

Great Lives from France, Canada & Switzerland

MONTH FIVE

SELECTED AUTHORS

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from France, Canada & Switzerland

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Libraries of Hope

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Great Lives Series: Month Five

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Lady Lily Clotilda Burgundy
The Lily of the Merovingians
474-545

"A maiden such as you seek is not easy to find, sire."

Thus spoke Rémi, the missionary to the young Frankish chieftain, Clovis—Rémi, the high-souled apostle who five years before had left the Italy he loved in an effort to spread the Christian faith in lands west of the Rhine where the people were still heathen.

Sometimes it seemed to him that his labor had been in vain, for although he was not without converts, the powerful Frankish and Burgundian leaders scoffed at the message he brought and went on with the worship of their Druid war-god, Beltane. But by his gentleness he had gained their friendship even if he had not won their hearts to his cause; and now Clovis, lord of them all, was minded to get him a wife and had come seeking the Christian's counsel.

A glorious blond giant of a fellow was this king of the Salian Franks, and his blue eyes were very winsome as he declared he would wed only a maiden who was beautiful as she was nobly born.

"She must be lovely of nature, too," he added with a stamp of foot that sent a clang along his heavy Roman armor, "for the bride of Clovis is to be all that is desirable in woman."

The Christian looked at him in silence for a minute, then slowly shook his head.

"There be many damsels of high virtue and birth in the broad realm of Gaul," he replied, "but very few among them are surpassing fair."

"Lily-fair must she be," came the impulsive answer. "You have been to many courts to jabber about this God of yours you say doth such marvelous things. Have you found nowhere a princess such as I describe?"

The old man looked through the open doorway to where the slow-moving Scheldt shimmered like billows of molten copper in the afternoon sunlight, and his lips curved in a smile as a picture unrolled before his eyes. It was a pleasant picture, for the question of Clovis had awakened a memory of a day when, at the court of a western king, he had told the story of the Christ-child, and a girl whose eyes were like the petals of some rare blue lily had said to him, "I want to hear it again, father."

He had repeated the tale to her many times afterward, and always she had listened with such eagerness in her face that her golden hair seemed like a halo framing the face of an angel. So he spoke in this wise to the Frank:

"There is Lady Clotilda of Burgundy, King Chilperic's young daughter, who has eyes of turquoise and a heart of gold. I am not alone in counting her beautiful, for my scribe Aurelien has beheld her many times, and always he speaks of her as the Lily Maid of Burgundy."

"Then her will I marry," the young monarch declared boldly, "and Lily of the Merovingians shall she be."

Merovingian was the name of the ancestral house of Clovis, because his grandfather, Merwig, was the chieftain under whom the Franks were first united.

Rémi moved close to where the young king stood, the golden lark on his helmet that was the symbol of a Gallic legion an ancestor had commanded held proudly erect, and not a whit brighter than the long blond braids tumbling down over his cuirass, that were oiled each night as carefully as his armor was burnished.

"Be not over-sure about winning the lass," the missionary suggested, "for yesterday there passed this way emissaries of

Alaric the Visgoth, who said they fared to Burgundy to ask the hand of the Lady Clotilda for their king. 'Tis said he may wed if he chooses a no less exalted damsel than the daughter of King Theodoric of the Eastern Goths, but he looks with favor upon Chilperic's child because of her bonny face and ways."

Clovis struck his battle-ax against the wall to show his disapproval.

"A dead Alaric will he be if he seeks to take this maid," he exclaimed, "for I shall surely slay whoever stands between my desires and me. Mighty he may seem among his own men, but he counts for naught at all do I oppose him. Therefore despatch this scribe of yours to Burgundy and get consent of the damsel herself."

The man looked at the boastful youth with mingled affection and dismay. He had come to know the tender side of the Frankish chief, and to love him for his many good qualities. But he knew also how merciless and revengeful he could be, and that thought made his heart ache. His eyes seemed to say, "Ah, Clovis, what a power thou mightest be for the true God if thou wouldst forsake thy heathen ways and talk not of slaying whoever displeases thee!"

