Paris. To attend her coffin came the clergy of her parish church, with numerous other ecclesiastics, and a stream of young girls who had been educated and trained by her. Around it walked the sisters of her order, and behind it followed the public officials of the quarter of Paris in which she had lived. After the procession walked an immense

* This memoir is abridged from a book entitled "Vie de la Sœur Rosalie." Libraire de Mde. Ve. Poussielgue-Rusaud, Rue St Sulpice, 23, Paris.

multitude, such as could be neither counted nor described: every rank, age, and profession was there; great and small, rich and poor, learned men and labourers, the most famous and the most obscure. Political parties, in the most unruly city in the world, hushed their dissensions as they walked towards that grave. Instead of going straight towards the church, the body was borne through the streets where she had been accustomed to visit, and the women and children who could not walk in the great procession fell on their knees and prayed. Shops were shut, and the work of this working-day world was put aside, while they took this woman to her last earthly dwelling. The Archbishop of Paris sent his Vicar-General to assist in the ceremony; and a band of soldiers surrounded the bier, and rendered military honours to the one who lay upon it, for she had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Finally, amidst tears and prayers and the lamentations of a great multitude, they buried her; and one who goes to the Cimetière du Mont Parnasse will see, placed where it may most conveniently be visited by those who come to pay a tribute of respect to one they loved, a tomb, bearing this inscription:—

A SŒUR ROSALIE,
SES AMIS RECONNAISSANTS,
LES RICHES ET LES PAUVRES.

Jeanne Marie Rendu, afterwards known as Sister Rosalie, was born on the 8th September 1787, just before the terrible years of the French Revolution. It was a tranquil, though a sorely discontented France, upon which her infant eyes opened, but she was destined to see that mediæval framework of society shivered to atoms, and to know intimately many of the successive actors on the political stage.

Her family belonged to the class of respectable burghers, and she was brought up by her widowed mother. Among the deep valleys of the Jura, and surrounded by the simple and pious people who knew nothing as yet of the flood of new ideas which were destined to arouse, and for a time to desolate France, little Jeanne grew up to the age of five years, a pretty, clever, and very mischievous child, endeavouring, according to her own whimsical assertion, to commit as many naughtinesses as possible, in order to exhaust the list of faults and be quite good when she grew up. Then came the Reign of Terror, and even the Pays de Gex could not escape from the effects of those dread decrees of the Convention of 1793, which proscribed the priests and denounced the aristocrats, and forbade man or woman to succour the outlaws under pain of death. Atheism ruled in the capital, and to perform divine service in the manner appointed by the Church was a capital

offence, both for priest and congregation. Madame Rendu, her family, her servants, and her neighbours, undaunted by these threats, continued to receive the proscribed ministers of religion, and to afford them facilities for celebrating divine worship; and little Jeanne, who had been trained by her mother in habits of the strictest truth, was exceedingly discomposed by the amount of necessary concealment.

The arrival of a new man-servant, whom everybody appeared to treat with unaccountable respect, gave the honest child a sense of some doubtful mystery; and in *une petite discussion* with Madame Rendu, she exclaimed, "Take care; I will tell that Peter isn't Peter." It was the Bishop of Annecy! Such a revelation from the innocent lips of this *enfant terrible* would have cost the lives of the bishop and of his protectors, and they were obliged to tell her all that hung upon her silence; a fatal lesson which Jeanne was not slow to comprehend, when some few days afterwards her own cousin, the Mayor of Annecy, was shot in the public square, for having tried to save the church from spoliation. When La Sœur Rosalie, in later years, recalled these frightful events, she trembled and thanked God, who had preserved her from the terrible grief of having caused such a crime, even by a childish and involuntary indiscretion.

When at length the Reign of Terror ended, and

France drew breath once more, Jeanne's mother sent her to complete her education in a school kept at Gex, by Ursuline nuns. This order was founded in 1537 by Angela da Brescia, and named after the British St Ursula. The vivacious child had sobered down into a sensitive and deeply pious young girl, and so strong appeared to be her bias towards a religious life, that the Ursulines thought of her rather in the light of a novice than of a scholar. But Jeanne was not inclined to the life of the cloister; it was foreign to her nature. She wanted to be busy in active charity; she loved and admired her teachers, but when she left the church she felt an impulse to go straight to an hospital; and when she prayed she wanted to supplement her prayer by some work of mercy. She did not feel it enough to wait for Lazarus at the door of a convent; she wanted to go forth and seek him, to give him shelter, to warm his cold limbs, and to comfort his sad heart. The wish, in short, to be a Sister of Charity grew up in her soul, and a visit which she paid with her mother to the Superior who had charge of the hospital of Gex gave it additional strength. She got leave from her mother to pass some time among the patients, helping the Superior, and serving an apprenticeship in devotedness.

It came to pass that one of her friends, fifteen years

older than herself, had come to the resolution of entering the Sisterhood of St Viucent de Paul,—an order wholly devoted to works of benevolence, and which Napoleon, then First Consul, had recently re-established in France. When Jeanne heard this she poured out her heart to her friend, told her her desires, hopes, and prayers, and how she had prayed God to accept her for the servicé of the sick, and implored Mademoiselle Jacquinot to take her with her. The woman of thirty objected to the youth and inexperience of the girl of fifteen; told her to wait, to give herself more time for reflection, and assured her that her mother would not consent. Then Jeanne went to Madame Rendu, and knelt at her feet imploring her leave. Madame Rendu was afraid of a hasty project; she dreaded her child mistaking her vocation; but she had two other daughters, and, herself a devout Catholic, she saw nothing unnatural in Jeanne's determination, provided it was well grounded and likely to be followed by no repentance. Finally, she gave her a letter to an ecclesiastic in Paris, sure that he would test Jeanne and send her back if it were best, and allowed her daughter to leave with Mademoiselle Jacquinot. The young girl cried bitterly at leaving her mother, for it was characteristic of her whole life that her religious devotion never weakened her human affections; when, amidst the

thousand distractions of a busy and useful life, she lost any dear friend by death or separation, she seemed to suffer as much as those who waste their lives in passive loving. One part of this remarkable woman's character did not overbalance the other, and she found space in her large heart for the tender fondness of individual ties, beside the sublime charity by which the world learned to know her, both ruled and vivified by the supreme love of a Christian towards her God.

It remains on record that the journey—a serious undertaking nearly sixty years ago—was rapid, without incident, and that the two friends reached Paris on the 25th of May 1802; when, thinking little or nothing of the wonders of the capital, they went straight to the Rue du Vieux-Columbier, and knocked at the door of the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul.

In order clearly to understand the sort of life to which Jeanne Rendu had devoted herself, we must consider the peculiar circumstances of the foundation and development of this order of nuns in the Catholic Church. Among the great men, authors, statesmen, and divines, who in the seventeenth century made the name of France peculiarly glorious among the nations, foremost in popular affection stands St Vincent de Paul. His whole life was a series of beneficent acts: the orphan, the sick, the aged; provinces decimated by

war, famine, and pest; the far shores of Algiers, where he was carried as a slave, and where he ministered unceasingly to slaves more wretched than he; the galleys where criminals worked, and the scaffold on which they died;—all shared his presence, and the healing power of his charity. The mark of his powerful hand is seen on every pious work inaugurated during his life-time; and his influence breathes in each emanation of Christian love. But his great legacy to the poor and suffering was the order of sisters who bear his name; whom we indifferently call “Sisters of Charity,” or “Sisters of St Vincent de Paul.” In these he united, in one person, the piety of the servant of God, the experience of a physician, the watchfulness of a nurse, the enlightened patience of a teacher, and the devoted aid of a servant. Hitherto the miseries of the poor had been allotted for alleviation to the different members of Christian congregations; he created a society to whom he confided human griefs as a special portion and a peculiar field. To find fit instruments for offices which would in many cases seem beyond the endurance of human nerves, the founder did not go about to seek those rare natures whose spiritual life transfuses every emotion; nor did he impose any of those spiritual exercises by which the Catholic Church endeavours to train some of her flock to lives of entire abnegation, and

assist them in withdrawing wholly from human influences into the Divine life.

But St Vincent de Paul called into his community simple souls, who, loving good and fearing evil, felt a yearning to devote themselves to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Had they remained in their families they would have been good honest Christians, only distinguished above other women by rather more benevolence, self-abnegation, and piety. In the life of the community they still remain in daily contact with the world, from which they are only separated by an engagement, very short and very light, since it is only binding from year to year. But while thus mingling intimately with the world, they yet live in the continual presence of that God whom they serve in the person of the poor. The other orders of the Roman Catholic Church, even when devoted to charitable works, had deemed it impossible to preserve their pristine fervour without attempting to secure it amidst the seclusion of the cloister and by the aid of perpetual vows. Even St François de Sales was afraid, and changed the plan of life which he had at first laid down for his "*Filles de la Visitation.*" But St Vincent gave to his sisters, as he himself said, for a monastery the house of the sick, for a cell a humble room, for a cloister the streets of the town; instead of a grating he placed before

them the fear of God, and clothed them with the veil of a holy modesty. And the God whom he trusted proved that he judged rightly. After the lapse of two hundred years, the community which he founded is more flourishing than ever, and its action extends to the farthest part of the world. Wherever Sisters of Charity show themselves, orphans find a mother, the poor a sister, soldiers a consoler upon the field of battle, the sick and the aged a succourer upon the bed of death. France confides to their care her schools, her hospitals, and her asylums; other Catholic nations have gratefully borrowed the institution, and Lutheran Prussia has organised an order of Protestant Deaconesses to supply their place. Even the Mussulman learns to tolerate their presence; in the steep and narrow streets of Algiers the writer has often seen the blue gown and white cap of the sisters disappearing under the tunnelled passages of that intricate and extraordinary town. They have charge of the Civil Hospital, where the poor colonists, struck down by the malaria of those fatal plains, so long gone out of cultivation, are brought to die. Within sight of the hospital is an immense Orphanage, where destitute orphans and foundlings, chiefly of Arab parentage, (but comprising numerous other races,) are reared by the same order. The sight of Christian women living in an open community, and

devoted to works of practical charity, is one calculated to impress Mohammedans with profound amazement; and its daily repetition, year after year, should surely affect their prejudices in regard to the position of the female sex more than a thousand written or spoken arguments. It is the drop of water perpetually falling on a stone. We do not say that there are not two sides to this question, even in Algiers. Between the medical men and the sisters there appears to be a smouldering division,—feud is too strong a word,—the rights of which it is exceedingly difficult for a looker-on to decide. Nevertheless, a great work is actually being accomplished before the eyes of an immense mixed population, such as the African shores have never witnessed since the tide of barbarism swept away the foundations of the early Church, and made Carthage and Hippo a desolate region, when the Koran drove out the Bible, and the Christian name was known no more. To colonise and to Christianise the waste places of the Algerine dependencies is the great work of the French nation, its only moral excuse for the cruel scenes of the African war. Tunis and Morocco must inevitably follow sooner or later in the same track, and submit to French power; wherever the arms of France conquer, there follow the Sisters of Charity.

But we must leave the general history of the order,

and return to our little Jeanne Rendu, and the times in which she commenced her noble and beautiful career. During the worst years of the French Revolution, the communities had been of course disbanded ; but the members kept up their individual ministrations one by one, wearing the ordinary dress of women, and shielded in numerous instances against the law by the gratitude of those whom they nursed and assisted. Sometimes they even succeeded by their concealed influence in saving victims from the guillotine ; and when the storm abated, and they could once more reassemble in their own houses, many were the stories of peril passed, and of heroic deeds accomplished, which they brought to the common hearth. The *Maison Mère* re-established its discipline and its labours ; received its novices to train them in lives of active religious exertion, and welcomed with open arms the two friends come as “ apprentices to charity ” from the extremity of France.

Jeanne did not, however, remain long at the *Maison Mère*. Of a very delicate and sensitive constitution, she was affected by every interior emotion and by every external influence, and had much to suffer in the early days of her novitiate. She felt the slightest atmospheric changes, was frightened at spiders, and could not sleep in the vicinity of a graveyard. Each of the duties of a Sister of Charity, into which she threw herself with

ardour, cost her a severe struggle against her instinctive repugnances; and after several months the delicate and nervous young girl fell dangerously ill, and was sent away for change of air to La Sœur Tardy, Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, Faubourg Saint Marceau; to a house whose inmates even the Reign of Terror had not been able to disperse, for they remained together wearing the secular dress, and whenever any family fell into trouble they were sent for, so that if the police had been despatched after them, they would probably have been taken by some sick-bed. Since nobody could be found to denounce them, the authorities shut their eyes to their remaining in community: and if we are surprised at this, it must be remembered that these sisters lived and worked in the very lowest parts of Paris, just among the very population which was worst and wickedest, and whose influence was uppermost during the Reign of Terror; but who, nevertheless, were too well acquainted with sickness and poverty, and had hearts to be touched by the devotion of those who knew how to cherish and forgive.

When Jeanne Rendu thus came under the care of La Sœur Tardy she was sixteen years and a half old; her face beamed with intelligence and feeling: firm and sensible, energetic and delicate, such is the picture drawn of the young girl who shortly became the delight of the household, throwing herself into all its labours,

and drawing the older nuns into the sphere of her joyous activity. At the end of her novitiate they had become so fond of her that they could not bear the idea of losing her ; and La Sœur Tardy said to the Superior, "*Je suis très contente de cette petite Rendu, donnez lui l'habit, et laissez la moi.*" So Jeanne Rendu took the veil at the *Maison Mère*, received the name of Sœur Rosalie, to distinguish her from another sister, and then returned to the Faubourg Saint Marceau to quit it no more.

The Faubourg Saint Marceau was, and is, one of the worst quarters of Paris : there the poor are poorer than elsewhere ; unhealthiness is more general, illness more fatal ; even the industry of this quarter is chiefly carried on by night, being of the lowest description. In 1802, immediately after the Revolution, and its many years of trouble, famine, and sanguinary idleness, the Faubourg Saint Marceau was a great deal worse than it is now. In the revolutionary orgies it had acquired a fearful celebrity, and when the ordinary social basis was restored, it had fallen into that state of exhaustion which succeeds every kind of intoxication, and could with difficulty be brought back even to its former organisation. The ephemeral sovereignty of its population had ebbed, leaving behind it a deeper misery than ever. In those narrow streets and broken-down houses, in rooms too low and damp to be used as stables for brute beasts,

whole families vegetated rather than lived ; huddled together *pêle-mêle* on the ground, or upon straw, without air, light, warmth, or food. The moral and intellectual life of these miserable people had suffered in proportion. After so many stormy years it was difficult to find a child that knew how to read, or a woman that could remember her prayers. The church and the school were equally needed with the workshop. Everything had to be rebuilt, from its material and moral foundations.

Such was the task which this Sister of Charity set herself to accomplish, and for which her pious fervour and clear practical intellect alike fitted her. Londoners may learn a most instructive lesson from the methods she employed, remembering that we also have a St Giles and a Westminster to redeem. She began her career as a simple sister in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, and ended it as Superior of the Maison de la Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois. But in each post she was the soul of her associates : she undertook and carried on for more than half a century an energetic contest against the miseries and vices of her quarter, never making a backward step, never even standing still ; never disheartened, never beaten : resting from one fatigue by changing it for another ; replacing work accomplished by some new endeavour ; and only laying down her weapons in the hour when God called His servant to eternal rest.

How did she do all this? The reader who pursues this memoir wonders at the peculiar force of character she displayed in her stationary life. She made no eloquent or striking appeals ; no crusade for or against ; she remained where she was in her own quarter, going to seek no one, but receiving all who came to her ; in fact, she took hold one by one of every nature which approached her sphere, and never missed an opportunity. It is therefore incumbent on those who would understand her career, to also understand something of the institutions with which a Sister of Charity was naturally connected. First in order of which, comes the Bureau de Charité, then just organised by Napoleon as First Consul, and equivalent to the Poor Law of our own country. When the Convention of 1793, some years before the date of which we are writing, had taken possession of the property of the charitable foundations of former ages, a book was opened in the chief town of each department, called "*le grand livre de la bienfaisance publique.*" Its pages were intended to contain accounts of the pensions allotted to all sick people, widows, orphans, and foundlings — pensions which were never paid to anybody! Napoleon soon gave these Eutopian follies their due. He shut the great book, all the pages of which were white ; gave back to the hospitals and asylums all of their property which had not been alienated by sale, and,

true to his system of blending old institutions with modern principles and customs, he returned to the theory of public charity directed by the State and carried out by religion. It was therefore to the Sisters of Charity that he confided the details of his poor law, as well as the inmates of his hospitals; and the House in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, of which our Sœur Rosalie was a member, was fixed upon as one of four centres of relief allotted to the *douzième arrondissement*. A dispensary, a store of clothes and linen, and a free school for poor children, what we should call a "Ragged School," were established there. A list of poverty-stricken householders was drawn up by the sisters, and the Bureau de Charité allowed to each two pounds of bread per month, a little meat in cases of illness or convalescence, some firing during winter, and a garment or coverlid once in every two years. The sisters had the charge of this succour; they allotted the food and medicine, kept the school, and visited the sick, assisted by the public officials, and by ladies who gave their spare time to help in the good work.

La Sœur Rosalie entered into these functions with zeal, and her house of succour soon became a model for others. In after years she was sometimes heard to lament the comparative freedom of action allowed by the authorities in those days, when, under the influence of

profound pity, they entered into works undertaken for the relief of the poor with little regard to the strict economy deemed necessary in more normal times. Those authorities soon saw her superiority in all that concerned the wise management of the poor, and as she always gave them all possible credit in whatever was effected, she became their friend and counsellor. When, at the early age of twenty-eight, she was named a "Supérieure," the quarter celebrated her nomination as a festival, and the public officials connected with the bureau presented her with a complete wardrobe of clothes. She kept these with the greatest care and economy, and wore some of the garments until the day of her death.

When the revolution of 1830 took the administration of public relief out of the hands of the Church, the word *charité* was changed for that of *bienfaisance*, and a great number of the officials were also changed. Many of the new comers were deeply prejudiced against the Sisters of Charity, and wished to lessen their influence over the poor. La Sœur Rosalie took no notice of this; she acted towards the new administrators as she had done towards the old ones, fulfilled their wishes, and helped their inexperience; till by her gentleness and activity she quite disarmed them, and regained her old influence over men and measures. Under every system of administration she remained, in the eyes of the poor, the true

representative of all the good done in the Faubourg St Marceau until the day of her death.

From her minute and active sympathy sprung one eminently good result—she prevented the poor from becoming *pauperised*, from feeling degraded by the perpetual acceptance of public relief. She threw into her charity just that element of love which made it an individual gift and not a corrupting alms. Accompanying all donations of food, clothes, or money, with the instruction which elevates and the advice which persuades and redeems, she strove to diminish the sources of poverty while she relieved its wants. To persuade a man to relinquish his vices, is to remove pregnant causes of misfortune to his family. To educate the woman in housewifely virtues, is to introduce economy and forethought, and increase the weekly savings. Would that all who bestow money on the poor would remember the power which resides in such individual ministration—would remember that it is the only method by which relief can be bestowed without degrading the recipient, and encouraging him to depend on others for the support of himself and his family, by trusting to charity, or to the mercies of the law.

When advancing age, illness, and the numerous duties she was obliged to fulfil prevented her from visiting so much in person, she made it a rule never to close her

door against the poor ; she always found time for them, and they had precedence of the rest of the world : even when weakened by fever, and forbidden to speak or move by her physician, the sisters had great difficulty to prevent her going down to speak to her people, and did not always succeed. During one of her illnesses, the sister who had charge of the house refused a man belonging to the quarter admission to La Sœur Rosalie. The man lost his temper, and grumbled loudly at not being attended to. La Sœur Rosalie overheard him, came down shivering with fever, listened to him, soothed him, and promised to attend to his wishes. When he was gone she gently scolded the sister for not having told her he was there ; the sister appealed to the strict orders of the medical man, and observed that the applicant had rudely lost his temper. "Ah, my child," said La Sœur Rosalie, "the poor fellow has something else to do than studying good manners."

Thus the miserable inhabitants of the Faubourg St Marceau took a habit of going many times in the week to pour all their troubles, large and small, into the ears of this forgiving friend. Not only for bodily wants, but for all manner of sorrows and difficulties, they came to her. When the world rebuffed them, when a workshop refused them work, or a baker would not give them bread on credit ; if a landlord expelled them and

sold up their furniture to pay a deficient rent; if a policeman would not let them sell their petty wares in the street, but told them, as we should say in England, to "move on;" if the son had been saucy to his father, or the daughter had abandoned her mother's fire-side;—these grievances one and all found their way to her. Her welcome comforted them for the scorn of others; she gave them food for the day, pleaded for their admission to the workshop, softened the hearts of the landlord and the policeman, persuaded the undutiful son to ask his parent's pardon, and brought back to the sheepfold the wandering lamb.

The sinners came with the well-behaved, those who deserved her kindness and those who had abused it, for the good Sœur sent no one away. She told everybody the truth, and made them ashamed of themselves, and then found some excuse for not punishing them. Nevertheless there was one tipsy fellow, who had so often sold for drink the clothes and bedding she had given him, that she formed the resolution not to give him any more. One winter, in the first days of frost, he made an audacious demand for a counterpane, which was refused. But when night came, La Sœur Rosalie was no sooner warmly covered up than her kind heart began fretting about him. "That man must be very cold," was an idea that kept her awake all the night,

and the next day she sent the counterpane, "in order," she said, "that we may both sleep soundly."

When sickness fell upon a poor family, all the resources of her heart and intellect came out. She prevented the gradual sale of furniture, so bitter in these households, when one by one each article is pawned or sold for daily bread; she coaxed the busy doctors to give especial care to her invalids; she kept up their courage; she mingled religious consolation with temporal help; she strengthened the terrified woman and kept the children good; and when the sick man recovered, she had acquired a hold over his better nature which she never again relinquished. Among that low and miserable population, crimes of the worst dye came under her knowledge; and she brought round those to repentance who thought they had surpassed the possible limits of Divine mercy. She brought into the Christian fold one man whose hands had been deeply dyed in blood during the first years of the Revolution, and who always said that he owed the final peace of his cruelly afflicted conscience to her, and to the religious influence of one little habit to which in his worst times he had clung. When he was a youth, at Nantes, he had helped in the horrible murders of 1793: the numerous victims, as they marched to death, chanted a hymn, which, strangely enough, lingered in the ears of this human

fiend. He took to repeating it every day, no matter how ill spent; a sort of nervous habit which kept the words in his memory: and when, long years after, La Sœur Rosalie at length persuaded him that he might repent and be saved at the eleventh hour, he died repeating the same hymn, and praying for her who had brought him to the feet of Christ.

In this bad quarter of the town no sick person rejected the priest sent by La Sœur Rosalie; and we find an anecdote of the way in which the memory of her good deeds lingered with the worst characters. In one of her most miserable streets lived an old rag-seller, who had saved up money, deserted his wife, and led a scandalous life, seeming to retain no trace of good feeling except towards his daughter, whom he sent to the Sisters' School. On his death-bed he sent for La Sœur Rosalie, whom he had known in his days of wretchedness, who had nursed him in some illness, but had lost sight of him altogether. She went at his call, groped up a winding staircase, by the help of a cord, into a dark room, where she found the old man lying in squalor. When he saw her, he explained that he wanted to leave his money to his daughter, and having no faith in the honesty of any of his friends, thought he had better give it into the hands of his old nurse. "But," said she, "pray send for a lawyer, and make your will properly."

“No, I don’t want a lawyer ; I know you and believe in you. Take the money, that I may die easy about my daughter.”

The Sœur then talked to him about his soul, and begged him to receive the offices of the Church.

“No, I don’t want a priest,” said the miser ; “nobody is nearer God than you are, and we can talk very well together about everything which concerns heaven.”

It took some time before La Sœur Rosalie could persuade the old ragman that she was neither priest nor lawyer : however, she comforted him by taking charge of fifteen thousand francs for his daughter ; and in exchange for this good office, he consented to see a priest, and be reconciled to his wife before he died.

La Sœur Rosalie attached the utmost importance to all institutions destined for the care and instruction of the young, and a very large part of her benevolent energy flowed into these channels. God has made the feebleness and innocence of the new generation a perpetual well-spring of hope for the world. That which we have learned through faults and through repentance, through the bitter experience of long lives of struggle, we can to a certain extent secure as a capital for the young. If we cannot impart to them the force of conviction which we ourselves have bought so dearly, still we can imbue them with opinions, surround them with safeguards, and

implant principles in their minds of which the seeds will develop in future years. If a perverse and brutal population repel the efforts of the Christian minister and the practical philanthropist—if they be depressed by its hard obstinacy, and hopeless of its ignorant dulness, let them remember that there are little children who repel no tenderness, who are not prejudiced against any one, who believe all that is told them, trust every promise which they hear, and offer their hearts to whoever opens loving arms for them. In the worst families these little ones are dropped as from heaven, and each child is one chance the more.

The opinions entertained by La Sœur Rosalie were of course those inevitable to a Catholic—she cared less for intellectual advance than for the moral training of the children in her schools, and she tried to apportion the kind and amount of instruction given, to the requirements of the future career of her pupils. Her plan of education aimed at producing certain definite results, and in so far it differed very considerably from the ideal of education now most accepted among us in England, which aims at drawing out the whole powers of the mind, irrespective of their probable or possible direct application. We will, however, remind our readers how great a recoil has of late prevailed, even in England, towards the industrial education of the girls of the working

classes. The advocates of education are beginning to feel that common sense requires them to limit their instruction to what may be called a professional end, and as working women *must* do house-work, as the health, comfort, and morality of the labourer's and mechanic's home must chiefly depend on the woman who is at the head of it, it is folly to call that efficient education which sends a female child out into the world untrained for her peculiar and inevitable duties. Hence the constant current of press articles about industrial schools, cooking schools, sewing schools; hence the publication of such tracts as those issued by publishers and associations, from "How to Manage a Baby," upwards.

La Sœur Rosalie, therefore, being, as appears on every page of her memoir, eminently unspeculative and pre-eminently practical, and living, moreover, day by day amidst a population whose gross ignorance was only matched by its urgent practical needs, set herself to train up as many girls as possible in the way they should go, and she discouraged, or threw aside as useless, whatever did not recommend itself on the ground of practical utility. So we must not be surprised that she disapproved of drawing, history, and belles-lettres, as subjects of study in primary schools. In particular, she objected to the time given to singing in girls' schools. This was the view she took, which we leave to be disputed, as it probably will

be by the majority of our readers. "Music," she said, "is perhaps suitable for boys destined to rough contact with their fellow-men, to work carried on amidst numbers, amidst the tumults of the external world ; it may serve to soften the rough manners of the workman, and to substitute honest and peaceful amusement for the noisy orgies of the tavern. But for young girls it is dangerous ; it invites their attendance in mixed places of amusement ; it calls them away from the modest fulfilment of household duties to expose them to public curiosity and theatrical applause. Why should we seek to awake in our young girls of the working classes needs and tastes which are in contradiction to the conditions imposed on them by their birth, their purse, and their surroundings? Drawing and music, and all similar surplus of instruction, only serve to disgust them with their needle, and to propagate that desire to rise in life (*ces idées de déclassement*) which must one day be repressed, and which is the torment of our labouring class, for the trouble among our working people is, that now-a-days nobody is contented to remain in their own station in life."

A great deal in this passage from the pen of La Sœur Rosalie is open to contrary argument, and American readers would probably think it very absurd and wrong to wish to limit the upward aspirations of girls and boys, since to rise in life means, up to a certain point, better

food, better clothes, more leisure, and purer moral surroundings of an external kind. And undoubtedly where there is ample virgin land to receive and sustain a surplus population, or where commerce is so rapidly expanding, or emigration becoming so cheap and easy, that room can be made for all who choose to "rise in life" without prejudice to their neighbours, there is no reason why being content with the station whereunto God called us in the first instance by birth, should be insisted upon as part of the character of a true Christian. But in our old countries, in many parts of England, and still more in very differently organised France, the rapid interchange carried on in New York and in Manchester between the social status of the master and that of the man, is practically impossible. It can only be by a sort of miracle that the agricultural labourer in Dorset and Essex can "rise in life," and the working people of Paris and London find themselves hemmed in by conditions most difficult of change. Now we freely admit that it is the business of the lawgiver and the politician to widen these conditions if possible ; to free the energies of the people, and to bring social ease and intellectual culture within the reach of the greatest possible number. But we firmly submit that it is the immediate duty of practical philanthropists to make the best of *existing* conditions. The minister of Christ and the visitor

among the poor has for immediate concern the making John and Jane, Thomas and Mary, lead good and useful lives on a sum ranging from ten to twenty shillings a week : a hard problem, but not utterly impossible of solution, as has been proved by thousands of instances among the virtuous and industrious poor.

La Sœur Rosalie disliked applying the spur of rivalry to her schools, according to the plan by which the municipality of Paris paid every year a considerable sum for the apprenticing of young girls who carried off the suffrages in a competition open to all the *écoles communales*. She thus wrote to a friend interested in primary instruction :—" My experience has shown me that grave evils result from the system of bestowed apprenticeship as a reward in competitive examinations. The struggle lies more between the mistresses of the different schools, who devote themselves to the pupils from whom they expect credit, to the detriment of the numbers who have a right to their care and instruction." The results obtained by the Sister in the schools under her immediate superintendence were remarkable for their practical good sense. She brought up her little girls in habits of modesty and politeness which would have done honour to the highest ranks. If the Superior excluded the more intellectual class of studies, just as she would have excluded topknots and flounces, it was evident that

piety and order reigned in the little assembly. In no school did the children read and write more correctly, nowhere did they know their prayers better, or possess neater habits and more intelligent, open faces. Every day she visited them; the good children crowded round her, and if she saw a little one in the corner, she always went up to it, dried its tears, helped it through its lesson, and asked forgiveness for the penitent. In her old age she used often to say to her last pupils, "I taught your dear mother to read; how good and pleasant she was! She always knew her lessons, and you'll be like her, will you not?" The little girl would promise, and would go home, and tell them what La Sœur Rosalie had said of her mother, which naturally proved a strong stimulus to the child and delighted the household. If La Sœur met a child in the street, she used to ask where it went to school. If it went to none, she sent for the mother, reproved her for negligence, showed her that Christian education was the best safeguard a parent could possess for a child's obedience and respect, and the best incentive to filial care in declining years. Sometimes the mother was not to blame; the child had not been received at school for want of room, for, in spite of the munificence of the municipality of Paris towards the system of primary instruction, the schools were far from affording adequate provision for the wants

of the population. Then she would take the little girl by the hand, and presenting her herself to the Sister who had charge of that particular school, she would say, "Find me, I beg of you, a little room for this child." "But we are quite full, *ma mère*." "Look well, she is so slight; she will not take much room, and you will give me so much pleasure." At the voice of La Sœur Rosalie all the pupils pressed closer together, and made room for the new comer, for they dearly loved to please her. On her part, when she left the schoolroom she went to look at their luncheon baskets, and at the end of lesson time the lightest were found to have become the best filled!

She also busied herself in the founding of new institutions. She got together classes in the Rue Banquier, begging from people whom she knew to be devoted to the cause of Christian education, the sum necessary to secure their permanent foundation: exerting all the influences at her command, she persuaded the municipality to adopt the new school; a religious establishment was created there, and a workshop opened in connexion with the classes, thus introducing the industrial element of instruction. Before long a system of visitation was begun, and the miserable population of the suburb outside the *Barrière d'Ivry* was brought in a measure under benevolent superintendence.

In 1844 La Sœur Rosalie organised a *crèche*, or place of reception for babies whose mothers went out to work. Objections were raised, to which, however, she did not pay attention, as it seemed to her unjust to reproach charity with tempting mothers to neglect their duties; since they were required to come several times a day to nurse the little ones, and were only allowed to leave them when obliged to do so by the imperative summons of necessary labour. La Sœur Rosalie asked the objectors why they reproached poor mothers with doing from necessity what rich mothers constantly do from choice. The rich mother in France often sends her nursling away to a foster-parent; the poor mother of the Faubourg Saint Marceau keeps hers at home, and watches by it in the nights which succeed laborious days; she does not part with it except during forced absences, and then she hands it over to an enlightened and womanly care. As to the danger of bringing together a number of children, and thus exposing them to catch infant maladies from each other, La Sœur Rosalie found by experience that her little guests had better health than those babies which remained at home, even taking this undeniable danger into account; she had them washed, and dressed in clean linen, and put into comfortable cradles; she made a pleasure and a pride of her nursery, and showed it to friends and

strangers with delight in her leisure moments. When she entered, the little folks all began to stir; those who were old enough to walk, trotted up to be kissed, others rolled and crawled up to her feet and pulled her gown as babies will; she bent over the cradles of the younger infants, talking, laughing, coaxing, caressing, comforting all their little troubles, and cheering all their little hearts. One day she saw in her *crèche* a foundling just beginning to talk, whom the attendants were about to take to the Foundling Hospital. She kissed him as she kissed all the others; the wee fellow threw his arms round her neck, crying, "Mamma, mamma," and would not let go his hold.

"He calls me Mamma, and I cannot forsake him," said La Sœur Rosalie, and he was not sent to the Foundling Hospital, and so long as she lived he never wanted a mother's care.

To the *crèche*, this indefatigable woman presently added an *asile*; very much what we call an infant school. In a short time the municipality employed Sisters to manage it, and all the children of the quarter were taken from under the wheels and from out of the gutter, and kept good with little songs and exercises and games, instead of wandering in the streets at the risk of their lives and their morals.

We would fain say a few words about *crèches* in

general, since they have been much discussed in England, and attempts have been made to establish them, which, so far as we know, have failed. Undoubtedly a young child *ought* to be with its mother, and the delicate brain of a baby is best suffered to develop in the quiet of family life. The whole question is, whether, having certain inevitable evils to contend with, such as the labour of the poorer class of married women, it is not advisable to try and prevent the children being left with ignorant nurses, or with other children but little older than themselves, so that they fall into the water-butt, or over the fire, or down the stairs.

The success of any particular *crèche* will depend almost wholly on the person who manages it; and also on the disposition of the mothers. We know one instance where a *crèche* started in connexion with a large factory failed, because the parents could not be permanently persuaded of its advantages. They asked at first what was the *object* of the nursery, as if some profit were about to result to the employers! Even when this was got over, they disliked the "extra trouble the mothers had in bringing their children to us, instead of having them fetched, as the other nurses would do;" and those who adopted the plan of hiring other children to look after their babies, had the convenience of little maids at home to light their fire, boil the kettle, or look after the other

children ; at any rate the attendance at the nursery diminished. But that some impression had been made was shown by the fact that, in after years, mothers who had formerly brought their infants to be taken care of, expressed a wish that they could still have the same advantages for their younger children, but there has been no combination among them to request or to obtain them once more. With this not very encouraging result of one experiment, we will leave the subject of *crèches*, and return to the story of La Sœur Rosalie's exertions for the benefit of her older charges.

It may easily be supposed that after having taught and trained her little girls from infancy upwards, it cost this earnest heart great sorrow to let them go from under her care as soon as they were apprenticed in the shop or the workroom ; yet without some regular system it was impossible to maintain any efficient influence over girls approaching womanhood when once they had quitted her schools. It is true, that if any of her young pupils went wrong in after years, when the fever of youth had cooled down, and they were weary of false pleasure, they would return to La Sœur Rosalie to be received and comforted like the prodigal child. But it was then too late ; with broken health and ruined honour, and with their habits of work broken up by years of excitement, how could she counsel and restore

except in relation to another life? She had often been advised to found one of those schools which receive female children at the age of seven or eight, keep them during the years of school and of apprenticeship, and only restore them to ordinary life as grown-up and instructed workwomen. But she never would carry out any such plan in connexion with her own establishment. The expense it would have entailed was in her eyes the least objection; she feared to accustom the children of her poverty-stricken faubourg to the softening influences, the easy habits, the almost maternal cares, with which an orphan asylum would surround them. She often said, "It is unwise to transplant them from so rough a neighbourhood." The open school, on the other hand, by developing the general intelligence of the scholars, elevates them as a whole, without separating them from their fellows. Neither did Sœur Rosalie like her young female pupils to begin their working career under more favourable conditions than their after-life would insure.

Bare rooms and hard beds, coarse food and household duties, these are the inevitable lot of the young workwoman at home; as an apprentice, she has to learn by inevitable friction with the characters of others, by the exactions of those in authority, and by the faults of her equals and companions. It is in such experience that a truly noble character is providentially developed, and

she therefore wished to accept this natural discipline for all her young charges, while she devised some means by which their connexion with the Sisters should not be violently snapped when they quitted the school.

The plan which she rapidly conceived and carried into effect with her accustomed energy and decision was admirably adapted to meet her ends. "It is a good work," said she, the first time the project was discussed with others; "God will cause it to succeed, and we will begin next Sunday." During the whole of that week she worked for the success of her scheme. She persuaded the mistresses of the workshops that "La Patronage" would make their apprentices industrious and obedient; she made the mothers understand that it would be a great help to their daughters' career in life, and her winning voice, which never made itself heard in vain, induced several ladies to enter into her wishes and to promise their attendance.

On the Sunday, a great number of young girls were by these means brought together at the Maison de la Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois; papers were given to them on which their mistresses were to note down their general conduct, and whether they were industrious. The ladies who had come to meet them made the acquaintance of each individually, by the special introduction of La Sœur Rosalie; took down their addresses, promised to visit their work-

shops, and to give them rewards at the end of the half-year if they were deserved ; and then they all mingled together in kindly intercourse, and sang hymns with the Sisters ; and the *Patronage* was fairly started.

This example of the system, begun in the poorest of quarters, and under the least favourable of conditions, triumphed over all objections and hesitations. It was capable of being generally followed : the impulsion once given by La Sœur Rosalie spread on all sides, and was carried out in numerous parishes, to the benefit of many companies of young girls. Nor was this all ; the apprentices made an active union among themselves, to search for, and bring back to the fold, any companions of their school-days who had been led astray ; and brought in every Sunday stray lambs of the flock. As they grew older, and themselves became thoroughly instructed workwomen, and sometimes mistresses, La Sœur gathered the best of them into an association, which she christened "Du Bon-Conseil," and which she made auxiliary to the body of ladies before mentioned. She taught them how to visit and to succour the poor, and to render back to those beneath them the care and tenderness which the Sisters had bestowed upon themselves. Thus she carried the female child of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, formerly neglected in its infancy, and exposed to moral dangers in its youth, from the *crèche* into the

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asile and the school ; while from the school it was received successively into the association of the *Patronage* and the *Bon-Conseil*, and thus preserved in the paths of religion and purity.

The last institution founded by La Sœur Rosalie of which we shall give account, was one for the benefit of the aged poor. She took deeply to heart the miserable condition of those who felt their strength failing day by day, until at length, no longer able to work, they knew not in the morning how to gain their daily bread, nor from week's end to week's end where they should find lodging, clothes, and food. Life which depends on the caprice of a passer-by, or the good will of a neighbour, or the success of a petition addressed to a stranger, is an existence at the mercy of chance. She managed to collect a number of such old people in a house in the Rue Pascal, and there kept them warm and sheltered, surrounded by their own little articles of furniture, and their tools, by which they could still gain a little money for food and clothes ; and here in her old age she would delight to go, seeing that they wanted for nothing. The expenses of this humble *ménage* did not mount up to any great yearly sum, but it possessed no fixed revenue, and the rent was wholly made up by voluntary contributions which never failed. At the end of each half-year, hidden hands regularly brought the money required

for the following one. But no engagement or promise had ever been made, and the uncertainty for the future made La Sœur Rosalie anxious. "I cannot die easy," she often said, "unless I can give a solid and durable character to this work, and insure that these poor old folks shall never be turned out of their house." During her last illness, though she did not foresee its fatal issue, she spoke more than once of this asylum—of her fears for its future, and her extreme desire to leave it to her old friends. This was the last thought, the last wish which she expressed. So far as she was permitted to know, this wish was not accomplished; she died without having been able to create a permanent foundation. But after her death, a house was bought to receive the aged poor of the twelfth *arrondissement*; the *protégés* of La Sœur Rosalie were installed therein on the 1st of October 1856, and it was called after her patron saint. Thus the permanency of this charitable work is secured, and a living monument erected to the benevolent piety of the dead.

We will now take a cursory glance over the immense field of general charitable exertion covered by this indefatigable Sister of Charity. If anybody seemed to have a right to be exclusive in the bestowal of her good offices, it was she to whom so much poverty and misery had been confided as a special charge. The Faubourg

Saint Marceau, with its depressed population and its individual institutions for relief, might seem enough to occupy a busy woman's life. But she found time for more. One sometimes hears it said that the people who have the most to do make the most leisure; they are more methodical, rise earlier, and do not fritter away minutes and hours in that inconceivable succession of nothings which devour the lives of the social butterflies. So, when people came to ask help from La Sœur Rosalie, she never said, "I have no time;" and they *did* ask it all round,—individuals, societies, institutions, the Church; the state, the world at large, all became accustomed to apply to her in emergencies; and she received them all.

Hardly was she installed in her own definite sphere, than all sorts of links sprang up between her and the town; letters and messengers passed to and fro; the first whom she helped told others, and these again in their turn spread the fame of her ready and efficacious sympathy; and if any person wanted to succour another and did not know how, they were despatched to La Sœur Rosalie. At whatever time of day a knock came at her door, she received the visitor with politeness or with affection, seemed at leisure to attend to him or her, as if there were nobody else in the world. She bent all her mind to unravel their diffi-

culty, and the thickest complications untied themselves under her skilful hand. Her extensive connexions gave her wonderful facilities in this way, and her clear head enabled her to avail herself of them. Whatever was the matter, she found a remedy ; she sent one child to a *crèche*, another to school, apprenticed a girl, and hit upon an employment for a youth ; she got the old man into an asylum, and procured a pension for the wounded soldier. She made the very people who were waiting for an audience of her, each come out with their particular powers of help : if they were rich, she made them give money or influence ; if they were poor, she set them to write her letters and take her messages. She used them up one by one, and played off their needs and their resources into each other ; and she made it a rule never to turn a deaf ear to any application, because she said, "God will send the money and the means." She also looked after the moral welfare of those whom she assisted with material help, and did not relax her hold. A skilful workman was sent from Nantes to Paris, to whom the capital offered great temptations. She got him at once a lucrative employ ; but affixed to it a condition that he should regularly bring to her the portion of his salary necessary for the maintenance of the family he had left behind ; and while she lived he never broke his promise.

For indigent respectability she maintained the tenderest delicacy. When sometimes she saw some one who had written a tale of misery, too shy to speak about it when he came to her house, she would send him on an errand for her to a distant street, with a packet addressed—to himself! She had a mysterious faculty for divining wants of which those who suffered never told; and sometimes families living in a distant part of the town, and hiding their misery as they thought from every human eye, would find assistance drop upon them as from Heaven, from the hand of La Sœur Rosalie. She was particularly kind to young men who came up from the provinces to seek employment in Paris. When these lads called on her, with a letter of recommendation and a mother's blessing as their sole worldly goods, she fairly adopted them if she saw worth in their characters; she found them lodgings, made cheap arrangements for their board, pushed them on in their studies and paid their fees, and when they had an offer of any official clerkship, she made herself their guarantee. Her moral vigilance and her motherly kindness never seemed to sleep for these youths. One young man was studying for the priesthood, and, being very delicate and given to deny himself every luxury, she made a friend promise to go and see every morning if he had a fire. Another, who had left home to work for his family, under the assurance

that he would not be liable to military conscription, found himself suddenly arrested in Paris, owing to his substitute having played false. La Sœur Rosalie heard of it, went off to the Minister of War, obtained the young man's release and a delay of two months, during which he might accommodate himself to the new circumstances, saying, "I would have given my life rather than he should go." Another, who was a merchant engaged in large commercial operations, had been detained on a long voyage. A heavy bill was presented at his counter, and his poor wife had received no money to meet it. After applying to many friends in vain, she came to La Sœur Rosalie, who paid the necessary sum out of her own purse. But her kindness did not lapse into weakness; she knew how to make herself obeyed if necessary. A young man to whom she had rendered much service had not turned out well. She told him that on his next misdemeanour he must leave Paris. Hearing that he had again trespassed, she sent for him, and said, "Monsieur, an occupation is waiting for you at Constantinople, your fare is settled, here is your passport, go and pack up your portmanteau, you must leave to-night." In vain did he promise, entreat; he begged at least for a few days in which to settle his affairs, and write to his relations. She had forecast everything, she was inflexible, and that very evening the young man,

over whom she had no authority but that of the ascendancy of her character, left for Constantinople without ever dreaming of disobedience. She knew also how to bring young men into her works of charity. Some of them, busily engaged all the week, had only Sunday on which they could assist her. She would say to these, "You heard mass this morning; very well, do not go to vespers, but sit down there, take your pen, and serve God now in another manner." Then she would dictate to them her numerous letters, explaining to them how to help the poor. Sometimes a troop of lads gathered from the different schools might be found in her room; young students of law and medicine, of the military career, and of education. She pressed them all into her service. Nay, she made the poorest help one another, and there were very many of the rich who came to La Sœur Rosalie for help which none else could bestow so wisely. "My sisters!" she would sometimes say to her nuns, after long conversations with members of the upper classes, "if people knew how very unhappy rich men and women are, they would feel the greatest pity for them." Her plan of remedy for this kind of wretchedness was to bring it in contact with the most grievous destitution and calamity, and thus draw it out of itself.

Owing to the great extent of her relations, she ac-

quired the power of a moral police. One day a young girl fled from her home in a distant town, and was supposed to be hiding in Paris with the guilty companion of her flight ; letters, advertisements, all failed to reach or to move her ; the police found their labour in vain ; they could not find any traces of her whereabouts. At last a priest, whom the family had consulted in despair, said to them, "Nobody but La Sœur Rosalie has any chance of finding your daughter for you." And by applying to her the fugitive was actually found after some days. The Sister sent for her, and spoke with that authority which conquers the worst dispositions. The girl was completely subdued, and sent back to her mother, penitent and reclaimed. Nay, more than this ; furious at seeing himself balked, the author of all the mischief rushed to the Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois, his lips full of menace and violence ; La Sœur Rosalie met him with such a dignified rebuke, and showed him the evil of his conduct with so much force, that he hung his head wholly abashed by her words, and offered to do all in his power to repair his wickedness.

What was even perhaps more remarkable, was her influence over philosophical men of the world, whose intellects refused to bow down before her faith, but who were yet swayed by her character. The chief physician of the Bicêtre, an unbeliever, on his death-bed could not

be induced to see his family, from whom he wished to hide the spectacle of his sufferings. He only yielded the point at last to La Sœur Rosalie, whom he had known during the cholera of 1832, and who had conceived a great esteem for him, owing to his exertions at that period. On his side, his feeling for her was a sort of worship ; in the feebleness and bitterness of his illness he found no real comfort except with her, and her name was one of the last words pronounced with veneration by lips that seldom gave voice to praise. She once saved the life of a man, by a daring stroke of courage. It was in 1814, while the Allies were in Paris, that a Russian company was quartered in the Horse Market. A rumour spread that a private was about to suffer death for a grave fault against discipline. It came to the ears of La Sœur Rosalie, then quite a young nun, under thirty. She set off, taking with her an old woman, traversed the Russian camp, and asked audience of the general. Being at once introduced, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him to spare the soldier's life. "You know him, then, and are attached to him!" cried the officer, seeing how ardent was her prayer. "Yes," said she, "I love him as one of my brothers bought with the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I am ready to give my life to save his." She gained the pardon of the condemned man, and re-

turned home, astonished at her own success, and scared at her own audacity.