But his lips spoke: "To fare to Burgundy for Clotilda's consent would be a fruitless journey, since the lady abides not there now. Know you not that when Gundobald, her uncle, seized the throne, he exiled her to Helvetia, because she was so dear to the people he dared not murder her as he had murdered her father, while with her in another land he might reign in her stead as regent? Therefore it is in Geneva you must seek her. But Clovis," the gray-haired apostle continued solemnly, "you must know that this princess you would marry is a Christian and will not look with favor upon your heathen ways."

The silver-helmeted sovereign flashed a smile at him.

"Naught care I about her creed, or that she loves not

mine, for we shall both pray to our own gods in the future even as we pray now. But this lily maid who is beautiful as she is noble shall surely be queen of the Salian Franks. So despatch Aurelian Genevaward to-night and at the border road one of my chiefs will join him. I count not missionaries and scribes over-good judges of the fairness of women, and will therefore send along a youth whose taste is like unto my own. If he deems Clotilda lovely, lovely will she seem to me, and then she shall receive my royal message. Nor will she scorn to wed me because I worship Beltane," he added with proud confidence, "for all Gaul knows that my equal for power and possessions is not to be found west of the Alps."

Splendidly erect he strode away, and Rémi looked after him wistfully, smiling, and at the same time sighing as he thought of all that was good and bad in him.

That night when moonbeams lapped the royal halls at Tornacum—the Tournai of our day—the scribe of the missionary set forth, and at the border road a helmeted chieftain joined him. Like Clovis, he too was stalwart and supple, with long blond braids as bright as those of his chief. He had a merry speech and way that brought many a peal of laughter from the scribe. Sometimes when they rested on a hill-crest, or stopped by the side of a stream to eat of the nuts and dried boar's flesh they carried with them, he would tell a yarn of soldiering, and with a ready flow of words paint so glowingly the battle or banquet scene of which he spoke that Aurelian seemed to be living through it. Once the latter said to him, "What sad pity 'tis that you be a heathen chief, when with your tongue and manner you might become a prince of missionaries."

Loudly the Frank laughed then, and told how his comrades would shout at hearing him pictured as another Rémi.

"But well they know that day will never be," he added, "for men of my measure seek not a God who decries the things that are good in the eyes of Beltane. Our Druid faith stays,

'Only battle is glorious,' while Rémi prates to me, 'Lay down your ax.' Nay, nay," he went on in a voice growing loud with earnestness, "never will we Franks serve one who says fighting is ignoble."

"Yet strange things come to pass sometimes," Aurelian suggested.

"Aye," the chief agreed, "but not so strange as that."

They journeyed together through pleasant valleys, up slopes bright with grain and pasture lands, and into the silence of the Alps. Three weeks of travel brought them to Geneva, where the Princess Clotilda dwelt. There, when driven from her own land by the usurping uncle who ruled in her stead, she had taken refuge in a convent school, the only shelter open in those days to girls and women who would be dangerous persons in a household because of political enemies who wanted them out of the way. And there Aurelian and his companion saw her at twilight-time, standing beside the convent gate distributing alms to beggars.

"By the sword of Merwig, but she is a flawless lass!" the Frank exclaimed, as he watched her bending over the basket. "Say to her that Clovis will have her to wife, for he may search throughout Gaul and not find another so fair."

The scribe followed his bidding, but when he spoke to Clotilda she stared in a bewildered way.

"In rank and prowess the equal of the king of the Salian Franks is not to be found," he added, as if to urge his suit.

The princess nodded.

"That is very clear to me," she returned gently, "but what manner of man Clovis may be I know not. There are those who declare he is fierce of heart and evil of face, both of which are things for which I have no liking. Besides, he is a heathen."

"Fierce he is upon the battle-field," the eager chief broke in, "but gentle as a sheep would he be to you. And what matters it if his creed is that of Beltane, so long as he lets you

keep your own? Those who hate him do say he is evil of face, but there be some so bold as to declare he is comely. You may judge of that for yourself," he added boyishly, "for in looks and manner he is much akin to me."

Clotilda glanced shyly at the armor-clad youth before her, his long braids like golden ropes against the silver of his helmet. She thought his eyes both kind and gentle, and she liked the gleam of humor in them.

"I have beheld more hideous folk," she remarked, with a smile. Then she added, "Will you tell me your name, since you be the king's boon friend?"

"Certes," the Frank returned gallantly. "Many titles I possess by word of my father and mother given to Beltane, but from now on I shall claim still another. Henceforth I am to be called Fortunatus, since it hath been my golden opportunity to gaze upon thee."

The girl flushed.

"You are bold. Sir Fortunatus," she replied, and turned again to her task of giving alms.

"Wilt vouchsafe no reply?" the young chief questioned anxiously.

Clotilda laughed and exclaimed:

"Mayhap to-morrow, mayhap not at all, for there be many things to perplex a maid in the matter of choosing a husband. Ever at night, when the garden turns into a place of stalking shadows, I watch for the star of hope that answers my questions about divers things. It is up there in the sky," she explained as she pointed to where feather-white clouds were pillowed along the crest of the southern mountains; "and mayhap wise men know it by another name. But to me it is always the hope star, for whenever it gleams down into the heart of the pool and makes another star there, it proves to be my good omen. Should it dip there to-night I shall know happiness lieth for me with this king of yours, and then will I say, 'Bid him come and seek me.'"

Aurelian thanked her with the gentle manner one might expect from the scribe of a missionary, and suggested to Fortunatus that they seek shelter for the night at the hospice by the city gate and come again on the morrow for the answer. But the Frank voiced objection.

"Wilt lie abed when word of high import for our king is for your getting? Go to the hospice and snore the night away if you will, but I climb the tree that smothers the garden wall to see whether or not the pool catches the star."

According to his word the chief took position above the wall. Aurelian went with him, for when the scribe knew the mind of his companion he had no desire to sleep.

Through the silence of the Helvetian night unnumbered stars gleamed like flowers in a magic garden, and one sent its reflection into the very heart of the pool. "He says Clovis is like unto himself," a girl murmured wistfully at that very same moment, "and to mine eyes he seemeth all a man should be."

It was Clotilda watching by the window for what she called her good omen; while in a tent of greenery above the garden wall a youth exclaimed, "Verily the hope star washeth its face in the pool! I see that we bear good tidings homeward."

The blue and silver of an Alpine dawn enveloped Geneva, and in its radiance the scribe and the chief set forth another time. Clovis had made it clear that if Clotilda gave ear to his suit, Aurelian was to speed to Châlon-sur-Saône, where the usurping regent of Burgundy was then holding court, formally to ask for the princess's hand. Fortunatus was to return to Tornacum. So, just beyond the city wall they separated, the Frank taking the road to the west while Aurelian journeyed northward.

Now Gundobald, who knew the marriage of his niece to a great chief would break his own wickedly gained power, had no desire that she take a husband of the might of Clovis. But he feared to anger the ruler of the Franks with a refusal.

Therefore he pretended to be delighted with the plea of the scribe, and gave consent.

"Say to your lord I would have him hasten here to greet his bride, for this day will I send runners to Geneva and recall her hence with all due despatch."

But even as he smiled and promised, he maliciously planned to get the Frankish monarch out of the way, and whispered to his companions in evil-doing about the wild country between Châlon and Tornacum, where bandits were known to have many fastnesses, and of how folk often went into the region who did not come back.

"There be outlaws of two kinds," he said to one of the malicious group he had gathered around him; "those who slay for themselves, and those who slay in the interests of another. A fat purse will suffice to put a knife into action and to silence any tongue that might wag itself in tattling. And who would be so bold as to blame Gundobald for the chance death of a traveling sovereign?"

So he sent for a brigand leader and calmly negotiated for the death of the Frankish king.