We find a chapter of the memoir devoted to "La Sœur Rosalie's Parlour," which apartment, small, shabby, and ill-lighted, was the very centre of her activity; an old paper on the wall, stained by damp and gnawed by the mice; a matting on the floor; a few pictures, much more impressive from their subjects than their execution; a little clock which was generally stopped; a book-case with very few books in it; a writing-table piled with accounts and receipts; and round the room two stools and four straw chairs—such was for thirty years the appearance and the furnishing of this room. Add to this that every corner on which anything could be laid—the top of the chimney-piece, the shelves of the book-case, and the desk—were covered with opened letters, bearing post-marks of all the countries of the world; petitions addressed to all the powers that be; reports, prospectuses, and papers of every imaginable nature, and we have a notion of La Sœur Rosalie's parlour; and this small room never emptied. A young man who was acting as her secretary wished to reckon how many people came into it in a single day. He counted as far as five hundred, and the day was not done. Among the crowd were workmen, and priests high in the Church—the humblest traders, and peers of France. She would

usually begin with the poorest—giving to an old man his admission to an asylum, to a widow a school presentation for her child. She provided a good mistress for an apprentice, and put the unemployed workwoman into a shop, gave her name to one who sought its sanction, and told another where to find instruction or an occupation. She would then parcel out their work to the charitable ladies who helped her, and listen to those who had to tell her of the visits they had made. These audiences were wound up by the despatch of letters and messages, always very many in number, and executed by a crowd of people, anxious to busy themselves on her errands. During these long hours, every minute was consecrated to a good deed, and every word bore some reference to a charitable end; and during fifty years these audiences took place with no other interruption than that caused by illness, without the repulse of any one who sought for aid, and without any of the business being neglected or ill done. Hither came also the greatest men in politics and literature, drawn by curiosity and interest, and sometimes seizing the slightest pretexts for putting themselves in connexion with La Sœur Rosalie. The Abbé Emery, to whose care her mother had confided her when first she went to Paris, kept up an intimacy with her until his death. M. de Lammenais, before his secession from the

Catholic Church, was much attached to her, and used to associate with her in almsgiving. A Spanish nobleman, the Marquis de Valdegamus, who had turned from intellectual infidelity to Christianity, was another of her friends. Sent as ambassador to Paris, he was courted and beloved, even by those who had no sympathy with his rigid opinions, but his social position gave him small satisfaction, and he used to say that he felt afraid of having at the judgment-day to answer, when the dread interrogation came of how he had employed his time, "Lord, I have paid morning calls." Having heard of La Sœur Rosalie, he wished to make her acquaintance, and having been introduced by one of his friends, he formed a life tie of association in good works. He no longer lamented over his morning calls, every week he left his fashionable quarter of Paris, and went to see her whom he called his "Director." He received a list of poor, and went from one to another on foot over all the faubourg, carrying solid help, and the cheering warmth of his southern heart and imagination. While he was in health, he never failed, in spite of all his political and official duties, to keep these appointments. At the allotted day and hour he invariably made his appearance, and never abridged his stay. When he fell ill, he sent exactly the same sum he had been used to bring, and he talked incessantly to the Sœur de Bon-Secours

who was nursing him of the poor of the faubourg. As he grew worse, La Sœur Rosalie went in her turn to visit him at his hotel, and she was with him at his dying hour. His last words were, "*Que les pauvres prient pour moi ! qu'ils ne m'oublient pas.*" Political parties laid aside their arms in her presence, and helped successively in her undertakings ; and the sovereigns of different dynasties alike employed her to distribute their alms. Charles X. put immense sums into her hands, and though the revolution of July greatly diminished her resources, the consort of Louis Philippe constantly asked her advice, and was swayed by her prayers and recommendations. General Cavaignac, in the midst of all the difficulties of his ephemeral power, often came to see her, and thanked her for her influence over the people, in whom the revolution of February 1848 had excited so many hopes which it had given no means of realising. Many favours did she beg of him, and more than one life did she save, of fathers of families led away by the popular excitement, and in her judgment more unhappy than guilty of crime. On the 18th of March 1854, she was visited by the present emperor and empress, and the latter promised that the *asile* about to be founded in connexion with the *Maison de Secours* should be given into the care of the Sisters of her order. The municipality would otherwise have placed it under a lay super-

intendent ; and as it seemed about to be so placed at the moment of its installation, La Sœur Rosalie wrote to the empress to remind her of her promise, and the *asile* was opened under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. Shortly before this imperial visit, she had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, to the great delight of all the neighbourhood, which considered that it had been individually decorated in her person.

It will be easily conceived from this account of her various visitors, that her powers were multiplied by every fresh connexion. The men of her quarter used to say, "She has a long arm." Everybody helped. Public offices, manufactories, the very railways were opened to her *protégés*. The bishops made room for them in their provincial charities ; and congregations everywhere received her friends. In "travelling by land and sea," in the army, nay, even before the law, these found welcome, kind officers, and friendly advocates. "One might traverse the length and breadth of France with her friendship for a safeguard." As she grew old, she leant too much to the side of indulgence ; but for the few who misused her confidence and betrayed her guarantee, a multitude were saved, and placed in honourable careers by her indefatigable kindness and energy. The oddity of some of the applications made to her may well be

imagined, since people think nothing too large or too small to ask of those whom they conceive to possess power. She was supposed to hold the keys of the Council of State as well as of an hospital, and was applied to to procure a *prefecture*, or a license to sell tobacco! It was in vain that she told the suitors she was not a cabinet minister, and did not go to court. They were obstinately persuaded of her irresistible influence. It sometimes happened that great foreign ladies came to see her, and if anything prevented her from showing them the state of the faubourg, she would yet so charm them by her pleasant welcome, that how could they refuse her, when next day came a note with request for help in some quarter where they were known to have influence !

Little by little her faubourg cast aside its air of extreme wretchedness. It is still one of the worst in Paris, and nobody can cure its poverty ; but as years went on it became Christianised, the children were better clothed and fed, and were gathered into schools, furniture was collected in its households, and it was no longer unknown to the visits of the better classes. La Sœur Rosalie reconciled it to society, and it repaid her with a grateful love, which was in itself no slight agent in moral improvement. On her side, she defended it with warmth, just as she served it with zeal. "It is calum-

niated," she would often repeat, "it is a great deal better than people will believe ; its poverty reveals less wickedness than lurks hidden under the riches and luxury of many other quarters of the town." There is something very touching in this picture of a wretched population, gathered like a naughty child to a mother's heart !

Having reviewed our heroine's life in its more general aspects amidst the daily duties of her order, let us see how she dealt with the two supreme calamities of modern Paris—the cholera, and the spirit of revolution.

It was in 1832 that the cholera was signalled as at the threshold of France. Superstitious terror marked its progress and awaited its advent ; and La Sœur Rosalie, greatly alarmed at the havoc it would inevitably make among her depressed flock of neighbours, trembled for them, for her nuns, and for all the world. But the day on which the first victim was struck down saw the end of her fears ; she roused up at once, gave point and energy to the efforts of individuals, and the most active and intelligent aid to the measures taken by public authorities, impressing every movement with her own tokens of order, promptness, and duration. In the beginning she had great difficulty in disabusing the people of that frightful suspicion of poisoning and foul play which so constantly accompanies pestilence. Doctors were menaced with personal injury, and had to

work under the safeguard of her whom no one dared to suspect. One day Dr Royer Collard was walking by the side of a cholera patient borne along on a shutter towards the Hospital de la Pitié; he was recognised in the street, and insulted with cries of "Murderer, poisoner!" A crowd gathered round him; in vain he pointed to the dying man, and tried to make them believe he was endeavouring to save him. When he lifted up the cloth which covered the sick face, the general exasperation grew more violent, and a workman sprang upon him flourishing a tool, when at the last critical moment M. Royer Collard shouted out, "I am a friend of La Sœur Rosalie's!" "That's a different matter," said a dozen voices, and the mob separated and let him pass on.

In the midst of all the public agony, she, who was generally so sensitive and easily affected, remained calm and self-possessed, ordering and sustaining every measure of relief; and when the scourge had passed over, the widows, the orphans, and the old people, from whom all props had been swept away, found her indefatigable in supplying their wants and arranging for their welfare.

In 1849, when cholera once more appeared, it created less terror, but caused more mortality in the Faubourg Saint Marceau than at the time of its first invasion. In a single day one hundred and fifty deaths

were reported in the parish of St Médard, and children were not counted in. For a whole week the Sisters never sat down to eat together, nor had a night's rest; the bell rang every moment, announcing new names added to the sick list, and an urgent call for fresh succour. This time, suspicion fell on political motives as the origin of the pestilence. As it struck down the poorest, the most thinly clad, the worst fed, and appeared to spare the rich, and at first even, in spite of their courageous devotion, the doctors and nuns employed about the sick, a notion spread that it was in some mysterious way inflicted by the rulers as a punishment for revolution—an idea only to be dissipated by the sacrifice of a marshal of France, several deputies, landed proprietors, and Sisters, who at length fell victims also. As to the inhabitants of the house in the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois, it was remarkable that though they were constantly relieving each other by the beds of the sick, not one of them perished by the dread disease. One only was attacked; and she, singularly enough, was the only one who had not actually come in contact with cholera, having been confined to the house with an injury to her leg, which made it impossible for her to move! During this time of public distress, her auxiliaries from other parts of the town did not fail La Sœur Rosalie. The young men of the

society of St Vincent de Paul came to the rescue ; and several of these were sent by her to factories out of Paris, especially to those at Montataire, in the diocese of Beauvais, whose bishop some time afterwards came to thank her for the timely assistance to his decimated and terrified flock. It was at this time that the asylum for children who had lost both father and mother was founded in the Rue Pascal. A charitable Protestant lady, named Madame Mallet, enabled the Sister to carry out this plan, which is still flourishing, and bears marks of the intellect which presided at its birth.

In the other scenes of public panic so fatally known to the inhabitants of Paris—revolutionary riots—La Sœur Rosalie exercised a no less remarkable ascendancy. She had no sympathy with promises of liberty which dawned in bloodshed ; and it will easily be conceived that the turmoils which stopped trade, cut off profits, and diminished the incomes of the better classes, invariably caused deadly distress in the Faubourg Saint Marceau, where the population lived from hand to mouth, and any check to their fragile industry touched at once upon their vital resources. If a revolution miscarries, it is the people who are shot and imprisoned ; and even if it succeeds, it is long before the workman can recover from the shock given to the commonest functions of society : capital is frightened away, and

wages are not forthcoming ; and it is a chance if, when the day of victory comes, the man of the people does not find himself reduced to the pauper's estate. La Sœur Rosalie, therefore, very naturally threw all her influence on to the side of order ; and so great had it become during the long years of her benevolent life, that government itself recognised her power, and looked to her intervention as the best guarantee against riots. In 1830 and 1848 this singular woman traversed the narrow streets where even the soldiery and police dared not enter, calling the people to order, stopping the erection of barricades, and making them replace the paving-stones which were in the course of being uprooted. She saved more than one *proscrit* from popular fury ; and when the churches were menaced, and the archbishop's palace taken by assault and demolished, and the priests insulted in the streets, she opened her house to the latter, and kept them safe under her protection. One of those she thus hid was Monseigneur de Quellen, who was obliged to fly from his episcopal chair at Notre Dame, and only reappeared when the cholera summoned him to adopt the orphan children of the very men who had persecuted him. La Sœur Rosalie first heard of the sack from a pauper to whom she had offered bread the previous evening. He refused it, saying, "*Ma Sœur*, we don't want alms ; to-morrow we

are going to pillage the archbishop's palace." But she, as usual, defended the reputation of the men of her beloved faubourg with characteristic energy and warmth, saying, "They did not know we had those holy priests in our house, but if they had, they would certainly have helped us to protect them;" and it was a fact that, during the bloodiest days of June, some nuns, devoted to the teaching of little girls, became aware of threats to destroy their house by fire, and in mortal alarm sent to tell La Sœur Rosalie. She sent back word for them not to fear, and that very evening she despatched a party of armed men to protect the house, and the one in command told the rest to make no noise, lest the nuns and their little charges should have a bad night!

As she always acted on a simple rule of Christian love, and did not mix up with politics, she interfered to save the victims of defeat just as heartily as if she had never tried to prevent them from rising; and in the troubles succeeding the accession of Louis Philippe, men of all parties became compromised, and so flew to La Sœur Rosalie. She never refused her aid, but hid them, disguised them, and got some of them off to places of safety. She was at last denounced as having helped rebels to escape; and the head of the common police, who was very grateful to her for some past services, sent to warn

her of her danger. But she would not cease in endeavouring to save lives; and at last the *préfet de police*, M. Gisquet, provoked by the escape of a man of some importance, signed an order for her arrest, and gave it to his first functionary to put into execution there and then. "Policeman X" implored the *préfet* to spare this insult to the "Mother of the Poor." Said he, "Her arrest would arouse the whole Faubourg Saint Marceau, and would prove the signal for a riot we should never be able to quell; the whole population would rise in her defence." "This Sœur Rosalie is then a very powerful person," exclaimed the *préfet*; "I'll go and see her." Off he went to the Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois, where he found the usual crowd assembled. La Sœur, who had never seen him before, received him with her usual politeness, asked him to wait until she had finished her business; and then, apologising for having kept him waiting, asked in what way she could render him assistance! "Madame," replied M. Gisquet, "I am not come to ask, but rather to give help; I am the *préfet de police*." La Sœur increased in her civility. "Do you know, *ma Sœur*," said M. Gisquet, "that you are heavily compromised?" &c., &c., &c.

"*Monsieur le préfet*," replied La Sœur Rosalie, "I am a Sister of Charity, and carry no political flag. I help the unfortunate whenever I find them, and I promise

that if ever you are pursued yourself and come to me to help you, you shall not be turned away." M. Gisquet could not resist smiling, and perhaps in his heart trembling also ; for in those days of revolution no man knew who might be next amenable to the temporary law. Finding he could make no impression on her, he took his leave, saying he should let her off for once, but entreating her "not to begin again." "I will not promise," said La Sœur Rosalie. The very next week one of the chiefs of La Vendée came to return thanks for food and shelter bestowed on several of his companions in misfortune, and actually met at her threshold one of the emissaries of the police. He was not recognised ; and La Sœur made him a sign to fly, while she held the official enchanted by her conversation for a full hour. Some days after the latter found out how near he had been to his intended victim, and came to complain of her *mauvais tour*. "What would you have, *Monsieur*," said she ; "I would have done just as much for you !" And in effect, it was not long afterwards that an imprudent measure roused a riot round the house of a man in public authority ; the people howled and threatened, and he did not dare show his face. By a lucky thought he sent to tell La Sœur Rosalie, who came straightway, addressed the mob individually by name,

scolded them for having left their work to get up a riot, and finally put down the rising storm, and released the functionary from his durance vile.

During the famine of 1847, which preceded the revolution of 1848, La Sœur exerted extraordinary powers to get bread for the people, and she so far prevailed over the excitement incident to popular distress that at first the Faubourg Saint Marceau did not stir. During a whole month, while Paris was unsafe, the neighbours mounted guard over her door, and early one morning they very nearly shot a priest who was coming to perform mass, in lay costume, taking it into their heads that such an early visitor must come with evil intent against the nuns. But in the days of June, the Faubourg Saint Marceau gave way to the general terror, and La Sœur was so horrified at the scenes which took place in the streets, that she said afterwards she "could hardly believe a single devil was left in hell," so awful were the faces which met her gaze. It was difficult to avoid being pressed into the ranks of the slayers, if not of the slain, and the *Maison de Secours* was turned into an hospital, where the wounded of either party were equally received and tended. Wives in tears brought in their husbands, to hide them lest they should be forced to fight, and every corner of the house was filled with fugitives; while in the dispensary and court of reception

were wounded and dying men, yet breathing vengeance against the opposite party.

In the very thick of the struggle, an officer, who had been fighting against the insurgents, found himself cut off from his men, and, flying down the Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois, rushed through the open door of the *Maison de Secours*, and took refuge in the midst of the Sisters. The insurgents had recognised him, and following close at his heels they crowded round the house, but all the Sisters, with the superior at their head, threw themselves between the angry men and their victim. The insurgents were checked by the living rampart; all knew the Sœur Rosalie, and for an hour she kept them at bay, while they tried to negotiate for his blood. They mingled expressions of respect for her whom they called their "Mother," with the most atrocious threats against the officer. "He has massacred our comrades; we must have his death; we want our prisoner." La Sœur expressed her horror at the thought of the blood of an unarmed man staining the soil of her court. "We won't kill him here, we will kill him in the street." In spite of prayers and promises, the insurgents pressed upon their victim; their guns actually rested on the shoulders of the nuns, who still maintained their ground between him and them. It seemed as though an instant fire was imminent, when La Sœur Rosalie flung herself on her

knees before the crowd, crying out, "For fifty years I have devoted my life to you, and as a return for the good I have ever done to you, to your wives, to your children, I demand the life of this man at your hands."

She prevailed, and the prisoner was saved! Two days later she was begging for the freedom of several of the insurgents themselves. Of the dreadful poverty which followed these days of June, of the misery endured by the families of the men who were arrested, and of the exertions made by the Mayor of Paris in conjunction with La Sœur Rosalie to relieve it, we have not space to speak in detail. The great efforts made by the authorities were painfully and absurdly abused; in the excitement and desperate fear lest numerous deaths should occur from hunger, the public charity was flung about recklessly. People came in omnibuses to fetch away the provisions which were given out with an unstinted hand, and others assumed various disguises in the course of a day, and so received rations *ad libitum*. La Sœur organised a system of visiting from house to house by charitable men, and redeemed the work from disorganisation and ill success.

But our scanty space gives warning that we must bring this beautiful and inspiring history to its close; and indeed the end was drawing nigh within the decade which will be finished when you, O reader, read these

lines from a pen which has aimed to reproduce for you, however faintly, the record of a noble life. In her last years a gradual blindness fell upon La Sœur Rosalie, and she who had been the soul of her household was led about blindfold by the tender hands of her nuns; they took her into that low parlour, the scene of her manifold labours, and seated her in her chair, where those whom she had ever been wont to seek and call one by one from the attendant crowd, now came up to her, and told their wants and their griefs to the heart which had lost none of its tenderness, to the intellect which had failed in none of its penetrating vivacity; "one forgot that one was talking to a blind woman." In October 1855, a skilful surgeon operated on her for cataract; but the faint gleams of vision restored to her were soon obscured, and she was blind once more. In the first days of 1856 she seemed so well, that her friends, who had long trembled for her health, (never strong, and of late years very failing,) thought she had taken a new lease of life. They contemplated a second operation, to take place in the early spring. But in the month of February the blow so long dreaded fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon Paris and upon the poor. A sharp attack of pleurisy proved too much for the frame which had withstood fifty years of incessant labour; and at the age of sixty-nine La Sœur

Rosalie sank quietly, and, at the last, painlessly away. As the *curé* of Saint Médard, called suddenly by her terrified household, uttered by her bedside the last prayers for the dying, she made the sign of the cross and murmured a few inarticulate words which “sounded like the echo of an inward prayer,” fell into a lethargy from which she never woke, and the next morning, within twenty-four hours from the time when from her bed she had been giving active orders about the poor, she lay dead within her cell. When the news spread through Paris a general cry of grief arose in households of every class; people cried in the streets, and the scene around her corpse, when friends who had come to inquire after her indisposition found she would never greet them more, was painful beyond description. The day following her death they laid her in the chapel, in the simple state which befitted her modest and honourable life. They dressed her in her costume of Sister of Charity, her rosary on her arm, the crucifix between her hands which were crossed upon her breast. Her features wore their usual expression, heightened and sweetened by the lovely spiritual calm which death sets as a last seal upon a holy life. For two long days, from dawn to evening, came the people who had loved her to behold her once more. The whole Faubourg Saint Marceau streamed in one solemn file towards the house in the

Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois. The workmen, their wives, and their little children, (the aged and the sick were carried thither,) all walked past the bier, kissing her feet and hands, and begging for little *souvenirs*, a trifle of her dress, anything which she had touched or which had belonged to her. In that noisy quarter reigned a profound silence, and for those two days, though the poorest people, used to daily help, all crowded to the *Maison de Secours*, no one begged. The wonderful scene presented by her funeral, we described in the opening page of this short memoir; and the traveller to Paris may find the grave at the extremity of the Cimetière du Mont Parnasse, where every day, but particularly on Sundays, may be seen poor people kneeling and praying by the last resting-place of their friend. Her old mother, with whom she had kept up a constant and loving correspondence, died on the 2d of February in the Pays de Gex at the extreme age of eighty-eight, and the news reached Paris on the very morning of her daughter's funeral, increasing the universal emotion of the day. Madame Rendu, who dwelt amidst her family, clear and vigorous to the last, placed her greatest joy and pride in the virtues and almost saintly reputation of her eldest child, and died pronouncing the name of La Sœur Rosalie.

Does the reader ask in what consisted the fascinating

power of this life, the question is answered from Paris that it consisted in her doing the commonest duties better than anybody else. She was only a poor Sister, hidden in one of the least important positions of her order; Supérieure of a very little community in the most miserable quarter of Paris. During fifty years she hardly ever left her house and its immediate neighbourhood. She went once to Versailles, and once to Orleans, and that was the extent of her journeys; of the beautiful city in which she lived she knew nothing but its wretchedness; she did not find any very remarkable institutions, and she busied herself over nothing which is not done daily by Sisters of Charity in all parts of the world. Every day she began exactly as she had begun the last, nor was it possible to pick out one more emphatic than another. But the heart and soul and intellect which she threw into her very ordinary work, raised it to the proportions of saintly accomplishment; though so little could she herself comprehend the secret of her own power, that when all the world flocked to her parlour with their separate needs, she has been known to observe with tender, half amused wonder, "*Quelle singulière idée tous ces gens-là ont de me consulter! ne faut-il pas avoir perdu l'esprit?*"

III.

MADAME PAPE-CARPANTIER.



III.

MADAME MARIE PAPE-CARPANTIER.

MARIE CARPANTIER was born at La Flèche, (a little town in the department of Sarthe, in the west of France,) on the 18th of September 1815. Four months before her birth, her father, a *maréchal des logis de gendarmerie*, faithfully devoted to the first Napoleon, was assassinated by the *Chouans* during the *Cent Jours*. The *Chouans* were the irregular bands of peasant troops who fought for the Bourbons in Bretagne, and who dealt death from their hiding-places with little regard to the customs of regular warfare. M. Carpantier fell at the head of his detachment under the following touching circumstances:— Napoleon was at Paris after his return from Elba, and

the military authority in France was for the moment in his hands. News came to La Flèche that a band of *Chouans* were devastating the neighbouring district of Courcelles, and M. Carpantier led out his detachment against them. He had to traverse a forest, in the midst of which was a château and park. The *Chouans* took refuge in the château and fired from the top of the walls upon the *gendarmérie*, of whom three were killed. One of these men had a bunch of violets in his mouth; the ball cut the flowers in two, and he fell stark and dead. The second was hit in the thigh, and died of the amputation of the limb. The third was M. Carpantier himself, who was severely wounded in a vital part, but lingered several hours. The *Chouans* had a cruel custom of biting their balls before loading their guns, in order that the gunshot wounds they inflicted might be more dangerous, and it was in a great measure owing to the fact of this ball having an irregular shape that M. Carpantier perished. He had concealed about his person at the moment he was struck a packet of letters for Marshal Moncey, with whom he regularly communicated at Paris. He never trusted any one to post these letters but himself; and, fearful lest, after his death, they might be suffered to fall into the hands of the *Chouans*, he raised himself with difficulty on his elbow, and ordered them to be burned before his face. This done, he asked

for something to drink ; a glass of water was brought to him, but in the act of approaching it to his lips he expired. Thus perished a gallant soldier, whose name lingered long in his district, but whose deeds, immediately obliterated by the return of the Bourbons, received no official mention or official reward.

To this sorrow rapidly succeeded another—the death of the eldest daughter, a charming child of eight years old, killed by a shot from one of her father's pistols, with which a young nurse was imprudently playing.

One infant son remained to Madame Carpentier, to whom in due time came the little Marie. But with her father, worldly comfort had deserted the household ;—their means were very narrow, and it was amidst grief and poverty that this little girl was introduced to the world. Her childhood was very sad ;—neither games nor playthings, nor the petting incidental to family life, were her portion. She never experienced any of those childish gaieties which have neither cause nor meaning beyond the child itself ; but, on the contrary, she often cried without knowing why, as if her mother's tears had overflowed upon her youthful head. It is true that nothing in the household was calculated to inspire joy. Madame Carpentier was far from her own province ; in solitude she worked day and night in order to procure livelihood and education for her boy and

girl, for at that time there was no gratuitous instruction in France. Her life was wholly devoted to her work and her children, and the little girl was equally absorbed by her school duties and those she owed to her mother.

When Marie came home in the evening, she also worked as well as she was able ; only sometimes, when she heard the neighbours' children calling each other to play from house to house, or when she saw them out of her second-floor window gaily dressed ready for the sunny promenade, her poor little heart swelled, and she felt what she afterwards so sweetly expressed in verse :—

“ Mère ! la jour finit, ta main doit être lasse,
Laisse enfin ton travail, laisse que je t’embrasse !
Je ne sais quoi me pèse et m’attriste aujourd’hui.
.
Viens, j’ai peur de la vie ! O mère quel ennui !
— Pour s’en aller courir à travers les campagnes
Tantôt j’ai vu partir mes petites compagnes
Leurs habits étaient beaux, et leur fronts triomphants,
Leurs mères les suivaient, fières de leurs enfants.
‘ Accours, ’ m’ont elles dit :— ‘ Viens colombe isolée :
Triste que fais tu là quand le ciel est si doux ?
Le plaisir est au champs, viens aux champs avec nous ! ’
Et moi, les yeux en pleurs, le cœur tout gros d’envie,
Je n’ai que leur répondre, et je me suis enfuie—
Oh ! qu’elles auront dû courir et folâtrer ! ”

Then, indeed, she returned to her work at her mother’s knee, who, to distract the child’s mind from her

trouble, told her stories of the happy past, of the lost sister, and of her father—of him especially. Marie was never weary of hearing of him; and the memory which sustained the mother during twenty years of labour, became for the daughter the most powerful protection in a world where youth and poverty need a defender. Than this child, none better knew all that the familiar talk of a mother can do to attract the heart and elevate the mind, while it strengthens the soul by linking the thought of God and the inmates of His spiritual world with daily life.

At the age of eleven, having made her *première communion*, Marie left school, where she had only been taught to read and write, and began thenceforth to work as hard as Madame Carpentier; no longer during three or four, but twelve hours a day, and that the whole year round! She was slender and weakly; but necessity knows no law.

She had an immense desire to know and to learn, but her mother had no means of satisfying this thirst; and her ardour recoiled on herself, and devoured her with silent grief. Submissive but unhappy, she nailed her will to each day's work, and found at last a new inspiration dawn upon her—that of poetry. This child did not even know that such a thing as a book of grammar existed, when at the age of fourteen, fired by the

memory of her father, she composed *Une Ode à la Gloire*.

What particularly fretted her in the manual labour to which she was consigned, was the impossibility of getting time to read or write, or even of being alone, so that she might think freely. This slavery oppressed her to such a degree, and gave her such a thirst for independence, that the child used often to climb on to the roof of the house at the risk of her life, and there sit under the eye of Heaven alone, in the comfortable conviction that no one would come up after her !

When Mademoiselle Carpentier had attained the age of nineteen, her mother sought an appointment for herself and her daughter to the direction of a *Salle d'Asile*, which was about to be created for the first time at La Flèche, and which was virtually promised to them beforehand, owing to the high respect entertained for the memory of M. Carpentier. Marie felt herself ignorant ; and the solitude in which she had always lived had rendered her too timid, while her experience of the troubles of life had been too great, for her to indulge much hope as to this new career. Nevertheless, her mother wished it, and she obeyed, though her own aspirations had been very different, and tended toward an artist life. After a month's training in the *Salle d'Asile* of Mans, where they went to study the method

used in the model institution which had already been organised for a year by Monsieur and Madame Pape, the mother and daughter returned to organise the *Salle d'Asile* of La Flèche. Once fairly established in her new duties, an extraordinary vocation for teaching showed itself in Mademoiselle Carpentier, which excited the most lively enthusiasm among her fellow-townspeople; and on the secret of her poetical compositions coming out for the first time at the same moment, public sympathy surrounded the modest and youthful teacher.

Marie found at last that her duty and her inclination coincided. She was called to observe, to think, and to act upon a subject worthy of all the pains she could bestow, and she could moreover begin to study.

This being the first *Salle d'Asile* opened in La Flèche, Mademoiselle Carpentier felt imperatively called on to make it succeed. The task was heavy, for she had to learn everything while she was creating her results. But she entered into it bravely, for she had faith in God, faith in progress, and faith in herself. She devoted herself, therefore, to her new duties with zeal—nay, almost with passion—and she succeeded beyond the hopes which any one had entertained, but not beyond those which she had placed before her own imagination. She foresaw and desired still greater success; her fellow-townspeople repaid her devotion by sympathy which doubled her powers;

warmer zeal and efforts yet more devoted emanated from the heart of this young girl. In speaking of this period of her first labours, she has said, "*Qu'on me pardonne d'en parler avec joie, ce fut la plus heureuse phase de ma vie.*"

But this incessant and excessive labour told upon the frail and delicate organisation of Marie Carpantier, which had previously been weakened by years of sedentary toil. She was dreaming of writing a book upon the direction of *Salles d'Asile*, thinking (for her ambition took no higher flight) that her daily experience and the happy results she obtained in a field of labour yet very novel—the education of quite little children—would be useful to other mistresses. But at the very moment when she hoped to put this idea into execution her strength broke down. To the immense excitement of all her faculties succeeded an utter exhaustion. Four years of toil had so severely injured her health that she feared death; and under this feeling she wrote one of the saddest poems in her published volume. Or rather, it was not so much death that she feared, as the leaving her mother alone in the world. She made up her mind to quit the *asile*, to renounce this first and precious activity, and abandon her work of renovation into unknown hands. These are griefs which must be comprehended by the reader rather than detailed in words by the writer!

During these four years she had, however, experienced

more absolute leisure than in any previous period. She had been brought into contact with cultivated and refined people, and in particular with M. de Neufbourgs, then President of the *Commission Administrative des Salles d'Asile*. Possessed of a pure heart, an elevated intellect, and unblemished in conduct, this excellent man was surrounded with universal and well-deserved esteem. He showed Mademoiselle Carpentier the most truly paternal kindness, and she eagerly profited by her intercourse with this gentleman, who enlightened her mind, cultivated her taste, corrected her literary style, and brought her out into intellectual life. She now expresses the strongest gratitude to him, saying, that he was to her mentally what her mother had been morally, and observing, “ *Aussi ces deux filiales reconnaissances dureront autant que ma vie.*”

From the time when Mademoiselle Carpentier took up her post at the *asile*, her character seemed to have completely changed. She had been as a girl grave and melancholy, impatient of any injustice, and almost violently passionate. One day, when walking on the old ramparts of La Flèche, she saw one of her young companions knocked down and struck by three great boys, older than he was, or than she herself. Marie rushed upon them like a lioness, dragged them off their victim, and knocked down the aggressors! They

narrowly escaped being tumbled into the moat by this young heroine of fourteen. But as soon as she came in contact with little children, all the tenderness of her nature blossomed out like a plant in sunshine. Instead of the dark thoughts and fancies which her lonely childhood, and the image of her father assassinated before her birth, had nourished in her mind, gentleness and peace began to dawn in her heart, and to show themselves in her poetry. Marie Carpantier, when she quitted the *asile*, at the age of twenty-three, went to live with a widow lady of La Flèche, named Madame Pion Noirie, whom the loss of children had thrown almost into despair. To console this lady was in itself a mission, and Marie threw herself into it with characteristic devotion.

“ Des hommes attiédés relevez les croyances,
Aux cœurs désespérés rendez leurs espérances,
Sur le monde, à torrents, versez la vérité ;
Sapez l'iniquité jusque dans ses racines,
Et replacez, vainqueurs, sur leur trône en ruines
La justice et l'humanité !

“ Pour moi, timide enfant, dans la foule perdue,
Moi dont la voix sans nom se meurt inentendue,
Une tâche moins fière est donnée à mes jours ;
Moins fière, mais plus douce ; et qui, de paix suivie,
Convient à ma faiblesse, et de mon humble vie
Parfume le modeste cours :

“ Deux mères à chérir, deux amours à confondre,
Des pleurs à partager, d'amers chagrins à fondre,

Quelques tardives fleurs à faire épanouir ;
Protéger de mes mains une chère vieillesse,
Et puis, dépôt sacré commis à ma tendresse,
Un cœur souffrant à réjouir ;

“Voilà tous mes destins, toute ma part de gloire.
Et quand je puis, scrutant mes jours dans ma mémoire,
Retrouver sous mes pas quelques rares bienfaits,
Quelques maux réparés, quelques douleurs calmées,
Quelques vertus en moi nouvellement germées,
Tous mes désirs sont satisfaits !”

It was Madame Pion who, in 1841, besought Marie to allow her poems to be printed. They had already circulated in manuscript in the small country town, and had been warmly welcomed,—had even gained, in 1839, without the knowledge of the author, the medal of the *Congrès Scientifique de France*. The little volume was entitled “Préludes,” and appeared with a preface from a well-known literary woman, Madame Amable Tastu. It caused a vivid sensation, was the subject of numerous articles in the daily papers, and showed that there are exceptions to the truth of the proverb, “No one is a prophet in his own country.”

In 1842 Mademoiselle Carpentier received a proposal to undertake the direction of the principal *Salle d'Asile* in Mans, then under the charge of MM. Trouvé, Chauvel, Serin, &c. At first she refused. Her duties by the side of Madame Pion, ties of affection, and a project of marriage, which was not realised until seven years later,

knit her closely to La Flèche. Notwithstanding, she yielded to the grave considerations which her friends placed before her. She left her native town, her daily interests, and that sympathetic esteem of a population which has known one from childhood, of all others the most precious, and of which she felt the full value. She left sad at heart, but with the feeling of a great duty accomplished; and the thanks of the Administration of Mans were the first recompense of the step she had taken.

Then it was, in the midst of her new functions, that Marie Carpentier realised her intention of writing a book upon *Salles d'Asile*. To enable her to plead with justice and efficacy the cause of the little children, she had need of the continual inspiration of their presence. The first part of this work appeared in 1846, under the title of "Conseils sur la Direction des Salles d'Asile." The warm welcome it received from the public, and the honours paid to it by the *Conseil Royal de l'Université*, by the *Académie Française*, and by the *Société pour l'Instruction Élémentaire*, confirmed her hope that her heart and mind perceived traces of the truth in regard to this new and important subject.

A very great change was now preparing in the life of Mademoiselle Carpentier—a change which developed the beloved heroine of a provincial town into one of the

most distinguished and respected women of the brilliant metropolis of France. Since 1843 she had been acquainted with Madame Jules Mallet, an elderly lady belonging to the French Protestant communion, a member of a wealthy commercial family, and aunt to M. de Salvandy, then Minister of Public Instruction. Madame Jules Mallet was herself a member of the *Commission Supérieure des Salles d'Asile*; she had formed a high esteem, a tender affection, for Mademoiselle Carpentier, and she now, authorised by her nephew, summoned her young friend to Paris, to create and organise a normal school for the training of teachers for *Salles d'Asile*, of which the want had long been felt. Mademoiselle Carpentier reached Paris with her mother, and settled in the house destined for the *École Normale* on the first day of spring 1847.

The *école* was to be created in a simple apartment rented in an ordinary house situated Rue Neuve de St Paul, No. 12, and without any space for an infant school. Madame Mallet furnished from her own pocket everything that was indispensably necessary to this first establishment. One great room was divided by curtains into five little cells, which served as sleeping places for five boarders; another room was allotted as a classroom, and Mademoiselle Carpentier took upon herself the whole office of teacher. Nothing can give an idea

of the *economy* (not to use another word) which it was necessary to exert, or the little expedients by which, each day, in the midst of poverty, both the exigencies of hygiene and the dignity of the infant institution before the public were satisfactorily provided for. The active and orderly mind of Madame Jules Mallet bent itself to resolve each problem, and she was the providence of the school for a year before the breaking out of the insurrection of February 1848.

This political event brought the greatest trouble on Mademoiselle Carpentier. The public officials of every kind were suddenly dispersed. M. de Salvandy, upon whose good offices the normal school depended, was, in common with all the other Ministers, summoned judicially before the new authorities. But the agitations of 1848 are even yet too recent to allow us to dwell on this period of a career which is now being worked out in Paris under the official sanction of the present government. Our English readers will understand the reserve necessary to be kept on many points, when the names and fortunes of living individuals are inextricably involved in the history of such a time. To the troubles incidental to political changes were added those caused by private jealousies and hatred, lowering over the young and talented woman thus suddenly brought from a provincial department into the sphere of Parisian

employés and the arena of literary fame. A knot of people, possessed of only too much power, combined to harass her in every possible way; thwarting her plans for the school, and attacking her with personal slander of a shameful description. But Mademoiselle Carpentier showed a firmness of mind, a strength and constancy of spirit, and a steadfast power of daily conduct, which gave her enemies the lie at every turn. She made no answer to accusations unworthy of the notice of such a woman; but fixing her eyes on the task before her, she let the storm pass by: and such was the weight of her character that, even in Paris, it at last muttered and died away, leaving her in the high unquestioned position she now occupies in public and private esteem.

In 1849, Mademoiselle Carpentier married M. Pape, son to the M. and Madame Pape who were mentioned as having organised a *Salle d'Asile* in her native province. M. Pape, *fils*, was an officer in the African army, having taken service in Algeria in the hope of obtaining advancement sufficient to enable him to realise a marriage on which his heart had been set for ten years—ever since his early youth. The married happiness so long delayed was destined to have but a short duration. In 1858 Madame Pape lost her husband, after a long and painful illness, whose seeds had been laid amidst the fatigues of his military life. Two sweet

little daughters remained to her ; and her devoted mother, Madame Carpantier, lived for some years an inmate of her household, in extreme old age.

At this present time Madame Pape is *directrice* of the work which the wise foresight of government has allowed her to create and sustain. The institution bears the name of *Cours Pratique des Salles d'Asile*. It enjoys full prosperity ; and yearly sends home into their several departments excellent mistresses of infant schools, perfectly capable of seconding the benevolent ideas of government in regard to primary instruction.

Such is the simple history of a good woman's life, as furnished by the authentic papers which have been placed in my hands. It will be permitted me to say a few words out of my own personal knowledge regarding an institution whose main influence must necessarily flow from the personal character of its head, although it is somewhat difficult to do so without trenching on the domain of private friendship.

The house whence fresh swarms of teachers are yearly sent to all parts of France is situated in the Rue des Ursulines, beyond the Pantheon, and near the confines of Paris on its south side. It is an interesting spot from the memories associated with the religious houses congregated round about in past days. The Ursuline convent which gave its name to the street is now

destroyed, but a dwelling now used as a school was once the house of English Benedictines, where part of the remains of James the Second were buried, he having bequeathed his head, heart, and other portions of his mortal frame, to the British College. Close by is the Church of St Jacques du Haut-Pas, which was greatly indebted for its erection to the munificence of Anne de Bourbon, the famous Duchesse de Longueville.

Over the door of No. 10, Rue des Ursulines, hangs a Government flag, which may guide the steps of any curious visitor. A *porte-cochère* leads into a small court; to the left is a door which opens into the main body of the house and to the private dwelling (*appartement*) of Madame Pape-Carpantier; in face is a glass door leading into the large school-rooms and the court used as a playground for the little children. Here may usually be seen any number of tiny creatures, some of them barely firm on their legs, rolling, tumbling, running, playing, laughing, or eating their dinners, which are brought in baskets. This is the infant school in which the teachers are trained. For instance, we will suppose it is the hour for lessons, and the English visitor has been admitted as a favour, by Madame Pape, into the great room, with raised steps rising nearly half way to the ceiling at one end. The small children are all seated on this *estrade*, staring intelligently at the teacher

who stands in the middle of the room ; on the topmost seat, above the children, sit the pupil-teachers from the departments, among whom are usually to be seen a few black-robed figures,—sisters from one or other of the educational orders, who wish to qualify themselves for their duties by passing through this course. All the top row have note-books in their hands. The lesson begins : a young teacher stands facing the *estrade*, and tells the children stories, sometimes from Scripture, sometimes from history, sometimes from domestic life, which she helps out by numerous pictures, and of which she frequently makes the little ones supply the details. It is to be remembered that the scholars are of the *very* smallest description, and that the lessons are such as would naturally be printed in words of one syllable ; but they are made very amusing by the lively dramatic talent of the French teacher, and there is a good deal of laughter and very small joking adapted to the very small capacities. I have often become quite excited in following these lessons, hearing Hyppolite, aged four, brought to confess, by a series of adroit cross-questions, that the cow with the crumpled horn is not a vegetable production ; and seeing Angelique, who wears a quaint little linen cap on her sunny hair, hold up a stiff indignant right hand because Gaston has taken it into his head that windmills are moved by horses. The pic-

tures and toys which assist these simple lessons are always cleverly contrived ; are in some cases models of invention. Presently, Angelique, who is five years old, and occupies a post of dignity as monitor, files off at the head of a troop of girls, and Jean trots off with the boys, and there ensues great marching, and stumping, and stamping, and singing, all done decently and in order, until the children are ranged down the room in little knots which represent their classes. I need not further describe the ordinary management of a good infant school. It is, of course, officered by its own regular teachers, as Madame Pape's time is much taken up by the instruction required by the young women who are her especial charge, and of whom, I believe, three relays pass through the house in every year. Five-and-twenty of these young women sleep and board in the house, and the *religieuses* who come in to attend the classes make up the number to thirty or thereabout.

I have twice attended a *leçon pédagogique*, or lecture, given by Madame Pape to these grown up pupils. This takes place in a large room on the first floor, well fitted up with desks. The young women sit each at their post, while their mistress, whose power of exposition amounts to genius, speaks to them extempore from her chair, unfolding the principles of a science, developing the resources of an idea, analysing the moral and in-

tellectual requirements of the little children who will be confided to them, and treating whatever subject she has in hand with such a subtle and forcible eloquence, that I wondered, as I listened, if her pupils were themselves advanced enough to understand the teaching of the remarkable mind which was thus pouring out its wealth for their instruction.

It only remains to speak of Madame Pape-Carpantier's literary works, which have met with a large measure of success. First in order come the "Préludes," a collection of poems which obtained, while yet in manuscript, the silver medal of the *Congrès Scientifique de France*, in the seventh session, held at Mans in 1839. There is a tender beauty about these verses which reminds one of the music of the Eolian harp.

In 1846 appeared the "Conseils sur la Direction des Salles d'Asile," published with the formal approbation of the Bishop of Mans, crowned by the French Academy, and authorised by the Royal Council of the University. This book has reached a third edition. (Hachette.)

In 1849 succeeded the "Enseignement Pratique dans les Salles d'Asile;" likewise approved by the Bishop of Mans, crowned by the French Academy, and now in its third edition. (Hachette.)

In 1851, the "Nouveau Syllabaire des Salles d'Asile.

L'Ordre substitué à la Confusion dans l'Enseignement de la Lecture." Second edition. (Hachette.)

In 1858, "Histoires et Leçons de Choses pour les Enfants." Crowned by the French Academy, and in its third edition: one of these editions being illustrated by Berthall.

In 1860, "Essai sur le Sens Moral de la Forme; Analyse Raisonnée des Éléments du Dessin Lineaire, avec Figures."

To these productions of her active intelligence must be added reports upon her normal school; several little memoirs, such as those of Madame Jules Mallet and Madame Stephanie St Hilaire, (exquisitely tender tributes to two of her intimate personal friends, who, in some sort, belonged to wide circles of the learned and the good in Paris;) various papers upon primary instruction; and unpublished manuscripts in prose and poetry, some of which show the richness of a mind which might have made its mark early in general literature, had not its fine powers been nailed down to the effective performance of the duties she had undertaken towards a generation of little children.

It is impossible, within the limits of this short biography, to do any critical justice to books which have acquired so much reputation in France as authoritative

works upon education. They demand a separate review, showing in what respect Madame Pape-Carpantier differed from other teachers, what are her especial aims as an instructress, and to what qualities she owes her eminent success. But I cannot close without drawing the attention of my readers to the solid and serious character of the career I have attempted to depict. English people attribute to their French neighbours any amount of genius, vivacity, and kindness of heart ; but I fear they have in general yet to learn, that there are across the Channel a class of earnest and active women whose best intelligence and untiring exertion are devoted to the welfare of their kind.



IV.

MADAME DE LAMARTINE.



IV.

MADAME DE LAMARTINE.

IT is three years ago since a short paragraph in the newspapers announced the death of Madame de Lamartine, informing the English public, perhaps for the first time, that the wife of the great French poet was a countrywoman of our own; and that the grief displayed by the villagers of St Point on the memorable day of her funeral, was a tribute to social and domestic virtues which we have especial right to regard with affectionate respect. The newspapers said nothing more; for Madame de Lamartine, though intimately associated with all her illustrious husband's triumphs and reverses, was a woman absorbed in the sphere of her home—only when his life comes to

be written, will her powers and accomplishments receive their fitting mention; and she would neither have desired, nor was her character suited to anything like biographical fame. Nevertheless, an English traveller walking in Paris in the month of May 1864, would see, in the shop windows, a little lilac-tinted *brochure*, entitled "Madame de Lamartine;" whose open page revealed a delicate female head, engraved on steel. A youthful head, fair and sweet, and very different in character to the grave, somewhat reserved, matronly lady, whose gracious hospitality we enjoyed some seven years ago. The contents of this *brochure*, written apparently by a young literary friend of the family, are little remarkable as to incidents, but they are successful in tracing a sort of crayon likeness of a very good and highly-accomplished woman—such a portrait as might satisfy the most delicate and scrupulous affection—and which we may well present to our readers as an example of all that is most excellent and most charming in the female character.

Madame de Lamartine was the daughter of an English officer, Major-General Birch, whose family were connected with the Churchills; her mother was a Scottish lady, and it was with the latter that the young English girl came to Chambéry in 1819, her father being at that time dead. Mrs Birch took her only child abroad, that

she might complete her education, already carefully commenced in England, and add a competent knowledge of foreign languages to a skill in music and painting which already exceeded those of an amateur. In England the Birches had been intimate with the family of the Marquis de Lapierre, who induced them to come to Chambéry, where the beauty and sublimity of the Alpine scenery aroused powerful emotions in the heart of the young traveller, and disposed her to find there the romance of life. In the *soirées* of the Marquis de Lapierre were read certain manuscript poems of a youthful M. de Lamartine, the son of an old friend of the family. Miss Birch greatly admired the verses of the unknown poet, and always asked for them that she might copy them, one by one, into her album. She came nightly with her mother to visit Madame de Lapierre, who, writing to compliment M. de Lamartine upon his poems, told him of the young Englishwoman who so much admired them, and who copied, and even illustrated them by drawings worthy of their beauty. M. de Lamartine came to Chambéry, where, as might be expected, he fell in love with Miss Birch, and asked her in marriage. Difficulties arose on the score of her being a Protestant; and though Lamartine had influenced the mind of the young girl who already loved him, insomuch that she was willing to enter the

Catholic Church, Mrs Birch refused her consent to such a change.

M. de Lamartine returned home to Mâçon, but shortly after again met the Lapierras and the English ladies at Aix-les-Bains, and some account of his courtship is given by him as follows: "I was lodging," says he, "at a house not far from that of my friends, and I went there almost every evening. The landlord of the Marquis de Lapierre was an excellent and pious old man, named M. Perret, who, to increase his small income, and gain in summer the necessary winter comforts, let out furnished rooms during the season, and kept a reasonable *pension*, managed by his two sisters. This simple and worthy old man, whose ascetic life was written in his face, passed his solitary days in a garret, chiefly occupied in prayer. He dwelt there, an utter stranger to all the bustle of a lodging-house, like a hermit in his cell, in the midst of worldly noise which did not reach his ear. He was a veritable saint, who had from modesty renounced the priesthood, and who passed his life, inwardly withdrawn, between contemplation and the study of God's wonders in creation. The holy man was a botanist. He was to be seen every morning, after having heard mass, mounting the steep lanes of Aix, which lead to the highest mountain platforms. He walked along without his hat, portfolios tucked under

his arm, insect-nets in his hand, murmuring in a low voice the verses of his breviary. In the evening he came down more or less burdened with herbs or poor dead butterflies, with which he increased his collection. The only amusement he allowed himself after supper, the recitation of his rosary, and night prayers, was an air upon the flute, played beside his window, looking on the meadows of Tresserves. He had reserved this instrument, and also his love of music, since his youth, when he had been a musician in one of the King of Sardinia's regiments. He was very fond of me, because in my idle hours I liked to see his herbal, and listened to his scientific and religious explanations on the virtues of plants and the habits of insects, which, in his opinion, all attested the greatness and the design of Providence.

“The gossip of the house had informed him of the attachment existing between the young English lady and myself, and of the obstacles which the mother raised on account of religion, and the hindrance which she put to our meeting each other. He believed it to be his duty to favour us in every way, thinking thus by marriage to save a soul which would otherwise be lost. He proposed being my sentinel in his sisters' house, and to give me warning, by playing on his flute, whenever the vigilant mother went out without her daughter. My

window, which was that of a room situated in a suburb out of the town, was near enough for the sharp sound of the instrument to reach my ear, and thus give me the opportunity of timing my visits with the absence of the lady who eventually became my mother-in-law. Thus the holy man conscientiously served a youthful affection, believing he also served Heaven. It is doubtless the first time that most sincere piety has helped two lovers to a rendezvous!"

After the season was over at the baths, M. de Lamartine went to Paris for the purpose of printing his verses. But while correcting his proofs, he followed the urgent advice of his father, who had little faith in the Muse enriching her votaries, and solicited a diplomatic post. Through the interest of Madame la Marquise de Saint-Aulaire and Madame la Duchesse de Broglie, M. Pasquier, minister of foreign affairs, named him third secretary of the embassy at Naples. When the famous "Meditations Poétiques" were printed and published, the first copy was sent to Miss Birch at Chambéry. Lamartine was not long in following it. He went to Mâçon to bid adieu to his family, and then passed on to Savoy, to ask yet once again for the hand of his love. This time he was successful. Miss Birch declared herself a Catholic; the mother appears to have yielded,

and the marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the Château Royal de Chambéry. The contract was signed by Count Joseph de Maistre.