Aurelian bore to Tornacum the message the regent bade him take; and without delay Clovis, attended by a splendid train, set forth, dreaming not at all that a death-trap had been set for him, and thinking to sup the seventh night afterward at the banquet-tables of the Burgundians. But in a ravine where a road crept between a cliff and a cavern, a score of knaves with knives set upon the party, and but for the quick action of the king his retinue would have been killed, they being unprepared for attack. In the thick of the fight the wolfskin robe of one of the bandit leaders was torn away, and under it gleamed the uniform of a captain of the Burgundian lancers. Several others, too, were found to be officers in the forces of Gundobald. Then Clovis realized the treachery of the regent.

"Delay behooves us not now," he remarked to Aurelian,

who was of the train. "If Gundobald seeks to slay me because I would wed his niece, he will not scruple to get her beyond my reach. Therefore, speed you to Geneva and fetch the maid to Tornacum."

"Do I fare there alone?" the fellow asked, with a show of alarm.

"Nay," the king answered, with a smile. "The same Fortunatus who went before will bear you company again. Attended by such train as is fit escort for a future queen of the Franks, he will await you at dawn to-morrow."

Accordingly Aurelian betook him eastward, while Clovis and the others made haste to return to Tornacum.

The story of all that happened as the company trudged up through the Helvetian passes to Geneva and down again with Lady Clotilda is a long, long tale. It is a story of more than one battle with those who struck from ambush, or who, with murderous intent, broke upon the camp made by night in some sheltered river-bottom or ravine; for the malice of Gundobald followed the travelers steadily and overtook them when they believed they had escaped it. Once, as the cart that bore the princess forded the upper course of the Rhone, an arrow from a willow thicket struck the flank of one of the oxen that drew it. The animals began plunging and kicking in the middle of the stream and overturned the vehicle. Clotilda was borne down by the raging current, and but for the swift, skilful swimming of Fortunatus, would have been drowned. Finally, however, after many days of journeying and rough adventure, they reached the safety of a valley in Clovis's own dominions, and another twelve hours of travel brought them to Tornacum.

"Bespeed you now to Rémi with word that the bride of the king is come, and bid him make haste for the wedding," Fortunatus remarked to Aurelian the very hour they arrived.

"And bear word to Clovis, also," Clotilda remarked shyly, "for never yet was there a wedding that lacked a bridegroom."

Fortunatus bowed low.

"The ruler of the Franks is already here," he exclaimed in a voice that rang like a trumpet.

Then the amazed Burgundian girl saw the soldiers around her give the salute to the king.

"You Clovis?" she questioned like one dazed.

"Aye," came the gentle reply. "Did I not tell you at Geneva that in looks and manner we were akin?"

Merrily his words flowed then as he recounted how, in disguise, he had gone as one of his own chieftains to the mountain retreat where they had found Clotilda that he might see for himself whether or not she was the maid he wanted to take for his bride.

"And while you watched your star of hope dip itself in the pool, I spied from a tree above the garden wall and knew your answer even as it formed in your heart."

So these two were married by the good missionary—the Burgundian girl men said was lovely as a blossom, and Clovis, who was lovable as he was fierce of heart.

"Lily of the Merovingians thou art now!" he exclaimed after the Christian spoke the words that united them.

Whereupon the gray-haired apostle returned solemnly: "Aye, a lily in a hive. We shall see which is the mightier, the flower or the bee."

The standard of the Merovingian line was a golden bee, and the young king's robes were studded with hundreds of these insects. By his speech Rémi meant that time would tell whether the barbaric ways of the husband would harden the lily, or whether she would soften the fierceness in him that was like the sting of the bee.

A year and two and three passed, and all the while the young king and queen reigned together over the broad lands of the Frank. Happy was Clotilda because she loved her lord, but sad was she also sometimes because he kept steadfastly to the worship of his Druid Beltane.

"Would you heed the voice of the true God," she was

wont to say to him, "you would know what comfort is."

Sometimes when she spoke thus the king would answer: "Why change my gods for yours when already I have all that I desire? Think you the one you serve would bring greater victories than are mine by the grace of Beltane?"

"There be things greater than conquest, my lord," Clotilda replied to him one day, and looked after him wistfully as he strode away with laughter on his face.

Thus time winged on, and all the while Clovis was spreading the sway of his scepter. Tribe after tribe he subdued without tasting defeat, so that it was little wonder that he believed himself invincible, and Beltane a god that fulfilled all desires. But one day—it was in a fight against the Alemanni who dwelt between the Vosges and the Rhine, along beautiful Lake Constance—the tide turned against the Frankish chief. Hordes of his soldiers went down like wheat-stalks under a scythe, while others, terrorized, fled for safety to the mountains; and although he called again and again to Beltane it seemed the Druid deity was deaf. For the first time in his life the young sovereign experienced the bitterness of defeat.

Suddenly then, like a gleam of light through the blackness of a cellar, the words of his queen flashed across his mind.

"Would you but heed the voice of the true God, you would know what comfort is."

Could that comfort come to him now? With all his mind and heart he wondered.

Dropping on his knees, he shouted, to the wild amazement of his warriors, "Thou God of Clotilda, give victory to my arms, and forever after I and all my people will worship Thee!"

Then he led his forces into the fight again, and, strengthened by hope of help from the Christian God, the Franks rallied. By the fierceness of their attack the Alemanni were driven from the field.

Came Christmas day a few months afterward; and a day

of marvelous joy it was for the queen and good Rémi, for Clovis kept his word. On that anniversary of Christ's birth, he and three thousand of his warriors were baptized in the name of Christianity. And to show to the world that he had changed his faith, he also changed his emblem.

"No longer shall a stinging bee be the symbol of the Merovingians," he declared after his baptism, "but a lily that is like the heart and face my sweet Clotilda brought me."

He set upon his standard a golden flower of three petals that they called the fleur-de-lis, which for more than a thousand years was to wave upon the banners in the country over which he and his fathers had held sway, the land of song and sunshine we know as France.

Clovis never became a gentleman as we interpret the word, for he came of a line of fierce chieftains and lived in an age when men were hard. Boastful, arrogant, and often brutal he remained to the end. But after his adoption of Christianity he softened greatly, and although history records some evil deeds of him, it records many gracious ones, also.

Some say the change in him was all due to Clotilda, the sight of whose smile when he first beheld it at Geneva brought him such joy that he named himself Fortunatus. And Fortunatus he liked to be called until the day he died.

It was the year of our Lord 496 that saw the baptism of the Frankish king and his soldiers, more than fourteen centuries ago. But through all the time that has gone since then the idyll of Clotilda gleams as one of the sweet tales of history, the account of the Burgundian blossom who became the Lily of the Merovingians and brought her husband the Christian faith as part of her dower.

Judith of France

Arm of Iron

843-870

Judith the Merry Heart was the favorite child of Charles the Bald, king of France and emperor of Rome. She was a golden-haired, gay-voiced maiden, and her blithe laughter, sounding through the castle halls at Senlis, was sweeter to the ears of her royal parent than any music made by minstrels at his court. She loved life and action, the daring, romping games the young princes played, and was so expert at racing, climbing, and practising at tilts that her brothers, Charles, Raoul, and Pepin, regarded her as one of themselves.

The high-born dames who were ladies-in-waiting to the queen, her mother, arched their eyebrows in disapproval when they saw Judith leaping over the iris-beds in the garden, or chinning herself on one of the beams above the arbored walk, for in the ninth century daughters of the blood royal were expected to keep within the castle and devote their time to tapestry weaving and learning how to swing a train and carry a coronet gracefully. But when they spoke to the king about her carefree ways he shook his head and answered: "Let the Merry Heart alone to enjoy her childhood. She is quick of head and, when the time comes for her to know them, will become versed speedily in court manners and the weaving arts."

So Judith went on playing with her brothers, and the royal father would do nothing whatever about it, no matter how much the proud dames disapproved.

Then something happened that shocked the court ladies

even more than the princess's romping ways. She came bounding into the castle hall one morning with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, her long hair streaming out behind her like a golden flag.

"I am learning to read and inscribe on parchment," she exclaimed, as she hurried to where her father was talking to one of the nobles.