The young couple started for Italy, and remained some time. Here it was that Lamartine wrote many of his most exquisite poems, and here his only child was born. Julia de Lamartine, delicate from her birth, absorbed her mother's interest in life. By her she was educated, at St Point, near Mâçon; and at six years old the little one could read fluently her father's "Meditations." She was very clever, very sensitive; at eleven years old she could draw, paint, and execute music with great facility, inheriting her mother's talent in both arts. But her delicacy of health was such that on the day of her first communion she was not strong enough to carry her taper—the great wax taper which is on that day presented to the *curé*, and which children hold during mass as a symbol of faith. When the child was about twelve years old, her parents, counselled by the physicians, decided to travel with her in the East, hoping that the warmer climate, the vivid sunshine of Palestine, might give her vigour. In the spring of 1832 they made their preparations for the voyage. Julia cried much at leaving St Point and the other members of the family; and exclaimed to her father's sister, Madame la

Comtesse de Cessiat, "*Oh, ma tante, si nous faisons naufrage, et qu'on retrouvât mon corps, faites le enterrer à Saint Point.*"

Parents and child set sail from Marseilles on the 20th of May 1832, in the *Alceste*, a little vessel of 250 tons, manned by sixteen sailors, and belonging to the little port of Ciotat. Everything had been most comfortably arranged on board. There were three cabins, of which the largest, containing a library of 500 chosen volumes, was reserved for Madame de Lamartine and Julia. The next in size was occupied by three friends and Dr de la Royère, who accompanied the travellers. The third, which was very small, and lighted by a narrow window on the level of the water, had for furniture nothing but a mattress, an arm-chair, and a small table nailed to the side of the ship. Here the poet wrote his "*Voyage en Orient*;" here he dipped his pen in the brightness of the Mediterranean morning, the soft gloom of the Mediterranean night. Let us open his journal. The *Alceste* is nearing the Archipelago of Greece, but she has not as yet mounted her four guns, destined to protect her, if necessary, from the pirates. Madame de Lamartine sits below, watching over her daughter. Here is "*Sunium's marble steep*," where Plato discoursed of the immortality of the soul. Lamartine is walking on deck, absorbed in the lovely landscape, the

poetic and philosophic associations of the scene. He calls to Julia to come out to him, that she too may see what he sees, but the child does not answer. We transcribe the father's own words:—

“*12th August 1832.*—Great anxiety as to the health of my daughter. We are at anchor. Melancholy walk to the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, and to the Stadium. Drank of the muddy-tainted stream which is yet the Ilissus.”

“*23d August, (among the Cyclades.)*—I have passed the night in nursing Julia, and walking up and down the deck. Grievous night! how often I have trembled to think how many lives I have risked on a single chance! How happy should I be if a heavenly spirit would transport Julia to the peaceful shades of St Point! We experienced a furious gust of wind between the islands of Amorgos and Stampia. The vessel groaned, and the water struck heavily against the stern. Lurches from one wave into another.”

Little by little the sea calmed down, and the voyagers reached Beyrouth on the 6th of September, at nine in the morning. On land, Julia was better in health. They soon settled in a house; Madame de Lamartine was anxious to find herself in the usual atmosphere of family life, thinking that it might help to restore Julia. And how happy they were in this Eastern land! What ten-

derness and gaiety encircled their household! In the journal, it is mentioned how her mother plaited Julia's long light tresses in imitation of those of the Beyrouth ladies, and twisted her shawl as a turban round her head. "I have never seen," says her father, "among all the female faces engraven on my memory, anything more charming than that of Julia, dressed thus, in a turban of Aleppo, with the small cap of worked gold, from whence fell fringes of pearls and chains of gold coin." Then come a series of Arab *fêtes*. Julia goes, on the 12th of September, to the wedding of Habib-Barbara, the interpreter of M. de Lamartine. On the 16th of the month, a little studio was set up in the house of the pilgrims. "My wife and Julia have painted the walls in fresco." At length, when the dwelling was completely prepared for winter, Lamartine made an excursion to the mountains of Beyrouth; but his absence was short. On the 5th of October he was at home again, and writes, "I have found my wife and my child in good health, occupied in beautifying our winter quarters." Thus reassured, he prepares to take a longer journey; and this time he sees Mount Carmel, Mount Tabor, Gethsemane, Bethlehem, Hebron, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Well of Siloam, Nazareth, and Jerusalem. In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre he had two masses said for Madame de Lamartine and Julia.

But all this time he had no news of his dear invalid. The Arabs infested the desert, and the post could only be conveyed under the guard of strong caravans. At last, on the 3d of November, his anxiety was removed. "A courier, from Jaffa, brought me letters which reassured me as to the health of my daughter." But he longed to see her, and was soon back at Beyrout; whence, however, he again set out on the 19th of November; but this time Julia accompanied her father. He took her to see the ruins of Baalbec, thinking them to be one of those great sights which it is well to impress upon the imagination of youth. "On that day," he writes, "she mounted, for the first time, a desert steed which I had brought for her from the Dead Sea, and of which an Arab servant held the bridle. We were alone. The day, although in November, was glowing with light, heat, and verdure. Never had I seen this remarkable child in such an ecstasy with nature, with motion, with the delight of living, seeing, feeling. Every moment she turned to me, crying out; and when we had made the circuit of the hill of San Dimitri, had traversed the plain, and reached the pine-trees, where we halted, 'Is it not,' said she to me, 'the longest, the most beautiful, and the most delightful excursion that I have yet made in all my life?'" Alas! yes; and it was the last! A few days later, and Julia

was no more. She died on the 5th of December 1832, in the arms of her father and mother, in the home which she had so lately been helping to adorn. It was an hour before noon when she gave up her soul to God. The air was warm ; it was a beautiful sunshiny day. The little Arab girls danced before the door, under the large palm-trees, without thinking that a great grief was so close at hand. By the side of Julia's pillow, with her parents, attended a monk from the Christian convent at Beyrouth. He it was who presented for the last time the crucifix to the lip of the dying child, and then gave it to the poor bereft father and mother, as a last farewell. Julia was embalmed with the same perfumes with which our Lord Jesus Christ was embalmed in the holy days of the Holy Land ; then they wrapped her in a white shroud. Her head was slightly raised, her light curling hair fell upon her neck, her eyelids gently closed gave her the air of a young girl who in sleeping dreams a beautiful dream. Once more her parents looked upon her face ; then the coffin was closed and placed in a temporary tomb, at the door of which two janissaries from the French consulate at Beyrouth, silent as is their custom, rolled a great slab of black marble, similar to that which the Roman pro-consuls once rolled to the door of the tomb of Christ. But, hence, she was in some sort to come forth ; for she

had said, "If we are shipwrecked, and my body is found, let it be buried at Saint Point. It is there I wish to die." Before returning to France, there were melancholy days in store. The winter became sad with care ; the olives upon the hills of Beyrouth lost their last leaves, and all looked cold and dreary to the desolate parents. The poet wept for his little Julia.

" C'était le seul débris de ma longue tempête,
Seul fruit de tant de fleurs, seul vestige d'amour ;
Une larme au départ, un baiser au retour :
Pour nos foyers errants une éternelle fête !
C'était, sur ma fenêtre, un rayon de soleil,
Un oiseau gazouillant qui buvait sur ma bouche,
Un souffle harmonieux, la nuit, près de ma couche,
Une caresse à mon réveil.

" C'était le seul anneau de ma chaîne brisée
Le seul coin pur et bleu dans tout mon horizon.
Pour que son nom sonnât plus doux dans la maison,
D'un nom mélodieux nous l'avions baptisée.
C'était mon univers, mon mouvement, mon bruit,
La voix qui m'enchantait dans toutes mes demeures,
La charme, ou le souci de mes jours, de mes heures,
Mon matin, mon soir, et ma nuit.

" Eh bien ! prends, assouvis, implacable justice,
D'agonie et de mort, le besoin immortel ;
Moi-même je l'étends sur ton funèbre autel.
Si je l'ai tout vidé, brise enfin mon calice,
Ma fille ! mon enfant ! mon souffle ! la voilà !
La voilà ! j'ai coupé seulement ces deux tresses,
Dont elle m'enchainait, hier, dans ses caresses,
Et je n'ai gardé que cela ! "

But after four long months, spent in tears and in prayer, Monsieur and Madame de Lamartine at length saw spring return; they again opened their doors to their friends in Beyrouth, and went out with them once more. M. de Lamartine revisited the ruins of Baalbec, gathering up, as it were, his last associations with his lost daughter. Madame de Lamartine walked amidst the beautiful environs of Beyrouth, recalling the natural beauty and grace which were gone. When the spring was fully come and the sea was calm, the *Alceste* returned to fetch the travellers; but to spare a pang to the mourning mother, it was decided that they should not embark in the same vessel which had borne, with them, their darling child. The coffin was placed in the *Alceste*, and the Lamartines sailed in the *Sophie*; the two ships starting together from the port. They were not long in reaching Marseilles, and on the 26th of May 1833, Julia de Lamartine returned to Saint Point.

The villagers had assumed their best garments, as if to receive an angel clothed in white; the chestnuts were in blossom; the pigeons wheeled about the roof of her home; Saint Point was in the flush and bloom of spring time when the fair young girl was laid in the grave where she had desired to lie. In his grief, Lamartine said, "*Ma famille aésormais ce sera la France; ma Patrie succède à ma fille; du moins celle là ne me sera*

pas enlevée; et quand j'aurai vécu pour elle, elle me fermera les yeux."

Now began, for the illustrious poet, the time of his greatest mental activity. He published much poetry; including his beautiful romance of "Jocelyn;" and he began preparations for the "History of the Girondins." He likewise entered into political life; the electors of Bergues sent him to Parliament; and his native town of Mâçon wished also that he should represent her interests. While he was thus absorbed in work of various kinds, his wife watched over him unceasingly. It was a touching sight, that of her constant solicitude; she enveloped her husband with love and care; she was ever by his side, gathering every look and every word. Devoted to his interests, she occupied herself in each household detail, and in her husband's correspondence, and in the most trifling pages from his pen. These pages she gathered one by one, copied them for the printer, and has thus preserved for posterity the manuscripts of the great poet. This idea of Madame de Lamartine's is both curious and touching; future collectors of autographs will have cause to be grateful to her. Up to the present time, all the manuscripts of the author of the "Girondins" have been preserved.

We have told the story of the "Meditations Poétiques;" all the verses were copied for Madame de La-

martine, in the long aristocratic handwriting of the poet, and placed in the *corbeille de nocces*, a precious compliment to which another still more precious was to be added. M. de Lamartine had just produced "Jocelyn" which was composed day by day, on the mountain, in the valley, seated on a block of granite, or under the shade of a chestnut tree, and had been written on the alternate leaves of an account book, or rather of a great album serving as an account book. On the other leaves were the accounts of the wages owed to the numerous labourers in his vineyards of St Point and Montceau. Each man was there noted down, his days of work, his domicile, his age, the number of his cottage; without heed, that on the opposite pages, "Jocelyn" breathed and lived, and the parsonage of Valneige was built up for all time. The grapes were gathered, and the poem was completed, and the day came when it was to be sent to the publisher. The parcel was being made up when Madame de Lamartine stopped the proceeding, "How is this," she cried, "M. de Lamartine is sending off the account book of the vineyards? He has made a mistake." Then turning over a page, she added, "No! it is really 'Jocelyn,'" and she laughed while examining the album where poetry, illustration, and arithmetic, were mingled together. Then she hastened to her study and industriously

copied "Jocelyn," which was sent to Paris after a few days' delay. Her husband, who was out when this little incident occurred, did not inquire particularly whether the messenger had taken the parcel, and he thought his poem already gone to press, when at the family breakfast, Madame de Lamartine gave him back the album containing the accounts of his vineyards, and told him she had copied the poem which was about to be sent to Paris. Struck with astonishment and gratitude, Lamartine asked for a pen, and wrote the following verses on the first page of "Jocelyn:"—

"A MARIA ANNA ELIZA.

- "Doux nom de mon bonheur, si je pouvais écrire
Un chiffre ineffaçable au socle de ma lyre,
C'est le tien que mon cœur écrirait avant moi,
Ce nom où vit ma vie et qui double mon âme !
Mais pour lui conserver sa chaste ombre de femme
Je ne l'écrirais que pour toi !
- "Lit d'ombrage et de fleurs où l'ombre de ma vie
Coule secrètement, coule à demi tairie,
Dont les bords, trop souvent, sont attristés par moi ;
Si quelque pan du ciel par moment s'y dévoile,
Si quelque flot y chante en roulant une étoile,
Que ce murmure monte à toi !
- "Abri dans la tourmente où l'arbre du poète,
Sous un ciel, déjà sombre, obscurément végété
Et d'où la sève monte et coule encore en moi,
Si quelque vert débris de ma pâle couronne
Reffleurit aux rameaux et tombe aux vent d'automne,
Que ces feuilles tombent sur toi !"

Thus "Jocelyn" was dedicated to Madame de Lamartine; thus the accounts of the vineyards and the poem were both preserved. Posterity can now ascertain with its own eyes that in this manuscript of two thousand lines there is not one erasure. We said that all his manuscripts had been kept intact by his wife's care except that of "Les Girondins;" why she did not keep that particular one, it is impossible to say. Was it that for this book she had no sympathy? We know not, and yet can hardly believe this was the reason, as she was very liberal in her opinions about the working classes, and sympathised with all the more moderate reforms of 1789. She knew personally the garrets of the working men, knew how much they often have to suffer, and how much intelligence and uprightness is to be found among them. If this manuscript is wanting to the inheritance she has bequeathed to bibliographers, the omission is doubtless owing to her numerous charitable duties; for at the time it was written there was much suffering in Paris.

While thus assisting her husband, Madame de Lamartine had become deeply imbued with his intellectual qualities; she felt—spoke as he did, and almost wrote a similar hand. The likeness in difference which existed between them, would be an interesting critical study. In her correspondence she exhibited the same

heart-eloquence and simplicity of diction. Her style varied with the person she addressed ; with one she was tender, with another decided ; but in her most vigorous advice she mingled sweetness, and made duty seem to smile. Some day, perhaps, her letters will be collected and published ; some day, perhaps, her intimate friends will have the generosity to let the public benefit by that just and upright intellect, that good sense, that affectionate animation. It would be thought justifiable on their part, were it known how completely her letters reflect her noble and happily-gifted nature. She excelled, like Madame de Sévigné—"à laisser trotter sa plume la bride sur le cou."

By means of these letters a reader might follow the whole literary movement of the last thirty years—that is to say, of the most brilliant quarter of the century. Madame de Lamartine, who did not herself write for the public, was well capable of doing so ; but she preferred the seclusion of her fireside, though she was interested in all that went on. Innumerable quotations might be made from her letters, showing the vivacity and justness of her observation ; but to fully feel their beauty, these letters should be read in their entirety. If the subject is grave, Madame de Lamartine is also serious ; if it is romantic, she becomes *piquante* and lively. Thus she said to one of the most powerful of French novel

writers, "*Monsieur, votre héroïne me plaît; elle meurt d'amour à quarante ans! c'est beau de mourir d'un coup de soleil.*"

She was very kind and attentive to young authors, introducing them to her husband even when their verses were not worth reading, that she might spare them mortification by a little cheering attention. She extended her protection to "*les inconnus, les rêveurs de province et les malheureux incompris.*" But when she met with real youthful talent she sympathised heartily, and did her best to develop it and bring it to success. On her path of life she ever made those happy whom she met. In "Geneviève," her husband has devoted a few pages to the story of "Reine Garde," the poor workwoman who told Madame de Lamartine the story of her dead goldfinch as a mother might relate the loss of her child; and "*Reine Garde l'aima du premier coup d'œil, s'y attacha par la conformité des bons cœurs, et ne cessa pas de lui écrire, une ou deux fois chaque année, pour lui envoyer des vœux ou des souvenir renfermés dans de petits ouvrages de sa main.*"

In her home, when she received her friends, she exhibited the same charming simplicity; she pleased everybody. For idle people she had amusements in the garden, and *causeries* in the arm-chair, and conversation that was ever varied, innocent, captivating, tender, and

delicately ironical, with glimpses of the more intellectual side of life.

For thinkers and philosophers she led the discussion of modern ideas, with a fine and true appreciation of the most delicate shades of thought. She possessed an inexhaustible store of the results of moral observation, and would give the happiest hints towards the solution of vexed questions; while she knew how to hit off, as with an artist's pencil, the characteristic points of the social circles of our day. And in spite of the constant interruptions of the world, in spite of the incessant nothings demanded by her position, Madame de Lamartine yet kept watch over herself; she was the very type of spiritual activity. According to a striking expression of Madame de Sévigné, "*Elle travaillait tous les jours à son esprit, à son âme, à son cœur, à ses sentiments,*" we may say of her that she daily realised an ideal of the rarest kind. She was the companion of a man of genius, over whose fame she watched with domestic piety, without ever for a single instant allowing the splendour of the husband's intellect to absorb the powerful and wholesome individuality of the wife. Neither unduly humble nor yet unduly exalted, she never ceased to comprehend, to help, love, and serve the genius which surpassed her in expression, but which she met in the realm of feeling. From the day in which, deeply moved

by the "Meditations," she loved without having seen the young poet, until the last moments of that long life, so brilliant, yet so cruelly tried, never did she cease, so to speak, to listen to the pulsations of the heart which beat close to her own. Madame de Lamartine followed the modulations of his thought, and aided him to preserve that unity of aspiration which has distinguished her husband under very different forms of political life. She had herself the most profound faith in the consistency of his character, and did her best to uphold it to the world.

We now come to the stormy days of 1848, to the days in which Lamartine played so great a part, and which must have been a period of cruel anxiety to his devoted wife. So close is the union between them, that wherever he is to be sought for, there we trace her also. In the rooms devoted to the minister of foreign affairs we find Madame de Lamartine calm at a moment when all Paris trembles. Her official position obliges her to give receptions, and here she exhibits the tact, the delicacy, and the constant charm of her character. The most dissimilar opinions meet in her *salon*; she knows how to mingle them peaceably by mutual respect. But we must follow her footsteps to far other scenes.

Madame de Lamartine knew that misery always accompanies revolution, whether just or unjust. Under

her windows she heard people asking for bread or for firearms, and she longed to save them from themselves by her charity—by her zeal. Then she hastened over those pavements of Paris, which were quivering with excitement; she climbed into the garrets, she visited the hospitals, she carried medicine and consolation to the men wounded in the rising of February. At the ministry she established a secret dispensary, of which she herself distributed the assistance through Paris; and to leave those whom she succoured free from any burden of gratitude, she went under the name of Madame Dumont. This name, of which the mystery has only just been disclosed, might easily become the nucleus of legends in Paris, so well is it remembered by the working class. Here is a small anecdote which refers to this epoch.

In the last days of December 1848, Madame de Lamartine sent for a *fiacre* to come to the door of her hotel. Into this coach she put a quantity of small parcels, nearly all of the same size, and looking as if they might contain round ginger-bread; she then ordered the driver to go to the Faubourg St Marceau. She stopped at a door in the Rue de Lourcine, mounted a dark staircase, and after a few minutes, came down again. She did the same thing at ten or twelve houses in the same quarter, when the driver, tired of sitting waiting at one particular house, got down and entered a wine shop

which happened to be opposite. Madame de Lamartine made a longer stay here, because the father of the family had fallen ill, and sickness was added to poverty. The impatient coachman began talking to the man of the wine shop. The latter observed "Your fare is doubtless a *dame de charité*." "No," replied the driver, "I think she is more likely a lady employed to sell *bonbons*; to-morrow is the day of New-Year's gifts." "And do you fancy anybody here thinks about New-Year's gifts? why, all the workmen are dying of hunger!" "Oh! nonsense! everybody knows these quarters are full of comfortable shopkeepers who affect poverty because they are afraid of the Republic." Whereupon arrived a poor woman, coming out of the house where Madame de Lamartine then was. The man at the wine shop asked her who the visitor was.

"Oh!" she replied, "never fear, it's Madame Dumont, a *dame de charité* from one of the *bureaux de bienfaisance* in Paris; she is in my neighbour's room, whose 'man' has been ill these three days. She spoke to me in passing, and asked if my husband, who is a carriage-builder, had any work, and then she gave my little girl, who was on the door-step, a box of sugar-plums."

"There now! didn't I tell you," said the driver, with an air of conquest, "this lady is selling *bonbons*?"

“No, no!” replied the woman, sharply, “I tell you she is a *dame de charité*—a good lady; and as to-morrow is New-Year’s day, she is bringing presents to the parents to give their children. Everybody, poor and rich, is to be made happy at least this one day.”

Then the *dame de charité* came down, asked the driver’s pardon for having perhaps tired him by making him wait so long (!) and then returned home. The wine-seller came on to the threshold of his shop, that he might see this Madame Dumont, at whose kindness he was touched; and it is only since her death that in reading an article, by M. Edmond Texier, in the *Siècle*, he learnt that under that plebeian name was disguised Madame Lamartine, wife of the former Minister for Foreign Affairs. He has since told the story, with an emphasis full of sincerity and of admiration. It illustrates M. Edmond Texier’s words, “*Jeunes filles séduites qu’elle a fait rentrer dans le droit chemin, viellards dont elle était la sœur, enfants dont elle était la mère, infortunés de tous les âges qu’elle a secourus et aimés, vous ne révérez plus cette consolatrice des affligés : Madame Dumont, avec Madame de Lamartine, vient de mourir.*” Be it said, in passing, that M. Texier himself is supposed to have assisted her in the distribution of her charities, and especially as regards the poorer families of English people recently settled in Paris; M. Texier having re-

sided in England, and being conversant with our language.

These days of '48, full of excitement and of glory for M. de Lamartine, were also days of cruel alarm. On the 16th of April, Louis Blanc and his political friends had organised a great popular demonstration on the Champs de Mars, and 20,000 men were supposed ready to march on the Hôtel de Ville. Lamartine, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, suffered incessant alarms. He believed it to be the last hour of the French Republic as he had desired to see it, and as he was prepared to defend it. He believed also that the last day of his own life was arrived. He made his will, burnt all his important papers, and started for the Hôtel de Ville with Armand Marrast. Changarnier came up at that moment; he had heard the drum, and the crowd from the Champs de Mars was already pouring on to the Boulevards. "*General,*" cried Madame de Lamartine, "*General, allez sauvez la France.*" While her husband bent his way to the Hôtel de Ville she went to the house of a friend in the Chaussée d'Autin. Then the National Guards rallied round Lamartine; they occupied the bridges, the Boulevards, and the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. They shouted, "*Vive Lamartine! vive Marrast!*" and the masses pouring down from the Champs de Mars defiled silently through the lines of

bayonets. Authority thus remaining with the government, Changarnier himself hastened to tell the good news to the anxious women. Long afterwards Lamartine reached the Chaussée d'Autin, threw himself into his wife's arms, and said, "*Voilà le plus beau jour de ma vie.*"

In two more months, after the "days of June," Lamartine gave up his authority into the hands of General Cavaignac; and in April of the following year he completely retired from political life, carrying with him, says the author of the *brochure*, "*un mauvais souvenir d'ingratitude.*" In his "Histoire de la Revolution de 1848," published not long after, he ends with these words, "*De grands services ont été rendus, des fautes ont été commises. Je prie Dieu, mes concitoyens et la postérité de me pardonner les miennes.*"

The curtain falls, and we again enter the domestic life of Madame de Lamartine. Her husband wrote his romance of "Raphael." She again resumed her artistic occupations. St Point had been decorated by her brush; and the Parisian tourist may find one proof of her ability in the beautiful *bénitier* of the church of St Germain l'Auxerrois, for which she furnished the design to Jouffroy, who sculptured it in Carrara marble. It is triangular in form; consisting of three shells for the holy water, which are surmounted by a group of three

children clustered round a cross. One of these little figures opens its arms with such a charming smile, that the describer doubts if the "*eau sainte que l'on prends dans ce bénitier la, peut faire peur aux demons.*" The *bénitier* was placed in this beautiful old church, one of the very oldest in Paris, as an expiatory offering to efface the last vestiges of the profanations of July, twenty years before.

Madame de Lamartine excelled in sketching and painting children ; they appear in all her works, tender, rosy, and innocent ; seeming generally to be two or three years old, having excellent health, merry faces, and plump little limbs. It was as if she retained a constant memory of her baby Julia at St Point ; baby Julia sleeping in a wicker cradle under the shade of the sycamore trees. And yet, plump and round and merry as are the children which she drew, they have also something of immortal light about them—a look as of cherubim and seraphim in the courts of heaven.

Her biographer recounts a melancholy visit which he paid after her death to M. de Lamartine's little habitation in the Faubourg St Honoré, (43 Rue de la Ville l'Evêque ;) a house in which, says he, posterity will seem to hear the confused echoes of poetic fame ; the strange and contradictory clamour of the popular voice, the crash of high fortunes, the mingled accents of

praise and blame, to which time alone can assign just value. But amidst these will linger the pure and tender memory of the poet's wife, and, perchance, a vestige of the works of her pencil, or a bas-relief in the little *salon* which she loved to adorn. Of bas-reliefs there are now twelve, simply suspended upon nails; they represent groups of little children, one set of whom are playing at *paille-chaude*; another set are dancing and singing; another "playing at horses"—always little children, whose infant motions were accurately observed and delicately rendered by Madame de Lamartine. She also painted well upon porcelain, and the same *salon* possesses a set of plates ornamented with the twining leaves of the olive and the vine; plates "fit to set before Virgil." On two vases placed on either side of D'Orsay's bust of Lamartine, she has painted the reading scene in "Graziella," and a Halt amidst the Apennines. The one picture is golden with the light of Naples, the sea is of a dreamy blue, the fishermen lie upon the shore beside their nets and listen to Graziella; the other picture represents a mountain shepherd watching his flock, while a group of tourists—three or four lovely young women and a young man—are seen crossing the mountain top above his head. These vases are doubtless recollections of the Italian journey of her youth. Two other vases exhibit children gathering

oranges, little lively mischievous creatures plunged amidst the leafy boughs and golden fruit ; yet withal so sweet and human, that they might be those of whom it was said "of such are the kingdom of heaven." What Madame de Lamartine, a woman of the world, devoted to her husband, her household, and to the poor, accomplished as an artist would astonish all who did not know the religious respect she entertained for the value of time. She adhered to the English maxim, "Time is Money," and one can only explain her varied excellence by saying, that the genius displayed by the husband in his writings was equalled by that which moulded the character of the wife.

During the years which succeeded to the stormy days of '48, Lamartine devoted himself to literature, producing "Les Confidences," "Les Nouvelles Confidences," "Geneviève," and "Le Tailleur de Pierre de Saint Point," "Toussaint l'Ouverture," the "Histoire de la Restauration," the "Histoire des Constituants," the "Histoire de la Turquie," "Le Conseiller du Peuple," and, lastly, in 1857, the famous "Cours familier de Littérature." The latter was expressly undertaken for the payment of his debts, when the public subscription had failed. It is impossible here to enter on the vexed question of M. de Lamartine's debts, attributed by some to private and personal expense ; by others, to the out-

lay in which he was involved while saving France from revolution in 1848. That Madame de Lamartine suffered acutely during this time will easily be imagined. Political passions revived and complicated the question of the subscription, which it was found necessary to close with but small results; and her correspondence during this critical time, when her husband's honour and fortune seemed trembling in the balance, indicated the nervous anxiety under which she laboured; while her usually serene face betrayed the deep suffering of the time. Its delicate lines were wrinkled, and the unquiet soul trembled in the notes of her voice. During the publication of the "Cours de Littérature" she redoubled her activity, correcting the proofs and watching over the contents of each number in which her husband treated of the living or of the lately dead, and ran the risk of stirring up questions and controversies of recent date. The immense circulation of the "Cours," which at once obtained 30,000 subscribers, and for which Alphonse Karr, at Lyons, obtained 500 in one week, rendered this intense vigilance a matter of painful importance; and Louis Ulbach has told, in the *Temps*, an anecdote which excited universal interest, in which he describes a visit paid by himself in the summer of 1857 to Lamartine at Montceau, where the poet was finishing his paper on Béranger. This paper was destined to

appear in the columns of the *Siècle* newspaper, and Madame de Lamartine was painfully nervous lest contemporary passions should be roused by any verbal imprudence. To add to her anxiety, the printer had expressed alarm at the political parts of the contents, and M. de Lamartine became irritated, refused to listen to any proposed alterations, and vowed the proofs should be returned as they were or not at all. M. Ulbach at last got possession of these proofs, with leave to read them, and sat up half the night, trying to modify the expressions in a way that the poet might be induced to accept. The wife sent little suggestive notes into the library during the hours that M. Ulbach was thus occupied ; and when, having at last gone to bed, he awoke the next morning, he found a small paper pushed through his key-hole, a last idea from the indefatigable Madame de Lamartine, who had not slept at all. The corrections were produced at breakfast, and the poet consented to give way. M. Ulbach took the credit of the alterations, and the good wife kept silence and sent the article to the *Siècle*.

To the country villagers on her husband's estates she showed indefatigable kindness on great and small occasions. It is still remembered how when a poor old man was struck by lightning, and horribly disfigured by burns, of which he shortly expired, it was she who

rubbed him with a soothing medicament from head to foot as he lay on his bed stark naked, and groaning with anguish.

At Saint Point, where Lamartine lived as a child, and where he is still called "M. Alphonse," the mason, Claude des Huttes, who would only labour for the poor, graciously consented to hew some stone for M. de Lamartine, in these terms: "*Claude des Huttes consent à venir faire l'ouvrage de Monsieur, et à travailler pour le château, parce que Madame est bonne pour les pauvres.*"

In the practice of every pious and charitable virtue, the days of Madame de Lamartine drew to a close; but before she herself was taken she was destined to lose a dear and early friend, her husband's sister, the Comtesse de Cessiat. This death occurred, after a very short illness, at Mâçon, where the whole town shared in the lamentation. Madame de Lamartine herself died in Paris, and with similar suddenness. Always buoyed up by her spiritual rather than by her physical force, and having frequently rallied from attacks of indisposition, her family circle were far from apprehending anything serious from her last malady; but erysipelas set in, and flew to the head. Her husband was ill at the same time, and unable to watch over her at the last; but she recovered sufficient consciousness to ask after him. She died on Thursday, the 21st of May 1863, after forty-

eight hours of great suffering ; receiving the last consolations of her faith from the Abbé Deguerry, *curé* of the Madeleine.

She was buried at Saint Point, by the side of her lost Julia ; the coffin being carried from the château to the church by her husband's vine-growers, and followed by a vast concourse of country people, to whom she was profoundly endeared by the virtues of her modest and devoted Christian life.



v.

MADAME LUCÉ, OF ALGIERS.



V.

MADAME LUCE, OF ALGIERS.

MADEMOISELLE Eugénie Berlau was born on the 6th of June 1804, in the Hôtel de Ville of Montréchat, a little town in Touraine, containing a population of 2400 souls. Her father, an architect and engineer by profession, was at that time *Sécretaire de la Maire* at Montréchat. The family had apartments in the Hôtel de Ville; and thus it was that, in a room near that in which the judges were holding the assizes, on the Monday of the Great Feast of Pentecost, the little daughter who is the subject of this narrative first saw the light.

The origin of the Berlau family is sufficiently mysterious. Somewhere about the middle of the last century,

the Prior of a monastery in Picardy arrived in Touraine, bringing with him a little boy of four years old. The child was called Berlau, but nothing was ever known of his birth or relations. Carefully educated by the Prior, who remained in Touraine attached to a religious establishment, the lad grew up to the age of twenty, when it became necessary that he should adopt a profession. While walking thoughtfully along a road, considering to what career he should devote himself, the fatherless boy noticed a scrap of paper lying at his feet, whither it had been wafted by some chance wind, or dropped by some careless passer-by. Stooping, he picked it up, and found it to contain a geometrical problem, lost probably by some scholar on his way from school. Young Berlau took this incident to be a hint from Providence, and resolved to become a professor of mathematics. He did so, and secured a respectable position. His religious protectors obtained for him a good marriage with a *demoiselle* of a family of Touraine, by whom he had three children; one of these was the father of Eugénie Berlau.

This little girl was the twelfth child of her parents; she had for playmates a little sister younger than herself and a niece of her own age. Her other brothers and sisters were away and settled in life, and we only hear of one brother, who appears to have been a sur-

veyor, having adopted the family taste for mathematics ; for he received a salary of twenty-five francs a day for assisting in the work of dividing France into departments, when the geographical boundaries of the poetic old French provinces, so famous in the romance of history, were swept away. When Eugénie was four years of age, she went to live with her parents at an old château in the environs of Montréchat. M. Berlau was anything but a rich man ; the salaries of French officials are on so small a scale as to enable them with the greatest difficulty to bring up a family even much fewer in number than was his large domestic circle ; and neither his profession nor his land appear to have raised his income to 5000 francs, or £200 a year. How French households get on at all, and contrive to bring up their children, to settle their sons, and to marry their daughters, is a subject of constant astonishment to English people well acquainted with French interiors. M. Berlau, however, accomplished it, as do hundreds and thousands of others ; and we see that he was, besides, a small *propriétaire*—that darling ambition of the French citizen since the Revolution divided the land and threw it into the hands of the people.

At the old château Eugénie remained for many years, a dreaming, studious child, constantly wandering about out and in-doors, much given to botany, and knowing

every tree and plant and leaf native to the woods and fields of Touraine. But in order clearly to understand the influences which surrounded this remarkable woman in her young years, it is necessary to form a conception of provincial life in France, of which little or nothing is known in England. We have a custom of constantly repeating that *Paris is France*, one of those shallow observations which come to pass current from sheer carelessness, like a bad shilling. There are senses in which it is only too true—the political sense, for instance. Since the time of Louis XIV. the different governments have successively and persistently aimed at and attained an increase of political centralisation. The country is ruled through its remotest fibres by officials sent from Paris, and the conqueror of the Capital is lord of the Kingdom. But in deeper social senses, Paris is still very far from being France. There is a solid and a vigorous life in those old provinces, whose boundaries, destroyed in law, are still fresh in the hearts and on the lips of the people, which even yet testifies to local individuality, and which was much more impressive fifty years ago. Berry and Touraine have been fondly described again and again by the two greatest novelists of modern France. Georges Sand is a native of Berry, and has resided much on an estate which she

possesses there; Balsac was from Touraine, and writes of it with passionate enthusiasm. If the works of these authors were not disfigured by moral blemishes which render most of their books rightly unacceptable to the English public, they would long ago have convinced our cultivated readers of the miserable fallacy involved in the notion that "Paris is France."

Brittany, again, affords the most marked example that can well be imagined of persistent adherence to old customs and loyalty to old beliefs. "La vieille Bretagne," as it is commonly called, is cousin-german to our own Wales. Such names as Pen-hoel and du Guenic might be found in the valleys of Cader Idris, yet they are adopted by Balsac in a novel whose opening scenes are laid in Brittany. It was Brittany, once intimately connected with the fortunes of King Arthur, (and where Merlin got into that terrible scrape, and allowed his lady-love to enchant and imprison him by one of his own spells,) which longest remained faithful to the Bourbon cause. Many of the actors in the last war of *la Vendée* are yet alive, even the heroic *Madame* in whose cause Felicie de Fauveau compromised herself, the Duchesse de Berry herself, only died a few years ago. In Burgundy, again, and in its capital town of Dijon, now one of the chief stations on the line between Paris and

Marseilles, strong traces yet remain of local provincial life. In Dijon are to be seen the town houses of the old *noblesse*, dating from the days when such of them as were not immediately connected with the court spent part of the year (as they did in England) in the county town. And it was far from being a mere external individuality of residence or of local duties. If the *noblesse* were provincial, so were the gentry, while the horizon of the farmers and the peasants was wholly bounded by the neighbouring hills and rivers. Very different was the Frenchwoman of the provinces from her Parisian sisters; different in dress, in manners, in ambitions. In some ways more stiff and conventional, more enslaved to the gossip of small circles and the approbation of a petty sphere; yet brought nearer to the realities of life, enjoying more freedom of action, mixing among the poorer neighbours, cognisant of their family histories, and involved in their experience. The Frenchwoman of the provinces, whether noble lady in the château, or daughter to the squire or the farmer, was, and is, a different creature to the image we in England form to ourselves of the denizen of Paris. I have known, personally, several Frenchwomen of the middle class, born and brought up in the provinces, and they have all possessed a certain shrewd, practical simplicity of character, which shows how much latent stuff there is in the French race

in districts where Paris, with its talents and its splendours, its unstable powers and treacherous brightness, is comparatively unknown.

Thus, amidst strictly provincial influences, Eugénie Berlau was allowed to grow up in a very natural way. Her education was somewhat irregular, she read indiscriminately from the books in her father's library, and mixed much with the country people, endeavouring to inoculate the shepherds on the estate with a love for the beauties of literature ; for which efforts they probably expressed more gratitude than appreciation. However, she describes one old peasant woman who had been taught to read, when a child, by no less a person than M. de Voltaire. This old woman's son was Principal of the College of Blois, but she never could be induced to quit her condition in life, persisting in cultivating a market garden with her own hands, and taking the vegetables herself to market, with the help of a donkey. On one occasion Eugénie frightened her family out of their wits by a Quixotic absence of several hours, during which she had mounted another tired old woman on her own donkey, and driven the beast into Montréchat, whence she did not return till night.

Notwithstanding her wild life, the little girl was, however, extremely *sage*. She made her *première communion* at eleven years of age, and was so well up in her cate-

chism that the *curé*, instead of having to teach her, made her a little *moniteur* to instruct the other village children. Shortly after this she became a godmother. The first of the many kindly adoptions of her after life. She was now growing up very tall and strong, giving early promise of the personal vigour and beauty which distinguish her even now, after the lapse of more than half a century of manifold trials and labours.

The Berlau family were strong Royalists, and Eugénie's childhood was passed just at the most stormy time, when the Bonapartists and the Legitimists were openly or secretly struggling for the supreme power. One day during the *Cent Jours* she was visiting a married sister who resided some miles from Montréchat. In company with several other children she went to see an old tower, situated in the midst of a garden. In this garden was an outhouse, the door of which was fastened. The children, bent on discovering what was inside, poked and peeped till they managed to see that it was full of arms, piled up; Eugénie, with characteristic daring, made her way in, and there found, not only the weapons, but an immense black flag, on which glared in great white letters this sinister motto, *La Nation Outragée*. It was a Bonapartist banner; and the little royalist, much offended, seized it with both hands and tore it right in two! Napoleon was in temporary autho-

rity during the famous Hundred Days, and the family were in a deadly fright lest the Bonapartists of the neighbourhood should know what had occurred. They were obliged to buy the silence of the servant who was with the children, and Eugénie went back to her parents with a reputation for patriotism somewhat dearly purchased.

Another whimsical *historiette* of those bygone days is as follows. At a dinner party in the neighbourhood where the Berlau family were present, the politics of the guests were mixed, and it was proposed to pit Mademoiselle Eugénie against a certain little Master A——, whose father was a Bonapartist, in a sort of musical tournament. The children were put one on each side of the dining-table, and were to sing alternate songs in honour of their respective parties. Eugénie, who possessed a great store of songs and ballads in honour of the Fleur-de-Lys, struck up valiantly, and Master A—— followed with *his* side of the question. Song after song proceeded for some time without any flagging, but the moment came when, alas! Master A——'s memory was completely exhausted, whereas Eugénie, to whom her papa brought sheets of Royalist rhymes whenever he went to town, continued crowing triumphantly like a little cock, to Master A——'s infinite disgust and mortification. The guests endeavoured to

make it up, and proposed that the young people should kiss and be friends. But I am sorry to say that though Master A—— was fourteen years old, and considerably the senior of Eugénie,—he probably thought that a young lady with such strong political principles and audacious lungs was unworthy of the privileges of her age and sex,—he absolutely refused to kiss and be friends, and, lamentable to relate, he rushed across the table and dealt her a hearty cuff, which it is whispered that Eugénie returned with interest. Many years after, when Eugénie was a young married woman, she accompanied one of her sisters to a chemist's shop. Her sister asked, "Do you know that young man across the counter?" "No," said Eugénie, "I have never seen him before." The sister then said to the chemist, "Do you not know this lady?" "I have not the honour of being acquainted with *Madame*," replied he, politely. "Have you then forgotten the little girl whom you cuffed because she outsang you, in 1815?" At that time the Bourbons were safe and sound on the throne of France; but their youthful defender had changed her politics, and had become republican!

When Eugénie was thirteen years old, her family suffered severe affliction by the death of the brother nearest to her in age, a fine young man of twenty, who was at college at Poitiers. Her father and mother were so

overwhelmed by this blow, that she dreaded their sinking under it, and persuaded her father to quit his country life and remove once more into Montréchat. As a further means of creating a little more movement in the house, she opened a small school, of which the pupils were as old as she herself, but at thirteen she was so tall and womanly that no one would have guessed her age ; three years after, when one of the inspectors came to Montréchat, he told her to make haste and grow older, in order that he might give her a regular certificate as schoolmistress.

But other plans were entertained for Eugénie by her family ; her parents wished to see her and her younger sister married before they died ; and when a “young gentleman from Holland” came to Montréchat, and admiring the beautiful girl would willingly have married her, there would probably have been no difficulty in arranging the affair, but that Eugénie liked somebody else—the son of a *judge* in that part of the country. But, alas ! the young favoured lover died of consumption while Eugénie was yet under twenty, and she was too depressed and disheartened to make any opposition when her parents proposed to her a M. Allix as a husband. She overheard them talking one night about their extreme anxiety to see her settled, and thus it was that at the age of twenty-one, in January of the year

1826, she became Madame Allix. Little is known, and nothing need be said, about this marriage, but that it was a very unhappy and unsuitable tie. M. Allix had been brought up for the priesthood, which idea he had renounced as the time approached for taking holy orders. Why he married, and why once married he did not make his young wife happy, is one of those sad mysteries which are best left in the shadowed privacy of domestic life. That Madame Allix three times returned to her father's house, and at last, with her father's consent, fled to Algiers, then recently acquired by the French, is enough to say; and so great was her distress, and so moving her representations, that on M. Allix sending to inquire for the fugitive, the Algerine authorities actually sent back word *that no such woman had been heard of in the colony!*

Madame Allix had left her only child, her daughter, in her mother's care, and now commenced a severe struggle for her own maintenance. In those early days of the colony there was little for an educated lady to do, and Madame Allix courageously accepted any and every employment she could find. She gave lessons occasionally, but she also took in sewing, and even *washing* for the military hospital; owing no man anything, and earning honourable bread. In this way passed many years, obscure years of industry, and unmarked, so far

as the purposes of this biography are concerned, except by the death of her father in 1837; but during which Madame Allix was slowly maturing a plan destined later to produce much fruit; a plan for the education of Moorish women,—a school in which girls of Mohammedan family should be taught the language and somewhat of the civilisation of the conquering race. The Government had already established schools for instructing native boys in French, &c., but these institutions were not flourishing; the Mohammedans dreaded intrusting their children to Christians, more particularly if the Catholic priests had any share in the work; and one Muphti, a Mohammedan ecclesiastic, was actually deported to the Ile St Marguerite for contumacy upon this subject. As to the girls, nobody ever thought of them; and, indeed, any European who came to know the ways and customs of the Moresques, the religious and social tyranny under which they suffer, and their own utter debased ignorance, might well despair of effecting any sort of good among them. The lower ranks walk about the streets closely veiled, excepting a narrow slit for the eyes; but the upper class of Moorish women rarely stir out except to the bath or the cemetery. Three or four times a year to the mosque completes their part of the religious ceremonies enjoined by the Koran. They have very little to do with religion;

active charity is impossible under the multitude of restrictions amidst which they exist; they can neither read nor write, and they are not taught any manual art by which women deprived of other means of subsistence might gain their daily bread. Neither can they be said to be housewives. The simple *manière d'être* of the Eastern nations, their fine climates, their scanty furniture, their idle, slovenly existence, give no sort of scope to the virtues of a farmer's or of a mechanic's wife. To "suckle fools" is indeed the duty of mothers all the world over, but the corresponding occupation of "chronicling small beer" is no part of the vocation of a Moresque. To wash their linen, and hang it out to dry either on the rails of their court or on the terrace-roof which is possessed by every house; to clamber over the said roof and its partition on to their neighbour's, (the received way of paying calls in Algiers,) there to drink coffee and to offer the same in requital; to dress up very fine upon occasion—gauze, silk, ribbons, and jewels—and very shabbily and dirtily on other occasions in the *débris* of former splendour; such seems to be the idea of life entertained by, or permitted to, these poor creatures. In sickness it is still worse; they refuse to take the commonest precautions, preferring the "will of Allah" to any of the alleviations of science and skill. They object to being visited by French medical men,

because the intruder is of the other sex; and, even if they did not object, it would probably bring them into great trouble with their husbands. Whole families die off for want of vaccination, or proper separation of sick and well in fever. They do not know their own ages, in which they are no worse than the men; for it is only of late years that the French have procured the regular registration of children, male and female; while, for the crowning affliction and degradation of their lives, they are liable to be sold in marriage at the age of eleven or twelve, while yet mere children: they assume the veil when eight years old. We read in Mr Morell's book upon Algiers that "Moorish women are valued by *weight*!"—a somewhat singular standard of feminine elegance; and that "marriages among the Moors, as with most other Mussulmans, are contracted through third parties and gossips—the young people never meeting till the wedding day."

Such was the human material which Madame Allix dared to conceive of as capable of being raised to something approaching the condition of her European sisterhood. This was the way in which she set to work, being profoundly persuaded that till something was done to alter the social spirit of Moorish interiors, no true amalgamation with the conquering race could ever take place.

While collecting her small funds, and laying her large plans, she perfected herself in the knowledge of the native language ; and in 1845, fifteen years after the conquest, she commenced a campaign among the Moorish families of her personal acquaintance, endeavouring to persuade the fathers and mothers to intrust their little girls to her care for a few hours every day, that they might be taught to read and write French, and also to sew neatly—an accomplishment in which the Moors are as deficient as they are in Latin and mathematics. By dint of coaxing, presents, entreaties, and the most solemn assurances that she would not interfere with the religion of the children—by using, in short, her personal influence with all the energy of a philanthropist and the tact of a Frenchwoman, she contrived to get together four little girls, whom she installed in a house she hired for the purpose, and she began to teach them without an hour's delay. In writing this account I follow a long memorial addressed by her to the Minister of War, corroborated by my own personal observation on the state of the school in 1861. By degrees, as the rumour of her plan spread among the Mussulmans, one child after another dropped in upon her, till the numbers ran up to thirty and to forty. Finding it answer beyond her hopes, she then began to demand support from the local government—the same support which they gave

to the education of boys—telling the officials that it was in vain to hope to rear a better, a more rational and civilised race of Mussulmans, so long as their wives and the mothers of the next generation were left in worse than the ignorance of the brutes, to whom God has given sufficient intelligence for the performance of the simple duties and the enjoyment of the simple pleasures of their state. But the Algerine officials saw no manner of good in educating Moorish women ; they did not believe that “as the wife is so the husband is,” reversing Tennyson’s stanza in Locksley Hall ; and though they complimented Madame Allix upon her energy, they declined allowing her pecuniary assistance. She, who had counted on demonstrating to them the value and the success of the experiment, was almost in despair. The expenses were heavy, and altogether defrayed by her ; the children had to be bribed to come—and to be helped, such as were of poor families, by food, clothing, lodging, and school-books. It all fell on her small means ; and though the school was answering in its moral and intellectual ends, there seemed nothing for it but to close it, and lament over the failure of so noble an experiment, and the waste of much time and money. The 30th of December 1845 came, on which day the Council of Administration was to meet. On the day previous, Madame Allix sent in a

long report to Comte Guyot, *Directeur de l'Intérieur*, a man high in office, who had always felt and shown great personal sympathy with her enterprise. We give this report at length; it describes with a touching mixture of pride and pathos the hopes which she had entertained, the struggles which she had undergone, in pursuit of her idea :—

“ FIRST REPORT, ADDRESSED TO M. LE COMTE GUYOT,
DIRECTEUR DE L'INTERIEUR. DECEMBER 29, 1845.

“ *Monsieur le Comte*,—When, about five months ago, I had the honour to communicate to you for the first time my project of opening a Moorish school, I possessed none of the pecuniary resources necessary for carrying this plan into execution; and I counted for assistance on your good will, and on the support of the Administration of which you are the chief. Having since then acquired some private means, I thought it my duty to attempt, on my own responsibility, a scheme which success alone could render permanent. I considered this even more desirable, because the delays of Government would have indefinitely retarded realisation, and perhaps so far have discouraged me as to have damped my good intentions for ever.

“ Now, when accomplished facts have justified my expectations, I take the liberty of making known to you the new state of affairs which has resulted, in order that the sacrifices which I have made up to the present date may not be entirely lost to my family, and that the Administration may take those measures which are necessary for the permanent establishment of the work.

“ At the point at which matters are now arrived, I absolutely cannot go on without the help of Government. The charges which I have hitherto defrayed have exhausted all my resources ; those which the present requires, and those which I foresee in the future, are beyond my private means. It does not now concern a few pupils gathered together against the will of their relations, in order that they may receive a few notions of European education ; it concerns from two to five hundred young girls, flocking from every corner of Algiers, and from every part of the regency, as if by contagious impulsion, and also that I am obliged to receive all comers without hesitation, under pain of losing in one day the fruits of my experiments and my devotion.

“ Face to face with such a situation of affairs, the Government cannot hesitate. To be or not to be, this is the problem laid down. If they do not immediately come to my assistance, I see myself obliged to renounce my work, with the bitter regret of having uselessly sacrificed both my own well-being and an earnest ambition. If, on the contrary, a benevolent hand,—if yours, M. le Comte,—brings me that energetic assistance which I require, Algeria will become from this date a unique creation, worthy of your reputation, worthy of the part which France plays in the world, and of which the probable result is nothing less than the fusion of two civilisations until now irreconcilable.

“ I have too high an opinion of your character, M. le Comte, to believe that you can hesitate before so great and so noble an undertaking. I shall therefore lay before you in a succinct manner what I have done in the past, what I have obtained for the present, what I foresee in the future, and the probable expenses which the unlimited expansion of the new institution will necessitate.

“ The expense of rent, furniture, school-books, clothes for the pupils, native servants, and other casual matters, rise to about the sum of 2000 francs, (£80.) In this I do not reckon the personal embarrassment which the settling down has caused me, nor the hard work which I have undergone in order to make the school succeed. I would, however, observe, M. le Comte, that in following this new career I have been obliged to give up my private pupils ; that is to say, at least 300 francs (£12) a month. Therefore, the smallest sum which could indemnify me for the past would be 3500 francs (£132.)

“ I have now in my school thirteen children ; five will be brought to me two days hence, four others before the end of the month. Ten offers of pupils have been made to me by Moorish families residing in the town ;—and without exaggeration I may say, that if I were to accept all who may be sent, I should have more than a hundred before two months had elapsed.

“ Of the thirteen scholars now in my schoolroom, only two belong to parents in easy circumstances ; the others were brought to me in rags, and so dirty that the least fastidious person would have objected to touch them. Many of them were orphans, and nearly all had need of at least one meal a day to sustain their feeble existence. I was therefore obliged to think, in the first place, of clothing them suitably from head to foot, in order to accustom them to ideas of propriety in regard to their little persons ; and that with sufficient uniformity to prevent jealousy one of another.

“ This first care attended to, it was necessary to feed them. I chose a negress, that she might prepare the food according to native custom. She has been with me for a month, and the children are well pleased with what she gives them, and

partake, in their schoolroom, of a far wholesomer and more abundant meal than they could procure at home. I have even given them a little coffee, in order to come as near as possible to their domestic customs, which I have made it a law to respect as much as possible. This watchful care, exerted every moment, has begun to bear fruit. The young children, who looked so miserable a few days ago, already present a satisfactory appearance, and exhibit a marvellous change. They no longer have withered little faces hollowed by want and embruted by trouble ; but joyous countenances full of life and animation, getting healthier every day in the most striking manner, and becoming, because they are happy and comfortable, hardly recognisable by their own relations.

“ In a moral point of view the effect is even more remarkable. The young native girl possesses a vivacity, an intelligence, a promptitude of understanding, and a dexterity of motion which is unexampled. All the children of my class have learnt in one lesson, and without any necessity of repeating it, the simple elements of sewing, which I thought it best to begin with, and some of them show an aptitude for reading French which would seem prodigious in Europe ; and it is to me a true satisfaction, nay, even a vividly felt pleasure, to see them crouched side by side, working emulously at their little tasks, and teaching one another any part which may not have been learnt, or may have been forgotten by any one amongst them. Moreover, their frank and lively character, their caressing and affectionate manners, give me every hope of obtaining in future a strong hold upon their hearts.

“ Such is, M. le Comte, without exaggeration, without drawing any picture for effect, the actual situation of the institution, whose principle you have kindly approved from

the first. Thus regarded, it merits the utmost attention of serious men who sincerely desire the growth of African civilisation, and on this head I venture to propose to you the following conditions.

“ To defray in some way the expenses undertaken by me up to the present date, expenses which have crippled my private resources, and which it is henceforth impossible for me to continue.

“ To assure to me in the future the expenses of lodging, furniture, and service, and a suitable remuneration for my labours.

“ To assure also sufficient salary to the native sub-mistress, who is indispensable to me for teaching the needlework and embroidery peculiar to the Arabs.

“ To assure to me ten francs a month for the food of each day scholar.

“ To assure to me for each child placed wholly in my charge a sum equal to its expenses, which cannot be less than 400 francs (£16) a year.

“ It seems to me, M. le Comte, that in thus bounding my requests I am keeping within the most modest, and I would even say the most disinterested, limits. I feel, more than any other person can do, all the good I can effect, I have faith in the future of my undertaking, and I have no wish to compromise it by exaggerated pretensions. I have besides shown, up to the present time, that the sense of a great duty to be done has weighed with me more than all other personal considerations. The time has arrived, M. le Comte, in which to bestow on my efforts the recompense which I desire, and to consolidate for ever the happy result which I have obtained.

“ I hope that the preceding exposition will suffice to shorten the last administrative obstacles.—I remain,” &c.

Having sent in this report, Madame Allix waited over the 30th of December in breathless suspense, hoping that something had been said in Council about her school. Evening came, and she learnt that they had not even mentioned her.

For another month Madame Allix struggled on, paying her way with the greatest difficulty, and at length, on the 26th of January, she attacked another functionary, M. Fouches, the *Directeur-Général*, in the following letter:—

“*Monsieur le Directeur-Général*,—For six months I have pursued an idea of the utmost value to civilisation :—the education of young Mohammedan girls according to European principles and usages. I hardly know how to describe the way in which it first presented itself to my imagination ; doubtless, the circumstances of my private life contributed largely to its birth and development. I had long been practised in Arabic, and was admitted to intimate relations with many native families. I keenly felt what important changes in domestic life can be produced by the direction given to the education of women, changes extending to society at large ; and without being rebuffed by difficulties hitherto judged insurmountable, I devoted myself entirely and without reserve to the success of the undertaking. It is unnecessary to add that I counted much on the help of the Algerine Government. It seemed to me fit and natural that as I was working, not on my own account, but for the interests of civilisation itself, and consequently for the interests of France

in this country, I should be sustained by the authority which would profit by my efforts.

“ I have found, certainly, much sympathy among those persons to whom I have confided my plans ; but unfortunately those very persons doubted of the result, and dared only to encourage me by words. Thus *Monsieur le Directeur de l'Intérieur*, when he gave me an authorisation to open my Moorish school, took care to add, that this experiment must be made *at my own risk and peril*.

“ I have passed even this limit. I felt in my conviction a moral force which sustained me against every discouragement. That which Government, according to M. le Comte Guyot, did not dare to do on its own responsibility, I attempted on my own personal resources ; and what is still more remarkable, I have succeeded beyond my own hopes.

“ In November last I had got together ten pupils. A report was sent to the Minister (in Paris) on this subject, in which what is now an accomplished fact was only treated as an experiment. The Minister, however, none the less thought the subject worthy of serious examination, and referred it to the local government, that it might encourage with all its resources an undertaking which promised so much in the future. What did the local authority do to follow up the enlightened ideas of the Minister ?

“ This is what it did.

“ On the 29th of December I had spent 2000 fancs, (£80) and I had thirteen pupils, without counting those which were offered to me from all quarters. Unhappily my resources were exhausted. I ought to have changed my house, owing to the small size of the one I was inhabiting, and I had not the money necessary to pay the first half-year's rent of the new dwelling. In this extremity I addressed myself to the

Direction de l'Intérieur, and I wrote to M. le Comte Guyot a detailed report of my position. There was then no reasonable doubt to be entertained; the experiment had been carried out, the result attained, and success was certain; an intelligent Administration had only one course to take, to accept the civilising process which I had placed within its reach, and take into consideration the efforts and sacrifices which I had made up to that date.

“*They did not even deign to reply to one of my letters.* The 1st of January came; I needed 700 francs,—I possessed 50. I went and knocked at door after door, and exhausted prayers for immediate assistance. *Nothing.* I had stooped to do that for the sake of saving my Institution from shipwreck which I had never done for myself, and returned home with a desperate conviction that I was deceived in having reckoned upon the local administration, and had to hope from it no other support than that of a wall which does not actually fall down and crush you.

“If, on that very day, at eight o'clock at night, a letter containing 2000 francs, which as yet was not really due to me, had not come from France by a special courier, the fruits of six months' labour would have been lost, and my Institution would be closed at the time I write.

“Providence doubtless would not permit this. I profited by the help thus sent;—the school has increased with such rapidity that public opinion has begun to recognise it. On the 15th of January I counted thirty-eight pupils instead of thirteen. M. le Comte Guyot, and Monsieur Lepescheux, who on that day paid me the honour of a visit, can attest the truth of what I state, and have doubtless not forgotten the surprise which they felt at so marvellous a result. Why was not this visit followed up by some effective measures? Why

has not the Council of Administration seized a clue so likely to lead to important results? These gentlemen must be thoroughly aware that no private fortune can be equal to the carrying out of such an enterprise. Will they wait until I am deadened to pain, overwhelmed with annoyances, suffering under the horrible despair of an embarrassed position, and a future without hope?

“ Three days ago M. Lepescheux asked me for an account of the money I had spent on the school, and I thought that at last some idea of helping me was entertained. I knew that at the *Bureau Arabe* a sum of about 16,000 francs (£640) was lying idle; I sent in the account, which was in total 5089 francs, (about £203,) and I waited in expectation. And now, to-day, on this 24th of January, a letter from M. Lepescheux offers me 150 francs, *en attendant* the decision of the Minister! 150 francs! when I have spent 5000! when 1500 (£50) a month are needful to sustain the school; and when 16,000 francs are lying idle! It would be incredible were it not also so absurd.

“ I replied to *M. le Directeur de l'Intérieur* that I could do nothing with 150 francs, set against the expenses of about six weeks, and I beg of you, *M. le Directeur Général*, to carry this matter through in a worthier manner, one more commensurate with my personal sacrifices; more efficacious for the work of regeneration which I have embraced.

“ The number of my pupils is to-day forty-six, all of whom I must feed and partly clothe. I have beside this, native sub-mistresses, one for the Arabic language, and two others for needlework. I employ, besides, two negresses for the kitchen and the service of the house. Twenty-five pupils begin to read and write both in Arabic and in French; and all exercise the needle on different kinds of work which I

have put into their hands. Some native families of a high rank have made overtures to me regarding their daughters ; and in one case I have even been asked to teach music. Assuredly this is progress sufficiently marked to make all hesitation cease, and of a sufficiently important nature for the State to feel justified in adopting it for its own. I need not say that I cannot any longer go on by myself ; you know it already. But what will best convince you of the cowardliness of the Administration, in thus leaving me to support so heavy a burden, is the avowal which until now I have refrained from making, but which at last I must confide to you—that I am forced to raise money at usurious interest, for want of a sum of 2000 francs, which it would have been so easy to advance for the school !

“ I will add nothing to these last words. I have faith in your noble intelligence, and I anxiously await a decisive answer as to the fate reserved for me.—I have the honour to remain,” &c.

I feel that my translation ill-represents the terse language and eloquent indignation of the remarkable woman who penned these and following letters. In the hands of Madame Allix the polite and elegant French language acquires a decisive ring which is quite extraordinary ; and one wonders that the men who came and complimented her on her efforts, but would not give her any effectual aid, were not shamed out of their inactivity by her vivid and sonorous periods. The art of writing despatches is one of the qualifications of a great general, and in looking over a collection of papers refer-

ring to the commencement of this Moorish school, we find its founder summing up her efforts and her requirements in such strong and simple words as prove that she possessed similar double powers. Hear her reply to M. Lepescheux, on his offer of the 150 francs :—

“ *Monsieur*,—The letter which you have done me the honour to write, clearly proves, either that I have ill-explained myself to the Algerine Administration, or else that that body is determined not to comprehend my position.

“ Whichever of these two hypotheses be correct, I cannot, *honourably speaking*, accept the 150 francs which *M. le Directeur de l'Intérieur* offers me. If I had wished to receive alms, I should have asked for them long ago, and after fourteen years' sojourn in *l'Afrique* I should no longer have needed help from anybody, if I had so consulted my own position.

“ I thank you, however, *Monsieur*, for the promptitude with which you have informed me of this intended gift. It is a proof of interest which touches me, for which I shall retain a profound sense of gratitude. Only I beg of you to prove this interest still more efficaciously by pressing as far as may be the settlement of my business. I am about to write to my friends in Paris ; I commend my cause to their good offices, and hoping that the central authority will understand, better than the Administration of Algiers, that in asking for the assistance of Government towards a measure of governmental importance, I did not ask for an indemnity of 150 francs.—I remain,” &c.

Finally, day after day having elapsed, she wrote on

the 27th of January two notes—one to the Comte Guyot, the other to the *Directeur Général*:—

“ *M. le Comte*,—It is with profound regret that I find myself forced to tell you, that from this day forth my exhausted purse will not enable me to continue the work so laboriously begun. In the hope that assistance would be given me while the *Ministre* was deciding what course to take, I have contracted ruinous obligations, which cannot be renewed without compromising the welfare of my own family—a last sacrifice, which it would be too cruel to exact from a mother.

“ I do not know, *M. le Comte*, what will be the effect of this determination on my part ; what it has cost me to come to it I cannot find words to express. But as I need, to cover debts whose payment is now pressing, an immediate sum of 2000 francs, I must warn you that if that amount is not paid to me within the next three days, the school will be closed on the 1st of February.

“ The interest which you have shown to me will doubtless dispose you, in the latter event, to accelerate as much as possible a ministerial decision, which I expect with impatience, and remain,” &c.

“ TO MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR GÉNÉRAL.

“ *Monsieur*,—I told you in a letter which I had the honour to address to you on the 24th of this month, that I was living upon money borrowed at usurious interest. This is doubtless a melancholy extremity. But what is more melancholy still is, that this resource also fails me. I have passed a part of this day in seeking money to pay past debts, and give me the means of living while waiting the decision of the Minister ; but all my efforts have been useless, the necessary sum of 2000 francs has almost entirely failed me ; at all

events, I could not procure it on any conditions of interest which a mother could accept, and I find myself obliged to put an end to expenses which have already plunged me in mortal embarrassments.

“I write this day to M. le Comte Guyot, that if these 2000 francs are not paid to me before the end of the month, I shall close my institution on the 1st of February. It is a very sad ending to six months of labour, of efforts, of sacrifices, and of exhausted private resources. But I cannot help it unless I consent to forfeit my whole future welfare, and, while bitterly regretting this frightful pecuniary necessity, I can only bow my head and submit.”

But neither prayers nor rebukes, both of which were thus plentifully lavished upon the Administration, produced any appreciable effect. She could get no money, and forty pupils could not be housed, fed, and clothed without it, and so at last, on the 1st of February 1846, the school was closed. On the 4th she received the following letter from the Administration:—

BUREAU DE L'INTÉRIEUR ET DES TRAVAUX
PUBLIQUES, *February 4, 1846.*

“*Madame,*—By your letter of the 28th of January last, you informed me of your intention to close the school which you have recently opened for the education of young Moorish girls if the Administration did not at once come to your aid by allotting the sum of 2000 francs, (£80.)

“I deeply regret, *Madame,* to be obliged to inform you that it is quite impossible to dispose of so large a sum without the express authority of the Minister of War.

“I have learnt your sudden determination with lively re-

grets. I saw in the beginning of your school the germ of a most valuable institution ; to which I had already once called the benevolent attention of his Excellency ; and I was about to make, in a short time, some special propositions in its favour to the *Conseil Supérieur d'Administration*.

“Receive, Madame, the assurance of my profound respect, and believe me to remain, &c. &c.,

“THE DIRECTOR OF THE INTÉRIEUR.”

On the back of the letter Madame Allix has endorsed the following note :—“That which the Administration did not dare to attempt, with all the means at its disposal, I accomplished upon my private resources only, with faith and will that overcame all obstacles. To-day, this 12th of July 1854, nine years after my foundation, the Government, which profits by the fruit of my labours, appropriates even my ideas and my very phrases, which they print in the *Moniteur* as their own ! And that without any compensation, nay, even while diminishing my salary and restricting the sphere of my action. Oh, justice of men !

“The Administration which refused to accept the responsibility of creating such an institution, because they did not believe in the possibility of its success ; the Administration takes all the credit now to itself, without giving me any recompense whatever. They flatter the *Departemental Bureaux Arabes* ! What a mockery ! I am truly the rat in the fable.”

Having thus been compelled by necessity to shut the door on her little pupils, the reader will perhaps conclude that the teacher was at last daunted. The local authorities would do nothing for her, and she was upwards of nine hundred miles from the Central Government, to reach which was a far longer, more difficult, and expensive journey than it is at present. Madame Allix was nearly destitute of money, and though, as we have seen, some of the officials at Algiers had offered her a small sum as indemnification to herself, she had absolutely refused it, saying it was not personal help she wanted, but support to an undertaking of great national importance.

What, then, did she do next? She pawned her plate, her jewels,—even a gold thimble, the gift of a friend, and set off for Paris on the 15th of February 1846, where she at once sent in to the Minister of War that memorial from which we have taken many of the preceding details.* She also visited in person most of the

* “EXPLANATORY MEMORANDUM RELATIVE TO THE INSTITUTION FOUNDED BY MADAME ALLIX ; ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONSEIL SUPERIEUR D’ADMINISTRATION, ALGER, BY A FRIEND, WHILE SHE HERSELF WAS IN PARIS.

March 1846.

“Gentlemen,—A serious question will be presented, next Friday, to your conscientious examination.

“This question is that of civilisation itself, as capable of inoculation in *l’Afrique* by peaceful means. It is the question of the fusion

influential deputies, and endeavoured to prepossess them in favour of her plans. In Paris she found the official mind more sympathising than in the military colony, and at

of two races hitherto deemed to present an insoluble problem, but now resolved in the affirmative, through the action of a totally new institution. It also relates to a successful result, which is at once so unexpected and so decided, considered as a victory over native prejudices, that this first step being safely accomplished, every hope may reasonably and without presumption be entertained for the future.

“Regarded thus, this question is immense. It touches the vital moral principle of our occupation of a part of Africa; it responds admirably to the generous instincts of civilisation, and to the philanthropic requirements of the century; it is, besides, easy of immediate application; it can be progressively realised in all parts of Algeria;—and well understood and carried out, it may be the means of saving to the Government, before a long time has elapsed, a great part of the expenses which now weigh on the African budget.

“This is the high point of view from which I venture to call your attention to the establishment founded by Madame Allix for the benefit of young Mussulman girls.

“None among you, gentlemen, are ignorant of how many serious, powerful, nay, invincible obstacles, opposed themselves to the development of our ideas and of our moral influence in Algeria. These obstacles are such, that all direct means yet employed to conquer them have hitherto been in vain. The *éclat* of the conquest, the grandeur of our measures, the magnificence of their results, the *prestige* of a hundred victories, added to the intellectual superiority of France—none of these things have been able to prevail against the spirit of the native population; against that envelope of fanaticism, barbarism, and carelessness, (*d’insouciance*,) which during ten centuries has protected it from change. Even money, that last appeal to the Mussulman conscience, money itself, scattered abroad with chivalric profusion, has perhaps given us a few hypocritical friends, but has not advanced us by one step towards that contagious assimilation of which we have been dreaming for fifteen years.

last saw daylight begin to break. They gave her three thousand francs for the cost of her journey, and she also came in for ten thousand francs from property which

“Why is this, gentlemen? The reason is simple enough, and I find it in the very nature of the obstacles against which we are fighting.

“Two distinct elements exist in every form of civilisation; the *idea* and its accomplishment, (*l'idée et le fait.*) By the idea I understand the totality of political, religious, moral, and executive doctrines which obtain universal credence; and by the accomplishment, or fact, I mean the result of all these doctrines when worked out by human activity into forms capable of supplying all the needs of social life.

“These elements being admitted to exist, it then follows that before one form of civilisation can be substituted for another, the underlying idea must be easily capable of transmission from one mind to another, and the practical results worked naturally, and without any abrupt transition, (*solution de continuité,*) into the customs of the new people whom it is required to transform.

“Now, on a very slight acquaintance with the language and customs of the country, it is evident that, on the one hand, the Algerine idiom, considered as a vehicle for civilising ideas, is absolutely worthless; and that, on the other, the impossibility of penetrating into Moorish family life renders all hope of fusion, produced by exterior contact with our European activity, a mere illusion.

“Allow me to explain myself further on these two points:—

“First, The Arabic language is at this day the same as when, one thousand two hundred and sixty-two years ago, a man of the stamp of Abd-el-Kader poured it in that semi-religious, semi-political mould, which is called the Koran. The Arabic tongue at that date expressed all the ideas of the age, and even responded largely to the needs of the new social system, of which it became the organ. But since then, the thoughts, systems, and requirements of society have all changed; the face of the world has many times been renewed under the influence of new principles; all the European

had belonged to M. Allix, whose death, occurring a short time previously, had removed the obstacle to her revisiting France. The authorities also urged her to return to

nations, and consequently all the languages spoken by these nations, have been thus subjected to successive and profound modifications. The Arab alone, though placed in a certain degree of contact with countries lying within the zone of this general movement, has remained stationary, and his language has remained stationary also. So that all the ideas which have blossomed on the earth during the last thousand years, all the formulas, all the dogmas, all the aspirations, and all the instincts which, taken together, make up modern civilisation, have at the present day no possible means of expression in the idiom of the Koran.

“ This idiom is, moreover, so difficult of grammatical acquirement, that far from being able to serve as an instrument towards a rapid development of the faculties of a people, it actually impedes them by the length of study required before it can be really utilised intellectually.

“ Secondly, In the existing conditions of Arab society the family is everything, (the writer means to say that there is little or no public or social life, in any sense ; what little there is being wholly confined to the male sex,) and over the threshold of the family we have never even been able as yet to cast our eyes. Thus our French civilisation has glided over the surface of the native population, without ever being able to penetrate its midst. On this account we have made no real progress, no radical change, and that hostility is still kept up, which, secret, persuasive, and incessant, passes from the mother to the child, from generation to generation, and which will continue to nullify, day by day, all the effects of our exterior influence, so long as the family does not lend itself to our aid as a natural channel of communication.

“ From whence I draw this conclusion, which is also the opinion of all men specially devoted to the subject, that the two only methods of obtaining any real result in the work of assimilation which we are always trying to push forward in Algeria, are the absorption of the Arabic language by the French, and the progressive initiation

Algiers and recommence operations, promising her further support. We have seen a mass of letters written to Madame Allix at this time from different persons in Paris, who were influential either from their connexion with Government or with the cause of education ; and on the whole she seems to have been very successful in awakening interest in the metropolis ; after which she went down to Montréchat to see her aged mother, and of native families in such details of education as are compatible with their customs.

“ Now, this, gentlemen, is precisely the double object which Madame Allix has proposed to herself in creating a Model Institution for young Mussulman girls.

“ Her programme is summed up in the following lines, which involve nothing short of a moral revolution, and towards which I specially invite your best attention :—

“ She desires to gather round her the greatest possible number of young native females, taken from every rank, and from every race inhabiting this country. She wishes to instruct them all in French and in Arabic, but more especially in French, which, moreover, they learn with much greater facility than their native language, (meaning, of course, not their colloquial dialect, but grammatical Arabic ;) and to give them the common elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic ; to cultivate more completely any of the pupils whose intelligence may deserve and require the necessary pains, and to allow the study of music and drawing where these accomplishments are specially required by the relations. She will instruct them in the arts of the needle, of the household, and of the toilette, which properly belong to woman, and will give them that love of the beautiful and the good, that habit of neatness, that sentiment of virtue, that instinct of delicacy which their sex demands. Later, she will create, with the aid of these young girls when well taught in the duties of the mind and heart, real *ateliers* for sewing, embroidery, tapestry, and the making of clothes ; and she will teach them

ask her consent to a second marriage which she then meditated with M. Luce, a professor of music at Algiers : this consent being obtained, the marriage was celebrated at Paris on the 19th of May.

Her business in France being concluded, so far as was at the time possible, and relying on the promised help to be afforded at a future time, Madame Luce set

to feel the value of labour in paying them, day by day, the price of the work of their fingers. She will thus rescue most of them from the paths of vice into which poverty almost infallibly leads the Moorish women, and will render them back to their grateful families as young women of industrious habits and good conduct, acquainted with all that is necessary for physical and moral well-being, embellished with the graces of health, neatness, and industry, and for these reasons desirable as wives to the men of their people, thus to become the natural medium of the civilisation which has conquered them for its own, and the mothers of a new generation which will belong to us through their heads and hearts alike.

“Such, gentlemen, is the true intention, such is the generous scope of the new project submitted to your debate. If the most unexpected success had not already crowned its beginning, you would perhaps have judged it impossible of realisation. But now, the actual deeds have proved the success (*donnée gain de cause*) of Madame Allix, surely hesitation is no longer allowable. But it depends upon you to recompense worthily the courageous perseverance of the Foundress, by not drawing too tight a line around the circle of her action and of her power. Alone and unaided she has had the courage to remain true to her convictions, in spite of the most unfavourable prophecies. Sustained as she deserves by an enlightened Government, she will render so much the more service to the sacred cause which she defends, if she finds at once the realisation of her most cherished wishes, partaken by all sincere friends of the colony, and likewise the just reward of her devotion.

“ALGER, March 5, 1846.”

out on her way home, and reached Algiers once more on the 5th of June 1846, when she reopened her school amidst great rejoicings from parents and children, and everything appeared propitious for her at length realising her ardent desire—the creation of a good industrial institution. But here again came in the spirit of official delay, and seven more months elapsed before her work was fairly adopted by Government, with the allowance of a proper salary to herself, and a defrayal of all expenses. During these months the school kept rising in numbers, and she was put to the greatest shifts to keep it together. At this time the Abbé Pelletau, Curé of Algiers, showed her much sympathy, and gave her what small pecuniary aid he could muster, accompanied by pleasant little notes, which we think it worth while to translate, as showing the view of her labours taken by one so responsible for the welfare of the town.

The first note is dated on the 16th December 1846, and runs thus :—

“*Madame*,—When I visited your interesting establishment some months ago, I asked leave to send you my mite, as a help towards the great charity you lavish daily on your poor Mussulman children.

“Permit me to-day to fulfil my promise.—I have the honour to be, Madame, votre très humble et obéissant serviteur,

“PELLETAU.”

On the 21st of May 1847, the Abbé Pelletau writes to her from the

CATHEDRAL CHURCH.

“*Madame*,—I am happy to be able to send you several yards of calico for your little girls.

“Later I will myself send them in some work to be done for me; and I also hope in a short time to introduce to you some ladies capable of rendering aid. I have some old, some very old things which have been given to me freely by the treasurer of the church. You can use them up for your children. Send some one from your house to fetch them.—Votre infiniment dévoué et respectueux serviteur,

“PELLETAU,

“*Chanoine Honoraire.*”

The “things,” by which we have rendered the French word *objets*, referred to certain old vestments which the good *curé* gave for the cause of charity.

Again, he writes with the same packet—

“*Madame*,—To you I send my respectful salutation, to your children my kind regards.

“May God cherish and protect them all!

“Be so good as to receive for those among them who are the steadiest and the most industrious, the little packet which I have pleasure in sending.

[He then playfully signs in Arabic characters thus,]

“May God protect your house.

“PELLETAU.”

Count Guyot also helped her from his own private purse, having always felt a great personal interest in the undertaking, though he seemed so unable to afford her the necessary official support during the previous winter. To him, when the necessities of the day pressed too heavily, she now sent one of her negresses, for she was obliged to keep two to attend to the house and to fetch and reconduct the pupils. Count Guyot would then send a small sum for her assistance. He also one day gave her a small bag of money left by the Duc d'Aumale, when Governor of Algeria, for the benefit of a journal which had by this time ceased to exist, telling her she might have whatever it contained. 'Madame Luce opened the bag, and found 250 francs ; "and this money," said she, "appeared to me to come from Providence."

In November 1846 she received letters from Queen Amelie, the wife of Louis Philippe. The Queen took the school under her patronage, and offered to pay for the schooling of several pupils, or, as it is called in France, "*payer la bourse*," but the gathering Revolution, which burst early in 1848, prevented any such arrangements from being carried into effect.

Among innumerable letters referring to this time of difficulty, we find one from a great man, Marshal Bugeaud, the Duc d'Isly, one of the military heroes of Africa. He writes thus :—

“ALGER, *January 22, 1847.*

“*Madame*,—I greatly regret not being able to fulfil the request which you make to me. I have no funds at my disposal from which to advance the sum which you ask.

“The sums which should be given you as a reimbursement of your expenses have not yet been procured from the Minister, but they will shortly be so. I do not think, therefore, that you will wait very long before receiving them; and I think that you may, therefore, find yourself able, under the circumstances, to obtain credit sufficient to provide for the most pressing needs.—Recevez, *Madame*, l’assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

“Le Gouverneur-Général,

“MARECHAL DUC D’ISLY.”

Alas! *credit* was still necessary to the indefatigable *Madame Luce*, for we find Count Guyot guaranteeing her at the miller’s!

Gradually, however, daylight began to break; while she was getting along from hand to mouth, with an increasing school, “Government” was “considering” her position. In February 1847 the school was formally adopted, and received its first visit of official inspection, at which Count Guyot was present. The Inspector declared himself more than satisfied with the condition of the children, not thinking it possible that so much progress could have been made in instructing Moresques. On this occasion the gentlemen were received by thirty-two pupils, and the Arab sub-mistresses *unveiled*, which

was considered by Madame Luce to be a great moral triumph. She always worked from the first against the use of the veil, thinking, and truly thinking—as it seems to us—that it is far from conducive to true modesty of bearing, which should be simple and straightforward—of that purity which “thinketh no evil.” One of these Arab mistresses had formerly been teacher in the family of Hussein Bey, and was a remarkable instance of native cultivation. She assisted in the instruction of the pupils, and superintended their religious exercises. Madame Luce was utterly unable to make any attempt towards instilling a single doctrine of Christianity. My readers must remember that in this matter she had absolutely no power of free action, as she would not have got a single child but for her sacredly-pledged vow that she would not interfere with their religion; and as she considered that it would not do to leave them with none at all, she preferred their being regularly instructed in that of their parents, which contains at least some of the elements of Christian verity, inasmuch as it inculcates a profound belief in and reverence for one only God, and impresses a strong sense of moral responsibility in regard to some of the cardinal points of morality.

But though public recognition and sympathy were accorded to her in February 1847, the money was a little longer on the road! It was not till the 9th of May that she received the following note:—

“*Madame*,—I have the honour to inform you that, by the decision of the 20th of April, M. le Ministre de la Guerre grants you an indemnity of 3666 francs [not quite £160] for the advances made by you to your establishment and to your pupils. M. le Directeur, by his letter of the 8th, charges me to announce that this sum will be paid to your credit as soon as his Excellency has given instructions to that effect.—Recevez, Madame, l’assurance de ma parfaite consideration et de mes devouements.

“ L’Inspecteur de l’Instruction Publique,
“ CAUTREL.”

At last, therefore, Madame Luce was repaid, and the school placed on a footing similar to that of the boys’ schools, on which money had been freely spent from the first. From 1847 to 1862, it constantly pursued its path of usefulness, sending out hundreds of young girls trained to fulfil in some measure the duties of their simple lives. The letters and memoranda found among Madame Luce’s papers tell the story from year to year. It will suffice to give a few extracts here and there.

We have now brought our story to the point of the successful establishment of the school, and its recognition by Government.

In September of the same year, 1847, Count Guyot, who had proved himself, as we have seen, to be on the whole a good friend to Madame Luce, left Algiers, and a sort of round-robin of grateful regrets was sent to him by the children, signed by twenty-four among them who had

learned writing sufficiently well to enable them to affix their names. It ran thus—

“*Monsieur le Comte*,—Permit that young girls, who are indebted to you for the benefits of civilisation, approach you with thanks for all that you have done for them. While testifying to the regret which they feel at losing you, allow them to hope that you will give them a place in your memory, and that you may perhaps one day be restored to them ; for such is the dearest wish of their hearts.

“Receive, M. le Directeur, the overflowings of their gratitude, and more especially of mine,

“EUGENIE LUCE.

“NEFISSA BENT ALI.	“HAOUNA SLIMAN.
FIFI BENT MOHOMMED.	HAOUNA BRAHAM.
HANIFA BENT KHULIL.	AYESHA BRAHAM.
AYESHA KUDURY.	HANIFA BRAHAM.
ZORA MOHAMMED	RHEIA BRAHAM.
AYESHA MOHAMMED.	ZOHRE SAHID.
FATMA BENT MOHAMMED.	RHERA KHULIL.
KHADOUJJA MOHOMMED.	FATMA MOBARRUK.
ROSA MOUSTAPHA.	ZORE ABDERRAHMAN.
AYESHA MOUSTAPHA.	HAISSINA MOHOMMED.
KHADOUJJA L'ARBI.	AYIZA AYUD.
ALIMA MOHOMMED.	ZÜHRE ABD-EL-KADER.”

Another memorandum on the year 1847 says that—

“In the month of June, Madame Luce took two orphans, whose mother had just died. M. Lapaine allotted them fifteen francs a month out of funds' at his disposal.

“In August she took three more orphans, Aiika, Seheia, and Zora Mahommed, natives of Constantine. Aiika is now

sub-mistress of the needlework department of the school at Constantine, having married and become a widow; Seheia has been adopted by the family of Achmed Oulid Srodaili, living at the Bouzareah; and Zora was taken away yesterday to Constantine, by her sister Aiiika, who had come for a holiday with Madame Parent, head of the Constantine School.

“On the 10th of July 1848, a new-born child was laid at Madame Luce’s door, and was also taken in by her. This child lived three years. She named it Felicité, after the saint given in the calendar for the 10th of July, and gave it the surname of Gazelin, that when it grew up it might have an appellation like other children. The rags in which it was wrapped up when found were carefully kept. This child died at three years of age. *‘Pauvre petit ange que j’ai bien aimé! Du haut des cieux, priez pour moi.’*”

At the close of the year 1850 interpreters were required for the family of Abd-el-Kader, then detained a prisoner of war at Amboise in France, and application was made to Madame Luce to send three of her most intelligent pupils. The correspondence which we subjoin is not without interest, as marking the habits and feelings of Muṣṣulman families:—

“LETTER ON THE STEPS TO BE TAKEN FOR SENDING TO AMBOISE THREE YOUNG PUPILS FROM MADAME LUCE’S SCHOOL.

“PARIS, *November 20, 1850.*

“TO MONSIEUR LE GOUVERNEUR-GÉNÉRAL D’ALGERIE.

“*Monsieur le Gouverneur-Général,*—I have the honour to

inform you that, according to the proposition made by M. le Capitaine Boissonner, in official situation at Amboise, I have this day decreed that three young Mussulman girls, chosen from among the best pupils of the Institution directed by Madame Luce at Alger, shall be attached to the service of the Arab women of Abd-el-Kader's family. This measure appears to me calculated to produce the best effects, on account of the daily intercourse which will be necessary between the Arab women and these girls. I think that, having been for long gained over to the French cause, trained according to our customs, and speaking with equal facility the Arabic and French languages, these young Mussulmans will soon become intelligent interpreters, and by their example and advice will gradually bring the wives and daughters of the ex-Emir to abandon their prejudices, and modify the ideas which they keep up in the minds of their husbands. Finally, the two *sœurs hospitalières* whom Government has placed at Amboise will equally find in these girls capable and devoted assistants in the work confided to them.

"I beg you, M. le Gouverneur, to communicate my decision to Madame Luce, and to ask her to point out three young Algerines, who, by their education, their character, and their industry, may unite in themselves all the desirable qualifications for the functions which they will be called upon to fulfil at Amboise.

"My department will undertake the maintenance of these young Mussulmans. I have also ordered that, in exchange for their liberty, which they will in some sort have given up, and in consideration of the services which they will be called upon to render, they shall receive a salary to be fixed for each of them at 300 francs a year. It is also a matter of course that the journey to Amboise shall be defrayed by the

State. I therefore authorise you, M. le Gouverneur-Général, to put aside for each of them the sum of 60 francs, for the purchase of clothes of a European fashion, which will only be worn during the journey, to prevent their suffering from the impertinence of public curiosity. I leave it to you to appoint a suitable person to accompany them; you may be able to find, among the wives of some of our Algerine officials, a lady about to return to France who would be willing to accept such a mission, and to keep an account of the expenses of the journey, defraying them from the sum which you will previously have confided to her for this purpose.

“As soon as all the necessary measures have been taken, you will kindly let me know, and at the same time inform me of the day on which they will embark for France, as well as that on which they will reach Amboise.—I remain, M. le Gouverneur-Général, &c., &c.,

“DAUMAS.

“Signed for and by the order of the Minister of War.”

“ALGER, December 10, 1850.

“*M. le Préfet*,—In reply to the letter which you have done me the honour to write me on the 20th instant *à-propos* of sending three young pupils from this Institution to Amboise, I must tell you that their relations, not finding the indemnity of 300 francs a year sufficient to compensate them for giving up the girls, have opposed themselves to the departure. One only of the three whom I pointed out will leave with the consent of her family; the mother hoping that the services of her daughter—her intelligence, her work, and her devotion to the cause of France—will merit an increase of salary sufficient for the accumulation of a small dowry which may aid her in finding a good marriage. The young girl,

whose character is serious and thoughtful, will doubtless fulfil, with honour to herself, the desires of M. le Ministre. Her name is Nefissa Bent Ali, and she is about fourteen years old.

“The other young girl who will accompany her is called Aziya Bent Yahia ; she is twelve years old, and is entirely at my disposition, as I took her into my care when she was only two years old, at the death of her mother.

“At this moment I can therefore only send these two young girls to the family of Abd-el-Kader. Perhaps next spring I may be able to send a third, if two are not enough for the services required.

“Their departure has been fixed for the 20th instant. They will reach Amboise on the 26th or 28th. As Madame Bally is not going in the same direction, she cannot accompany them, and on the other hand, these two young girls would with difficulty be brought to leave with a lady whom they do not know, even if one could be found willing to take charge of them. Therefore I see nobody but M. Luce, my husband, and whom they look upon as a father, who can go with them.

“I enclose a note of the expenses of the journey, based on the strictest economy, and on the supposition that no quarantine will be required at Marseilles, which would increase the expense, and in which case I think it would be better to delay the departure for some days.—I remain, &c.,

“EUGENIE LUCE.”

“ALGER, *December 20, 1850.*

“ORDRE DE SERVICE.

“The Minister of War having decreed that two pupils from the Institution for Young Mussulman Girls shall be

sent to Amboise to act as interpreters for the family of Abd-el-Kader, M. Luce, member of the national order of the Legion of Honour, and husband of the mistress of that Institution, is charged with the office of conducting the two pupils according to that decree.

“THE PREFECT OF ALGER.

“NOTE.—This certifies that M. Luce arrived here, in pursuance of the above order, on the 6th of January 1851.

“Stamped at Amboise, January 8, 1851.”

Then follows an account of the expenses of clothing these two girls for their journey; amounting to 154f. 30c., and apparently employed in giving them a very tidy outfit of frocks, stockings, gloves, shoes, and even the unheard-of luxury of bonnets!

These two young girls, solely conducted by M. Luce, reached Amboise, and remained eight months in the family of Abd-el-Kader. But attempts were made to convert them to Christianity, and the parents, hearing of it, were so indignant that it became necessary to recall the girls.

In an Algerine paper (the *Atlas*) of October 1851, we find an article describing a distribution of prizes among Madame Luce's pupils. It was written by one of the most remarkable Frenchmen who ever undertook the difficult career of an Algerine colonist, and who, but for the political changes of France, would probably have been called to exercise wise and sagacious rule over the

destinies of the infant colony. M. Warnier was for a long time physician to Abd-el-Kader; and acted as ambassador between the Arab chief and the French invaders. No man was more thoroughly acquainted with the life of the native population than he from whose article we extract the following:—

“We have lately been present at a meeting which created a deep impression on our minds, the reason of which our readers will permit us to relate. Some fifteen years ago chance led us to the abode of Abd-el-Kader. In our new surroundings, our attention was excited by hearing the Arabs naming their chief much more frequently as Abd-el-Kader son of Zöhra, than as Abd-el-Kader son of Mahi-ed-din. In all the numerous prophecies then current in the country, the great warrior always claimed by his maternal descent. ‘Ould Zöhra’ appeared his simple designation. We sought in vain for the cause of this preference; when the illness of one of Abd-el-Kader’s children led us into his domestic circle. There we found a woman, Lella Zöhra, surrounded by a peculiar reverence which could not be attributed to her quality of mother of the Sultan, for we found she had enjoyed it even before the birth of her son. At last we discovered the reason: this woman was learned, this woman read the holy books, the Mohammedan Scriptures, and she was the only woman in all the country who

could do so! In this lay quite a revelation. The son of Zöhra was in great part the work of his mother, and in the exercise of that sovereignty which had devolved upon him, Abd-el-Kader listened willingly to the counsels of the woman who had doubly made him a man.

“The part played by this woman in the destinies of Algeria on account of her learning, led us to inquire concerning all the women who within the memory of man were known to the natives as having possessed ‘knowledge of the writings,’ according to the phrase of the Arabs. Our search only discovered in a quarter of a century five learned women in a population of three million souls. One of these, and the most illustrious, being the aforesaid mother of Abd-el-Kader, now with her son at Amboise. The second is Fatma-bent-Bel-Kharoubi, daughter of Abd-el-Kader’s ancient Khalifa. She was given up as a prize in war to the Arab Ben Farath, to replace the women of whom the enemy had deprived *him*! This profanation gave rise to energetic protestation and debates on the parts of some of the Arab prisoners. The third, daughter to a Turk, and former teacher of the children of the last Dey of Algiers, Zhéra-bent-Braham, is now sub-mistress of the Arab language in Madame Luce’s school. The fourth died at Constantine, in 1843; she was also the daughter of a Turk, once holding an official position in the Beylick.

The fifth died at Oran, in 1840; like the preceding, she was Khoulougha, that is, daughter of a Turkish father and an Arab mother; her father being employed in the household of Hassan Dey.

“Five learned women! these were all which the Musulman civilisation had given us since our conquest of Algiers. Of course, we don't reckon those women who in their childhood had learnt to spell out a few verses of the Koran which they forgot as soon they became wives and mothers.

“Such were the investigations present to our memory when entering at two o'clock yesterday afternoon into the establishment which Madame Luce founded, and which she conducts with such skill. We found ourselves in the midst of 115 young girls, from eight to fifteen years of age, and whose average acquirements are already much superior to those of the five learned women whose names are preserved with a sort of veneration by the generation now passing away. The effect of the comparison will easily be imagined.

“When we afterwards saw five children, of whom two were marvellously gifted, perform on a simple stage a little dramatic piece by Berquin, *La petite Glaneuse*—when we had heard the two pupils lately return from Amboise, whither they had been sent to act as interpreters in the family of Abd-el-Kader, recount in a

charming poetical dialogue the impressions of their journey, and the joy of their return—when, above all, we heard young Mussulman girls singing their gratitude to their benefactors, then we could no longer doubt that success at length crowned the work of regeneration undertaken eight years ago by Madame Luce. An immense progress had been achieved in our midst ; a progress of which it is impossible now to calculate the consequences, which, however, will also be immense if nothing rises to hinder the impulsion communicated.

“Shall we now formally describe the ceremony? A useless task ; one distribution of prizes resembles another.”

M. Warnier then gives some of the verses recited and sung by the pupils ; taking occasion to remark that the Préfet, amiably alluded to as—

“ Notre tendre et bon père
Dont nous avons les soins si genereux,”

had not taken the trouble to preside at the distribution ; in fact, none of the officials of Algiers were there ! which neglect was very much of a piece with all that went before. M. Warnier then spoke at length of the much greater pains taken at Constantine, the capital of the eastern province of Algeria, where a similar school (created in imitation of Madame Luce's) was conducted by

Madame Cherbonneau ; and where the authorities assisted it in every way, by their presence, their sympathy, and their practical encouragement of families whose children were receiving instruction. These local details are of little interest to readers unacquainted with the beautiful country to which they refer ; but we mention them as showing that at no time has Madame Luce enjoyed the assistance to which her character and her efforts appear to us to have entitled her from the Colonial powers.

M. Warnier concludes by saying that he saw amidst the general joy two or three little girls crying “de bien bon cœur,” because they had no prizes, and their companions were consoling them with suggestions that they would obtain some next year. “L’année prochaine !” says this extremely tender-hearted gentleman—“*c’est un siècle pour les enfants.* Ne pourrait-on pas faire une distribution supplémentaire de *Prix dits de consolation ?* Nous soumettons cette idée à qui de droit. Pour que des enfants pleurent après une distribution de prix, parce qu’ils n’en ont pas eu, il faut que la conscience leur dise qu’ils avaient mérité un récompense. La conscience des enfants n’est pas trompeuse !”

We will now pass over several years, during which the school was steadily pursuing its career of usefulness, and present to our readers the report of the *Dames In-*

spectrices in 1858, which requires but a few words of explanation.

Madame Luce, whose vigorous intellect embraces every need of her pupils' lives, had established a workshop, where the elder girls executed work for the ladies of Algiers, and earned in this way a considerable sum of money, learning at the same time that lesson most difficult for a Moresque—to appreciate the value of labour. They had always a month's stock of work waiting for them in advance. But the authorities, to the deep regret of Madame Luce, put an end to the *ouvroir*, either for the sake of economising the salary for the sewing-mistress who superintended it, (which did not amount to more than £35 a year,) or else for the sake of favouring some similar *ouvroir* under religious direction. Madame Luce considered it one of the most useful parts of her whole scheme. The gentlemen inspectors who at that time reported on the school thought far more of a well-turned French phrase than of a neatly sewn frock. But though required and perfectly willing to pay great attention to the intellectual education of her pupils, she felt more anxious about their industrial training, thinking it of the utmost importance that Moorish women, so helpless by law and custom, should possess some means of gaining a respectable livelihood, to say nothing of their eminent need of neatness and order

at home, and the necessity of making and mending their own and their husbands' clothes.

However, a change of inspectors was made; and in 1858 we find ladies very wisely appointed, who sent in the following report. Happily it was in some measure effectual, and the *ouvroirs* of the fine and beautiful embroidery of the East were again opened.

“COPY OF A REPORT ADDRESSED TO M. LE PRÉFET, THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1858, BY THE COMITÉ DES DAMES INSPECTRICES DES ÉCOLES ARABES - FRANÇAISES DES JEUNES FILLES.

“TO M. LE PRÉFET OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ALGIERS.

“*Monsieur le Préfet*,—The *Comité des Dames Inspectrices des Écoles des Jeunes Filles Arabes* fulfils one of the duties for which it was created, in transmitting to you a report upon the condition of these schools, and in drawing your benevolent attention towards institutions which are of the highest interest as regards the moralisation and the development of the family among the Mussulman population, which also is in much need of amelioration.

“Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to recall to your memory in a few words the origin and the various phases of this Institution. Its creation is entirely due to a woman—to Madame Luce, who, in 1845, turning to account, with very limited resources, and at her own risk and peril, a thorough knowledge of Arabic, and a great practical facility in the art of teaching, yielding also to a desire of being useful to a class, until then too much neglected, opened an industrial school for young Mussulman girls, and kept it up at her own ex-

pense until 1847, when this school was taken under the charge of Government. In 1850, its existence was assured by a Presidential decree. In spite of this encouragement, it was only at the cost of unusual efforts, and thanks to a rare perseverance, that Madame Luce attained success—success which was in all respects complete. Towards this epoch, (1850,) the house contained about 200 young girls: the elementary instruction was excellent, the art of needlework had arrived at remarkable perfection among them. Up to 1850, Madame Luce paid two sewing-mistresses, work came in abundantly, and the young girls took back each day to their own families the frequently considerable fruits of their labour. The native embroidery in silk and gold, so famous in the East, and of which the tradition was here almost lost, was again restored, and obtained a real and merited success.

“ In 1850, it was thought necessary to divide the school. There were more than 150 pupils, and the house could contain about 250 without increase of expense. A sub-mistress of Madame Luce, Mademoiselle Chevallier, became in her turn the mistress of a school, which went on very well; and although, M. le Préfet, we find it desirable to ask you to reunite it with the original school in the Rue de Toulon, we wish to recommend Mademoiselle Chevallier to the interest and care of the Administration.

“ This was not the only check received by the school under Madame Luce’s charge. Permission to take orders for work was forbidden her, and that at the moment when two medals, one of the first class and the other of the second, bestowed by the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855, bore witness to the incontestable merit of the work. We call especial attention to this fact, of which the importance might otherwise escape your notice.

“ This prohibition inflicted much damage on the schools. The intellectual objects of the Institution, strictly speaking, the reading, writing, and arithmetic, are, for the Moorish female population, so many gates into a totally new range of ideas, and their application of those arts is foreign to their mode of life, their prejudices, and their domestic customs. These customs forbid them, with almost absolute force, to pass their own thresholds and mix themselves up with European life. It is in their own houses, and by the work of their fingers, that they must seek to gain an honest livelihood. If a just respect for their religious belief forbids us to do anything which may be offensive to it, it is nevertheless incumbent on us to try and improve them morally, and it is only by accustoming them to labour that this end can be attained. In principle everybody agrees on this head, but in practice opinions differ, and the means of carrying the principle into execution are wanting to the mistresses of these schools. Thus, on the one hand, they are enjoined to teach the art of needlework to the young girls, and, on the other, they are forbidden to allow any person whatever who may be in the house to work upon orders received from the outside ; and again, another almost invincible obstacle, the funds allotted for instruction in sewing, for the purchase of linen, thread, &c., are so narrow, that they hardly amount to available funds at all, (1000 francs only is allotted for all the costs of material, and also of offices, books, pens, paper ;) and, finally, at the age of thirteen the young girls are obliged to quit the school to enter the workshop which has recently been erected.

“ The year 1858 has witnessed the carrying out of two other rules, equally annoying to the schools in question.

“ 1st, The suppression of the female officials who morning

and evening conducted the young girls to and from their own homes. These officials were instituted in conformity with Article 19 of the rules given to the schools by the *Préfectures* in 1854, and they received a payment of five francs a month. They were old and poor, and this small payment stood in lieu of alms, which it was inevitable that they should otherwise receive ; but they have been suppressed. Their utility is too evident in a town like Algiers, considering the ideas and customs of native families, for us not to insist very earnestly on their again resuming their functions. We are not ignorant of the criticism to which these schools have been subjected : it has been affirmed, without any other proofs having been adduced, that they were far from ultimately conducing to morality, and that many of the young girls who had there received instruction had afterwards signalled themselves by want of regularity in conduct. This reproach is truly unfounded. If a few out of the whole number, after having again entered their own family life, have yielded to temptations which the Mussulman law appears to regard with indulgence, they are yet rare exceptions, to which parallel cases may be adduced among pupils turned out by the best French schools, both lay and religious ; and once and again we would urge that it would be unjust to attribute such misconduct to an education only fitted to develop the most healthy ideas of morality and self-respect. It is incontestable that in these schools they receive none but good counsels and good examples. On the threshold of their own families our responsibility ceases ; but if they are not duly accompanied on the road between their own homes and the school, who can tell to what influence they may be exposed ? It is for this reason that we again demand the reinstating of the *conductrices*.

“2dly, The second measure of which we would take notice, and which has contributed to diminish the number of the pupils, is the suppression of the two francs a month hitherto allotted to each pupil as a treat. It has been allowed to the infant schools, but taken away from those for children of an older age. It is difficult to understand the unequal division of this favour, and it must not be forgotten that almost all these children belong to the very poorest class.

“At this point, M. le Préfet, it is impossible for our interest in these schools not to cause us to wander a little away from the legitimate bounds of our subject, and that we should not bitterly deplore the creation of the workshop and the infant school; a creation made in detriment of these schools, from which they have carried away nearly all the moniteurs for the sake of the workshops, and numbers of young children for the sake of the infant schools.

“In the first place, it is patent that this is a pecuniary misfortune for the *directrices*, who receive a fixed sum as soon as the number of their pupils increases to above 100, and who see their salary diminished by a franc a month for every unit below that number. Last year they still counted the one 125, the other 110 pupils. To-day, the first one, under Madame Luce, has only 76, and that under Mademoiselle Chevallier but 63.

“About twenty young girls frequent the workshop, who cause considerable expense in their lodging and surveillance. These young girls are generally moniteurs who have quitted the other schools.

“What! is it just that those among them who, under Madame Luce, occupied themselves in native embroidery, for example, should go and carry into another establishment the fruit of so much labour and personal investigation

(*recherches*)? Is it consistent with utility? We think not. According to our opinion, it would have been more reasonable to allow Madame Luce's school to resume its primary destination, and to make of it an industrial school.

"One glance at the figures renders this question still clearer. At this moment there are with Madame Luce,

" 76 young girls.
63 with Mademoiselle Chevallier.
20 at the workshop.

" Making 159 young girls, for whom three houses, three *directrices*, and a certain number of sub-mistresses are paid; while for all of them united, one *directrice*, one house, and a certain number of mistresses would suffice; to say nothing of one governing spirit, one system, of which the value is well known, and of which the past success guarantees most completely that of the future.

" There was at first some question of admitting married or separated women into the workshop. But it is easy to understand how unsuitable was their companionship for the young girls, and it appears that this project has been given up. We must not lose sight of the customs of the Mussulman population, and the almost impossibility of respectable women going out to work away from their own homes. (By which the report appears to imply that such grown-up women as would come to work in an *ouvroir* would hardly be fit for the girls to associate with.)

" Again, the *Asile Musulmane* is in reality but a school under another name, and it is as a school that we must allude to it. Open for children under seven years of age, they receive here their first notions of elementary knowledge; and the greater part of these children have been taken from

among the boys and girls of the regular schools. What is the use of this new expense, since they were as well looked after in the original institutions, and why should they be attracted to the *Asile* by a monthly gift of money, which is so much loss to the school?

“ The *Asile*, or Infant School, is established in France (in like manner with the *crèche*) to receive young children whose mothers are at work ; and so true is this, that a small payment is exacted from the mothers as a guarantee that they really are at work ; a payment which, however small and insufficient to supply the wants of the child, is nevertheless of importance, as testifying to the link between mother and infant, and as a proof that the former is industrious, and does not merely seek to get rid of her little one in order that she may indulge a too common love of idleness and vagabondage. But the *Asile Musulmane* is on a very different footing. It pays to attract to itself children whose mothers are not at all accustomed to work, never going out by the day, and doing next to nothing at home, except what little their houses may require, as they do not generally use the needle. What interest have these women in separating themselves from their young children ? What service is rendered to them by strangers undertaking the charge ? Must not one rather ask, with some touch of sadness, what in the world are these poor women to do with leisure so acquired ? When one reflects on the degraded position held by women under the Mohammedan creed, on the restrictions to which they are subjected in the moral and religious life, on the facility for divorce, and the tolerance afforded to their misconduct, it is not too much to state that maternal love is, in default of all other sentiments, the best and deepest spring of action left to them. Let us not then

seek to weaken it ; let us leave them the care of their own infants, and let us not attract children to our schools until they are old enough to profit by intellectual and moral teaching, offered to their minds and their hearts.

“ We hope, M. le Préfet, that you will attentively examine these different questions. We lay before you with confidence and conviction the results of our observations. We could sustain these observations by more ample details, but we think we have said enough to induce you to give attentive care to the subject. For us, the experience of real life, and of the sufferings of the lower classes, have given us a profound belief in the regenerating virtue of labour, and its superiority over intellectual teaching, strictly so called, for most women, and above all, for Moresques ; and in summing up here our desires, and our *critique*, we would again repeat :—

“ *1stly*, That the *Asile* is but a school under another name, and that the original schools have suffered from its being opened, without any gain to the public. We ask therefore that it shall either be suppressed or completely re-organised. *2dly*, The workshop once formed part of the school, and has no separate claim to existence when the school is deprived of the industry formerly exercised within its bounds. *3dly*, The second girls’ school might be without inconvenience re-united to the first, (always taking care that Mademoiselle Chevallier be not thrown on one side,) since figures prove that since the division there has been no increase in the number of pupils, only an increase in the expenses. *4thly*, We demand the re-establishment of the *conductrices* to take the young girls to and fro ; and, *5thly*, and above all, that the needlework should be encouraged and developed as much as possible.

“ Such, M. le Préfet, are the thoughts which we lay before you : and remain with much respect,

“ Signed for the Committee,

“ BARONNE DE CERY.

“ ALGER, Dec. 7, 1858.”

For the latter state of the school we must refer to the report sent in to the Préfet in December 1860. The first part of it is occupied with proving, in answer to certain questions, that the yearly expense of the school was rather less than during the two first years of its establishment, when Madame Luce had borne it at her own risk. She then goes on to say—

“ The second point, on which it is much easier for me to reply, is thus worded, ‘ Exact information on the importance of the results obtained in all that concerns the studies and the progress of the pupils.’

“ The spirit which presided over the creation of the school for young Mussulman girls is shown in these *official* words of M. le Comte Guyot, then Director of the Interior. A Mussulman school ought to mean, for those who are acquainted with the customs and manners of Arab women, above all, a centre of benevolence, (*maison de bienfaisance*,) and of education in the moral sense of that word, and of labour. These points being attended to, would sooner or later bring about the regeneration of Mussulman women. There remains the question of elementary instruction, and I will now examine if a triple result has been obtained according to the statistics of the school.

“ The number of young girls who have attended the school

since its commencement is 1035, although the school was divided during four years, and though the workshop was detached; and on this subject I think I ought to add, that not only did the young girls of twelve and thirteen gain wages to the amount of 50 and 75 *centimes* a day, (from five-pence to sevenpence-halfpenny,) which increased according as there was work, but moreover, when they left the school, the workshop furnished them employment at their own homes.

“ About 600 could speak, read, and write French; nearly all understood our language, and could reckon aloud with sufficient facility; six have been sent out as sub-mistresses to the different schools created in Algeria; one has successfully obtained a diploma as teacher; two have been sent as interpreters to the family of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, at Amboise. I will add no remark to these figures, the results which they indicate differ in no respect from those daily obtained in our primary French schools.

“ You are aware, M. le Préfet, that intellectual teaching occupies only half of the time allotted to the classes, the other half being exclusively assigned to professional instruction. My efforts are chiefly directed to the latter end; which is the only true method of morally civilising the Arab women. The success obtained in works of the needle has surpassed all my hopes; it has been proved by an exhibition of work. A great number of Arab girls and women have found a sufficient subsistence from their earnings in the execution of that native embroidery of which the tradition seemed lost.

“ Two prizes awarded by the jury of the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855 corroborate what I have had the honour to affirm above, and even quite recently, Her Majesty the

Empress, while expressing to me the interest which she took in the establishment, and her regret at not being able to visit it, deigned to accept some specimens of these embroideries, and was so good as to give me an order for more.

“ Je suis avec respect, Monsieur le Préfet,

“ Votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

“ EUGENIE LUCE.

“ ALGER, 27 *Décembre* 1860.”

On the back of the report Madame Luce has written, “ The school has at this moment 150 scholars. Twenty work at the embroidery, and while gaining their own livelihood honourably, cost nothing to the Administration. I hope that the new Administration will comprehend all the importance of this establishment, and will sustain it as it deserves to be sustained.

“ En ma Allah !
(S'il plùt à Dieu !)”

In 1860-1, Madame Luce's school was visited by the many English who passed that winter at Algiers, of whom the writer was one. The old Moorish house, No. 5 Rue de Toulon, is in the heart of the compact labyrinth forming the Corsair City. The little narrow steep streets, which often break abruptly into regular steps, are wholly inaccessible to any vehicle ; only a laden donkey can pass up and down and under the dark tunnels where the thoroughfare lies between dwellings which meet overhead. In one of the steepest, darkest, and dirtiest of

these streets, a very handsome arched doorway leads into the oblong vestibule where servants—and, in the olden day, slaves—were supposed to wait. From this we emerged into the square court of two stories, open to the sky. The class-rooms were both above and below, and the quaint little figures which lingered about the doors were the scholars for whom Madame Luce fought so severe a battle. They wore full trousers and jackets; their hair was twisted into long pigtailed behind and tightly bound with green ribbon; on the crown of their heads were little velvet caps embroidered with gold thread; their nails were tinged with henna; their legs, from the knees to the ankles, were bare, and were then finished off with anklets and slippers. They talked rapidly in an unknown tongue, and sat writing French exercises, and doing sums on black boards, or else under the trees of a sunny yard at the back, sewing frocks and towels and dusters like any other school-girls all the world over. But one of the number is no longer to be found in any group. The gentle and clever Nefissa Bent Ali,—the same who was at Amboise, and who was since sub-mistress under Madame Luce, died in the early spring of prolonged consumption. The writer saw her not long before her death, and doubly sad it was to see a carefully-educated Moorish woman, capable of doing so much to help her sisters, fading away with half her

mission unfulfilled. The pale patient girl lay in a small room in one of the smallest houses in Algiers, but with miniature court and pillars all complete. A much larger window than usual in these dwellings had been cut in the outer wall near her bed; and above it was the arched recess which serves Moresques as a cupboard to put away clothes and ornaments and coffee-cups, but which in this instance was filled with French books—grammars, histories, poems, and tales. Nefissa's little dark-eyed sister Rosalie hovered in and out of the room, and her withered old mother also. It is a curious trait of Moorish life that this old woman, who possessed a little independence, insisted on marrying quite a young man: the intrusion of which stranger into the house was one cause of Nefissa's illness. When, some weeks after this, the poor girl passed away, she was buried with honour by the authorities, and a small paragraph announcing her death appeared in the *Ackbar*.

We now come to a great alteration, for which it is difficult to assign any satisfactory reasons, inasmuch as a friend, writing from Algiers, affirmed that, "with every change of Governor in Algeria, the policy towards her school seems changed. Once this policy said, give the 'jeunes Musulmanes' a good deal of instruction, and a very little needlework; then it said, give them nothing but instruction, and do not let them do needle-

work at all; and *now* it says, give them no instruction at all, and let them do nothing but needlework!"

Yes, the well-known school, which had successfully surmounted so many difficulties, was actually closed on the 1st of November 1861, by a decree of the then Governor, the Duc de Malakoff; and in its place two work-schools were established, one of them being placed under Madame Luce, and domiciled in her old Moorish school-house.

This is the substance of the legal document sent to Madame Luce on the 19th of October 1861, accompanied by a letter from the Prefecture, telling her to pay her two mistresses off, and close the school on the 1st of November following.

The institution is now called the *Ouvroir d'Apprentissage*, and is put under the control of the *Bureau de Bienfaisance Musulman*. The Government pays for 200 apprentices, 100 to be sent to each *ouvroir*, and chosen by the *Bureau de Bienfaisance Musulman*. The Government gives five francs (4s. 2d.) a month for each apprentice; three francs go to the girl herself, and two to the directress of the *ouvroir*. The girls are admitted from ten to sixteen years of age, chosen because they are supposed to be in want. The *apprentissage* lasts two years; at the end of that time the girl can stay in the *ouvroir* as a workwoman, and is paid according to her work.

Each directress is obliged to see that religious instruction is given, and the Mussulman prayers recited. In each *ouvroir*, also, *conductrices* are appointed to bring and take the girls to and from the *ouvroir*. Each directress is authorised to annex a paying primary school for children, from seven to ten, if the parents desire it, in which school reading, writing, and arithmetic may be taught. The Government gives the directresses their houses, and keeps them in repair; every other expense must be supported by the directresses, who have no salary but the two francs a head aforesaid.

Madame Luce, by exception and reason of her former services, (*du droit acquis*,) will still be paid her former salary.

There is formed for the overlooking of these *ouvroirs* a permanent committee of ten lady patronesses, under the presidency of *Madame de Maréchale*, wife of the Governor-General. Two of the lady patronesses are Arab ladies. This is all that is important of this long *arrêté*.

The clause permitting the formation of paying schools is absolutely useless, after the system of paying the children to come to school has been carried on for so long. If the Government wishes to make an attempt to gain over the Arab population to the French way of life, and to mix the race, why, Madame Luce's plan was

absolutely the only way; a slow way, but it was the beginning of a great breach in the solid wall of Mohammedan prejudice. But the French Government never seems to have had any steady faith in this possibility; and it must be remembered that the expenses of the colony are great, and often one should remind one's self, in the midst of indignation against this obnoxious difference made between boys and girls, that the poor people of France are heavily taxed for all this charity, and if they had a voice in the matter, would, no doubt, send our little trousered damsels *au diable*.

In truth, the history of Madame Luce's school is just a fair history of Algeria. The Government trying to do everything, and, of course, in the end breaking down. The people in England would set up a private subscription, and try all manner of eccentric experiments; but here no one has either money or individual energy enough to do it. Madame Luce has been the only one to try, and has not succeeded; at least, for this present administration she is in eclipse.

Early in 1862 a friend visited the *ouvroir* under her direction, on purpose to examine the Arab embroidery which Madame Luce was preparing for the Great Exhibition in London. She found seventy-four women and girls sitting about on the floors of the long, narrow rooms, and in the arched corridors of the court, with the

blue sky above them, in every imaginable picturesque attitude, the little ones learning to knit and net, the elder ones making lovely embroidery in coloured silks.

Four young girls were working on one large curtain of white cloth with coloured silks, dark red and blue, principally with dots of bright colours, all outlined with black.

“I hope you do not arrange the colours,” said she, to Madame Luce; “you had much better leave it to them to do as they like; they know much better what is right than any barbarian Frenchwoman.”

Madame Luce laughed in her genial way, and said in fact she did leave it to them to do as they liked, except, of course, the necessary adaptations which she was obliged to make for French ladies' collars, handkerchiefs, jackets, &c., which could not always be treated exactly like Arab ladies' costume.

There were curtains worked on Arab thread muslin, which are certainly the most lovely specimens of embroidery in the world, and, from the quantity of gold thread, cannot be worth less than £150 the pair. All this work is expensive, but cannot be called dear, when the time it takes, and the materials, are considered. The cloth Zouave jackets, embroidered with real gold, which she sells for about £6, are perhaps the cheapest things she has to send, considering the time they will

certainly wear—probably as long as most wearers! Girls came at eight o'clock, and worked until eleven, and in the afternoon from one till four o'clock. In summer the hours were longer, being from seven till eleven, and from one to five o'clock. The average wages were about 1s. a day. Some girls can earn as much as 1s. 9d. a day.

There were five conductresses always running backwards and forwards with the girls, and paid 4s. 2d. a month each; and then Madame Luce had to pay the mistresses, the woman to clean the house, and the woman who prays aloud while the girls work, and the woman who keeps order and prevents bad conversation, and many other expenses. She assured her visitor she was out of pocket; and how she was to pocket anything, unless her embroideries sold well, is difficult to see, for the expenses of the girls must be more than 2f. each.

The girls looked brighter and happier than as usually seen in Moorish bowers, and there is no doubt it is healthier for them to be there and working, than in their houses doing nothing. In the future, the knowledge of a trade may save them from much misery.

In another point of view this *ouvrage* was most interesting—namely, that of art; for these wonderful Arab embroideries were going out of the world, the very

stitches forgotten, until the taste of the English visitors made a great demand for them. The late Mr Benjamin Woodward, architect of the Oxford Museum, was one of the first who drew attention to the singular beauty of colour and arrangement in the old Arab work ; and within the last few years so great has been the demand, that it is difficult now to pick up good specimens in any of the bazaars. If Madame Luce respects this beautiful instinct in the Arab women, and allows them to develop it untainted by false French taste, she will do good service to art.

In conclusion, we think this sketch of a long struggle in the cause of education and industry will not be read without interest even in our far distant England ; while it may meet the eye of some who intend next winter to visit the bright, beautiful shores where the scene of our narrative lies, and cause them to feel that they have already made something like a friendly acquaintance with the life of Madame Luce of Algiers.

VI.

GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S WIFE.



VI.

GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S WIFE.

IN the histories, the romances, and the legends of Massachusetts, there appears one name peculiarly representative of the old colonial times—that of Governor Winthrop. If we mistake not, he is alluded to in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables;" and Winthrop is the typical name of one of the immaculate heroes of the authoress of the "Wide, Wide World." As an historical character, he occupies the proud position of having been one of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England and the head of the little commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay. "It was a merciful Providence," says his wife's biographer,* "that

* Memorable Women of the Puritan Times. By the Rev. James Anderson. Blackie.

such a man as John Winthrop embarked in the perilous undertaking of planting an English Christian colony in the American wilderness. To eminent piety he added political sagacity, wisdom and moderation in counsel, persuasive eloquence, disinterested devotion to the interests of the infant state, with great firmness of character, all which highly fitted him to preside over the new plantation, where peculiar difficulties and trials had to be encountered, and society almost to be formed anew. His gifts as a statesman were indeed such as would have rendered him a meet associate of such men as Prynne, Hampden, Cromwell, and others who figured so illustriously in England in the times of the civil wars."

The short sketch of his wife given in Mr Anderson's book possesses a quaint and tender interest from the love letters which passed between the pair during the time they were separated by the broad Atlantic—a gulf so terrible in those days of small sailing ships, that we wonder in our modern days how such separations were endured. Margaret Tindal was born about the year 1590, and married to Winthrop when she was twenty-eight years old, he being a Suffolk gentleman, come of an ancient family of good estate, and bred a lawyer. Winthrop had been twice married, the first time when he was only seventeen years and three months old; but his

early domestic history must have been singularly unfortunate, since at the time of his wedding Margaret Tindal he was but thirty years of age. He had several children, to whom Mrs Winthrop proved a tender and conscientious step-mother; sons of her own were also born to her—Adam, Stephen, and Deane. As her letters to Winthrop furnish most of the details known of her life, there is little to say of her early married years, except in intervals when his legal business called him to London. Her first extant letter was probably written in 1624 or 1625, and the second in 1628. They are sent from Suffolk to him in London, and are full of beautiful tenderness and piety:—

“MOST DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND,—I cannot express my love to you, as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you did see my heart, how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided in all our ways by God, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait with patience upon Him, who is all-sufficient for me. I shall not need to write much to you at this time. My brother Gostling can tell you anything by word of mouth. I praise God, we are all here in health, as you left us, and are glad to hear the same of you and all the rest of our friends at London. My mother and myself remember our best love to you, and all the rest. Our

children remember their duty to you. And thus, desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my good husband good night. Little Samuel thinks it is time for me to go to bed; and so I beseech the Lord to keep you in safety, and us all here. Farewell, my sweet husband.—Your obedient wife,
MARGARET WINTHROP.”

“MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavours! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord. I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee, but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

“I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: First, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because that thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. The term is more than half done. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in His good

time ; for which time I shall pray. I thank the Lord, we are all in health. We are very glad to hear so good news of our son Henry. The Lord make us thankful for all His mercies to us and ours ! And thus, with my mother's and my own best love to yourself and all the rest, I shall leave scribbling. The weather being cold, makes me make haste. Farewell, my good husband. The Lord keep thee !—Your obedient wife,
MARGARET WINTHROP."

From the favourable reports brought to England of the new plantation of Massachusetts Bay, where those who held Puritan tenets might enjoy a liberty of conscience denied to them in England, Winthrop joined "The London Company of Massachusetts Bay," and embarked a considerable amount of money in the concern. When in 1629-30 a considerable emigration took place, more important than the previous ones, he entered with zeal into the undertaking ; and "being well known in his own county of Suffolk, and well approved for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity, he was extremely useful in promoting it, and eventually headed it." These emigrants were persons of education, of large landed estates, and of good family connexions. Some of them were allied by marriage to the aristocracy ; some of them were among the principal gentry of the county of Suffolk, to which, indeed, they all belonged ; while the divines were men of acknowledged abilities and learned in the mother country—university graduates—Cambridge hav-

ing been their Alma Mater. At this time Winthrop's income was about £700 a year, equal, says the biographer, to at least £7000 in our day; he was happy in his domestic relations, and from his talents and condition in life, might reasonably aspire to the most honourable and profitable offices in the State. Yet he decided to quit all these actual possible goods, and to emigrate under conditions which we can hardly realise. For Natal or Vancouver's Island are neither so distant or so unknown as was Massachusetts then.

Until the time of his embarkation for America, Winthrop continued to make frequent journeys to London on business connected with the projected new plantation. He was elected governor before the company started; and having obtained a royal charter which sanctioned the existence of the colony, secured its rights, and authorised the Government to be administered within the territory, he contemplated embarking in the spring of 1630. To prepare Mrs Winthrop's mind for leaving England and for going out to plant the New World with civilised and Christian men, was now the strenuous aim of her husband. To a woman dwelling in the pastoral flats of Suffolk it must have seemed a desperate undertaking. He gave her all the information he could on the subject. In a letter to his son John, at Groton, dated October 9, 1629, he says:—"I have

sent down all the late news from New England ; I would have some of you read it to your mother." He assured her that to better the temporal interests of her and her children was one of the motives which prompted him to engage in this American enterprise. "For my care of thee and thine I will say nothing. The Lord knows my heart that it was one great motive to draw me into this course. The Lord prosper me in it, as I desire the prosperity of thee and thine. For this end I purpose to leave £1500 with thy friends, if I can sell my lands, which I am now about, but as yet have done nothing.

Mrs Winthrop was not to sail with him. The reason appears to be, that at the time fixed upon for the sailing of the emigrants she would be near her confinement ; *and* her husband was to take all his children with him, except his eldest son, John. In the prospect of this separation she therefore sorely needed tender and comforting words, which were not wanting. Says he, in a letter dated January 31, 1630,—“I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments, for if thou wert as wise and patient as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater because I am so dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee for a ground of contentment is thy godliness. If now the Lord be thy God, thou must

show it by trusting in Him, and resigning thyself quietly to His good pleasure. If now Christ be thy husband, thou must show what sure and sweet intercourse is between Him and thy soul, when it shall be no hard thing for thee to part with an earthly, mortal, infirm husband for His sake. . . . The best course is to turn all our reasons and discourse into prayers, for He only can help who is Lord of sea and land, and hath sole power of life and death."

Other letters he wrote her in the same strain, one of which ends, "Farewell, the Lord bless thee and all thy company! Commend me to all, and to all our good friends and neighbours, and remember Monday, between five and six." The reference in the close is to a solemn compact made between the writer and his wife, that so long as separated from each other, whether in consequence of his journeys to London, or of his removal to America, they should set aside the particular hour specified, on the Monday and Friday of every week, for the purpose of engaging in prayer for one another.

About this time Winthrop and his intended fellow-emigrants were entertained by their friends at a farewell dinner, at which he was so affected at the prospect of parting from them, and from his native country, that the strong man burst into a flood of tears, and set them all a-weeping. He finally went to Southampton, at that

time a port of great commerce, to embark on board the *Arbella* for America. From Southampton he wrote to his wife a letter, dated March 14, 1630, saying, "Mine only best beloved, I now salute thee from Southampton, where, by the Lord's mercy, we are all safe; but the winds have been such as our ships are not yet come. . . . And now, my dear wife, what shall I say to thee? I am full of matter and affection towards thee, but want time to express it." Again, on the 28th, he writes, "Commend me to all our good friends, as I wrote in my former letter, and be comfortable and trust in the Lord; my dear wife, pray, pray. He is our God and Father; we are in covenant with Him, and He will not cast us off." In another letter from shipboard, he says, "Our boys are well and cheerful, and have no mind of home. They lie both with me, and sleep as soundly in a rug (for we use no sheets here) as ever they did at Groton, and so I do myself, (I praise God.) The wind hath been against us this week and more, but this day it has come fair to the north, so we are preparing, by God's assistance, to set sail in the morning." The fleet carrying this little colony numbered eleven ships, of whom, however, seven were delayed for a fortnight. "We are, in all our eleven ships, about 700 persons, passengers, and 240 cows, and about sixty horses. The ship which went from Plymouth carried about 140 persons, and the ship

which goes from Bristol carrieth about eighty persons. And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee ; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can. . . . Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content. I have hitherto been so taken up with business, as I could seldom look back to my former happiness ; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me, but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet, if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband and children. Therefore, I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and do leave you

with my God. Farewell, farewell, I bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus."

His last letter is dated from the *Arbella*, while she lay at anchor off Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and is dated April 3 :—

"MY LOVE, MY JOY, MY FAITHFUL ONE,—. . . This is the third letter I have written to thee since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears ; but whether they proceed from joy, sorrow, or desire, or from that consent of affection, which I always hold with thee, I cannot conceive. Ah, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved ; but, if it be possible, I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this desire. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God in His good time will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loath am I to bid thee farewell ! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell. Farewell, my dear children and family. The Lord bless you all, and grant me to see your faces once again. Come, my dear, take him and let him rest in thine arm, who will ever remain thy faithful husband,

"JOHN WINTHROP."

We must now follow Governor Winthrop to the New World, on the shores of which he landed on the 12th of

June, at Salem, where shortly before Endicott had laid the foundations of the first town in Massachusetts. They came upon evil times; in the previous winter disease and death had been raging among the colonists, and eighty out of about 300 had died, while many of those still living were weak and sickly. Not altogether liking Salem, the new comers dispersed and planted themselves at Charlestown, and at suitable sites adjoining; and from Charlestown Winthrop dated his first letter to his wife, on July 16th, sent home probably by the first ship which returned to England. He leaves it to the bearer to give her detailed information of the unfortunate state of the colony, and promises that she shall receive the full particulars in a letter which he is to send to his "brother Downing by some of the last ships." He expects to see her the following spring on the American shores. This letter tells her the sad news of the death of his son Henry, (by his first wife,) in the twenty-third year of his age, whom he had accidentally left behind him at the Isle of Wight, but who came to America in another vessel, and was unfortunately drowned in a small creek at Salem, on the 2d of July, the very day on which he landed.

The prevalence of sickness and mortality, which carried off some of the most distinguished of the colonists, and interrupted the survivors in their building

operations, was still the burden of the information which Mrs Winthrop continued to receive from New England. Winthrop and his children, however, escaped ; and as there was reason to believe that this sickness had been caused by insufficient and unwholesome diet at sea, he would have her, instead of being discouraged thereby, to take this as a lesson, that on coming out she should be careful to see that a sufficient supply of wholesome food was provided.

Mrs Winthrop's whole soul was naturally set upon going out to join her husband. She writes thus in May or June, 1631, to her step-son, John, who had been left in England :—

MY DEAR SON,—Blessed be our good God, who hath not failed us, but hath given us cause of most unspeakable joy, for the good news which we have heard out of New England. Mr Wilson had been with me before thy letters came to my hands, but brought me no letter. He speaks very well of things there, so as my heart and thoughts are there already. I want but means to carry my body after them. I am now fully persuaded that it is the place wherein God will have us to settle ; and I beseech Him to fit us for it, that we may be instruments of His glory there. This news came very seasonably to me, being possessed with much grief for thee, hearing how things went concerning thy wife's jointure. But now I have cast off that, and hope God will turn all to the best. If thou canst but send me over when Mr Wilson goeth back, I shall be very, very glad of his company. If

thy manifold employments will not suffer thee to go with me, I shall be very sorry for it ; for I would be glad to carry all my company with me. But I will not say any more of this till I hear from thee, how things may be done. I pray consider of it, and give me the best counsel you can. Mr Wilson is now in London, and promised me to come and see you. He cannot yet persuade his wife to go, for all this pains he hath taken to come and fetch her. I marvel what metal she is made of. Sure she will yield at last, or else we shall want him exceedingly in New England. I desire to hear what news my brother Downing hath ; for my husband writ but little to me, thinking we had been on our voyage. And thus, with my love to thyself, my daughter, and all the rest of my good friends, I desire the Lord to bless and keep you, and rest, your loving mother,

“ MARGARET WINTHROP.”

“ I received the things you sent down by the carrier this week, and thank my daughter for my band.”

Mrs Winthrop sailed from England in August 1631, in the ship *Lion*. She had for her fellow-passengers her step-son, John, and his wife, Mary, and her own four children—Stephen, Dean, Samuel, and Anne. John Eliot, the celebrated apostle of the Massachusetts Indians, was also on board, and other families, consisting in all of about sixty persons. They had plenty of good food, and lost none of their number except two children, one of which was little Anne Winthrop, aged a year and a half, who died after they had been a week at sea. The voyage lasted ten weeks. They reached Natascot on

the 2d of November; and on the 3d, the wind being contrary, the vessel stopped at Long Island. Modern readers will remember that here it was that poor Margaret Fuller was drowned, two hundred and twenty years later. Between Governor Winthrop's wife and the intellectual heroine of Massachusetts, what a strange gulf! Such touches of vivid contrast mark the change of nations more sharply than an historical essay.

At Long Island John Winthrop went on shore, and in the evening the Governor came on board, and husband and wife were re-united. The next morning, the wind becoming favourable, the ship again set sail, and cast anchor before Boston.

When Mrs Winthrop landed, the infant colony did its best to show her honour. The ship fired seven cannon-shot; the "captains with their companies, in arms, formed a guard to attend them, and honoured them with volleys of shot and the firing of three artillery pieces." The people from the adjoining plantation sent abundant stores of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, and partridges, so that the simple resources of gunpowder and cookery were brought into play with much effect. "The like joy," says her husband, "and manifestations of love had never been seen before in New England. It was a great marvel that so much people and such store of provisions could be gathered

together at so few hours' warning." On the 11th of November, a day of thanksgiving was observed at Boston for Mrs Winthrop's safe arrival, and on the 17th, Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth, came to Boston to offer congratulations at the wooden house, two stories high, which had been erected for the first lady in the colony.

Her high position was worthily occupied. "She was perhaps well-nigh as useful in a private way as he was in his more public and extended sphere. She sustained and cheered him amidst the difficulties and hardship, and toils, and dangers, and sacrifice, that had to be encountered amidst the forests of the New World." When jealousy and suspicion occasionally dogged him, as it does all public men, "he had the comfort to know that in his own home there was one always the same, always true to him, whoever else might be faithless or change; and sustained by her presence and sympathy, he maintained his tranquillity, undisturbed by the fickleness of others, and continued unceasingly in his exertions to advance the welfare of the plantation, even when these exertions were undervalued or ill requited."

"Though brought up in the enjoyment of all the luxuries and elegancies of life that wealth could provide, Mr and Mrs Winthrop now denied themselves many of these, which even in the colony they might have had, that they might set before others an example of Christian frugality

and moderation, and might exercise a more abundant liberality towards those who were in need. They supplied almost daily some of their neighbours with food from their table. Their house was a temple of piety, and no family was more regular than theirs in attendance upon the duties of public worship."

In the theological controversies which shook the colony in its early days she took no part; but her husband was involved in the proceedings which were entered into against Mrs Hutchinson and her party, who happened at one time to enjoy popular favour. The story of these commotions is well told in the same book from which this little memoir has been abridged, and to it we refer the reader.

The following note, dated "*Sad* Boston, 1637," during a temporary absence of Winthrop, shows the wife's mingled feelings:—

"DEAR IN MY THOUGHTS,—I blush to think how much I have neglected the opportunity of presenting my love to you. Sad thoughts possess my spirits, and I cannot repulse them; which makes me unfit for anything, wondering what the Lord means by all these troubles among us. Sure I am that all shall work to the best to them that love God, or rather are loved of Him. I know He will bring light out of obscurity, and make His righteousness shine forth as clear as the noon-day. Yet I find in myself an adverse spirit, and a trembling heart, not so willing to submit to the will of God

as I desire. There is a time to plant, and a time to pull up that which is planted, which I could desire might not be yet. But the Lord knoweth what is best, and His will be done. But I will write no more. Hoping to see thee to-morrow, my best affections being commended to yourself, the rest of our friends at Newton, I commit thee to God. Your loving wife,
MARGARET WINTHROP."

Mrs Winthrop lived sixteen years after her emigration. She died in 1646 of an epidemic sickness prevalent among Indians, English, French, and Dutch alike, in the summer of that year. It first seized its victims by a cold, and was accompanied by a slight fever. Such as were bled and used cooling drinks died ; those who had recourse to invigorating and cherishing remedies for the most part recovered, and that in a few days. No family quite escaped it, though few died ; but among these, "in this sickness, the governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age,—a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honoured of all the country." She fell sick on the 13th of June in the afternoon, and died the next morning. On the morrow she was carried to the grave amidst the deep sorrow of her husband and family, and the regrets of the colony. Her place of sepulture was on the north side of that field which Winthrop's company had selected as a burying-place soon after their

arrival. It still exists, and is known as the "Stone Chapel Graveyard," where many of the early Puritans were laid to rest.

This quaint little history of a Puritan matron has reminded the writer of one of the most touching incidents of family piety ever beheld, not far from the very part of England whence the Winthrops emigrated 200 years ago. In an old church at Colchester are some antique monuments and brasses of a family of the name of Sears, or Sayers. Ruffs, doublets, and trunk hose mark the date of some of these ; and black-letter inscriptions carry back the reader further still into the middle ages of England. But a couple of centuries back the Sears disappear—the old church knew them no more. Only on a modern brass plate let into the wall are the names, the ages, and the places of burial of a line of Sayers who died in New England ; some lie at Mount Auburn, some here, some there, in localities well known to us through American history and romance — and underneath are words whose exact arrangement we cannot recall, but which tell how a living son of New England had piously sought out the half-obliterated tombs of his forefathers, and since the "graves of the household" were scattered far away upon the shores of another continent, he had at least brought the record of their memories *home*.

VII.

MISS CORNELIA KNIGHT.



VII.

MISS CORNELIA KNIGHT.

THE autobiography of this lady, lately published with extracts from her journals and anecdote books, has revived in us the memory of the one story over which we must confess to having read to a culpable excess;—committing a sort of literary orgie which involved the expenditure of three days, the partial loss of several meals, and the well-deserved consequence of being made really ill;—we allude to the *Diary of Madame d'Arblay*. But Miss Knight was far from possessing the native genius of *Evelina*, and her book would not in itself be interesting were it not that her lot from first to last of her long life was cast among personages of the highest importance, in

families and amidst circles whose influence went so far to mould the Europe of to-day, that none can read of them without a thrill of interest as of something personal to themselves.

That the Princess Charlotte, with her high spirit, strong will, unhappy domestic circumstances, and, alas! untimely death, was peculiarly the nation's darling, is yet told almost with tears by the gray heads now honoured amongst us; and it was to the Princess Charlotte of Wales that Miss Knight was for a time lady companion. How often, in the little country inns of England, and in the square stately rooms of hotels in our cathedral towns, do we see the gartered portraits of the "first gentlemen in Europe" hanging as a pendant to the fair, plump, dashing girlhood of his only child! Who would not forgive the father of such a daughter? and for her sake say,—Light lie the marble upon his unhonoured grave! That Miss Cornelia Knight can tell us somewhat of the young princess, and that she was herself a noteworthy lady for some sixty years, (dying at eighty-one,) there being scarcely a city of any mark in Southern Europe in which she was not well known,—such are her claims to respectful attention on the part of the public and of our readers.

Cornelia Knight was born about the year 1757, one hundred and nine years ago, in the last years of the

reign of George II., and died in 1837, in the first of the reign of Queen Victoria; thus connecting the extreme links of two wholly different European epochs;—between Frederick the Great of Prussia and Louis Quinze of France, (both reigning and long to reign when she first saw the light,) and Louis Philippe and Sir Robert Peel, (who were swaying Europe when she died by their peace and prosperity principles,)—what a mighty gulf! The American Revolution was the news of her youth; the French Revolution the ghastly but passing terror of her middle age; and she doubtless ended her career in the firm conviction which most people entertained twenty-nine years ago, that wars and rumours of wars were relegated to the barbarian countries of the earth.

Her father was Sir Joseph Knight, Rear-Admiral of the White, an officer of good birth and high professional reputation. Her childish years were spent in London, where, as we are informed in the preface, she received an excellent education, and made the acquaintance, as a girl, of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and other great men of the day. When quite a little child she was sent to a school kept by Mesdames Thompsets, four Swiss sisters, for the purpose of learning to dance and to speak French. She had also a master at home, M. Petit-Pierre, who taught her French, Latin, the elements of Greek and of the mathematics, with

geography and history, so that Sir Joseph Knight certainly spared no pains on his young daughter's education. She remembered that "the too famous Marat," who was a Swiss physician, used to visit at Mesdames Thompsets' school. All she recollected of him were his person and countenance, which were very repulsive.

Of Sir Joshua Reynolds she says that his pronunciation was tinctured with the Devonshire accent, his features were coarse, and his outward appearance slovenly; but that he was good, friendly, and benevolent, loved high company, and wished his house to be the centre of such a circle as had surrounded Rubens and Vandyke, and was indeed the constant host of "the wits and men of learning." Who now, in passing by 47 Leicester Square, remembers that it was there he lived, and "wrought standing, with great celerity,"—from 1761 to his death in 1792. Miss Knight recalls affectionately the two great Irishmen of the day—Burke, whom she liked better than all the rest, because he "condescended to notice" her; and Goldsmith, who was so very good-natured and played tricks with a glass of water. Mrs Montagu was less amiable to the little one, and it was not forgotten that she called her a "stupid child" for being unable to find out the puzzle of a gold ring she wore. When first Cornelia Knight knew Johnson she was afraid of his deep voice and great wig—and

indeed, to judge from his portraits, his aspect must have been enough to frighten even a courageous little girl—but she got used to him and grateful for his indulgence, and used to see a great deal of his blind housekeeper, Mrs Williams, who managed all his domestic affairs, and, in spite of her infirmity, which had befallen her when quite a young woman, worked well, and made her own gowns! Johnson's ideas of social order were so strict, that when he wanted his cat he went to fetch her himself, refusing to send a servant, because it was not good to employ human beings in the service of animals!

Of Gainsborough she observes, that had he studied in Italy, he would not only have been the first of English painters, but probably would have formed a school in this country. But he was self-taught; and her mother, who knew all about Essex and Suffolk people, used to say that his father kept a shop, and he was obliged to pink shrouds. The pretty little village of Sudbury, on the borders of Suffolk, where Gainsborough was born, is full of fair pastoral beauty, and worth a pilgrimage from Saturday to Monday out of London. Any one looking at his pictures at Kensington might well guess that "he studied every tree in the counties in which he lived, and was never out of England."

Sir Joseph Knight died in 1775, and shortly afterwards Lady Knight, being in straitened circumstances,

and having failed to obtain a pension from the crown, left England, and, taking Cornelia with her, travelled through France, and finally fixed her residence in Italy. Her editor tells us that, "during a space of twenty years after their departure from England, they appear to have oscillated between Rome and Naples, mixing in the best society of those cities, and seeing much both of the political and prelatical sides of Italian life. That, in spite of these environments, Cornelia Knight remained both a sincere Protestant and a loyal English woman, we have the best possible proof in her letters and journals. Living in a revolutionary period she had a hatred of revolutions, and was a Tory and a Bourbonite in every pulse of her heart." Turning to her own notes, we find many interesting touches in her picture of that Old World Continent now so difficult for us to realise. They went first to Paris, where the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue de la Paix, and all the wide airy vulgarised localities known to the travelling Paterfamilias of our day, were as yet undreamt of, even in the brain of a scheming architect. The Faubourg St Germain (alas! poor faubourg, which M. le Préfet de la Seine is at this moment, A.D. 1866, occupied in pulling down at his own good pleasure) was at that time the part of the town to which all strangers resorted. "I was struck with the contrast between Paris and London. The houses, of which there

are so many, particularly in that part of the town *entre cour et jardin*, appeared to me to be immense—a Swiss porter with a splendid costume at every door, and carriages sweeping in and out with gold coronets, and coachmen driving with bag-wigs. The ladies full dressed in the morning, gentlemen walking with bags and swords, and children in dress-coats skipping over the kennels I had seen in the country towns; but in Paris they were not trusted to walk in the bustle of the streets.” She saw Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. pass to their chapel one Sunday at Versailles, and did not think the former beautiful, but graceful and gracious. At the door, talking to some one of her acquaintance, stood the ill-fated Princesse de Lamballe.

After seeing everything worthy of note in Paris, they posted for six days till they reached Toulouse, the capital of ancient Languedoc, where they spent the winter, were well-lodged, and had no want of society. “At that time many of the first families of the province went rarely to Paris. They had large and handsome houses at Toulouse, where they spent the winter, as the summer, on their estates. There was no *Chambres des Pairs*, or *des Députés*, to take them to the metropolis; and unless they had employment at Court, or business to call them thither, they preferred remaining where they were both honoured and valued. Toulouse was an archbishopric,

and also, at that time, the seat of one of those courts of justice, now abolished, which were called Parliaments.”

It is painfully curious now to reflect how all this healthy old provincial life is swept away—a life which, as it seems to us, might also have been gradually developed in accordance with the advancing principles and immense discoveries of modern civilisation, had not reckless democracy and blind despotism combined together to centralise all the influences by which France is governed, and even to destroy the very name of her ancient counties. The Knights then went to Montpellier, travelling in a large boat on the canal of Languedoc, and sleeping on board, though they halted every night. They were present at the opening of the Assembly of the States, on the 27th of November 1777, and Miss Knight draws a vivid picture of the wonderful costumes—counts and barons in black velvet mantles lined with gold stuff, hats with long feathers hanging over them, and their hair dressed with two queues! The *tiers états*, consisting of deputies from the towns, sat below them. The *greffiers* and lawyers were at the table. The intendant of the province, M. de St Priest, and two treasurers of France, were in black, with black caps surmounted by a tuft. The Archbishop of Narbonne was at the head of his clergy, the bishops in their violet robes covered with fine lace, and the *grands vicaires* in black cassocks. To

this imposing assembly, which must have looked exceedingly like one of Charles Kean's great historic *spectacles* at the Princess's Theatre, the Count de Perigord, as commandant of the province, and commissioned by the king to hold the States, made a speech, complimenting everybody all round, particularly the Archbishop of Narbonne, whom he characterised as "a prelate who supported the interests of the people at court without flattery, and the interests of the court with the people without ostentation." To this the archbishop replied in a discourse which must have been very similar to an address by a President of the Social Economy Department of a certain National Association known to these isles! For instance, he dwelt on the utility of commerce in all nations and ages towards the civilisation of mankind; alluded to the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, to the commercial pursuits of the tributary provinces of Rome; touched on Venice, England, and Holland; and lamented that France was yet by no means so commercial as she ought to be—nay, the archbishop was near eighty years before his time, and lamented that *le grand Colbert*, minister to Louis XIV., erred signally in laying restraints upon commerce, "for it would have been far better to have suffered the trifling inconveniences resulting from certain commodities leaving the country and being useful to foreign nations, than to renounce the

great advantages which arise from the communication of new discoveries and inventions, or from superior perfection in those already made." Deprecating the unhappy fanaticism which had driven "so many industrious citizens to seek refuge in the open and liberal arms of England and Holland," the archbishop concludes this extraordinary discourse by hoping everything from "the present government, from the known good disposition of the king towards his people, and especially in this province, where his majesty's gracious intentions were so well understood and seconded." Be it noted that the speaker was an Irishman, brother to Lord Dillon, but brought up in France. "He behaved," says Miss Knight, at the time of the Revolution, "in a very proper and dignified manner," and died in England in 1804. It has taken eighty-four years for France to adopt and realise this policy, addressed by an ecclesiastic to the Assembly of the States in 1777.

But we are forgetting Miss Knight, who, in the bloom of girlhood, must greatly have enjoyed this gay and picturesque foreign life. She speaks of the whist parties where her mother played with the imposing personages of the province, "while I sat by her side at the corner of the table, finding plenty of idlers to chat with; for which I sometimes received from my mother very proper lectures. It might be said to be my first entrance into the

world ; and excepting two or three of my fellow-countrywomen, there were no young unmarried women at these parties, as it was not the custom in France."

The Knights now went to Italy, stopping by the way at beautiful Nismes, with its wonderful Roman buildings yet glowing with a clear golden tint under the sun of Provence, and its immense olive gardens of dusty green. At Marseilles they embarked for Civita Vecchia, but had a dreadful voyage, being tossed to and fro and compelled to put to land three times, notably at Toulon, where they went to a "*pique-nique*," given by the first families of Provence. They were fifteen ladies and thirty-five gentlemen, who, after an early dinner, danced all the afternoon. Ah ! poor people ! not many years of revelry had they to spend, dancing thus on the brink of a volcano.

Arrived at Rome, Lady Knight and Cornelia put up in the Piazza di Spagna. They had many letters of introduction, particularly to Cardinal de Bernis, the French ambassador, who lived on the Corso, and kept a splendid house, the centre perhaps of intellectual Rome. The travellers were invited to a *conversazione*, which began at the rational hour of half-past seven. "Great propriety of manners," says Miss Knight "characterised the Roman society. The ladies sat still till they engaged in cards, and the men stood round them and chatted with them,

or sat down beside them if there was a vacant chair. I cannot deny that the custom of having *cavalieri serventi* was pretty general. Some ladies went alone, some with their husbands, and some with their brothers-in-law. But these were comparatively few. Yet I firmly believe that many of these intimacies, which are so much criticised in other countries, were perfectly innocent; and it was very usual to go into company attended by two, sometimes by three gentlemen. Very respectable young women did this, and it was certainly the safest way. These made her party at cards; and when she left the assembly she wished them 'good night,' and went home with her husband."

Many other anecdotes Miss Knight tells of Rome in the last century,—such as of the Marchesa Lepri, who received company four days after her husband's death, and was seen by the said company in bed, suffering from a cold, "with her hair full dressed and nothing over it, and reposing on a pillow. The bed was in the middle of the room, and without curtains. The ambassadress of Bologna was one of the guests." One is tempted to ask was ever anything so supremely uncomfortable devised by human imagination?

There is much about Joseph II., the son of Maria Theresa, and, in those days, ultra-liberal Emperor of Austria, who visited Rome and Florence in 1783; also

of the King of Sweden, who, "being at supper once with the King and Queen of Naples, the latter asked Gustavus a number of questions about his revolution, (in 1772,) which he answered in monosyllables with evident reluctance. At last she inquired what the Queen of Sweden was doing all the time? 'Why,' said he, ungallantly, 'she remained shut up in her own room, awaiting the event. What have women to do with political affairs?' However, he kissed the queen one evening as he was taking leave of her, in the presence of the king her husband, who exclaimed, '*Malora! in faccia mia!*'" Mention also is made of the Countess of Albany, of whom Miss Knight entertained a better opinion than history warrants, judging by the late articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which created such a sensation in the early part of the year 1861. The Countess entered freely into details concerning the Count to Lady and Miss Knight, said that he was constantly and madly drunk, and seldom had a moment of reason; was for ever talking about his restoration, and abusing the French and the Pope. He was equally covetous and extravagant; and though his own table was always sumptuously provided, he would grudge the Countess a little mutton broth in the morning. Alas! for Charles Edward! Alas! for the gay and gallant Young Pretender, who rode from Holyrood with the bright eyes of the fairest ladies in Scotland following

him with delight! His wife, however, acknowledged that he had one good quality—he never betrayed a secret, and never disclosed who had belonged to his party until after their death, nor would he ever listen to ill-natured things said of people. He once crossed over into England after the rebellion, and was in London, but he would never mention in what year. The Countess, however, was pretty sure that it was in the year after the rebellion. She was wrong, however, for we have it on his own authority, as given to Commander d'Olomieu, that he was in England in 1752.

In 1785 the Knights left Rome for Naples. The first thing Cornelia noticed was the dress of the common people, which “was very slight, though very often exceedingly picturesque. The women wore their hair in the style of antique statues, and none of them had any stays. Ladies even of the highest rank went about with only a ribbon tied round their head, and seemed by no means scrupulous as to etiquette. A black petticoat and a mantle that covered the whole figure were generally worn by all women, except those of the lowest orders.” Again to Marseilles, Avignon, and Nismes went the wandering ladies, and even to Vienne, a quaint and dirty town upon the rushing Rhone. We remember Vienne well, on a damp night in March in the year 1861, when the old patched-up Roman temple surrounded

by tumble-down houses, some of which appeared to date from the Middle Ages, looked utterly dreary in the gathering darkness. Yet it pleased the travellers so well that they remained till the spring of 1789; and in Lady C. Campbell's diary it is recorded that "she made there the acquaintance of an old M. Lorient, with a white ribbon in his button-hole, and a good-humoured countenance, which became ten times more beaming upon our informing him, when he made the inquiry if I knew the Lady K., as he called her, that I was acquainted with her. 'Ah!' said he, 'she is an excellent lady; she lived here eighteen months, and made drawings of all the ruins in this neighbourhood. She had a very cross mother, but was herself a most amiable person.' Then he showed me two of Miss K.'s gifts to himself—a pocket-book and snuff-box—of which, with some Derbyshire spar, he seemed very proud."

In 1791 Miss Knight was again in Rome, and saw the old French princesses, daughters to Louis XV., who were lodged at Cardinal de Bernis'. "The cardinal, having declined to take the oath of allegiance to the republic, was no longer ambassador, but he still kept up his Friday evenings' *conversazioni*, at which the princesses appeared, and were very courteous and affable. Mde. Adelaide still retained traces of that beauty which had distinguished her in her youth, and there was

great vivacity in her manners and in the expression of her countenance. Madame Victoire had also an agreeable face, much good sense, and great sweetness of temper. Their dress and that of their suite was old-fashioned but unostentatious. The jewels they brought with them had been sold, one by one, to afford assistance to the poor *émigrés* who applied to the princesses in their distress.'

In 1792 Miss Knight—who had previously published a book called "Dinarbas," intended as a continuation of "Rasselas,"—brought out a work, in two volumes, entitled "Marcus Flaminius; or, A View of the Life of the Romans," of which Miss Burney observes, "I think it a work of great merit, though wanting in variety, and not very attractive from much interesting the feelings," with more criticism of the same sort, which does not tempt the modern reader to rush to Mudie's and inquire if "Marcus Flaminius" be on the list. It may be mentioned here that some years later, in 1805, Miss Knight also published a quarto volume, entitled, "A Description of Latium; or, La Campagna di Roma," a work displaying a sound knowledge of classical literature, together with a familiar acquaintance with the places she describes.

The next few years were spent at Rome, where the ladies remained unmolested until the occupation of that

city by the French troops under General Berthier, in February 1798, when with some difficulty they effected their escape to Naples. The next chapter is full of Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton; and Cornelia used to write to the "excellent Angelica Kauffman," who was obliged to remain at Rome, letters containing the news of the day, conveyed in curiously guarded terms. She thus describes the correspondence: "The foreigners who were obliged to remain at Rome were naturally anxious to obtain correct accounts of what was passing elsewhere. Of this number was the excellent Angelica Kauffman, who was civilly treated, however, by the French, as they rather paid court to artists, though one of their generals and his aide-de-camp made her paint their portraits gratuitously, and all the pictures they found in her house belonging to Austrians, Russians, or English, were carried off by them. I used to send her the news in terms of art, calling the French 'landscape painters' and the English 'historical painters.' Nelson was Don Raffaello; but I recollect being puzzled how to inform her that our fleet was gone to Malta, until I thought of referring her for the subject of 'the picture' to a chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, well knowing that the Book in which that island was mentioned was not likely to be opened by the inspectors of the post."

In 1799 Lady Knight died, and Miss Knight's travels drew near their end ; for after visiting Sicily we find her sailing from Palermo on the 23d of April 1800, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and joining Nelson's squadron off Malta, " severing herself from Italy, where she had spent so many years of happiness." Her journey home was a prolonged one—*viâ* Trieste, Vienna, Prague, and Hamburg, at which latter port she embarked on board the *King George* mail packet, and, after a stormy passage of six days, landed at *Great Yarmouth*. Truly, the enterprising travellers of those days earned their knowledge at sufficient cost by land and sea ! Lord Nelson, himself a Norfolk hero, was received with great honours ; after which the whole party went to London, which Cornelia Knight found rather dreary after her long absence. " It was in vain that I tried to feel at home in my own country ; but what surprised me most of all was the general cry of poverty, distress, and embarrassment. I had been accustomed to see foreign nations look up to England as the most flourishing and potent of countries, and to regard it as the laurel-crowned island, the safeguard of Europe ; and now that I was arrived in this highly favoured land, I heard nothing but complaints of the impossibility of going on any longer, with wishes for peace, &c., &c. Then the darkness and the shortness of the days seemed so strange. ' How do

you like London?' I said one day to my old Italian friend Andrea Plaudi. 'I daresay, Madame,' he answered, 'that I shall think it a very fine city, when it comes to be daylight.' He had heard of northern countries where, in the middle of winter, there was no daylight for weeks together, and he fancied that was the case in London."

We now come to the point in Cornelia Knight's life in which she became intimately mixed up in the affairs of our royal family. The few intervening years are summed up thus by her editor:—"In England (being about forty-two years of age when she returned) she found many friends with whom she had first become acquainted on the Continent, and the circle was soon widened, including in it some of the most distinguished persons of the age. In this society she did not move merely on sufferance. Miss Knight enjoyed at this time considerable reputation as a lady of extensive learning and manifold accomplishments. She had written some books, which, being in the stately classical style, hit the taste of the age, and she was celebrated for her extensive acquaintance with ancient and modern languages. Being a person of high principle, of a blameless life, and altogether a gentlewoman, it was not strange that, possessing all those intellectual gifts, and having numerous

influential friends, she should have recommended herself, or been recommended by others, to the favourable notice of the royal family of England. Among her friends was Mr Pitt, whose opinion it was that the education of the young Princess Charlotte of Wales could be entrusted to no fitter person. Other arrangements were made for the early instruction of the princess, but Miss Knight had been marked out for a court life, and, in the latter end of 1805, she became one of the *attachées* of Queen Charlotte, and took up her residence at Windsor.

“It was in March of that year that Lady Aylesbury communicated to her the queen’s wishes. ‘Her Majesty,’ she writes, ‘had been pleased to express a desire that I should be attached to her person without any particular employment, but that I should be lodged at Windsor in a house belonging to her Majesty, and with a maid in her service to do the work of the house. Her Majesty added that she would allow me three hundred pounds a year, and that I should be present at her evening parties when invited, and always on Sundays and red letter days—and be ready to attend upon her in the mornings when required to do so; but that I should have leave to visit my friends, particularly when their Majesties were at Weymouth, where my services would not be wanted.’ This proposal I accepted gratefully, and the more so that it was quite unsolicited on my part.”

In June, Miss Knight received her first summons to Windsor, and stayed there a fortnight, and in December she became a resident. "The unmarried princesses who were still at home were very kind and gracious to me. It is difficult to form an idea of a more domestic family in any rank of life, or a house in which the visitors—for those on duty were considered as such—were treated with greater attention. The queen used often to call for me between ten and eleven on her way to Frogmore, where she liked to spend her mornings. She was fond of reading aloud, either in French or English, and I had my work. Her library there was well furnished with books in those languages, and in German; and she was so good as to give me a key, with permission to take home any that I liked. Sometimes we walked in the gardens of that pleasant place, Princess Elizabeth being usually of our party, and not unfrequently Princess Mary. The Princesses Augusta and Sophia rode with the king. The Princess Elizabeth had a pretty cottage and garden at Old Windsor, where she would sometimes in summer give little *fêtes*."

At this point there is a blank in the autobiography, and the entries later are devoid of interest until the end of May 1810, which, she observes, "was a very melancholy one at Windsor." The attempt to assassinate the Duke of Cumberland caused a great disquietude. (He

was attacked in bed in the dark by an assassin, supposed at the time to be his valet, Sellis, found immediately after with his throat cut.) Then followed the illness and death of the Princess Amelia. "Day by day she sank more and more under her great sufferings. Though pale and emaciated, she still retained her beauty. She wished to live, but was thoroughly resigned when she found there was no hope of her remaining long upon earth." She died on the birthday of her brother the Duke of Kent; and it showed her sweetness of nature, that she ordered a bird, given to her by the Princess Augusta, to be returned to her, but not on the day of her death, nor the day after, lest it should afflict her sister too much in the first hours of her grief.

She was particularly fond of music, but latterly could not bear the sound of a pianoforte even in another room, which was the reason the bird, which sang very sweetly, had been given to her; and she wished after her death that her sister should know how much she was obliged to her for giving it to her, and what a comfort it had been.

In this year also the king's malady broke out. "From this time he was lost to his family and to his subjects, but his name was still held sacred—he was still beloved and respected. Among the aberrations of his mind, there was one which must greatly have contributed to

his comfort. He fancied that Princess Amelia was not dead, but living at Hanover, where she would never grow older, and always be well. He endeavoured to impart the same consolation to one of his physicians, who was lamenting the loss of his wife, by telling him that she was not dead, but living at Hanover with Amelia."

.After remaining attached to the royal household at Windsor for about seven years, Miss Knight was included "in some new arrangements which were being made for the household of the Princess Charlotte, then growing into womanhood, and left the Court of the Queen, (who never forgave her for the desertion,) and settled at Warwick House, which was then the domicile of the young princess, adjoining the residence of her father." Here she sojourned, in attendance on the princess, until July 1814. Previous, however, to her leaving Windsor, we find that the Princess Charlotte, then in her seventeenth year, was for some time a visitor at the Castle, and her governess, Lady de Clifford, being absent on account of illness, the queen commanded Miss Knight to be present at her royal highness's lessons—that is to say, to be present when her sub-preceptor, Dr Short, read to her. She was at that time allowed to dine once a fortnight with the Princess of Wales, her mother, at Kensington Palace. Miss Knight

was appointed to accompany her, and received instruction not to leave Princess Charlotte one moment alone with her mother, nor prolong their stay beyond a certain hour. The Princess of Wales made Miss Knight sit on the sofa by her side, and was very gracious, and desired her to "give her duty to the queen, with her thanks for having allowed her daughter to come that day." One can well imagine that under such circumstances the "duty" would not be very sincere, nor the "thanks" very tender.

When the Princess Charlotte was nearly seventeen, she set her heart on having an establishment of her own, with ladies-in-waiting, and wrote accordingly to Lord Liverpool. It was supposed she did so by advice of Miss Mercer Elphinstone, her old and intimate friend, with whom she was not at that time allowed any communication; and it was further supposed that this communication was managed by the Princess of Wales. The prince, when he heard of it, was violently angry, and brought Lord Eldon to bear upon his daughter, who, in a very rough manner, explained to her that the law of England did not allow what she demanded; and "on the prince asking what he (Lord Eldon) would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, 'If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up.' Princess Charlotte heard all this (which took place be-

fore her grandmother, her aunt the Princess Mary, and Lady de Clifford) with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would the king say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier?'

A most sad and uncomfortable picture is that hinted at, rather than detailed, by Miss Knight, of the royal family at this juncture. The young princess appeared to live in perpetual suspicion and terror that people were plotting against her; the queen did not like her granddaughter, and considered her dignified behaviour to be hardness of heart; the aunts were determined to induce Miss Knight to go and help to take care of their niece; and letters, notes, and interviews appear to have succeeded each other, thick as hail, as in all other family jars. It ended, as we said before, in Cornelia leaving Windsor; but the last thing she did before quitting her old lodgings to enter on her new duties, was to write a respectful letter to the queen, expressive of the deepest regret at having offended her, and of the sincerest attachment. This letter was never answered.

Behold, then, Miss Knight established in Warwick House, close to St James's Park, a residence "far from being uncomfortable, though anything rather than royal."

It was delightful to Princess Charlotte, compared to the Lower Lodge at Windsor and the vicinity of her grandmother, and she was anxious to be in town as much as possible. Her father, however, sacrificed every other consideration to the keeping her a child as long as possible ; and even in London the poor young princess appears to have led a life of perpetual worry : and we soon hear of her having "a little nervous fever, occasioned by all she had gone through, and particularly the scene with the Chancellor."

Miss Knight was extremely anxious that she should be carefully trained for a while, since "her character was such as not to promise mediocrity," and she was "certainly capable of becoming a blessing to her country, or the reverse ; and much would depend on the discipline of the next year or two. Measures such as had been recently pursued with her must drive her, I urged, to despair, and spoil her disposition, if not counteracted by affection and tenderness. Talents and genius must be encouraged to become useful ; if endeavours are made to lower or extinguish them, what must be the result?" Even on the eve of her first ball, "Princess Charlotte's spirits were worn out with anxiety respecting her mother. She had heard that her visits at Kensington were to be dismissed for the future, and her mind was harassed by various things. She felt nervous when

the hour of dressing approached, but came out looking beautiful, and with proper self-possession. Her dress was white and silver, and she wore feathers for the first time."

The ball went off well, but next day the poor child is in trouble again ; she had "overheard a conversation," and "is sure something is going wrong." Then the prince takes Miss Knight aside and says "severe things" of the Princess of Wales, particularly for the little regard she had shown for her daughter as a child, and for having by her negligence, in leaving her hands at liberty, allowed a mark of the small-pox on Princess Charlotte's nose—an important misfortune, at which the listener would have smiled had she not "been horrified at the rest of the conversation." He insisted also on Miss Knight talking to her charge of his regard for his daughter, as contrasted with her mother's feeling, to which the poor princess replies that "she had of late received much more kindness from her mother than from the prince, but that their unfortunate quarrels with each other rendered their testimonies of affection to her at all times very precarious."

We wish that our space would allow of our giving a much fuller abstract of everything in these volumes relating to the young princess—of her misery when first the subject of her mother's trial began to be mooted,

declaring that if Lord Liverpool or the Chancellor came to read her any communication about it, she would not listen to it, "for that in *her eyes* her mother must be innocent;" then the blowing over of the storm for a time, and the death of Mrs Gagarin, who had lived with the young princess from her infancy, and might be said to be the only mother she really ever knew, and whom she nursed and tended with filial affection, carrying her in her arms to and fro in the sick-room, and grieving after her loss so as to be "very low for a long time afterwards." Neither can we enter into the *pros* and *cons* of the "Orange marriage," against which Princess Charlotte set her face steadily for a long time, but was at last brought to say that the picture of the hereditary prince was not ugly; and finally, when the particularly plain and sickly young soldier, with his hearty boyish manner, made his appearance in person, consented to be engaged to him. Innumerable henceforth, as usual, were the notes and the interviews between father and daughter, royal aunts and uncles, and various personages in the British and foreign nobility, who were, and who thought themselves obliged, to have a finger in the matter. The young princess was determined to live in England; her father, to say the least of it, preferred her living in Holland; and on the negotiations regarding this delicate point the contract appears to have been

broken, and Miss Knight suddenly and summarily dismissed from Warwick House in the very midst of the fray. Then it was that the Princess Charlotte, afraid of being a sort of State prisoner and being taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the old queen once a week, tied on her bonnet, slipped out of the house alone, and went off in a hackney coach to her mother's town house; and then it was, just as dawn was breaking after that memorable night, that Lord, then Mr Brougham, led the young princess to the window of her mother's drawing-room and said, "I have but to show you to the multitude which in a few hours will fill these streets and that park, and possibly Carlton House will be pulled down; but in an hour after the soldiers will be called out, blood will flow, and, if your royal highness lives a hundred years, it will never be forgotten that your running away from your home and your father was the cause of the mischief; and you may depend upon it, the English people so hate blood that you will never get over it;" and the generous-hearted girl of eighteen yielded to this appeal "without any kind of hesitation," and went home with her uncle, the Duke of York.

From that time forth Miss Knight's mention of her consists of mere lines, noting an occasional interview; and she tells nothing of the subsequent engagement to

Leopold of Saxe Coburg. She appears, however, to have seen the newly-married pair once or twice, before she herself went abroad again, in the spring of 1816; and was at Rome when she heard of the heavy blow which had befallen England in the death of the young wife and mother, early in November 1817. The Princess Charlotte died in full possession of her faculties, asking, an hour before, if there was any danger, and telling her physicians not to insist on her taking brandy, sal volatile, &c. "Pray leave me quiet; it affects my head," said the brave young heart at the last—and heaving a deep sigh, as if in sad conclusion to her short and troubled life, she passed away, leaving a nation to bewail her death, "as acutely," says a letter of that day, "as it is possible to suppose the fate of any one not materially connected with one could be felt."

Of Cornelia Knight we have little more to say. In France, Italy, and Germany, she spent the remaining twenty years of her existence. The restoration of the Bourbons made Paris an attraction to her, and there she appears to have been greatly esteemed by the royal family, especially Charles X., who had a high opinion of her learning, and was wont to ask her, after any interval of absence from his capital, what new language she had learnt. And so her wanderings were continued into the year 1837, in the December of which she

died, after a short illness, at Paris, in the eighty-first year of her age. May we trust that our readers will not consider the hour they have passed with this accomplished English gentlewoman a wasted interval of their day.



VIII.

BIANCA MILESI MOJON.



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IN appropriating to our own pages the following notice of a distinguished Italian of the present century, we desire to acknowledge our obligation to the Transatlantic friend upon whose translation it is based.

The original memoir of Bianca Milesi Mojon was written by Emile Souvestre, a French literary man of considerable eminence, who died in 1854. By birth a Breton, he was remarkable for the incorruptible honesty indigenous in *la vieille Bretagne*. Kindness of heart, and rigid devotion to duty, were his great characteristics, and the Parisian writer, untainted by any of the turbulent dissipations of the capital, was nicknamed by a witty critic as "*L'Aristide de la littérature.*" His bio-

graphy of Madame Mojon—an Italian lady, who held in Paris that semi-private, semi-public position which French society alone bestows on a woman—was printed only for private circulation. It may be considered as a cabinet picture of domestic life, a record of the manners and ideas of the nineteenth century, in the upper circles of Italy and France.

In introducing his subject, M. Souvestre observes, "We have not here to do with one of those personages whose passage leaves behind a luminous track in history; but private life has its own models. Besides the public Pantheons destined for national celebrities, which of us has not his domestic Pantheon, wherein he delights to preserve the memory of heroes better known, though more humble, who are, as it were, the holy patrons of an obscure pilgrimage? By the side of the great epic of humanity, each of us writes his Iliad in honour of some unknown Achilles. In truth, the Achilles are less rare than we suppose, and there are in the world, thank God, more lofty souls than high renowns. How much courage is there, how much devotion, how much genius, which wants but a pedestal to be perceived by the whole world."

It was to preserve the memory of such noble qualities that M. Souvestre drew up a sketch of the life of his friend.

Bianca Milesi was born at Milan, on the 22d of May 1790. Both her parents were of the historic family of the Viscontini; they had five daughters, of whom Bianca was the youngest; the influences around her childhood were of the ordinary Italian kind. Of her sisters we hear very little, except that one of them had a very turbulent temper, and was nicknamed at school "Malesi,—born for mischief," instead of Milesi. Little Bianca was placed successively in different schools, having first left home before she was six. From San Spirito, at Milan, she was transferred, with her sisters, to the charge of a certain Madame Gallicia, who kept a school for young ladies, and who perpetually talked of her travels in England, and the great people she had known there. Here Bianca's skill in devising excuses to avert reprimands from her companions gained for her the honourable *sobriquet* of the "Advocate;" but she had no occasion to exercise her office in her own behalf, for she anticipated orders, and exceeded prescribed tasks. Though the youngest of the pupils, she was always intrusted with the superintendence of the school in Madame's absence.

In the spring of 1802, our pupils were recalled to their father's house. The Milesi family adhered to the custom of the Italian gentry, which was to confide the boys to an abbé, and the girls to a confidential woman, who

combined the offices of maid and governess, and thus relieved the mother of all responsibility. Bianca and her sisters were admitted every morning to the bedside of their mother, kissed her hand, and did not see her again until dinner time, when several guests were always assembled. The children were not admitted to the drawing-room till evening, and then looked on while *tarots* and *ombre* were played. On Sunday they took a drive on the Corso, always accompanied by the duenna. The eldest sister was the only one exempted from these rules. She occupied separate apartments, with her grandmother, Bianca Viscontini, a great lady of the good old time, who knew how to read and write just as much as was necessary to decipher her psalms and keep her laundress's account, but who had learned from the world what no book can teach. She had been much courted in her youth, both on account of her beauty and her friendly relations with Count Greppi, then Intendant-Général. Her manners were noble, and she had retained great kindness and amiability. Her whole pleasure consisted in gathering to her table certain of her friends, the youngest of whom was seventy, and her great business every morning was to arrange with Paolo, the head cook, the dinner which should be served. For this purpose the remains of the preceding day were brought before her, and set out in a hall appropriated to this sole

use, and she gravely reviewed these with her aide-de-camp. Each time that she decided on a new dish, or pointed out the means of preparing an old one for a reappearance, Paolo bowed respectfully and replied, "*Illustrissima, si, farò così,*" (Yes, most illustrious lady, I shall do so.) The excellent woman often changed her resolutions, and gave new orders to her valet, who never failed to approve every change by the same salutation, and the same official phrase. This grave piece of business being over, the old lady repaired to the drawing-room. She received company all day, with either a fan or a screen in her hand, according to the season; and, thanks to the general habits of idleness in Italy, society never failed her.

Bianca was her father's favourite; and she returned his love with all the tenderness of her heart. He died in 1804, when she was but fourteen, leaving the poor little girl inconsolable. At that age such a calamity seems to end the world. She inherited a small proportion of her father's wealth; the son, according to the Italian law, taking the bulk of the property—the lion's share. Her sisters were all married early, and Bianca, the youngest of the flock, remained her mother's companion. From this time she displayed that eagerness to know everything, which, says her biographer, "was the eternal delight and eternal torment of her life." She spent her

days in drawing and study. She had an accomplished tutor, with whom she studied arithmetic, geometry, and algebra. Her reading, under his guidance, embraced history, biography, dramatic poetry, and a few metaphysical works. Her mother was charmed with the praises received by her daughter from distinguished men, and feared nothing from this masculine course of study. The only danger marked on her chart of life was "the world," and for worldly pleasures Bianca had no inclination. Like many another clever girl, she passed through an anchorite phase of savage independence. Her zeal for study became so engrossing that, "grudging the time allotted to her brief toilet, she cut off her hair;" and in order to save her money to buy books, she wore a cloth dress and coarse shoes. She limited herself to the necessaries of life, that she might have the luxury of a tour in Switzerland.

After indulging in various pursuits, Bianca's active mind was concentrated on painting. Appiana, a distinguished Milanese artist, "felt, as did many others, a paternal tenderness for this energetic and charming young person." He volunteered to become her teacher, and permitted her, as he did no one else, access to his scaffolding, that she might watch him at work on his frescoes. She had the temperament of an artist, and a taste, but not a talent, for painting. M. Souvestre saw

in after years, but did not admire, her portraits of M. and Madame Sismondi, and she appears to have made no name in her adopted profession. But, like all hearty work, it educated and disciplined her powers, and it enriched her life with many warm and valuable friends. If Bianca were no painter, she had genius, youth, and enthusiasm, and these attracted to her mother's house the distinguished men of Milan, and a long list of artists, specified by M. Souvestre. One of these asked Bianca in marriage. The young enthusiast replied to his proposal that she would only marry herself to art! But this intellectual determination only lasted until the true lover made his appearance a few years later.

Being thus wrapt up in her one idea, it may be easily imagined that Bianca found her social popularity an inconvenient distraction, and she therefore set to work to persuade her mother to take her to Rome; and her widowed mother, as mothers are wont, yielded her own ease and inclinations, and went with her youngest child to the Eternal City, attended by the faithful abbé who had formed for years a member of the family. The galleries of Pistoja and Venice were visited on their way, and apparently Florence also, as it is recorded that Bianca was "inconsolable" at having missed seeing the monument to Alfieri in Santa Croce. The great Italian tragedian had become her hero, she had adopted his

opinions, and with him aspiring to the independence of her country, she partook his hatred of all foreign domination. At Rome she coldly repulsed the kindness of General Miollis, the French commander in that city. In spite of this, the General persevered in giving the mother and daughter several splendid *fêtes* at the Palazzo Doria. But the fanatical admirer of Alfieri would not respond to his cordial and graceful courtesy, and maintained a haughty coldness, neglecting no opportunity of expressing her detestation of the authority that governed the ancient capital of the world. General Miollis received intimation that she was circulating a violent pamphlet of Alfieri's, and he kindly warned her that she was playing a perilous game, and gave her fatherly advice, which our young patriot received, as she afterwards confessed, "insolently enough." But when afterwards, in 1821, she had to do with Austrian authorities, she rendered justice to the good sense and long-suffering of the French General.

Bianca obtained and arranged, at great expense, a studio in Rome, where she worked diligently, designing at night, and painting by day; but she failed in obtaining the seclusion she desired. Her mother still opened her *salon*, she loved society; and her daughter was surrounded by friends and adorers. The engraver Restini dedicated to her one of his first productions. Canova

was introduced to her, and at sight of the young sculptor admired by all Europe, Bianca burst into tears. On his side he manifested a strong interest in her, and their acquaintance ripened into a durable friendship. Madame Milesi made an excursion to Naples, and there she and her daughter were received and feted by the Minister Tassoni; and at one of his balls Bianca danced with the Queen. Thus she seemed fated to be obliged to renounce a life of artistic quiet. But Madame Milesi sighed for her home, and her daughter entreated to be allowed to be left behind to pursue her studies in Rome; an unheard-of request from an aristocratic young lady. Yet she actually persuaded her good-natured mother to let her remain, under charge of an old *gouvernante* and her *valet-de-chambre*. This arrangement was kept a profound secret from her great acquaintance, but she made a confidant of Canova, who allowed her to draw from the antique in his studio. She now worked fourteen hours a day, and her diligence and ardour would have made her an artist, were not the divine afflatus an essential requisite in art.

At this time Bianca became intimate with Sophia Reinhard, a German student of painting, then resident in Rome. M. Souvestre thus sketches her portrait:—
“Sophia Reinhard had one of those masculine characters which make their way without being obstructed by

obstacles or disturbed by objections. She had secured her independence under the guardianship of a manly austerity, (so to speak,) which, if it took from the charm natural to her own sex, gave her some of the privileges of the other. Simple, sincere, *un peu rude*, she had in her progress broken down the little barriers which rather trammel than protect, and she had allowed herself all those decent freedoms which custom alone interdicts." The bold, self-reliant Sophia charmed the gentle Bianca, and the former returned her friend's attachment loyally, while she also dealt sincerely with her. "You have," said she, "retained the habits of a high-born young lady, you love society, little complimentary notes, madrigals *à la Française*, &c., &c. All this is incompatible with a serious vocation. You must choose between the world and painting; between the *rôle* of an idol, fan in hand, and that of a laborious artist. If you would arrive at a serious result, you must begin by renouncing social sweets, (*sucrerics*), and permit yourself to be treated as an honest creature absorbed in form and colour. You must seek criticism rather than homage, and never remember that you are an *illustrissima e gentilissima signora*." Bianca acknowledged the truth of all this; but her incessant activity, her ever-wakeful curiosity, her diffusive benevolence, and (if we must confess it!) her desire of pleasing, which was justified by her youth and

beauty, did not tend to a very strict conformity to her friend's counsel. A true artist concentrates his faculties, as a burning glass concentrates the rays of the sun. To Bianca the world was flooded with sunshine, and her sympathies responded to the universal light of beauty; nevertheless, she adhered conscientiously to her painting for two years and a half, at the end of which time she met her mother by appointment in Florence, when the excitable girl fainted with pleasure on seeing her. They again parted, and Bianca returned to Rome and to her studio, until Sophia Reinhard left for Germany, when she decided to rejoin her mother; but this was not so easily done a second time. Madame Milesi was at home at Milan, and the roads were intercepted by Murat's troops, while the sea-voyage was endangered by cruisers. Bianca determined to take a small boat and coast along to Genoa. This was the very route on which, some years later, poor Shelley was wrecked and drowned. The rapid storms rise and sweep over the blue Mediterranean, leaving no trace upon its treacherous beauty except the sulky grumble of the waves upon the shore; and they who watch the tideless water rising in foam along the sunny bays of the south, know by that token that there has been a storm far out at sea. Bianca embarked with her maid, a German teacher, and two sailors; but just such a violent gale arose, and drove the little skiff out to sea.

The waves dashed over the boat, the terrified Italian sailors wept and prayed, but Bianca kept baling the vessel, and then seizing the oars, she inspired the men with courage by the example of her own energy. Towards night they reached the shore again, and took shelter in a fisherman's hut. In the midst of this storm, Bianca secured upon her own person some precious drawings entrusted by Canova to her care; and Canova writes afterwards to her, "We trembled for you during your perilous voyage, and thank God that you are safe with your family. I thank you with all my soul for your care of my cartoons. To whom could I have better confided them, than to one who takes better care of her friend's concerns than of her own!"

Bianca's return to Milan was the occasion of various festivities, and she found a new friend of her own sex with whom she formed an enduring tie. Madame Fulvia Verri, writing to M. Souvestre after Bianca's death, says, "Our union became more and more intimate, and, from the moment we were mothers, it assumed a sacred character. Of late years, both our hearts were throbbing for France and Italy, and each turned to the other for sympathy. The episode of a friendship of thirty-five years' duration, in a lifetime of fifty-nine, characterises one whose stable affection grew even in absence."

The gaities of Milan, and the engrossment of her

new acquaintance, interrupted Bianca's painting, and she finally abandoned her studio, and travelled through Switzerland, Germany, and Hungary. It is not stated under whose care she made this tour, but the active, lively young woman appears to have derived ample amusement and instruction from each place she visited. We have room but for a few extracts from her diary, but these will show her seeking the society of men eminent in art, literature, and science; investigating every new subject, examining hospitals and manufactories, and taking particular note of anything which might benefit her own country by its introduction there; receiving flattering attention from royal personages without a pulsation of vanity; and in the midst of all this occupation laying down strict rules for her future life.

“*Basle*.—Dined with Madame Strecken. We took our coffee in the garden, with an admirable view of the Rhine before us. Madame S. told me that each of her trees, at its planting, was dedicated to one of her friends. (A sacred sylvan christening this.)”

“*Zurich*.—M. Egg invited us to dine with the botanist Ramer, and Vogel, the father of the celebrated painter. I paid a visit to Frisly, to whom we owe the tenth edition of *Ortis*, which he presented to me, and a new life of Raphael, written by himself. I have visited the manufactories and hospital of the blind, which deeply

affected me. The family of Pestalozzi received me very kindly. I observed the order and neatness of their establishment."

"*Heidelberg*.—Here I have met Sophia Reinhard, my friend, with unspeakable joy. She seems as joyful as myself, and this renders my happiness complete. We came together to Carlsruhe, and are now at her parents' house. It is the best arranged I have ever seen, and I have made some good notes thereof, in order to imitate this model in my mother's house when we return to Milan. The Princess Amelia, sister to the Grand Duke, received me with great kindness. She offers me letters for the Empress of Russia, in case we go as far as St Petersburg, and she spoke to me of the Queen of Bavaria, who, she says, has heard me spoken of, and desires to make my acquaintance. The next morning I felt ill. The Reinhard's were anxious, and I rose from my bed to tranquillise them. To-day I went with Sophia to her father's tomb. I have seen, for the first time, a solar microscope."

"*Vienna*.—I have visited the hospitals and the manufactories. I made several drawings of the furniture and utensils, which may prove useful to the public establishments of Milan. If I had been rich enough, I would have bought models. I have been taken to the Baron de Rée's museum, where there are specimens of all the

manufactured products of Austria, and of the original materials ; an excellent means of instruction. Why is not this done in other countries ? The Viennese are very courteous, but etiquette deprives the social relations of all freedom.”

“*January 16.*—We have arrived on the borders of the Danube. Hungary reckons about 10,000,000 inhabitants ; of these, 160,000 are nobles, who pay no taxes, who alone have the right to possess land, and who alone are considered *persons*—all the rest are but *things*. Here the peasant cannot appear in a court of justice ; he must be represented by his lord. If he has a complaint against his master, it must be carried before the Comité, which is composed of nobles, and which almost invariably inflicts the bastinado upon the complainant.”

“*Dresden.*—I have been compelled to keep my room, and have been suffering severely. During my sleepless night I planned several reforms, which I shall carry into execution when I return to Italy. In the first place, I will refuse all visits, without exception, during my morning's occupation. I will receive but three or four persons each day. At four o'clock I will walk for half an hour.

“Secondly, I will stay at home at least three evenings in the week, that I may not lose the faculty of living alone, and may teach others to visit me from choice rather than habit, if indeed I am worthy of such a favour.

I shall have no reason to regret the visitors I lose by this regulation.

“Thirdly, I will go with my mother to the country; and I will make everything subordinate to her happiness. In order to carry out my projects I must obtain my mother’s approbation. Shall I, myself, have the courage to persevere? I hope so.”

These extracts from the diary of a young woman under thirty, certainly show a very lively, eager mind, and much earnestness. We next find her burning her fingers with politics. Her Swiss tour had made her more than ever alive to the advantages of freedom, and more than ever deplore the enslaved condition of her own country. This was an epoch of great hopes with the Italians. Charles Albert himself was involved in the invisible network of conspiracy extending over the whole peninsula. Signora Milesi’s friends and relatives were compromised in the cause, and Bianca, with characteristic zeal, co-operated with them. A suspicious letter, bearing her signature, being intercepted by the police, she was arrested; but, thanks to the interposition of Madame Verri, she was saved from prison, and merely restricted to her own apartment. Her mother, in concert with Madame Verri, contrived her escape, and she fled from Milan to Geneva, disguised as the maid of her noble friend, who had obtained leave of absence.

“But Bianca was in a state of mind to support greater trials than Austrian persecution or a forced exile. The tenderest sentiments of her heart were at last awakened,” says her biographer ; and we hear no more of resolutions to wed with art alone. During a journey she had made to Genoa in behalf of her brother-in-law, Pisano, one of the conspirators, she met Dr Mojon, who ranked among the first physicians there. He was so distinguished at Pavia, where he finished his medical studies, that he was sent in 1802 (being then only eighteen) into the medical service of the French army. Napoleon saw him administering to the wounded at Marengo, and remarked him. Three years afterwards he met him in a drawing-room in Paris : “Ah !” he exclaimed, “here is my little Marengo doctor.” Afterwards, and when Dr Mojon had made great advances in his professional accomplishments and reputation, Napoleon appointed him successively Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, First Physician of the military hospital, and Physician of the Imperial Court.

The opinions of Dr Mojon coincided on every point with Bianca's. Attached like her to the philosophy of the eighteenth century, desirous of progress, inimical to Austrian domination, he possessed also a reputation for science and goodness which could hardly fail to attract such a woman. A warm attachment soon arose between

them, and her correspondence with M. Mojon, and the hope of their approaching union, made exile more than tolerable to Bianca. She soon found another source of consolation, in the society of the eminent historian Sismondi, and became his intimate friend as well as his ardent disciple.

Her love and veneration for him went on increasing to the end of his life ; an attachment well deserved by the wisdom and the encouragement he imparted to her. Madame Sismondi also became her most tender and devoted friend, and a constant correspondence was maintained between them after their separation, in which Sismondi took part. Bianca now decided on travelling through France, Belgium, England, and Holland, with a female friend. She kept a very minute journal, in which we find every date and item of expense carefully set down, no complaints of discomfort by the way, (exemplary abstinence !) and particular notices of everything which may promote the well-being of the species or the individual. In France she went to visit the old Duc de Bourbon, at Chantilly ; and we find in her journal the following anecdote of the old régime :—“The Duc de Bourbon told me to-day, that when he was thirteen years old he was permitted to pass some days with the other princes at the court of Versailles, (this was in 1766, in the lifetime of Louis XV.) His father, on this occasion,

gave him a purse containing one hundred louis d'or. The young prince, for the first time master of such a treasure, was very proud, and very eager to display it to the princesses, and every evening he counted it out before their eyes. One morning he found the number of pieces diminished. The next there were still more missing. He suspected that some servant about the court entered his room at night and robbed him while sleeping. Wishing to assure himself of the fact, he remained awake, and watching by the feeble light of his night-lamp, he perceived his old footman, (*valet de pied*), whose probity was renowned, glide into the room, and with stealthy step approach the head of his bed, where he had placed his garments. The unfortunate man grasped the purse, and, turning his eye toward the bed, he perceived his young master looking at him from between the curtains. The poor old man, trembling, advanced a step—'Did your highness expect to be robbed,' he said bitterly, 'that you were watching me?' The young prince laid his head back on the pillow and sighed deeply. The next morning, the valet not making his appearance, the prince sent in quest of him, and was terribly shocked to hear that he had committed suicide during the night. The generous youth then concealed the cause of his death, and for the first time told it when he himself was seventy years old,—told it to us on the 29th of October 1823."

Bianca's return to Italy having become possible, her marriage with Dr Mojon was fixed to take place. It had been retarded not only by her forced exile, but by the opposition of some of her friends, who, while they did justice to Dr Mojon's fine qualities, thought that his calm nature and inflexible habits would not satisfy Bianca's active spirit; they seem to have ignored those laws of conjugal life, which, by blending opposite qualities, produce the most beautiful harmonies. But the persistence of our heroine, and the approbation of her friend Sismondi, overcame all opposition. The marriage took place on the 24th of January 1825, and Signora Mojon was established at Genoa, where her husband had a valuable practice. Henceforward she is known through her correspondence with Madame Verri, Lambruschini, Silvio Pellico, Manzoni, and, above all, Sismondi;—men whose friendship makes an enviable fame. She was now withdrawn from the world, and from those pursuits, or rather, from those peculiar methods of culture by travel and sustained intellectual labour, which she had hitherto enjoyed; and henceforth her life is a beneficent example for wives and mothers. Henceforth anchored in the holy duties of a family, "she manifests undiminished ardour. She seeks for the true and the beautiful in the moral world, with the same zeal with which she had sought them in art, and with even a

feverish devotion," says her biographer, incompatible with serenity, "the only gift she had not." How often she poured out to her friends her humble confessions of faults imperceptible to them, but for which she bitterly reproached herself as departures from her standard of rectitude! She asked advice with the simplicity and sincerity of a child, and bore all sufferings but those of her friends' with sweet patience. "Her heart," said one of them, "is a treasury of devotion and tenderness; everything in it is pure gold."

Madame Mojon became a mother. Before the child was born she wrote a testamentary letter to her husband, in which she desired that if it were a son he might be educated at Hofwyl, the famous Swiss school kept by De Fellenberg; if a daughter, at Geneva, under the superintendence of Madame Sismondi, desiring, above all things, she said, to preserve the child "*dalle soppure Italiane*;"—from Italian torpor. After the birth of her baby, which proved to be a boy, she writes, "Existence has acquired an importance in my eyes hitherto unknown to me. In my obscure life how many sweet pleasures are there which I should never have known in the brilliant career of which I used to dream!" But she was not satisfied with the mere luxury of maternal tenderness and caresses, nor did she limit her cares to the mere physical well-being of her child; but at once, with

characteristic aspiration, she began to provide for its spiritual nature. She wrote to beg Madame Fulvia Verri, who was going to Hofwyl, to interrogate M. de Fellenberg, "to observe everything, and to take notes of everything." "Some day," she adds, "I shall turn it all to account for my little boy." She also asked advice from Sismondi, in whom she had unlimited confidence. "I needed your suggestion," she writes to him; "children should not be the centre round which the world turns. I promise to use your warning; and if we do not make our children egotists by our exaggerated egotism, it will be in great measure owing to you. See the influence of even one word from you!"

About this time Madame Mojon lost her mother. Madame Milesi had shown such disinterested love for her daughter, that Bianca's filial affection was heightened by gratitude, and she would have been crushed by her grief but for the solace afforded by her own child; and, adds M. Souvestre, "for the happiness of doing good." This last source of consolation is always open to the afflicted, who would find it much more productive than secluded grief or bitter lamentation. One of the kind acts, the performance of which soothed Bianca at this juncture, was her interposition for an unfortunate person who was still acknowledged as a friend by the great ladies of Milan. Madame Mojon exerted herself to

obtain relief from these rich ladies, and herself headed a subscription with 500 livres, afterwards extended to 2000 livres. But she found very little disposition to help with effectual charity, though a certain princess, hearing of this bounty, expressed herself "ravished with delight," and promised an annual stipend. "We will look for it," said Bianca, "but promises are blossoms that seldom ripen into fruit; we shall see how it will fare with these!" "Alas!" says Souvestre, "the doubt was prophetic—the princess's promises never ripened."

Bianca had soon a second little son, and she devoted herself to the training of her children. She translated for them a "Method of Learning to Read," which was printed in 1829. A friend drew the figures which illustrate the text. She also published, from time to time, other elementary books,—as the "First Lessons for a Child from Four to Five Years old"—*à propos* of which Manzoni called her the "mother of her country"—likewise a translation of Mrs Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose;" also "Advice to Mothers," from the English, and all the first series of Miss Edgeworth's books for children. As soon as she found a book useful to her own boys, her benevolence led her to desire that others should profit by it likewise. Her letters are full of regrets for the little attention paid to the education of children in Italy; and of entreaties to her friends to second her efforts in dif-

fusing good books and good methods of instruction. She did not complain of her isolation in Genoa. "It is a great happiness," she writes to Madame Verri, "to be able to live in one's self, and to be united in heart with all the good who dwell upon the earth. A fine passage in a contemporary book, or the announcement of a work which tends to advance civilisation, makes my heart beat and kindles my enthusiasm. Moreover, my friends, even at a distance, are a constant source of delight to me."

She now experienced the greatest sorrow of her life—the death of her eldest child. Another son was soon after born to her, but he "did not fill the void in the mother's heart." This disappointment and grief did not, however, check the ardour of her devotion to the education of the children which remained to her. In this task she obtained the inestimable co-operation of a good governess, Mademoiselle Julie Rosselet, who perfectly comprehended her, and to the last was the *confidante* of her hopes, and the assuager of her sorrows. M. Souvestre has given, in a note, the following letter from Mademoiselle Rosselet, beautifully illustrative of the characters of employer and employed:—

"I must speak of Madame Mojon's conduct towards me, for this good friend made every one believe that she had great obligations to me, and never told any one that

I owed everything to her. It is what she did for me that, perhaps, best characterises her. I came to Genoa simply as a child's nurse, (*bonne d'enfant.*) During the first winter I took my meals with the other domestics in the kitchen. In the following May, on our return from a journey to Milan, Madame Mojon told the Doctor that I was worthy to become a member of the family. From that time I was admitted to their table. As the dining-room was small, I begged, when there were guests, to be excused. One day, in the midst of dinner, Henri, the little boy who died, exclaimed, '*O mamma! why is not Julie dining with us to-day?*' '*You are right, my child,*' replied his mother; '*she ought to be here.*' After dinner she came to me and said affectionately, 'My child has taught me my duty. You shall not again leave the place which belongs to you.' It was through her children that she recovered her faith in God, which she had lost through the reasoning of philosophers. She did not teach the existence of God to her children—they revealed Him to her. As to her relations with me, you have witnessed the goodness of this angel towards me. The little that I am, I owe to her. Madame Mojon rescued me from slavery. But for her, I should now be an old nurse, whose white hairs would make it hard for her to find a place. I would not exaggerate my humility—it is true that I have endeavoured to do my duty; but I have

the conviction that there are many Julies in the world, and but few Biancas who would take the trouble to discover them!"

Madame Mojon's chief anxiety, in relation to her children, arose from the impossibility of rearing *free men* in an enslaved country. The government of Piedmont, now the citadel of Italian liberty, was, thirty years ago, so opposed to every innovation that Madame Mojon, who combined with some friends for the purpose, failed to obtain permission to establish a gymnasium for boys. "The government could not authorise such an innovation!" was the significant reply to her application. Madame Mojon could not submit to educating her sons under the government of a country where they must "live slaves or die in prison;" and after much hesitation M. Mojon decided on a removal to France. A letter to Madame Fulvia Verri, written in 1834, describes her mode of life after her change of residence from Genoa to Paris, and the routine of instruction which she pursued with her eldest living boy. She writes, "My Benito is at my side, taking his lesson in linear drawing. He does this by eye, without a compass,—my only object is to exercise his eye and hand. I do not enter into any geometrical explanations—I only use the scientific dictionary when I examine his work. . . . I rise at at half-past seven. My first care is to go to Benito's

room : the poor Beppo has already brought him a light, and he dresses himself alone. When he is dressed I take him into the children's room, which is already warmed, and hear him read two pages of Italian, and one from the same work in German. He afterwards practises mental arithmetic, as is the custom at Hofwyl. After the reading, I ask him a dozen questions about the meanings of the words he has been reading. At half-past eight we breakfast in the dining-room. After this, Benito goes to play, while I read the newspaper to my husband. When this is done I dress myself. I give Benito a short lesson in drawing and natural history, occupying altogether an hour and a half; then comes luncheon; after luncheon the child stays in my room, and amuses himself with *rational playthings* which I keep on hand for him. I cannot yet keep the two boys together, there is such a difference in their age, and Benito's movements are so rough that he cannot touch Enrico without making him cry. About two o'clock we go out together, and patter through the mud of Paris till five, when we dine. I take advantage of these walks to visit such persons as have a respect for the dirt I collect, because I encounter it for my child's benefit. On Mondays and Fridays, when I receive, Mojón undertakes to give Benito his walk. The last few days I have sent Benito alone to carry a note to Madame —. I asked him

first, whether he would be afraid of the carriages or the crowd ; he said ‘ No,’ and I let him set off, but I sent a servant to follow him at a distance, for it is a serious matter for a child of six years old to find himself alone in the streets of Paris, but I wish to give him courage, prudence, and a feeling of responsibility. You see I do not choose what I like ; but only what I think best for my son. After dinner, I go back to the children’s room. Ropes are suspended from the beam, and parallel bars attached, with which Benito performs exercises : he then looks over the engravings from the *Penny Magazine*, and at half-past eight I put him to bed. It is not until then that I feel free, and can go into company.”

While this devoted mother was thus doing everything to develop the minds and bodies of her children, the question of their religious education greatly perplexed her. Bianca Milesi had early in life become infected with the sceptical philosophy of the eighteenth century. She suffered the influences which beset many other remarkable women of her generation in different parts of Europe. Madame Swetchine in Russia, Mrs Schimmelpenninck in England, have both described, autobiographically, their early unbelief and subsequent conversion to different forms of ardent Christian faith. The same process took place in the loving heart of Bianca Mojon. Since her nature had expanded in conjugal and maternal

relations, and above all, since the death of her little child, she felt her need of faith return. She addressed herself on this subject to Manzoni, Sismondi, and other friends, who all aided in her conversion. She finally joined the French Protestant Church, and became a member of the congregation of the eminent and eloquent M. Coquerel of Paris, to whom she confided the religious education of her sons. Her letters and her daily life from this time show that her religion was vital; the mainspring of her feelings and actions. M. Souvestre gives a long and enlightened essay by Madame Mojon, entitled "Historical Observations addressed to Children of the Nineteenth Century," in which she meets with candour, and answers with ability, the arguments they would be sure to hear from modern sceptics. In a letter dated 1839, she speaks of the tranquillity and content she derives from her new faith. Yet her energy, "her fever of goodness," as her biographer quaintly terms it, never rested from some effort in the cause of humanity. At one time she is occupied with the condition of women in Italy, pointing out particularly the evils of their habitual idleness. "Useful women," she says, "are almost always respectable, and consequently respected." Again she attempts to *democratise* painting in her dear Italy, by inducing painters to draw their subjects from what is immediately about them. She

thought a great deal, too, on the subject of domestics. "She had great deference towards those who accepted this voluntary slavery. In her house servants were respected as much as masters. She would never encroach on the time allotted to their rest or their pleasures. Her orders were always given in the most polite form, and if she thought she had given an unjust reproof, she hastened to acknowledge and apologise for it." It was no mere instinct of kindness, but the deliberate acting on a settled principle. How clearly she brings out her views in reply to a friend who was hardly prepared to follow her in so strange a departure from the beaten ways of the world: "No; since we have all immortal souls, we are all equal. A servant sells us an article, in his services, like any other tradesman. When you say that domestics are not so well brought up as we are, you point out a melancholy *fact*, but you prove no right in favour of the man who has received a better education. What! shall I humiliate the man whom I employ because I am the richer, the more powerful? Shall I reprove him before a child? Shall I teach the child that he may raise his voice in speaking to a poor man, and that the poor man may not answer for fear of losing his bread? This is not to be endured. You will say, domestics have no sense of dignity, and do not, in fact, suffer from being reproved before a child. That may

be, but *why* have they no sense of that precious human dignity which is such an incentive to well-doing? It is because we deny it to them, because we have imbibed with our mother's milk, the idea of higher and lower classes, which is but another form of Aristotle's phrase, that 'there are two species of men, slaves and free-men.'" Madame Mojon also took a great interest in charitable institutions, and devoted a great deal of time and energy to plans and efforts for improving the condition of some of them. She could never reconcile herself to the inequalities of fortune and condition among men. She was afraid of not doing enough for the poor, and consulted Sismondi on the subject. "I do not ask you," she says, "to enter into the old question of an equal distribution of wealth, but I should like to know how much a person in my position owes to the poor annually. My ignorance on this point torments me. . . . Every time that my eyes rest on a picture of individual distress, and I stretch out my hand to help, I ask myself what limit there should be to my help, that it may neither be exaggerated in the eyes of others, nor contemptible in my own, while I am surrounded with so many superfluities." Sismondi's answer discusses this difficult question with a wisdom so inspired and controlled by the divine spirit of love, that many of us, perplexed by this problem, may come and

learn of him. "This question of charity and almsgiving," he replies, "does indeed torment us. When we look at the misery that exists, we feel an incapacity to remedy it; we feel that we have but a drop of water to offer to a man dying of thirst; that were we even to give all we possess, and reduce ourselves to the condition of those whom we assist, we should not even then have put an end to the sufferings of others, which pursue us like remorse, and yet we should have committed an injustice towards ourselves and our children—we should even have been helping to disorganise society. A line must therefore be drawn between what we owe to others, and what we owe to ourselves. But who has a right to say, Here is the line? What human authority can satisfy the conscience? The most positive result of my often painful reflections on this subject is, a great distrust of theories, a great dislike of all absolute rules, a great fear lest science, assuming to regulate charity, should dry up the heart. How often are we told that individual almsgiving trusts all to chance—that it may be bestowed on the unworthy—that it encourages idleness. This is all true, and yet, how priceless is the double movement of the heart in him who gives, and in him who receives! If we transfer to hospitals and other charitable institutions the giving of our alms, we sacrifice both the happiness of beneficence and of gratitude, and

that sweet contentment that springs from the daily charities essential to maintain the soul's good habits. Moreover, charity loses its character when it becomes a mere matter of business; it is then hard and distrustful. The heads of public institutions feel themselves called on to guard the gifts of the benevolent against the frauds of the poor.

“Even the distinction made between the deserving and the undeserving often alarms me. What! shall we condemn all who have fallen in vice to die of stravation? We sometimes hear all almsgiving condemned. Beggary is spoken of as a cancer eating into the heart of society, produced by the recklessness of the benevolent. It is proved to us, by calculation, that the beggar earns more by holding out his hand, and deceiving us, than the industrious man by the most assiduous labour. We are reproached with giving a premium to idleness and lying. It is all true. But the converse is as true; those who say true charity is to make men work, encourage our sad tendency to refer everything to ourselves. They increase the very evil from which society is suffering—the multiplying productions for which there are no buyers.

“We ought to employ every faculty we possess to introduce a state of things which should distribute the goods of this world more equally, and thereby diminish suffering. But we must confess that we cannot place

the world on a new pivot; that it is in vain for us to attempt to assume the place of Providence. We must distrust our reasonings and our systems; and admitting that we do not see the whole, aim only to relieve as much suffering as is permitted by the social organisation under which we live. Therefore I would not, upon *system*, exclude any form of charity. I should like to be able to give to hospitals, dispensaries, schools; I would aid liberally such as are overtaken by great misfortunes. I would give timely aid to a man trembling between success and ruin; but I must give penny by penny to the beggar I meet, that little help that may, in his exigency, save him from the extremity of suffering. I will not say that I would never give to children, to the able-bodied—to those whom I know to be vicious; for it may be that at the very moment when I refuse *by rule*, hunger may overtake them.

“In practice I have never been satisfied with any habit I have adopted. At Pescia [M. Sismondi’s paternal residence, and occasionally his own] I was assailed by hundreds of children to whose bad habits I contributed, who laughed at me while they asked my charity, and who rendered our walks intolerable; so that we resolved, if we again returned to Italy, we would not do as we had done. How, then, can I give you a rule, who am so dissatisfied with my own practice?”

“I know that in England many religious persons have made for themselves a law, which they have probably borrowed from Judaic institutions—that is, to devote to charities of all sorts a tenth part of their revenues ; this proportion seems to me satisfactory. It secures us from harming society, and from wronging our families or ourselves. Perhaps it is from carelessness that I have not been able to limit myself to it, and perhaps I should be influenced by the varying wants of others ; but in looking back and making up my accounts, it seems to me that when I have been nearest to this proportion I am best satisfied by the result.

” Dear friend, I have answered your question as well as I am able ; but I am no better satisfied with my words than with my doings.”

We feel that an apology is due to our readers for any hiatus in our translation of this letter, rather than for giving it at so much length. It contains so much philosophical truth, and such candid confessions of the impossibility of attaining absolute certainty by human reasoning ; it is so rich with the pure gold of Sismondi’s character, his simplicity, his tender, generous, and religious impulses, that we do not wonder Madame Mojon had it stereotyped, nor that she presented to her friends copies of it as precious gifts. Happily has Souvestre called this eminent man, “*Soldat de la seule vérité.*”

Madame Mojon continued to manifest the same interest in education and the progress of society in general, which she showed in earlier days, when Manzoni called her "the mother of her country." Her sons were educated under her own eye, they received their instruction from her, aided in some branches by private tutors. Her eldest son owed to her the mastery of four languages at the age of sixteen, when he entered the Polytechnic School. The younger had a decided leaning to agricultural life, and he prepared for it by the usual mechanical and chemical studies. As soon as her boys had left her to pursue their special training, and Madame Mojon found herself released from her maternal duties, she transferred her activity to the poor, to her friends, and to the diffusion of knowledge. "No laudable enterprise was set on foot," says her biographer, "but she came to it with money in her hand, and encouragement on her lips. If a misfortune befell a friend, she instantly appeared. If a book came out favourable to human progress, she instantly bought it."

With extraordinary gifts—with incessant activity, assiduous, and successful—if any woman might demand an enlargement of "sphere," surely Madame Mojon might indulge that aspiration. But she does not seem to have contemplated any further extension of female activity, but such as she had herself carried out, when, as a young

aristocratic lady, she had desired to pursue the career of a professional artist. Madame Mojon did not regard the "woman movement" with favour, at least not up to its furthest modern limit. Writing to Madame Fulvia Verri, she says, "What I understand by the emancipation of woman is, that she shall be released from her state of perpetual minority. I would have her equal to man, having, as he has, a serious but very different mission. In a word, she should be the woman Madame Necker depicts. To deserve such an emancipation, she must not seek to go out of her own sphere. She need not take part in the affairs of government, cause herself *to be nominated for the House of Deputies*, as certain mad people have claimed in their writings; but she should be the tutelary angel of the family: there her beneficent influence should be exercised. As a means of succeeding in the fulfilment of her duties, the very highest cultivation of her mind, far from doing her any harm, would be of the greatest service to her. It is half knowing things, and extravagant vanity, which spoils equally men and women—never true and profound science." And again, in relation to an article in *L'Encyclopédie Nouvelle*, she says, "After all, we are the mothers of the human race, (no one can deny that,) and who does not know the influence of the mother over the child? If we act out our ideas, the coming generation will feel it.

The empire of ideas is the most powerful of all empires. The important thing is to set these ideas into the heads and hearts of children ; afterwards they germinate in their lives. Observe, I say all this in the evangelical sense. I am not revolutionary. I am too distrustful of myself to desire to overturn the world according to my notions.

“ Alas for the beautiful period of youth, when we doubted nothing ! Not that I deplore, dear Fulvia, a ripe age : no, certainly not. If I am now less gay, I have more serenity ; if I am less active, solitude does not oppress me. I never suffer *ennui* ; even when I am doing nothing, I feel myself alive. Nature has entertainments for me unknown to my youth. The observation of anything that concerns mankind makes me reflect. I am constantly amused and interested. My sympathy grows, my desire to be useful and beneficent increases. When I was young, I felt more my own power, I rebelled against any obstacle in my way ; now, on the contrary, I am *strong in my weakness* ; I do all I can, and leave the rest to God.

“ Do you know I am seriously thinking of impoverishing my children for their good ? I think it will tend to their moral progress, and that is why it runs in my head. I would diminish my rents that my boys might feel practically the necessity of working, not merely as

amateurs. Henri will, in all probability, devote himself to agriculture, and thus we might give him an employment without his going elsewhere to seek it."

When the Revolution of February 1848 broke out, Madame Mojon was true to herself. She permitted her eldest son, then a pupil in the Polytechnic School, to confront danger with his comrades. Not one pusillanimous counsel, not a discouraging objection, escaped from the lips of this tender mother. Afterwards, during the movement of June, which was a death-blow from all sides to the Republic, she permitted the brothers to fight in the ranks of the National Guard.

Far from imitating the rich Parisians, who reduced their expenses, dismissed their servants, and left the city, augmenting danger by the fear of it, she changed in no particular her mode of life. Her *soirées* were more frequent, her house was open every evening to her sons' friends, and this at a time when her whole fortune was vested in the funds and in the stocks. No one was in greater danger than she, but she had taken her part. Her individual ruin signified little to her, provided society made one step onward. "Every pulsation of my heart," she writes, "on the 13th of April 1848, is for France; if we become poor, it may be all the better for my children. Mojon and I want but little; Julie will share our poverty with love,

as she has shared our prosperity. We shall go on loving one another more and more, and consequently we cannot be unhappy." Admirable woman! Those alone who do not fear poverty are securely rich. Her domestic ark rested on a mount to which neither national nor financial vicissitude could attain. Yet Madame Mojon witnessed with the deepest love and interest the events of '48 in her native as in her adopted country, and the expedition of France against the Roman Republic filled her with grief. "It seems to me," she said, "that I am witnessing a duel between my sons!" And, indeed, her health was affected and her strength abated by the bitter disappointments she suffered in patriotism. She did not live to see the final downfall of the liberal party, being, alas! one of the first victims of the cholera, which raged in Paris in 1849. She was seized on the 4th of June: on the morning of the 5th there was no hope of her recovery! Her dearest friends were summoned—Emile Souvestre among the number. On seeing him, she gave expression to their political sympathies, and extending her hand to him, and turning her eye to M. Coquerel, her pastor, "Let us pray for the Republic," she said.

Her youngest son came in; she looked towards him, and murmured with her fainting voice: "Tell him—always to love—his duty." Observing the distressed

faces of her friends, she said, in her greatest agony, "Be calm; I do not suffer so much as I seem to do." To M. Coquerel she said, "I do not desire death—I accept it!" Simple and honest words, expressive of her value and enjoyment of the gifts of life, and of her submission to God's will.

Dr Mojon was constantly with her, exhausting the resources of science. His firmness did not for an instant desert him. Struck with death himself, he was silent until seven o'clock. He then gave his eldest son the necessary orders, withdrew to his own bed, and died almost at the same moment with his wife, a victim to the same scourge that ended her earthly existence, and cut short her beneficent career.

Madame Mojon's will, written on the supposition that her husband would survive, gives to him the use of her whole property till her sons shall be in the full exercise of their professions, so much she dreaded idleness for them. She secured a maintenance to Mademoiselle de Rosselet, and left bequests to all her friends.

During a late visit to Paris I had the pleasure of being introduced to many friends of the late Madame Mojon; by one of whom the original biography written by M. Emile Souvestre was placed in my hands. On examining this little book, (which was printed and largely distributed, but not published,) it was evident that the

American translation, on which this account has been based, was extremely faithful and almost entire. Two very remarkable and interesting letters were, however, omitted; the one from Miss Edgworth, the other from Lady Byron. As the spirit of these letters must have been entirely lost in any attempt to *re-translate* them from the French of M. Emile Souvestre, the English originals were very kindly placed in my hands, by the nearest surviving friend of Madame Mojon, in order that they might be copied by me. Of course, neither of these letters is in any way private or personal in its contents. That of Miss Edgworth refers to Madame Mojon's translation of "Frank" into Italian; while the occasion of Lady Byron's was the French Revolution of February 1848.

A valuable book, which likewise contains constant mention of Madame Mojon, is also to be had in Paris, unless the small edition originally printed is sold out, namely, "The Fragments of the Journal and Correspondence of Sismondi," published by Cherbuliez, 10 Rue de la Monnaie. The unhappy fate of Sismondi's manuscripts, consigned after his death by a too timid and shrinking affection to the flames, rendered any biography of this eminent philosophical historian a matter of much difficulty. Madame Mojon had, however, in former years, copied many extracts from his journal, besides

being in possession of numerous letters addressed to herself; and another friend, Mademoiselle de Montgolfier, had written a memoir from various private sources, which thus became invaluable after the destruction of the mass of Sismondi's papers, and was published in 1857, when Madame Mojon had also passed away. To our present purpose, the evidence given in this volume to Madame Mojon's noble intimacy with him, is relevant and interesting. The writer of the preface says of her, "The persons to whom M. Sismondi wrote the letters which we now print—Madame Mojon, Mademoiselle de Saint-Aulaire, and the celebrated William Channing—were truly worthy of being linked in intimacy with him; it was not one of the least blessings of his life to be appreciated and beloved by eminent people. M. Emile Souvestre, whose premature death is deeply regretted, has written a biographical notice of Madame Bianca Milesi Mojon, which gives a true idea of the merits of this lady;—but when one has known her; when one has been able to judge of the vivacity of her intellect, of the wealth of her heart, of the life which her brilliant imagination cast on all her surroundings, on anything about which she occupied herself; when one has followed her in her daily avocations, and seen how many joys and what a sum of happiness she created about her, then words are insufficient! She excelled in

every relation of life ; one does not know which most to admire—the wife, the mother, the friend, or the woman who thinks, speaks, and acts, who compassionates every misfortune, and numbers the flight of days by benefits bestowed. She recalls that magnificent line of Scripture, ‘ We are made in the image of God.’ All those who have known her intimately, will weep for her till the day of their death.”

Of the correspondence scattered through this volume we can only indicate the value and surpassing interest. It refers to every conceivable subject : politics, literature, life, religion. Many of the letters are addressed to Mademoiselle Saint-Aulaire, a young girl of sixteen, for whom Sismondi entertained a beautiful and paternal friendship. Those addressed to Madame Mojon, “ Ma bonne amie,” reveal the receiver as much as they reveal the writer.

The two following letters, however, published as they are in the biography of Madame Mojon, have a more special claim for reproduction here :—

“ COPY OF A LETTER FROM MISS EDGEWORTH TO MADAME MOJON, DATED EDGEWORTH’S TOWN, IRELAND, APRIL 10, 1830.

“ I wish that I could write to you, my dear madam, in your own delightful language, which expresses in such a melodious, graceful, and natural manner, all that is grateful and

pleasing to the heart, and to the ear. But, alas! what your letter made me feel so agreeably, mine can never convey to you; unless, indeed, you are so kind [as] to translate me into Italian as you read. And certainly this would cost you no trouble, as I may judge by what I see of 'Early Lessons.' Frank appears to me much more agreeable in Italian than in English, and (if a foreigner may judge) he speaks that language with so much purity and facility that I can scarcely help thinking it his native tongue. Even his very name in Italy—*Benedetto* sounds auspicious, more conciliatory and (pardon a pun) more *blessed* than his English appellation.

"Accept, dear madam, my most sincere and warm thanks for the service and the kindness you have done me. I hope you are an author, and that you may sometime experience similar pleasure, and as high gratification from seeing what you have written so graced by good translation. Unless you have been so fortunate, (and that is not probable,) you cannot from your own feelings judge how much I feel obliged.

"It is delightful to me to think that my little 'Early Lessons' will in future be read with pleasure by a rising generation of Italian children, and that children yet unborn may bless me, through your means, for easy 'Early Readings.'

"Miss Smith, with whom I understand you are well acquainted, informs me that you were for some time in London. I am sorry I was not there at that time, as it would have gratified me to have made your acquaintance. If you should ever return to England, I flatter myself you will do me the pleasure and the justice to allow me an opportunity of offering my thanks to you in person, and of enjoying as much of your company as you could afford me.

"It is scarcely to be hoped that you should think of a visit to Ireland. Foreigners, I fear, have a terrible idea of

this country, and imagine that they would not live a day or sleep a night here in peace. But, believe me, this is a false notion; I have lived here almost all my life—a life of upwards of sixty years—and have had no reason to complain, but much reason to love and pity my countrymen. The reasons for pity have been, thank God, every year diminishing, the last year *most*. And now that religious and civil liberty have been added to the blessings of a fertile soil and warm hearts, good heads and ingenious and (without exaggeration I may say) *industrious* hands, we may henceforward expect the Irish will rise in the scale of nations. They will show that they can bear prosperity as well—better, than they have endured adversity. Among the prosperous circumstances to which I look forward for Ireland, now that security and peace are established here, I count on the increase of foreign visitors. May I then hope that La Signora Mojoni will some time be of that number? Perhaps not while I live, but these Edgeworths are a numerous and united family, and some of them will long, I trust, continue to reside at this their family home, and will always be happy to receive one who has been so serviceable and so obliging as you, dear Madame, have been to [your] grateful servant,

“ MARIA EDGORTH.

“ Addressed to La Signora Mojoni,

“ Palazzo Balbi, Strada Balbi, Genes.”

“ COPY OF A LETTER FROM LADY BYRON TO MADAME MOJON,
DATED ESHER, SURREY, MARCH 2, 1848.

“ DEAR MADAME MOJON,—Am I to congratulate you on being at last the citizen of a republic, or does the revolution achieved only show you another in the distance? Whenever

I have seen the pupils of the Polytechnic School mentioned it has been with emotion on your account—twice particularly, once on a glorious, once on a mournful occasion. You would desire for your sons, I think, a voice in the affairs of the nation. They have it ; may it prove a boon to them. In order to learn how far your views and mine coincide, I will briefly express my conclusions. I see a great gain, like others, in the improved moral tone of the popular party since the former revolution, in the absence of impiety, destructiveness, &c. There are two points of view in which the recent events are still more gratifying to me, because, if the lesson can be read, they are most instructive in respect to the *morale* of politics,—Do as you would be done by : 1st, That the system of expediency has failed in the hands of, perhaps, the ablest man in Europe, with every advantage for the experiment ; 2d, That the masses *with a will and a conscience* have prevailed over the masses *paid to be without a will and conscience*—(the sin of armies!)

“ But I fear that the multitude is not yet qualified for universal suffrage ; as long as it is deemed necessary by the leaders of the people to flatter them with fallacious hopes, as Louis Blanc and others appear to do, the beings so addressed are presumed not to be rational and enlightened. The vanity of the national character is always more or less an element in the feelings on one side, and in the calculations on the other ; and what so unstable as vanity ? When will the public anywhere dispense with something dramatic in their great men ? Perhaps *we* have in some instances passed this stage of character. Neither the Duke of Wellington nor Lord Melbourne have the slightest tinge of that kind—perfectly single-minded and simple—so is the Queen eminently.

“ I go down hill a few steps every year, but without regret, and with more and more power of enjoyment in life.

“ Believe, dear friend, in that affection which time has proved to myself that I shall always feel for you. Remember me to Dr Mojon, and your sons.—Yours ever,

“ A. S. NOEL BYRON.

“ This letter is addressed to—

“ Madame Mojon,

“ Rue des Petits Hôtels,

“ Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris.”

M. Souvestre concludes his memoir by a beautiful summing up of his friend's character—but the simple story of her life speaks for itself. France has been illustrated by remarkable women in every department of life. Putting aside the beautiful *intriguanes* who influenced in successive reigns the destinies of that great nation, we count up, how many famous and worthy names! In war, we find not only Jeanne d'Arc, but Madame de la Roche Jacquelin, the heroines of the *Fronde*, and the heroic “*Madame*,” who even in the last generation clung to the Bourbon standard in *la Vendée*. Long before English women had made their march in literature, we find some of the letters and memoirs best illustrative of French history flowing from the pens of women,—nay, we find literary and learned aspirants satirised by Molière as “*les Precieuses Ridicules* ;” and Scott affirms Madame Roland to have possessed the best head among the

Girondins. Such characters belong to the public galleries of a people. In Bianca Milesi Mojon, born in Italy and naturalised in France, the latter country acquired a remarkable example of the truth that the social and domestic sphere of woman is also wide enough for the exercise of high talents and the richest endowments of the heart ; a field in which she may sow from youth to age, and reap the fruits rejoicing.



IX.

MRS DELANY.



IX.

MRS DELANY.

THERE is a portrait of Mary Granville, Mrs Delany, which is in itself a vindication of the interesting series of letters published in 1861 by Lady Llanover. In that square upright forehead, surmounting features full of decision and acuteness; —in the steady, thoughtful attitude of the aged woman, and in the quaint simplicity of her dress, a tale is told of one of those women who, without ever overstepping the privacy of domestic life are so completely typical of the best aspects of their generation, that a familiar record of their experience becomes, in fact, a valuable contribution to the history of their time.

Mary Granville was born in the year 1700; she was

the great-granddaughter of a gallant cavalier, killed on Lansdown, fighting for his king. It was her grandfather who carried to Charles the Second the tidings of his restoration, and her uncle, Sir Bevil, was governor of Barbadoes. Another uncle was created Lord Lansdown by Queen Anne, so that Mary Granville came of noble English blood, and though the daughter of a younger brother, was born into a circle of grand relatives and friends. One of her early playfellows was Miss Catherine Hyde, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry, and specially immortalised as

“Kitty, beautiful and young.”

When Mary was ten years old Mr Handel came to her father's house, and “performed wonders on her little spinnet.” Up to the age of fifteen she was chiefly brought up under the care of her aunt, Anne Granville, who was a woman of the world, having been maid of honour to Queen Mary, but political reverses overtaking Lord Lansdown in the year after the accession of George I., his brother, Mr Granville, retired into Gloucestershire, and the young girl's promised destiny of being herself a maid of honour was entirely destroyed. When she was about seventeen she was invited to visit her Aunt and Uncle Lansdown at Bath. “They had been confined nearly two years for reasons of state, in

the Tower, and had not long been at liberty." A strange announcement this seems to us, from the pen of a lady whom people living might have seen, with infant eyes. My lord and lady, the latter a handsome woman of twenty-seven, must have been exceedingly glad to get to Bath, near to which city was their country house; and their young niece thought their invitation very agreeable, though in the sequel it brought her a fate of more than doubtful happiness. While Mary Granville danced every night, and read in the daytime to her uncle till her two aunts (the wife and sister) grew quite jealous, it chanced there came on a visit an old friend and countryman (Cornish) of my lord's, who, after the quaint fashion of those days, was nicknamed Gromio. Gromio was a horrible old gentleman in a wig, (his real name Alexander Pendarves,)—and when he turned up at Lord Lansdown's on a rainy day, "like Hob out of the well," with dripping clothes, dirty boots, crimson face, and large unwieldy person, Miss Granville "diverted herself at his expense" for several succeeding days, being therein greatly assisted by a witty and malicious young gentleman, brother to her aunts.

Grievous to relate, Gromio became objectionably attentive to herself; and she "could easily perceive that I was the only person that did not approve of it." She began to entertain a suspicion that he had come on

purpose! The sequel is easy to imagine; it is told at some length by Mrs Delany, in an autobiographical account of her youth. Mary Granville was talked, coaxed, teased, scolded, argued, and coerced into becoming Mrs Alexander Pendarves. All sorts of motives were urged upon her; and one which weighed much with her was, the fear that if she showed reluctance her father and mother, by taking her part, would incur her magnificent uncle's displeasure. So a special messenger was sent to Mr and Mrs Granville, in Gloucestershire, asking their consent, and inviting them to the wedding. They who "wished for nothing more than to see me well married" came readily into the proposals, and the poor girl was married with "*great pomp*" to the horrible old gentleman, heartily wishing she were going to the sacrifice, like Iphigenia. After the marriage, Mr and Mrs Pendarves remained two months at Lord Lansdowns, and she allows that he showed her all the respect and tenderness he was capable of, which she returned with all the complacency she was mistress of; and had he known how much it cost me, he must have thought himself obliged by my behaviour."

Presently Mr Pendarves carried his bride off into Cornwall, being about a fortnight on the road, as he wanted to introduce her to all his friends,—a process which she found very disagreeable. And when at last

she arrived at his place of Roscrow, she found an old castellated mansion of granite, "built of ugly coarse stones, old and mossy," with an old hall that had scarce any light belonging to it, and on the left hand a parlour, the floor of which was rotten in places, part of the ceiling broken down, and the windows so high that her youthful head of seventeen did not come near the bottom of them. It is not to be wondered at that the poor young bride sat down and fell into a violent passion of crying, to the great disgust of Gromio. On the outside, however, matters looked better; the mansion was beautifully situated on a sloping hillside, and looked down on a fine harbour, that of Falmouth, generally filled with shipping.

Here Mary Pendarves passed two years, her husband enlivening the period with a fit of intense jealousy. In the third year Gromio had to go to London, and her father, mother, and sister came to stay with her during his absence. "*O happy year!*" she writes, "that made me some amends for what I had suffered!" At the end of this year, Gromio, finding his affairs would still detain him some time longer, wrote for his young wife to come up to him. She was divided between pleasure at returning *home*, as it were, and objection to the society of Gromio; and in her accounts, given some twenty years later, to her dear friend the Duchess of Portland, she

apologises with pathetic humility for what she fears her "dear generous Maria" will think of her absolute inability to love him, notwithstanding his affection for her. But as he fixed himself in what was even then a "very unpleasant part of the town," namely, Rose Street, Hog Lane, Soho; as he had the gout for weeks together; and as soon as he got better "never came home sober," and was "frequently led between two servants to bed at six and seven in the morning," the sympathising reader may excuse her for a repugnance which did not prevent her from being a most dutiful and attentive wife.

We have lingered perhaps disproportionately on this period of Mary Granville's life. Such a strange picture it affords of the actualities of English life one hundred years ago. Whatever enormities may yet occur in the matrimonial market, such a one as the sacrifice of the bright young girl of noble family to such a dreadful old boor as Squire Pendarves would now thrill us with horror. Her affliction was not, however, of many years' duration; she was left a widow at twenty-three years of age, under such circumstances that she could not "recollect it without horror." One evening she went out to visit an intimate female friend, and Gromio went to what she calls his "*usual set*," (the italics are her own.) He got home first, sober it may be presumed; for he took the

occasion to say to her various kind things on her having made him a good wife, and he wished he might live to reward her! He went to bed between eleven and twelve, and slept, as usual, very uneasily. His wife lay awake till past four, and then slept till seven. When she awoke she rang for her servant, who came and opened the shutters,—Mr Pendarves was dead!

Thus ended her melancholy married life—in inexpressible terror and dismay. Gromio had his merits. He was affectionate, sturdily honest, naturally good-tempered. But seventeen objects to threescore, when threescore is occasionally jealous, frequently tipsy, and invariably coarse. Mary Pendarves was left with a moderate fortune, and freedom. It took her a great while to recover from the “surprising manner of Gromio’s death.” “But,” as she herself says, “my natural good spirits, time, and finding myself freed from many vexations, soon brought me to a state of tranquillity I had not known for many years.”

Space is entirely wanting to detail the next twenty years of Mrs Pendarves’s life. She has told the story in the series of charming letters to her younger sister, Anne Granville. She lived in London, and much in the great world. Her correspondence is clear and lively, tenderly affectionate, always delicately refined.

It was in June 1743 that she contracted a second

marriage; and this time she followed her own choice, and made a very different alliance. Dr Delany was an Irish clergyman, of modest extraction, but good position; being chancellor of St Patrick's. He was an excellent and cultivated man, but not a match in the world's eyes for a long-descended Granville. The marriage was viewed with some distaste by her family, and by her brother with absolute aversion. But she had chosen well and wisely, as is shown by Dr Delany's very charming letters to her previous to their marriage. Her time was now spent chiefly at Deville, a pretty house on the outskirts of Dublin, overlooking, from the garden, the grand range of hills which commence with the Three Rock Mountain, and run up into the country westward, parallel to the river Liffey. Dublin was then a gay place—gayer than at present, when no native parliament dignifies the Irish metropolis, and London attracts to itself the most brilliant Irish talent. All that Mrs Delany did and saw, she pours out in her letters to her younger sister, Anné, now Mrs Dewes. The story of Mrs Dewes's courtship and marriage is a charming episode in the second volume. Dr Delany was presently made Dean of Down. His wife usually refers to him as D.D., and always with the greatest respect and affection. There is, strictly speaking, no story to be told of her second married life; it was quietly cheerful,

and by no means out of the world. She follows public events in her correspondence ; says, in 1746, that “the ugly rebels have been this year a public and a *private* plague !” inasmuch as they kept her from going to see her sister in England. She reads, writes, works, and paints ; she receives company, and busies herself in her garden. In 1755, her husband wrote a character of her, under the assumed name of Maria, and sent it to Mrs Dewes. It is one of the prettiest pieces of domestic portraiture ever penned, and, though much too long to be transcribed, our reference to it may fitly close this short account of the first series of the correspondence.

There is such a charm in truth, and in all which bears a veracious impress of human character, that the second series of Lady Llanover’s work, though it only gives us quiet family letters of a group of people, in which two old ladies of seventy were the principal figures, will be read with unflagging interest by those who care for biographical history. The chequered life of Mary Granville, Mrs Pendarves, had subsided into quietness long before the epoch at which this series of letters commences. The Dean of Down, her second husband, appears as an aged man, nearly eighty years old ; and her dear sister, Mrs Dewes, is dead. The date is 1761—a century and five years ago ; and Mrs Delany’s letters are written from Delville, near Dublin, to her brother, Mr Bernard

Granville, and to her niece and nephews, Mary, Court, and John Dewes. Now that her sister is dead, her strongest affections centre on Mary Dewes, whose portrait is given, engraved from an enamel by Zincke, in possession of Madame de Bunsen; a fair young girl, with fine delicate features, and curly hair combed back from her forehead. The aunt's letters are so pretty, so tender, that one feels them to be all alive with the life of love, though writer and reader have been long in their graves. Numerous letters from the Countess Cowper to the same young girl are also given. This lady was a Granville by birth, and was also godmother to Mary Dewes; she must have been a sprightly woman, not unlike "Lady G." in Sir Charles Grandison. She was warmly attached to her godchild, and writes loving, dashing epistles, more like those of one playfellow to another than of elder to younger. Mary Dewes is, indeed, the heroine of the first thick volume, and the occasion of most of the wise and witty things that were said. Her aunt writes to her, in 1762, that "our Governor" (Lord Halifax) is leaving Ireland, and that the young ladies, his daughters, mourn,—“for they are so *very* young as to think a round of hurrying pleasures is happiness; not considering what a loss of time it is to devote *all* their hours to amusements. . . . I don't mean any reflection on the Lady M—s, for their

station here has required them to lead the life they have done, and they have acquitted themselves with a great deal of civility and good humour; but I only condemn the *choice* of spending *every day* in a public place, though I don't fear this disposition in you, my dear child, because you have early had great advantages, and the good seed that has been sown will spring up, and you will reap the advantage of it; reading and *thinking* requires leisure, and without it the mind *will* be dissipated, and *always trifling*. . . . Our business in this world, my dear, is preparing for another; and in order to make that exchange a happy one, we must act up to the name we have taken upon us, of Christianity. The rules are plain and easy, if indolence or luxury do not interfere and blind us; and a habit of doing our duty regularly is the best guard against the evils and temptations that beset us; and by accustoming ourselves to that regularity, we shall find no manner of difficulty, but rather be uneasy at any omission. . . . I think your judgment very right of '*Lady Julia*,' &c., [a fashionable novel of the day.] I was so much pleased with the beginning of it, that the conclusion quite provoked me, for I think it spoils the whole. You are raised to the highest admiration of the hero of the piece, who is made worthy and amiable, and then ends his life like a Lovelace, and *not one moral* to be drawn from the rash

and sad catastrophe. How differently has Mr Richardson done by his good characters! Every suffering and calamity they endure are the means of making them noble examples of Christianity, which is not so much as hinted at by the author of 'Lady J. Mandeville.'

In another letter, she tells her niece of a wedding, at which the Dean of Down gave away the bride, Miss Chapone; and how in the morning he presented the bridegroom, Dr Sandford, with a pair of gold buttons and a verse of poetry, which might be worse, from a stately old Dean of one hundred years ago.

“ 'Tis an emblem of marriage, of two I make one,
Both useful together, both useless alone;
Then may yours, like to mine, for ever remain
A polished, a precious, and permanent chain!”

For a specimen of the letters Mary Dewes received from her lively godmamma, here is one, dated July 5, 1766: “ I am sure my dear girl will be impatient to hear how I got here. I sat out at six o'clock on Monday morning from sweet Richmond, breakfasted with Lady Frances Bulkeley, delivered your letter to Lady Mary Mordaunt, who was pleased with the caul, dined at Bugden, and lay at Stilton; should have reached Stamford that night, but had tired horses one post; breakfasted there on Tuesday. I did not *climb trees*, but I was very near swimming at Carlton, the waters being

out. I asked the post-boy whether the water was deep ; he said, ' No, only a slop ;' but it proved such a ' slop ' as half-filled my chaise ! I caught up my feet so quick that my shoes were not wet through, but my petticoats were, and I was obliged to sit in them, but was so lucky as not to catch cold. After the water was ladled out of the chaise [this carriage would now be called a chariot, and was not understood to mean a hack chaise, as is the case in the present century] I got some dry straw and laid at the bottom of the chaise, which was not dry when I got here, and when I arrived at the next stage got out and had hot napkins pinned to my petticoats whilst I din^d, and lay at Doncaster that night. At supper the landlord told me ' *my lads* ' were so much fatigued they were gone to bed, and the next day Cartwright was so knocked up I was forced to treat him with post-chaises for four posts. Mrs Godwin, [Lady C——'s maid,] *I called up* every morning upon the road, though she slept great part of the way, and often tumbled *upon me* in the chaise ! I read going up the hills, and was neither fatigued nor sleepy, and arrived here fresh enough for the ball, (had not my dancing days been over,) by twelve at noon on Thursday. In all my difficulties I remembered you, and thought *it might have been worse*, and was quite a philosopher

Then come quaint letters from M. Rousseau, who was

intimate with Mr Bernard Granville, and who reappears occasionally in these volumes, sending polite messages to Mary Dewes in the character of "*un vieux berger.*"

Mrs Delany, however, does not appear ever to have seen Rousseau, of whose opinions she entertained considerable dread, and she writes to her niece, in 1776, that she "always takes alarm when *virtue* in *general terms is the idol* without the support of *religion*, the *only* foundation that can be our security to rest upon; that *great plausibility* and *pomp of expression* is deluding, and requires great accuracy of judgment not to be imposed upon by it." The italics are the wise old lady's own; but the whole sentence, though somewhat stiffly expressed, strikes the ear as equally applicable to various theories of the present day.

In May 1768 the Dean of Down died, at the age of eighty-four, and this event caused the remainder of his wife's days to be spent in England. She passed a great deal of her time with the Duchess of Portland, at Bulstrode, a delightful old woman, always deep in botany and the natural sciences. The Duchess goes to the Peak to get plants, and M. Rousseau with her, who calls himself *l'herboriste de Madame la Duchesse de Portland*; she has quite a museum at Bulstrode, has birds, gold and silver fish, shells, fossils, and fungi. Mrs Delany records in every letter some instance of the Duchess's vivacious

delight in science. "It is pleasant to see how she *enjoys* all her own possessions, and at the same time is so ready to give every other place its due. . . . Mr Elliot is here, and she is very busy in adding to her English herbal ; she has been transported at the discovery of a *new* wild plant, a Helleboria." Her Grace at one time fills her breakfast-room so full with sieves, pans, and platters, being apparently immersed in the study of water-plants, that, notwithstanding twelve chairs and a couch, it becomes difficult to find a seat. She naturally consorts with men of science, and the pair of aged friends go to "Mr Bank's house in New Burlington Street," to see the wonderful plants he has brought from Otaheite, and the remarkable dress worn by the savages who killed Captain Cook. Occasionally we have glimpses of Court life, of which Mrs Delany reports the hearsay to her niece, as, for instance, of a ball at the queen's house, where the queen danced, besides minuets, four country dances with the King of Denmark. The king danced all night, changing partners, as the rest did, every two dances, and finished with Lady Mary Lowther and the Hempdressers, that lasts two hours. The eight bars of this exciting melody are given as described by Walsh in 1718, with directions for dancing it, which are far from complicated. Delicious old picture of King George III. in his youth ! One wonders whether Lady Mary Low-

ther did not get a little tired before the two hours were out !

But we must not linger over the endless suggestions of the various correspondences, for we have to see Miss Mary Dewes through her courtship and marriage to one Mr Port of Ilam, a gentleman of ancient family and good estate, with whom, nevertheless, the course of true love did not run perfectly smooth ; for the fair lady's uncle, Mr Bernard Granville, was for some unexplained reason opposed to the match, and contrived to make everybody very uncomfortable. The following singular love-letter, if such it may be called, written by Miss Dewes to Mr Port during the cloudy period, shows a mixture of ideas in the young lady's mind, a devotion to grammar and moonlight, a prudential hint regarding the uncle, and an anxiety as to the matching of the furniture in her new home, if ever she became its mistress, which is very quaint and amusing :—

“ RICHMOND, *Saturday, June 9, 1770,*
Half an hour after seven.

“ MY DEAR MR PORT,—I sent you such a strange and, I fear, almost unintelligible scrawl last Thursday, that I fear you could scarce make it out, but I was so much straitened in time, that had I not been pretty expeditious, I could not have written at all, which I hope will plead my excuse, otherwise, I am sure, there are many wanted.

“ There were a vast many people dined at Wimbledon on

Thursday. The Duke and Duchess of Grafton, Lord and Lady Jersey, &c. . . . Lady Frances Bulkely left us yesterday. She is a most worthy, amiable woman. She desired me to give her compliments to you when I saw you. Alas! she little thought how uncertain was that day!

“It is most charming weather, and the *moon* as bright as possible every night but the last. I was true to my appointment last night, and was happy in thinking we were beholding the same object at the same hour. That reflection will be a still greater comfort to me as you are removed farther off; for our engagement shall hold good for every full moon (at eleven o'clock) till we meet, and then *she* will shine forth with double lustre, and every charm be heightened by our beholding it together. Till that time arrives, we must console ourselves in thinking of each other's sincerity, and that everything will turn out as we wish it, if it is for the best it should.

“‘Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
 No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
 Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die;
 Heaven is our hope, and Providence our guide.’

. . . . I must beg you will send me two or three franks to Lady Mary Mordaunt, for I gave you the whole half-dozen that night, and have none to her ladyship myself.

“The nosegay is *still alive!* Though the moon was not bright last night, yet we had the pleasure of contemplating the light of it, and looking at the sky, at least, at the same time.

“As we were to be out the whole day, I rose earlier than usual in order to have a little time for reading, as food for the mind is full as necessary as for the body; and I was

always delighted with what Dr Young says in one of his 'Night Thoughts':—

“ ‘ A soul without reflection,
Like a pile without an inhabitant,
Soon to ruin falls ! ’

“ It is rather a hardship upon our sex that we have in general our own education *to seek after* we are grown up—I mean as to mental qualification. In our childhood, writing, dancing, and music is what is most attended to ; and without being a pedant, such a knowledge of grammar as is requisite to make us speak and write correctly is certainly necessary, and also such a knowledge of history that one may compare past times with present, and be able to enter into conversation when those subjects are started, is very agreeable, and I am convinced one is never too old for improvement. The great Mrs Macaulay (I was told by an intimate friend of hers) hardly knew the meaning of the word *grammar* till she was *near thirty* years old, and that now all her productions go to the press uncorrected !

“ *Sunday*.—Many thanks for your kind letter, which I have just received. You compliment me so much on my style in writing, that were I not convinced it proceeds from your partiality to me, I should grow too vain ; and though I am conscious I cannot merit all you say on that subject, yet your praises must ever be most pleasing to me. When I entered into the agreement of telling each other of whatever mistakes we made, it was chiefly from *self-interest*, as the improvement I shall receive will be greater than yours, as my mistakes are more numerous ; and if I do not find you tell me of them, I shall think our bargain at an end. Therefore, I am but half pleased at you '*deferring*' to acquaint

me with the one made in my last letter, and so ends this chapter. And now to proceed to what is of more consequence.

“I think if you and Mr — visit, it would be right to say to him how disappointed and mortified you were upon coming to London at finding so different a reception from what you had reason to expect, especially after your *circumstances and estates* had undergone all the examination Mr Dewes thought proper to make, and that you could not help wishing Mr G—— would stand your friend.

“As you ask my opinion, this it is. I own, but I am sure you judge better what to say than I can tell you. Do not take any notice to my *brothers* of what *I* think you should say to Mr G——, but you may tell them, if you see Mr G——, you certainly shall say something to him about the affair, but that you shall be vastly cautious what, and *so you must be*.

“If the screen you have bought is like Mrs Delany’s, hers is blue sarsenet, (not paper,) and yours should be green sarsenet, as near the colour of your hangings as can be.

“Lady Cowper desires her compliments to you, and that she should be very glad to see you either with or without my brothers; but prudential reasons must prevent it for the present. A time will come when I hope we shall both have the superior happiness of enjoying together my dear Lady Cowper’s company, whom the more you know the more you will admire, as I have done for these seventeen years past.

“I am sure the length of this will make amends for the shortness of my last.”

It being very evident in this letter that the sooner Mr “G——’s” objections are removed, the better for this

stately pair of lovers, the reader is relieved to find that he is induced to give way, apparently through the intervention of the good old Duchess of Portland, who, we are told in a letter from one Mrs Ravaud to Mrs Delany, "acts like herself, and obviates so many disagreeable circumstances, that upon the like occasion I *should wish* to put myself under her Grace's protection." Not only does the Duchess bring about the union, but she will not allow Mrs Delany and Miss Dewes to leave Bulstrode until it takes place ; and the wedding was privately performed there, with the consent of Mr Dewes and Mr Granville, and everybody wrote congratulatory letters to everybody else that all the trouble and delay were over at last.

The tender correspondence so long entertained by Mrs Delany with Mary Dewes, is recommenced with Mrs Port of Ilam ; the letters preserved being, however, chiefly those of the elder lady. We are introduced to successive children, of whom the eldest, Georgina Mary Ann, forms the text of various sanitary recommendations of the Great Aunt's, more in accordance with the opinions entertained in this century, than with those generally attributed to the last. Lady Llanover mentions a little box still in existence, on the top of which two old trees are represented, extending their aged arms so as to interlace about a "little lamb," which was a

symbolical present given by the Duchess and Mrs Delany to the child.

In the second volume the royal family appear on the scene, visiting the Duchess, inviting Mrs Delany to take tea at Windsor Castle, &c., but on the fertile subject of George III. and his household, we have not space to enter. It is curious truly, in reading such a collection of correspondence as these volumes contain, to remember the *reviews* which have appeared, and the different points of view from which the life so naturally depicted has been regarded by the various critics. The leading literary paper of this day, in a long and animated notice, struck on all the hints of wild dissipation and extravagant behaviour; on the Duke of Devonshire's *gaucherie* towards his lovely betrothed; and Admiral Forbes's exceedingly objectionable reputation; and extracted, in fact, much such a picture of London society as Mr Thackeray gives in the "Virginians," and Fielding (several degrees worse) in "Amelia." We would, however, say to ladies who take up Mrs Delany's letters, that unless previously acquainted with the wicked history of the times, they would find therein nothing of the sort. Mrs Delany and the Duchess of Portland were exceedingly like clever, cultivated, thoughtful old women of the present day. When they wrote confidentially to each other they were neither coarse nor irreligious, and

though their sentences were a little long, they were invariably clear, expressive, and grammatical. It is quite a comfort to find that *all* the world was not drinking and fighting, and that "Lady Julia Mandeville" is commented upon as untrue to life and nature by an old aunt writing to a young niece at the very time it was published. Nay, even Richardson's family characters, good and true and well drawn as they are, are mere stuffed dolls compared to this group of pleasant, kindly Christian women, of Granville blood; of whom neither children, relatives, friends, nor servants had any cause to be ashamed; and who, while absorbed, one and all, in their family and social duties, at an epoch when there was little scope for any other use of their energies, were neither frivolous nor stupid, dissipated nor dull, and whom, since they were of our grandmothers' generation, it is particularly comfortable and consolatory to find ourselves enabled to heartily respect.



X.

HARRIOT K. HUNT,
A SANITARY REFORMER.



X.

HARRIOT K. HUNT,

A SANITARY REFORMER.



HAVE been deeply interested and touched by a book sent to me from America, with the love of the unknown author inscribed upon its first page. This book contains the autobiography of a noble-hearted woman who has created for herself a useful and respectable professional position as a sanitary physician in Boston: I use these words, descriptive of her powers, with some hesitation, yet know not how to choose better. Harriot Hunt is not a regularly educated and accredited physician like Dr Elizabeth Blackwell; her faculty and her success appear to lie in a loving insight into the lives of those who consult her, and a clear-headed recognition and enforce-

ment of sanitary law. Not only is the subject of the memoir outside of any regular profession ; but the whole book is intensely marked by the nationality of New England. It is American in word and thought and deed to an unparalleled degree ; and must be regarded as the product of another nation, akin, yet how different to our own. As such I offer it to our readers in a much abridged form ; making Miss Hunt as far as possible tell her own tale.

Harriot Kesia Hunt was born in November 1805, and was the eldest child of Joab and Kesia Hunt of Boston. In spite of their quaint Puritan names, her parents were members of the Episcopal Church. Mr Hunt was in the business of eastern navigation ; his brother was a sea-captain, and the home associations were of seamen and the sea. Speaking of her own birth, Harriot Hunt thus describes her early home in Boston :—“ I come now to speak of my birth. The older portion of the inhabitants of the North End can remember when Lynn Street (now Commercial) was open on one side to the broad waters of the harbour, and when the houses on the right hand from Hanover Street side were not built. Those older people can remember, too, a neat, pleasant little dwelling facing the water, with a garden of flowers all about it. From the windows you could look on the free

tossing of the sea tides, with the ships far and near, and the little ferry-boats plying to and fro. Beyond was Chelsea, where the cows were feeding in the green pastures. You could see the beautiful sunsets reflected in the water, kindling its unstable mass into gorgeous colour and shifting flame. And in this house, whose surrounding scenery gave it a soft charm,—a house with flowers without, and birds within, and itself the nest of every comfort,—in this house I was born. There had been a preparation for my birth in my mother's life : in her discipline, her activity, and her maturity. She was then thirty-five years of age. Children had been repeatedly offered her for adoption ; to each offer she would say, 'If the Lord wills me to sustain that relation, He will give me a child.' The Lord willed it.

“ This was their first, and (then) their only child. Congratulations, prayers, and benedictions came in from every quarter. Such was its welcome into life ; such the tenderness and joy with which it was received. I often think now at this mature age, that those blessings were not in vain—were not without a mystic mission. I often think that the incense from those hearts has perfumed my whole existence ; that the gratitude of those parents for a living child has impressed me through subtle, and, it may be, undetectable agencies, with a more reverent and awful sense of the great fact we term

Life." Three years after was born a second little daughter, the darling and the friend of her sister's whole life, up to the hour in which the book was penned. Just before the birth of this little one, the family had moved to a house close to the grand old colonial mansion described by Cooper in his "Lionel Lincoln." "It was in that Fleet Street home my sister and myself grew up to youth. As our childish characters developed, and our dispositions unfolded, we were very carefully guarded from temptation. Habits of trust and obedience were thus more easily formed. Our early playmates were chosen with more care—yes, a great deal more care—than is now given to elect a member for Congress. Our hearts were kept enlarged by family needs; and the difference between *wants* and *needs* was wisely taught us. We were not suffered to grow up in ignorance of the distinction between the apparent and the real—What Is and What Seems. Our fingers were kept busy out of school and play hours, aiding the shirt-maker, helping her in the fine stitching, ruffled bosoms, and button-holes. In the making of the latter; even now, I am considered an adept. But with all this work, (which would be accounted a terrible hardship in 1866!) there was always blended a merriment and joy, for our mother managed to make us feel that younger eyes were aiding older ones.

“Taught at home while young by our mother, we received the impress of her mind. The remembrance of sitting on my father’s knee at twilight, learning the multiplication table, by the bright light of a wood-fire in a Franklin stove flashing softly on the shadows of the cheerful room, comes to me now like an interior illumination. Thus early were formed those domestic loves—those sacred attractions which in time lead the child to desire to know that heavenly Parent who guided, blessed, and encouraged the earthly ones. In minds thus prepared, religious obedience has its root. The influence of our childhood’s home is felt through life, and gives a quality to our conception of a heavenly home.

“I think again of our little garden, fragrant with the early rose and fleur-de-lis. There, on spring mornings, our mother was seen, as many may remember, training and weeding her choice plants and flowers. The early lettuce and pepper-grass on our table spoke of her thrift. How often, while training and weeding in that garden, she must have been reminded of her maternal duties,—of the young ‘children like olive plants round about her table!’ To such a mind as hers, every flower and plant must have borne spiritual leaves and blossoms, and each one conveyed a lesson. She yielded to those natural teachings in her own quiet, sensible way.

“Time came when we must go to school. My first

school days were calculated to impart cheerfulness to my mind. Whoever can look back to childhood, and recall, with gratitude, a good and kind teacher, remembers—no matter what that teacher's name—Mrs Carter of Friend Street. I am sure all who were her pupils, reading this work, will agree with me in her unfailing suavity, kindness, and tenderness to children.

“Mrs Carter's was a private school;—we never attended the public schools; they were not then the carefully-modelled institutions they now are, and did not bear their present relation to the public. I have my first school bill to Mrs Carter, dated 1810. Our bills were always carefully preserved by our mother, that we might realise in maturer years the expense of our education.

“Our Christmas family gatherings were doubly joyous. Christmas was the birthday of my only sister; I remember that my childish fancy thought the merry peals preceding it had had much to do with her birth! What an exciting affair to me, was my first school prize for spelling! And also, my medal for proficiency in history! Then came my first essay at letter writing for others. My father's aunt, whose only son had died at the South, wished me to write to his friends for her. I see myself now, sitting down with my slate,—my mother's charge with regard to carefulness in spelling resting upon me.

The draught was prepared; I took it to my aunt; it was approved. I copied it on paper. My heart quivered—my life grew great in importance; I had written to a business man, and the letter was to the point! For years afterwards I was my aunt's letter writer; the employment assumed much consequence; it was of great use to me—a capital discipline—though I sometimes rebelled. My father said he 'never knew money that came in the slave-trade blessed;' and the intricate lawsuits, vexatious delays, and continued disappointments of the business transaction which occasioned this correspondence, were always referred to by him in connexion with the iniquity of its origin."

The good mother also was careful to train her little girls to habits of practical usefulness, for she sent them often to help some connexions of the family who were bookfolders, and entirely dependent on their own exertions. With them the children passed many hours, sharing their labour.

Under such wise and healthy influence Harriot Hunt grew up to womanhood, until in 1827, when she was twenty-two years old, came her first year of individual responsibility; of professional work for pay. The motives which induced this step appear to have been mixed; very earnest are the pages in which she dwells on the idle aimless life of most young women after they

leave school. "These admonitions," she says, "are from one who has laboured, yes, and dearly loved to labour." At the same time the family were not rich, and her father's health had not been strong. Therefore, in her early womanhood, with all the promise and joyfulness of a happy home around her, Harriot Hunt began to work:—"The felt necessities of my soul urged me to open for myself some path of usefulness. As our house was large for so small a family, my parents gave me a pleasant chamber overlooking the broad blue ocean, and there I opened a school, and became a teacher." The social respectability of the family soon brought pupils to the young mistress. "The secret of whatever has been worthiest in my existence is in my home. My first independent movement—my school—was blessed by my parents. The pleasant room was soon alive with happy childhood, and I tried to profit by the wise tact that had led me along in leading others. The 9th of April 1827, found me in my school-room with eight pupils, and when the following October came I had twenty-three!" A little further on she observes, how truly, "*It is well to enter on the new path in sunlight.*" But this is what women so seldom do; not till they are driven out in the dark days of necessity, do they usually begin to exercise the slightest forecast as to their own future.

“I had made out my first school-bills for two quarters ; I had earned my first money—had tasted the joy of exerting myself for a useful purpose, and my parents had seen my education ultimated in practical life. I pass over many very pleasant and interesting incidents penned in my diary, for I have much to say on other subjects. When I commenced my school, I relinquished the journal to my sister ; but it will still aid me in keeping up the sequence of events which now follow in quick succession. Our domestic life lost none of its joys by my stated daily avocation. That avocation but widened our sympathies, it gave us better opportunities to meet the parents of the children on a higher plane. It also opened to me a rich experience in social life. Many of my former schoolmates at this time had no graver employment than muslin work. Of course, we were still on visiting terms, though I had lost some caste by becoming useful. I was struck at an early period by the selfish, contemptible indolence they indulged in, as by the lamentable *ennui* it occasioned. Living on their parents, like parasites, most of them dwindled away and became uninteresting to me. A chasm had yawned between our friendships,—for I was at work,—they were at play. Our lives had nothing in common. My school was a grand use to me, for it not only called out gratitude to my parents for the advantages they had given

me, but also for the delight and enthusiasm with which I pursued the occupation. I was an enigma to those who had once been school-girls with me. They knew not the magic of usefulness. They often told me—boastingly!—they had ‘nothing to do,’—they had ‘all their time!’”

But we must not linger too long over these early years. Changes were imminent in the quiet Boston family: the first was the father’s death in November of the very year in which Harriot had begun her school. The widow and her two daughters were thus left “lone women” in the world; but the strong sense which characterised the household now bore good fruit; there was no confusion, no loss, and the elder one “saw more clearly than ever before how much an early training had to do with our lives, in assisting us to meet the emergencies and changes that had come upon us. They opened to me my first consciousness of the great need of women being trained to meet business exigencies.” The father had some years before “sent a small adventure to sea for each of his girls;” it had been gradually increasing, and now came home. Thus, although Mr Hunt died at a moment of general mercantile depression, when the navigation business was at the very worst period for profitable settlement, these three women managed to arrange everything in an orderly manner, and to remain

in their old house. "I know," says the writer, "we should never have saved our homestead, had we given our affairs in charge to others; and so I speak from experience." They found, however, great help in the friendship of one true and noble man. "It was Mr William Parker, the son of the bishop who married our parents," of whom she speaks in terms of the warmest gratitude. A part of the old house was let off to another family, a new school-room built in the garden, and the younger sister opened an infant school. So passed their quiet days for two years; until 1830, the turning-point in Harriot Hunt's life.

In this year the younger sister was prostrated by severe illness, and a kind physician of "the good old school" was called in. He was a family friend, and he it was who, when Mr Hunt had suddenly passed away while attending a masonic meeting, had come himself to break their sorrow to the widow and her daughters. He had always been "good and true" to these three solitary ladies; so when he tried blisters, mercurial medicines, and leeches on his young friend of two-and-twenty, she submitted with docile girlish patience, though all the agony and all the remedies brought no relief. Her sufferings were intense, she could not lie down, but was bolstered up in bed, and another doctor being called in to a consultation, her malady was pronounced to be

disease of the heart. She was sent into the country, got a little better, came back ; got worse, sent for the doctor again, and was attacked with frightful spasms. "Blistering and leeching were now declared to be the only hope, and they were thoroughly tested." Her endurance was certainly "heroic." She lost her voice; and relapse upon relapse strained every nerve of the two poor nurses. At last the doctor satisfied himself that blisters, leeching, and mercury could do nothing, and he then proposed a painful surgical operation ; poor loving Harriot could "hardly conceal her horror." The next prescription was prussic acid, four drops three times a day, which frightened her sister as much as the previous remedy had shocked her. "At last, after forty-one weeks of sickness, and one hundred and six professional calls, my sister was aroused to more thought on the subject. We talked it over together ; she obtained some medical works, and finally she came to the conclusion that her case was not understood. But what were we to do? was the question. How often has a similar question arisen in families, and the severest trials followed the impossibility of an answer."

The next symptom that came on was a terrible cough ; "so severe, that it was supposed to be whooping-cough, but it was spasmodic. Then came a different train of remedies, all useless and ineffectual." At this time

Harriot herself took a severe cold, accompanied by a cough, and Dr Dixwell dosed her with calomel. "Catching another cold, I suffered severely in my limbs: I remember those pains as though they were yesterday! I remember also my wonder that so simple a malady required such severe treatment. I gave up my school for a week, and we were sick together. My sister had lost all confidence in medicine. She reasoned and argued with the doctor: *his* tactics were to arouse her conscience, and then she would tamely submit to a fresh round of torturing prescriptions." A very kind and clever physician, Dr Walker, was then called in by the family, to the annoyance of the old practitioner, who for a long time refused to meet him; but he effected no radical improvement; indeed, Harriot Hunt implies that professional etiquette stood in the way of any marked change of treatment. At last, in 1833, two "quacks" came to Boston; a Dr and Mrs Mott, English people; and Harriot Hunt, in despairing desperation at three years of regular doctors and doctors' bills, set off to see Mrs Mott, amidst all sorts of opposition from friends and acquaintance. "But we were weary and tired out with 'regulars,' and it did not occur to us that to die under regular practice, and with medical etiquette, was better than in any other way." Now we heartily hope our readers will not suspect us of favouring

quacks, or at least quack medicines, which are a degree worse than the inordinate use of the regular medicines which the best physicians are gradually learning in great measure to discard; but the story here set down is that Augusta Hunt, coming under the care of Mrs Mott, did begin to improve. "Even conversing with a new mind awakened hope, and it is often in this way rather than by a change of treatment that invalids are benefited." "She began to gain strength. After an absence of three years and four months she again went to church. This was new life for us." The reader indulges in a shrewd guess that the leaving off of blisters, leeches, mercury, and prussic acid, may have chiefly contributed to this end. "Her first long walk was to the residence of Dr Dixwell, in Somerset Street, to pay her bill."

Harriot Hunt now took a very extraordinary resolution: to study medicine herself, or rather to study the laws of hygiene, the conditions of life and death among women especially, and to enforce their observance professionally. She was heart-sick at the old-fashioned practice of medicine, as she had witnessed it tried on a beloved sister, and as many of our readers can well remember it tried on themselves some twenty or thirty years ago, before the innovations introduced by the water-cure, by homœopathy, by the spread of sanitary knowledge, had materially affected the ancient *régime*.

Any unprofessional man or woman can judge how great is the change, by merely comparing the treatment he or she received when a child and the treatment which he or she would receive now in a case of severe illness, particularly in fever or in infectious disorders. Such patients used to be covered up closely with many blankets, in a room whose windows were always hermetically sealed, and where a hot fire burned night and day. The problem *now* with the best doctors and nurses is how to secure as free a current of air as possible, without chilling the sick person; and the windows are frequently opened near his bed, even in winter, due precautions being taken to shield him from draught. Miss Nightingale observes, in her "Notes upon Nursing":—

"We must not forget what, in ordinary language, is called 'Infection';—a thing of which people are generally so afraid that they frequently follow the very practice in regard to it which they ought to avoid. Nothing used to be considered so infectious or contagious as small-pox; and people not very long ago used to cover up patients with heavy bed-clothes, while they kept up large fires and shut the windows. Small-pox, of course, under this *régime*, is very 'infectious.' People are somewhat wiser now in their management of this disease. They have ventured to cover the patients lightly, and to keep the windows open; and we hear much less of the 'infection' of small-pox than we used to do. But do people in our days act with more wisdom on the subject of 'infection' in fevers—scarlet fever, measles, &c.—than their

forefathers did with small-pox? . . . True nursing ignores infection, except to prevent it. Cleanliness, and fresh air from open windows, with unremitting attention to the patient, are the only defence a true nurse either asks or needs. Wise and humane management of the patient is the best safeguard against infection."

Again, how completely is blood-letting going out of fashion ; in the last century it was a common practice among healthy people to be bled twice a year, in spring and autumn, as a precaution against possible disease ! The withdrawal of healthy blood, or of any blood, when it is not a case of absolute necessity, is now considered the most cruel and most irremediable of injuries to the constitution. We could hardly now hear of a lady who had been "cupped over every inch of her." Again, the excessive use of drugs, nay, the use of any drugs that are not positively necessary, is passing away from the most enlightened medical practice ; yet we can all remember when the atrocious black draught, the poisonous mercury, the deadly narcotic, formed heavy items in a heavy bill at each recurring Christmas, and that when the household consisted mainly of little delicate children.

That very much yet remains to be done, that the old notions and the old practices lurk yet amongst us in innumerable holes and corners, unswept by the wholesome breath of sanitary knowledge, is too true ; but, knowing how much has been effected, let us sympathise

with this one courageous woman, who nearly thirty years ago took warning by bitter personal experience, and set herself to work to see if there were not laws of life and health supreme over us all, by obedience to which sickly and useless women could be restored to their natural spheres of duty.

Her sister Augusta joined in her plan : the ages of the two were respectively thirty and twenty-seven : they were well known and respected in Boston, came of an honourable family, and had fair outward conditions for work. "Deeper consciousness of the purpose of life now took possession of us ; we continued our medical studies with unabated zeal. Our previous experience was of great use. Medical treatment, rather than an investigation of hygienic laws, had heretofore been our lesson. Medication we had seen rather too much of. General and special anatomy — shall I ever forgive the Harvard Medical College for depriving me of a thorough knowledge of that science, a knowledge only to be gained by witnessing dissections in connexion with close study and able lectures ? Physiology, with all its thousand ramifications, had a fascination for me beyond all other branches—use, abuse—cause, effect—beginning and end—all were significant in the light of a science undarkened by technicalities, doubtful assumptions, tedious dissertations, controversies, and contradictions. My

mind was greedy of knowledge, the more I investigated the more I was delighted, wonderstruck ; and I was often startled by the rays of light that unexpectedly shone during my research. Setting aside medication, we endeavoured to trace diseases to violated laws, and learn the science of prevention. That word 'preventive' seemed a great word to me ; curative was small beside it."

Our readers will notice an allusion to Harvard College, and though it refers to a time of much later date, we will take this opportunity of saying that Harriot Hunt applied for admission to the medical lectures held there : on the first application she was refused ; on the second, in 1851, the subject of medical education for women had gained much ground with the public, and the authorities consented to receive her ; but the excitement of the gentlemen students was so great that Miss Hunt wisely and quietly consented to withdraw. We lay great stress on this incident, as proving that she wished to obtain regular medical instruction, that she had none of the spirit of the quack about her, and that the irregularity of her professional education was beyond her own control. When she first began her work in 1835, she would have been considered preposterously absurd even to make an application to be received into any college or classes ; all she could do was to read and observe on her own

responsibility, and to discard "blisters, leeches, and mercury."

It was in October 1835, that the two sisters began a professional life. Their old mother was then sixty-five years of age, "clear and bright, and as ever watchful over her children." "Then we commenced a life fraught with absorbing interest; grasping the past to apply it to the present, and prospectively looking to the future. I remember vividly the earnestness, the enthusiasm, with which we received our first patients. To be sure they came along very slowly, but every case that *did* come was a new revelation, a new wonder, a new study *in* itself and *by* itself. Reverence for the human organisation had much to do with my medical life; and I found myself questioning cases of dyspepsia, liver complaint, and many others, begging them to tell me why they had imposed these drawbacks on health and life; and they did tell me of fearful abuses through ignorance, passion, luxury, and vice. Were not my cases guides and mentors? We studied with unwearying zeal. When our mother was sweetly asleep, we were reciting our lessons to each other, investigating every case that had been presented to us through the day, often thankful that we had declined cases (and numerous were those we did decline) till we were prepared to meet them. My sister being gifted in the use of her pencil, copied plates. Our

leisure hours slipped away like moments, with use stamped on every one of them. There was an abiding faith about us, an enthusiasm which surprised many of our tame friends. They could not understand that barren technicalities, freshened by the atmosphere of love, blossomed with beauty for us; or that the diseases of others, with a fervent wish for their removal, gave us mental life." . . . Their friends very naturally thought this new life embodied a very crazy notion. . . "Had it not been for our mother, how sad would this (the misconception) have been. Her experience of life enabled her to foresee the trials which necessarily attended such an experiment; this was a salutary corrective to my enthusiasm.

"Our business gradually increased. One cure opened the way for other cases, *and an enforcement of dietetic rules, bathing, and so forth, soon placed on a permanently healthy platform those who attended us.*" It stands to reason that Harriot Hunt's honesty and tact must have prevented her in the first instance from accepting cases requiring surgical treatment, or such diseases as had grown beyond the reach of sanitary measures, or she could not have succeeded as she did. But there are few common ailments which are not now attacked by the best male physicians with the natural weapons furnished by the laws of health, rather than by the phial and the lancet. "Soon

opportunities were offered us to visit country towns. I accepted them cheerfully; my sister remained at home. From these journeys I gathered much, so many 'given-up cases' were presented to my notice! also chronic diseases of an aggravated character. *These last were opportunities for friendly relations and examinations, but not cases to be accepted professionally.* My field of observation broadened wonderfully: if hospitals closed their doors to woman, except as patient and nurse, the public were beginning to perceive the inconsistency, nay, injustice of the act. We had, before long, patients from the highly cultivated, the delicate, and the sensible portions of the community. . . . My mother always objected to our practising midwifery; her reasons were satisfactory. In this early stage of woman in the profession there was no physician to speak one encouraging word to us, or to whom we could apply. So alone, unaided by any, we established our own code of laws, and wisely concluded not to visit patients at their homes; for we knew if we did, doctors would say, as we were women, that we were insinuating ourselves into families, and weakening confidence in the faculty. To remain in our house and receive calls was the best opening for the life in this city. The arrangement was productive of much good to physician as well as to patient. Many home-bound, chamber-ridden, used for years to medical calls, would make a desperate effort, saying, 'Live or die, we

will go and hear what these strange women have to say to us :’ that very resolution was the dawn of light, the beginning of new life to them, *and a fit preparation for obedience to those physical laws which we insisted upon as absolutely necessary to a cure.* Many chronic cases presented themselves; also diseases of children, in curing which my sister always excelled me. Occasionally we visited a patient who was confined to her bed; but we found too often that there was so much opposition to the attendance of a woman as physician among the friends of the invalids, that the good of our visits was neutralised. We knew by experience all about these states of mind, and we respected the sufferer’s position.

“We paid the mortgage on our house in Fleet Street at this period. Who could, or would, forget that thrill of joy as with means in hand we entered the residence of William Parker! We had lived carefully, economically, but not meanly; and thus we were enabled to gratify this strong desire.

“Without the influence of my mother’s tempered and religious nature my profession would have had dangers for me, it was so startling, so intensely interesting and successful. In ten years after my father’s decease our homestead was unfettered and free, and our professional lives respectable to many. Our struggles never seemed hard to us, our labour was so intimately blended with

enjoyment; and the struggles made life even more absorbing. By our own efforts we had cancelled the mortgage on our homestead. Our next step was to continue frugal and painstaking, that we might again live in our own house; for our mother so enjoyed our own home that the word 'tenant' grated on her ear as it did on ours."

In 1830 George Combe went to Boston and commenced a course of lectures. His clear and vivid theories upon the body and the brain gave the greatest delight to the two sisters. "My experience confirmed all his teachings; I can never forget them, they stirred the vital palpitating depths within me. I needed a more earnest consciousness of laws, I needed to realise that they govern every department of life, and these lectures supplied my need. . . . After-life proved to me more and more the value of these lectures. His clear exposition of the temperaments and of idiosyncrasies, the conviction he forced upon me of the necessity of understanding the quality as well as the quantity of thought, gave me a key which has been constantly and successfully used in my practice, and has been of infinite service to me in the treatment of many obscure cases."

We have thus followed Harriot Hunt from her childhood upwards to the mature and successful exercise of her professional life; a life which still continues in its

useful course. In 1840, her sister married the son of an old family friend, and Harriot was left to pursue her work alone; though, says the loving sister, "she was still near at hand; I could still consult with her; her interest was kept alive in looking after and prescribing for the poor and afflicted: but he—her husband—a son to my mother, a brother to me, his relation has been so beautifully sustained that my loss has been gain." In 1847, the mother who had so carefully trained and warmly sympathised with her daughters was taken away; very beautiful are the pages which tell of this loss. The latter half of the volume is full of interesting details on the public movements of New England, on anti-slavery, the temperance cause, and the meetings held in reference to the education and industrial position of women.

We will conclude with an extract from Fredrika Bremer's "Homes of the New World," in which she describes her visit to Miss Hunt, in a letter dated January 1, 1850. The Swedish authoress says of her hostess:—"It is impossible to have a better heart; one more warm for the best interests of mankind, and, upon the whole, more practical sagacity. . . . She has now been in practice twelve years as a physician of women and children, acquiring the public confidence, and laying up property, (as for instance, the house in which she lives, a frugally furnished but excellent house, is her own,) and

aiding, as I heard from many, great numbers of ladies in sickness. In especial has she been a benefactor to the women of the lower working classes, delivering to them also lectures on physiology, which have been attended by hundreds of women. She read them to me; and the first I heard, or rather the introductory lecture, gave me a high idea of the little doctor and her powers of mind. I was really delighted with her, and now, for the first time, fully saw the importance of women devoting themselves to the medical profession. The view she took of the human body and of its value had a thoroughly religious tendency; and when she laid it upon the woman's heart to value her own and her child's physical frame, to understand them aright, to estimate them aright, it was because their destination was lofty—because they are the habitations of the soul and the temples of God. There was an earnestness, a simplicity, and an honesty in her representations, integrity and purity in every word; the style was of the highest class, and these lectures could not but operate powerfully upon every poor human heart, and in particular on the heart of every mother. . . . But to return to my little human doctress, who is not without those sparks of a divine life which prove her to belong to the family of Esculapius. One sees this in her eyes, and hears it in her words. But the round short figure has wholly and entirely an earthly character, and

nothing in it indicates the higher ideal life, excepting a pair of small, beautiful, and white hands, as soft as silk, almost too soft, and, as I already said, a glance peculiarly sagacious and penetrating. . . . I saw here various new kinds of people and strangers, because my little doctor has a large circle of acquaintances. Every evening, at the close of the day, she read her Bible aloud, and we had prayers in the old Puritanic style."

But our space fails for more quotation, and we can only recommend those who care for fresh vivid writing, and for curious details and suggestions as to the life and thoughts of our American cousins, to "Glances and Glimpses, or fifty years' social, including twenty years' professional life."*

* The book from which the above is extracted has never been reprinted in England, but may be ordered through an American bookseller.



XI.

MISS BOSANQUET.



XL

MISS BOSANQUET.

CONSIDERABLE interest having been expressed concerning an incidental mention of Miss Bosanquet which occurred in a Scotch periodical some time since, we have thought that a few words explanatory of who she was, and what she did, might not be unacceptable to our readers. Miss Bosanquet closed her long life in 1815, and yet she is intimately linked with much that is going on around us at this hour, having devoted her life to a multitude of labours which were at the time exceedingly unfashionable, indeed, considered eccentric in the highest degree. So wonderful a study is it to watch how we change our minds from generation to generation ! Of district visitors,

tract distributors, Sunday-school teachers, and hospital nurses, Miss Bosanquet may be taken as the type.

She was born on the 1st of September, old style, 1739, when John Wesley was thirty-six years of age, and when Methodism had already begun to make great progress in London, Bristol, and other parts of the West of England. It was in this very year that Whitefield first began his famous preachings in the open air; and by the time the little daughter of the rich city family, who lived down at Leytonstone in Essex, grew old enough to think at all, she came under the influence of the wonderful religious revival which was spreading more widely year by year. Not, however, through her parents; they seem to have been worthy and religious people, but they disliked the extremes of Methodism, its daily habits, and its dress. It was a servant who first imbued the child with these ideas, and the tiny theologian wished that she could be burnt as a martyr, and so escape from the dilemmas into which she fell.

As might be expected, her excitable temperament preyed upon her health; the servant had left the family, and as no other member except a sister only a few years older sympathised in the intensity of her convictions, the little one struggled on, suffering much ill-health, but laying the foundations of that splendid power of self-devotion which finally made her a brave and healthy human

being. Under the severe garb of Methodism, Mary Bosanquet seems to us to have achieved a sane mind in a healthy body, and in telling the story of her childhood she puts in a passing plea for more judicious care of exceptional infants like herself. At the age of thirteen she, by her father's desire, was confirmed at St Paul's, and in the following year she lost her grandfather, Mr Dunster, with whom she frequently lived. He was very religious, and she recalls having "been with him in his chariot when he has suddenly stopped to reprove profane swearing in the road." But still, piety and "Methodism" were far apart, and Mr and Mrs Bosanquet had little suspicion that their child was inclining towards this dreaded sect. But the time was come when she found it necessary to declare herself before men;—or how should she avoid the playhouse, balls, gay dressing, and various inconsistencies which jarred upon her sensitive conscience? So she had a long conversation with her father, whom she quaintly describes as "a man of deep reason, calmness, and condescension," and he very naturally said, "Child, your arguments prove too much, and therefore are not conclusive. If what you say be true, then all places of diversion, all dress and company, nay, all agreeable liveliness, and the whole spirit of the world, is sinful." His daughter made answer, and said, "Sir, I see it as such, and, therefore, am determined no

more to be conformed to its customs, fashions, or maxims.”—“This was a season of great trial ; but the Lord stood by me : glory be to His holy name !” So she went on at home, trying to accomplish a happy medium ; but she naïvely describes how, still retaining her usual habits of dress, though she did not go to public diversions, she began to “find favour” in the eyes of the company who frequented her father’s house, and “felt in great danger of being carried down the stream.”

“At this time I became acquainted with a gentleman in some degree religious, though I fear not deeply so. He professed much affection for me, and my religious friends advised me to think of him, as it was likely to be very acceptable to my parents, and would open a door to more religious liberty. But I cannot say he was agreeable to me. Neither my understanding nor affection could approve the proposal ; yet I was hurt by unprofitable reasonings. Sometimes I thought it might be of the Lord ; at others I could not see into it at all.” At length, however, some conversation with a pious friend roused up all her latent yearnings to missionary life. “The affair of the gentleman was obliterated from my mind ; and the prospect of a life wholly devoted to God drank up every other consideration.” This young thing of eighteen “now saw the path in which she ought to walk,” and very rationally concluded “not to think

about a married life, for my present light was to abide single. But the Lord seemed to call me to more activity, insomuch that I cried out, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'" and her conclusion was that she would live like the women of gospel times, and be "wholly given up to the Church." But the time came when Mr and Mrs Bosanquet could bear it no longer, and when, their daughter becoming more and more devoted to her Methodist friends, they dreaded the contagion for their sons. Mary was twenty-one years of age ; she had a small fortune of her own ; and it appeared that some decorous plan for her residence away from home might conduce to the harmony and affection of all parties, rather than a prolonged sojourn where every hour brought its own irritation. It seems that she had come to the conclusion that she ought to wear what was technically termed a "plain dress," because "it is not only the talent of money, but of time, which is thrown away by conformity to the world, entangling us in a thousand little engagements, which a dress entirely plain cuts through at once." We cannot refrain from giving our readers the entire story of her departure from home. It is very touching ; it is what must have happened over and over again in the times of the early Church, and of the English Reformation, and at all times of religious revival ; and according to their own belief they will

sympathise with the worthy parents or the enthusiastic child :—

“As soon as I saw my way clearly, I ventured to open my mind to my father concerning dress, as I had done before with regard to public places,—entreating him to bear with me while I endeavoured to show him my reasons for refusing to be conformed to the customs, fashions, and maxims of the world. He heard me with great patience; and as I loved him tenderly, it came very near me to oppose him. My trials increased daily. I was perplexed to know how far to conform, and how far to resist. I feared, on the one hand, disobedience to my parents; and on the other, disobedience to God.

“One day my father said to me, ‘There is a particular promise which I require of you, that is, that you will never, on any occasion, either now or hereafter, attempt to make your brothers what you call a Christian.’ I answered, (looking to the Lord,) ‘I think, sir, I dare not consent to that.’ He replied, ‘Then you force me to put you out of my house.’ I answered, ‘Yes, sir, according to your views of things, I acknowledge it; and if I may but have your approval, no situation will be disagreeable.’ He replied, ‘There are many things in your present situation which must be, I should think, very uncomfortable.’ This I acknowledged, and added, that ‘if he would but say he approved of my removal, I would take a lodging which I heard of at Mrs Gold’s, in Hoxton Square; but that no suffering could incline me to leave him, except by his free consent.’ He replied, with some emotion, ‘I do not know that you have ever disobliged me wilfully in your life, but only in these fancies; and my children shall always have a home in my house.’ As I could

not but discern a separation would take place, (though I knew not how or when,) I judged it most prudent to take the lodgings, that, in case I should be suddenly removed, I might have a home to go to ; which I preferred to the going into any friend's house as a visitor. I also hired a sober girl, to be ready whenever I might want her. I informed my mother, a short time after, of the steps I had taken. She gave me two beds, one for myself, and a little one for my maid ; and appeared to converse on it in a way of approval. Something, however, seemed to hold us on both sides from bringing it to the point.

“ For the next two months I suffered much : my mind was exercised with many tender and painful feelings. One day my mother sent me word, ‘ I must go home to my lodgings that night.’ I went down to dinner, but they said nothing on the subject ; and I could not begin it. The next day, as I was sitting in my room, I received again the same message. During dinner, however, nothing was spoken on the subject. When it was over I knew not what to do. I was much distressed. I thought, if they go out without saying anything to me, I cannot go ; and if they should not invite me to come and see them again, how shall I bear it? My mind was pressed down with sorrow by this suspense. Just as they were going out, my mother said, ‘ If you will, the coach, when it has set us down, may carry you home to your lodging.’ My father added, ‘ And we shall be glad to see you to dinner next Tuesday.’ This was some relief. I remained silent. When the coach returned, I ordered my trunk into it ; and struggling with myself, took a kind leave of each of the servants, as they stood in a row in tears, in my way out of the house. About eight o'clock I reached my lodgings.

“ It consisted of two rooms, as yet unfurnished. I had

neither candle, nor any convenience. The people of the house I had never seen before, only I knew them by character to be sober persons. I borrowed a table and a candlestick, and the window-seat served me as a chair. When bolting my door, I began to muse on my present situation.

“The prejudices of education are strong, especially in those persons who have been brought up rather in high life. The being removed from a parent’s habitation seemed very awful. I looked on myself as being liable to a deep reproach, and trembled at the thought. But I remembered that word, ‘He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me.’

“My maid being now come, and having lighted a fire in the other room, and borrowed a few things of the family, she begged me to come into it, as the night was very cold. And now my captivity seemed turning every moment. That thought, ‘I am brought out from the world ; I have nothing to do but ‘to be holy, both in body and in spirit ;’ filled me with consolation. Thankfulness overflowed my heart ; and such a spirit of peace and content poured into my soul, that all about me seemed a little heaven.’”

Mary Bosanquet, having now entered on her chosen life, shortly after fixed her residence at Leytonstone, in a house of her own, where she received a pious friend as inmate. Gradually a few Methodists gathered about them, and formed a Society, while in the care of destitute orphans her hours were fully occupied. From the time she was seventeen she observes that “some drawings towards the care of children had dwelt on my mind;”

but "for a good while our family consisted of a servant, six orphans, and ourselves." But as her friend Mrs Ryan was an invalid, they presently engaged a governess for the children, who increased in number; some serious women were added to the household: altogether they received thirty-five children and thirty-four grown persons, though not at one time. The elder members of the family rose between four and five, and all breakfasted at seven on herb tea and milk porridge, and the first lesson which they endeavoured to impress on the young ones was, that "an idle person is the devil's cushion, on which he rolls at pleasure." It was an industrial training-school, as four or five of the bigger girls were each week kept out of the classes by turns, and employed in housework, cooking, &c., that they might be accustomed to every sort of business, and there was labour enough in so large a family. We wish we had space to give the details of this life, and to show the perpetual work which fell to the lot of Miss Bosanquet. It naturally followed, from the early neglect which the orphans had suffered, that they had bad health, and many of the grown people were also sickly, for to her warm heart poverty and ill-health were a passport; but she quietly observes that "in the end all recovered who came in infirm." She says that Mrs Ryan was to her as a mother, helping her, in spite of sickness, to carry out all her plans; and an

uncle, writing to her, "My dear child, with much pleasure I have heard of your charitable undertaking, which I pray God to bless and succeed," sent her an *annual* gift of two hundred and fifty guineas. Her parents, dying in 1767, within a short period of each other, expressed towards her the greatest tenderness, and augmented her fortune, which proved they were fully satisfied with the result of that conviction which in its growth had given them so much pain.

We must not linger over this part of her life, but proceed to her removal from Leytonstone, and settlement in Yorkshire, at a place called Crosshall, in the West Riding.

Mrs Ryan died shortly after the removal; but before the final step was taken, and when, the house at Leytonstone being too small, with no land attached to it, the two friends were consulting together as to what course they should pursue, Mrs Ryan thus addressed Miss Bosanquet:—

"My dear, I hardly know how to rejoice in the prospect of death, because I see no way for you. I shall leave you in the hands of enemies, but God will stand by you.' I said, 'My dear love, can you think of any way for me? It is sometimes presented to my mind that I should be called to marry Mr Fletcher.'* She replied, 'I like him the best

* "The reader will not be displeased to see that such an

of any man, if ever you do take that step. But unless he should be of a very tender disposition towards you, you would not be happy : but God will direct you.’”

From this time we occasionally, through the course of long years, meet with observations about “ Mr Fletcher ;” and though a certain Mr ——, in Yorkshire, formed for her a most romantic attachment, and, as she quaintly observes, “ made me an offer of his hand, his heart, and his purse,” she would not listen to his suit. We must give a curious anecdote about this affair ; it seems that the gentleman, who had lost a wife whom he tenderly loved, had heard of Miss Bosanquet, and thought that perhaps she “ was brought to Yorkshire by the Provi-

impression was made on such a mind, preceding the union of that admirable couple. The impression was mutual. In a letter from Mr Fletcher to Mr Charles Wesley (see Mr Fletcher’s Works, vol. vii.) we find the following sentiments :—‘ You ask me a very singular question, —I shall answer it with a smile, as I suppose you asked it. You might have remarked that for some days before I set off for Madeley I considered matrimony with a different eye to what I had done : and the person who then presented herself to my imagination was Miss Bosanquet. Her image pursued me for some hours the last day, and that so warmly, that I should, perhaps, have lost my peace, if a suspicion of the truth of Juvenal’s proverb, *Veniunt a dote sagittæ*, (“ The arrows come from the portion,” rather than from the lady,) had not made me blush, fight, and flee to Jesus, who delivered me at the same moment from her image, and the idea of marriage.’ There will be some regret perhaps felt, that a long and suffering time should intervene before that union.”—*Nôte to Memoir.*

dence of God to repair his loss." But he was personally unacquainted with her, till

"One day, as I was returning from a little journey where I had been to meet some people, we called at an inn to bait the horse. Mr — was standing at a window of that inn. I came out, and stood some time at the block waiting for my horse. A thought struck his mind, 'I should like that woman for a wife;'—but instantly he corrected it with that reflection, I know not whether she be a converted or an unconverted person; a married or a single woman. Just then Mr Taylor came up with the horse. The gentleman knew him, and, coming out to speak to him, was much struck to find it was me."

This is one of the many indications, scattered through the memoir, that Miss Bosanquet possessed remarkable power of personal fascination. She certainly was not a beautiful woman—her portrait marks the reverse—but something tender and genial must have beamed in her countenance, which won men, women, and children alike.

On she went, farming, teaching, preaching, praying, and, when she got into trouble, falling back on the memory of Mr Fletcher, whom she had not seen for fifteen years, and who seems, in their mutual youth, to have been deterred by her superior wealth from offering marriage. How deeply this celebrated man had im-

pressed her imagination may be seen by an extract from her diary in 1773 :—

“ *Nov. 6, Monday.*—I have received some upbraiding letters, asking me if I yet believed I should see those words fulfilled, ‘ I will restore to you the ears the locusts have eaten?’ In the midst of my trials it is sometimes presented to my mind, Perhaps the Lord will draw me out of all this by marriage. Opportunities of this kind occur frequently; but no sooner do I hear the offer, but a clear light seems to shine on my mind, as with this voice, ‘ You will neither be holier nor happier with this man.’ But I find Mr Fletcher sometimes brought before me, and the same conviction does not intervene. His eminent piety, and the remembrance of some little acts of friendship in our first acquaintance, look to me sometimes like a pointing of the finger of Providence. And yet I fear lest it should be a trick of Satan to hurt my mind. I know not even that we shall see each other on this side eternity. Lord, let me not be drawn into a snare! Well, this I resolve on, to strive against the thought, and never to do the least thing towards a renewal of our correspondence. No, I will fix my eye on ‘ the hundred forty and four thousand ;’ praying only to live and die to God alone.”

But

“ In the month of August 1777, going into a friend’s house, who was just come from the Conference, he said, ‘ Do you know that Mr Fletcher, of Madeley, is dying? Indeed, I know not but he is dead. If he hold out a little longer, he is to go abroad; but it is a pity, for he will die by the way, being in the last stage of a consumption.’ I heard the account with the utmost calmness. For some days I bore his

burden before the Lord, and constantly offered him up to the will of God. A few days after, another of my acquaintance wrote word—‘ Mr Fletcher is very bad ; spits blood profusely, and perspires profusely every night. Some have great hope that prayer will raise him up ; but for my part, I believe he is a dying man, as sure as he is now a living one.’ As I was one day in prayer, offering him up to the Lord, these words passed my mind, ‘ The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.’ I said, ‘ Lord, I dare not ask it ; I leave it to Thy sacred will : Thy will be done !’

“ The following thoughts occurred to my mind,—If the Lord should raise him up, and bring him in safety back to England, and he should propose such a step, could I doubt its being of God, after such an answer to prayer ? Yet fearing a deception, I cried to the Lord to keep me in His narrow way, whatever I might suffer, and felt an unaccountable liberty to ask the following signs, if it really were of Him :—
1. That Mr Fletcher might be raised up. 2. That he might be brought back to England. 3. That he would write to me on the subject, before he saw me, though we had been so many years asunder, without so much as a message passing on any subject. 4. That he would in that letter tell me,—It had been the object of his thoughts and prayers for some years. It came to my mind further, that, should this occur in the end of the year 1781, it would be a still greater confirmation, as Providence seemed to point me to that season as a time of hope.”

The rest of the story, coincidences and all, must likewise be told in her own words :—

“ The 7th of June 1781, as I before observed, was the day that began my fourteenth year in Yorkshire. On that day I

took a particular view of my whole situation, and saw difficulties as mountains rise all around me. Faith was hard put to it. The promise seemed to stand sure, and I thought the season was come ; yet the waters were deeper than ever. I thought also, how shall I now hold fast that word so powerfully given to me, 'The Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver?'

"At length 'the cloud arose as a man's hand.' The very next day, June the 8th, I received a letter from Mr Fletcher, in which he told me, that he had for twenty-five years found a regard for me, which was still as sincere as ever ; and though it might appear odd he should write on such a subject when but just returned from abroad, and more so without seeing me first, he could only say that his mind was so strongly drawn to do it, he believed it to be the order of Providence.

"In reading this letter I was much struck. So many circumstances all uniting.—1. The season it came in. 2. His writing on the subject before we had met, after an absence of fifteen years ; and without his having the most distant suspicion of my mind being inclined towards it. 3. His mentioning, that for twenty-five years he had had the thought. All these particulars answered to the marks which I had laid down. His unexpected recovery also, and safe return, so plainly pointed out the hand of Providence, that all ground of reasoning against it seemed removed. Yet, on the other hand, a strange fear possessed my mind, lest I should take any step out of the order of God : nor was Satan wanting to represent great trials before me, which he told me I should not have strength to stand in.

"We corresponded with openness and freedom till August the 1st, when he came to Crosshall, and abode there a

month, preaching in different places with much power; and having opened our hearts to each other, both on temporals and spirituals, we believed it to be the order of God we should become one, when He should make our way plain.

“He then returned to his parish, a hundred and twelve miles from the place where I lived; for we could not think of taking the step till my affairs were more clearly settled. So we took our leave of each other, committing all into His hand who ‘does what He will with His own.’

“In about five weeks he returned; but still all seemed shut up; no way opened either for disposing of the farm, or of the family. Conversing one day with Mrs Clapham, of Leeds, she said, ‘What do you stick at? The Lord has done so much to convince you that this is to be your deliverance, how is it that you do not believe, and obey His order? I verily believe, if you would take the step in faith, your way would be made plain directly.’”

So, after a few more pros and cons, Miss Bosanquet married the good man whom she had loved, and who had loved her, from her youth upwards; and “on Monday the 12th of November 1781, in Batley Church, we covenanted in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to ‘bear each other’s burdens,’ and to become one for ever.”

For three years and a half we now read in her diary the most joyful utterances of married happiness. John William de la Flechere, whose foreign birth was almost obliterated from memory by his long and arduous services in the English ministry, was a native of Nyon, in

Switzerland. His father was of good family, and had been an officer in the French army. His son also in early youth adopted the profession of arms ; but coming to England on a visit while yet quite a young man, he fell into society which deepened the impressions of religion upon his ever-reverent and sensitive mind, and entered the ministry as a clergyman of the Church of England, and was presently made Vicar of Madeley. The Methodists had not at that time separated from the Church, and Mr Fletcher lived and died in the communion, though an intimate friend and disciple of John Wesley's. He was in all ways a remarkable man ; in person tall, dignified, and of great skill in manly exercises, owing to his youthful training. He was an accomplished classical scholar, and versed in polite literature ; but in later life his whole being was given over to the service of Christianity. His political opinions were high Tory, and were so acceptable to George III., that that monarch desired to give him preferment. But Mr Fletcher, who cared nothing for riches, and whose Toryism only sprang from his constitutionally loyal and somewhat romantic mind, made the characteristic answer, that "he wanted nothing but more grace." The humble vicar of Madeley was a man whose endowments might have placed him on the eminence of a Fénelon, or a St Vincent de Paul. But he chose to spend his life in comparative obscurity,

among a sect who were then ridiculed as fanatics, and despised as fools; and his name, therefore, is appreciated or disregarded in proportion as the great religious revival of the last century is held to be a glory or a reproach. But there are hundreds of thousands of the lower classes in England and America to whom the name of "Fletcher of Madeley" is a dear household word; and we know not what any man might more desire.

Such was the husband of whom Miss Bosanquet writes, "I have such a husband as is in everything suited to me. He bears with all my faults and failings, in a manner that continually reminds me of that word, 'Love your wives as Christ loved the Church.' *His constant endeavour is to make me happy; his strongest desire, my spiritual growth.*"

Three years they lived together at Madeley, occupied in onerous parish duties; and then a fever, caught in visiting his people, struck him down. The details of that last illness are all told in a long letter written by Mrs Fletcher to Mr Wesley—the terrible week of anguish in which every hour brought more certain doom, and the prayer which struggled with his failing breath, "*Head of the Church, be head to my wife!*" It is impossible, in the space of this chapter, to do more than to indicate the outlines of a story which for public and for private interest exceeds to our mind almost any biography we

know ; linked as it is by the closest connexion to the great measures of social amelioration which have marked this century. In all essential respects, Mr and Mrs Fletcher were democratic, and the spirit of their exertions was immeasurably wider than their creed, and that was not bigoted, though devoutly rigid. They adopted fellowship with the great bulk of the Protestant communions ; and perhaps no pages in Mrs Fletcher's memoirs are more characteristic than those descriptive of her intercourse with the Roman Catholic priest in Madeley, and with her husband's nephew, who was a Deist. For those who differed from her in controversy she had sweet courtesy and clear statements of her own views ; for those who were of one faith with herself she had sympathy and tenderness unbounded ; for those who agreed with her neither in belief nor in practice she cherished hope and charity up to the furthest limits possible to one of her decided creed. After her husband's death she passed her long thirty years of widowhood in Madeley ; and so great was the respect of the new vicar for Mrs Fletcher, that, as he did not reside himself, he allowed her to recommend the curate, who was invariably appointed according to her recommendation. Infinitely characteristic were the last words she uttered, December 8, 1815. Having failed, by reason of great age, for many days, she was closely tended by a female

friend. The last night of her life she insisted on this lady going to bed, and then said, "That's right; now, if I can rest I will; *but let our hearts be united in prayer, and the Lord bless both thee and me.*" In the night she slept quietly away, and went to join him of whom, thirty-one years after his death, she had written—" *It seems but yesterday, and he is near and dear as ever.*"



XII.

MRS JAMESON.



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MRS JAMESON.

IT was no common loss which occurred to us in March 1861. The life which had been so suddenly cut off was not merely that of a woman who had achieved high distinction in literature, but of a great and good character, whose social influence extended far and wide. Let others sum up the long record of Mrs Jameson's laborious works ; let the student of art consider the series of her volumes on his special subject, analyse their excellence, admire their accurate research, their philosophical thought and power of poetical criticism. It was as an art critic of rare perfection that she was best known to the purely intellectual public at home and abroad, and that public will do justice to the eminence which she attained. How many foreign households grieved for the English friend who knew how to sympathise with every nation's best ; how many learned and literary circles in Rome, in Florence, in Vienna, in Dresden, in Paris, regretted the bright

mind, the accomplished talker, the affectionate heart which recognised merit, and cheered the student, and made the studio and the *salon* gay and pleasant with her cordial smile! To see her kindle into enthusiasm amidst the gorgeous natural beauty, the antique memorials, and the sacred Christian relics of Italy, was a sight which one who witnessed it will never forget. There is not a cypress upon the Roman hills, or a sunny vine overhanging the southern gardens, or a picture in those vast sombre galleries of foreign palaces, or a catacomb spread out vast and dark under the martyr-churches of the City of the Seven Hills, which is not associated with some vivid flash of her intellect and imagination, and with the dearer recollections of personal kindness.

But it is not on these things that we would dwell here. We have another and a nobler tribute to pay to her memory who is gone from among us. Hers was, as it seemed to us, a most influential, a most valuable life to the social interests of England,—to the joint interests of men and women, and to the growth of her own sex in all that is good.

Many of those who acknowledged her intellectual power, did not recognise how much habitual thought she gave to social questions. Any one who should examine her writings with this intention, would see scattered on almost every page, some reflection, some allusion, which show how keen were her perceptions in

regard to the moral life ; and of late years she gave public expression to her opinions about the position, education, and utilitarian training of women, with an openness and moral courage never to be sufficiently admired. She did not compromise herself by adherence to the views of any particular party ; her age, her high social reputation, her peculiarly balanced mind, kept her as it were aloof and in a sphere apart ; yet Mrs Jameson was ever the first to come forward in support of any measure she individually approved. When an effort was made some years ago to pass a bill through parliament, securing to married women the use of their own earnings, her name was the first attached of all the many thousands upon the various petitions. Her two lectures on "Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad" and the "Communion of Labour," were each read in person to a very large drawing-room audience, and contain more sound thought, fearlessly expressed, than anything that has appeared elsewhere on woman's life and labour. The earnest eloquence of her "Letter to Lord John Russell," prefixed to the last edition of these lectures, should touch many hearts to the quick, now that the hand which penned it is cold in death. She speaks from the calm heights of "sixty years," with a force and a power which will echo long amidst us. Where shall we find such another advocate ? Where shall we find such another heart ; one so just, so gentle ; so sympathetic with men,

yet so brave for women ; so generous and affectionate for all ?

By nature eminently domestic and womanly, the story of Mrs Jameson's outward life, so far as it concerns or interests the public, is but a slight thread on which to hang the record of her great gifts and many virtues. She was of Irish extraction, and was the eldest daughter of Mr Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, an artist well known during the earlier years of the present century. Her vivid temperament and warm feelings told of Ireland to the last ; they made her the light of the social circle, and prompted the unsparing sympathy which she bestowed on all around her. As a young woman she occupied the post of governess in two or three families of distinction, and to the last she used occasionally to speak of the young girls who had been her pupils, particularly of one who had died early. She never forgot what she had loved.

At thirty years of age, however, she had entered on her literary career, by the publication of notes on foreign travel under the name of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." It appeared anonymously, but had a very great success, and thenceforth her course was fixed. About the same time she married Mr Robert Jameson, late Vice-Chancellor of Canada, a man of some talent and artistic taste, but so unsuited to her that in spite of many patient efforts on her part, a separation took place. She sur-

vived her husband six years. It may not be amiss here to remark, that her views upon the marriage question were extremely rigid, and that, in the universal discussion of first principles which accompanied the passing of the New Divorce Bill, she again and again lifted up her voice in private circles to urge that the best interests of women were involved in the sanctity of the marriage tie.

Mrs Jameson's literary life may be divided into three epochs, though of course in her richly stored mind there was at all times a constant interchange of subject. The first includes various books of foreign travel, containing social and artistic criticism, also volumes of critical essays. "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada" is one of the most striking books of this series; and she herself spoke of it as containing some of the best thoughts she had expressed. "The Characteristics of Women," a work full of subtle criticism on the female characters of Shakespeare, is another; also the "Lives of the Female Sovereigns."

To the second epoch belong her elaborate works on Art proper, beginning in 1842 with a "Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London," and carried through the large and copiously illustrated volumes of "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Legends of the Monastic Orders," and "Legends of the Madonna." These delightful volumes are full of true history and of legendary lore, and are enriched by the most beautiful etchings of

famous and interesting pictures. Compared to other dry critical books, Mrs Jameson's are full of vital warmth and poetry. She used to say that a picture to her was like a plain writing ; when she looked at it, she seemed to feel instantly for what purpose it had been wrought. She loved to fancy the old artist painting it in his studio ; and the man who bought it to offer it as a votive offering for the health of some one he loved, or in commemoration of some one who was dead. If Saints or Fathers were introduced into the composition, she knew each by his aspect, and why he was in attendance, and could tell the story of their lives, and what they had done for the Church. The strange mystic symbolism of the early mosaics was a familiar language to her ; she would stand on the polished marble of the Lateran floor, or under the gorgeously sombre Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore, reading off the quaint emblems and expounding the pious thoughts of more than a thousand years ago. At Rome there is a little church, close under the blood-stained amphitheatre of the Coliseum, dedicated to St Clement, the companion of St Paul. Tradition says he lived there ; at any rate the present building is of the date A.D. 800 ; and built on the foundation of one much older. In this church she delighted, and to it she would take any one who sympathised with her peculiar feeling for art. Her talk, as she described it, was a running commentary on the books she published on kindred subjects.

At the time of her death she was engaged on the last of the series : a " History of the Life of Our Lord, and of His Precursor, St John the Baptist ; with the Personages and Typical Subjects of the Old Testament, as represented in Christian Art," since completed by Lady Eastlake.

The third epoch of Mrs Jameson's literary life is represented by her two lectures and her " Letter to Lord John Russell." They are now published in one closely-printed volume, but they must have cost her a very great deal of research and labour, to say nothing of personal inspection, at different times of her life, of innumerable institutions. She reviews all the branches of benevolent work attended to by Sisters of Charity in foreign countries, and considers what may be effected here by Protestants : prisons, reformatories, schools, hospitals, workhouses, all engage her attention ; and she pleads that women may take their share in every good work with men. When the " Letter to Lord John Russell" was written and published, she said, " Now I have said all I can say upon these subjects, and I must return to art." But had she lived she would inevitably have returned again and again to those moral questions which were to her of such vital importance. For instance, she attended the Social Science Meeting at Bradford in October 1857, and sat during the whole of one day in the Section B, where papers on the employment

of women were being read, and occasionally joined in the discussion which ensued. When Mrs Jameson spoke, a deep hush fell upon the crowded assembly. It was quite singular to see the intense interest she excited. Her age, and the comparative refinement of her mental powers, had prevented her sphere of action from being exactly "popular" in the modern sense, and this of course created a stronger desire to see and hear her of whom every one had heard so much in the world of higher literature, but of whom they knew little personally. Her singularly low and gentle voice fell like a hush upon the crowded room, and every eye bent eagerly upon her, and every ear drank in her thoughtful and weighty words.

And then she was taken—so suddenly. She came up to London from Brighton, where she resided, to work at the "Life of Our Lord." At the British Museum, whither she went to inspect some prints, she caught a severe cold, which increased to inflammation of the lungs; and on Saturday evening, the 17th of March 1860, within eight days of her seizure, she passed away, in the vigour of her warm heart and beautiful intellect, at the comparatively early time of old age—sixty-five years.