Dame Isabeau Maringy, sitting close by with the queen, stared in open-mouthed amazement, while Clarinette de Courtant, mistress of the robes, who was just then exhibiting to her Majesty a piece of cloth from the looms of Lyons, gave a loud exclamation. Even Queen Judith looked dumfounded, for although her life with Charles had held so many surprises as to prepare her for almost anything, she did not expect a daughter of hers to want to read and write like a common scribe. Such an attainment was regarded as being not within keeping of the dignity of a princess, for during the Dark Ages priests and monks in monasteries were the only ones who made books or read them, either, and kings and great lords hired scribes to take charge of their letters and documents and do what they did not know how to do for themselves.

To Charles the Bald, this idea about learning being a vulgar thing seemed very foolish. When little more than a boy he made up his mind to be as wise as the monks and, with the aid of a scholarly priest, mastered the arts of reading and writing, so that when he came to the throne he was one of the few educated kings in Europe. It was an amazing thing to Queen Judith that he possessed such an ambition. When he announced that he meant for his sons to know as much as he did, she was amazed still more. But now that little Judith craved a scribe's lore, she was distressed. It was not only humiliating but dangerous, the mother thought, for she had heard that devil's charms were sometimes contained in books and feared that knowing how to read and write would send her child to some terrible end.

She spoke her objection to Charles, but he shook his head.

"Knowledge will do her no harm," he insisted, "and much pleasure she will have out of it. But how," he added, as he turned to the glowing-eyed girl beside him, "can you learn to read and write without a teacher?"

"I have three already," Judith answered with a merry laugh. "I coaxed the boys to teach me, and they are good masters, too. We have just finished the first lesson, and I have learned much."

The court ladies looked straight over their noses, and Queen Judith threw up her hands in dismay. But Charles the Bald declared that though Judith had five, twenty, or fifty lessons, nobody should interfere. She might learn as much as she pleased, and that was the end of the matter.

The young princes were glad of the decision of their father. They reasoned that since Judith could run as fast and climb as high as they could, she might be their companion in knowledge also, and the lessons went on from day to day. Every morning there was school in the hall or garden at which Charles, Raoul, and Pepin were masters and the gay-hearted sister the only pupil. All this was very annoying to the queen and her ladies, but very amusing to the king when sometimes he came and listened to recitations.

Judith worked as hard as she played. Before a year had passed she could read and write better than her brothers. At fourteen, she was known throughout Europe as "the learned princess," for there was not in any country a girl of her age who had mastered what she had. But to her father, the king and emperor, she was always the Merry Heart. The happiest of his busy and sometimes troubled hours were spent with her.

One morning the two sat together in the pleasance, the great summer-house that stood in the loveliest part of the castle garden, looking at a volume that had just been sent to Charles by the monks of St. Gall. These men, among the most

skilful book-makers in the world of their day, had prepared a group of chants for the king, and a beautiful tome it was, each character formed with skill and patience, each page edged with a border so gorgeously illuminated it was a joy to the eye. Many months they had labored in their retreat high up on the shores of Lake Constance to make the volume a worthy example of the best bookmaking of the day and a worthy tribute to the monarch who loved learning. They had succeeded so well that now as Charles bent over it pleasure brightened his eyes.

"See," he exclaimed, as he ran his finger along the line of gold that separated border from text, "did'st ever behold such perfect drawing, such beauty of color and gracefully transcribed words?"

"Nay," Judith answered, "'t is so lovely methinks 't will be among the rarest treasures of the Frankish court."

Before the king could reply, an attendant appeared at the door of the pleasance and announced that a messenger had come with word that the train of Ethelwulf, king of the West Saxons, would reach the castle within an hour.

"His Majesty sends greetings and beseeches you to grant the boon he asked by courier a fortnight ago."

Charles the Bald handed the volume to the princess and started for the castle.

"The lord of the north country comes on a mission of high importance," he explained, "and I must haste to be in readiness to receive him. You, too, are to be attired as befits a daughter of the Carolingians when a stranger monarch comes to court, so get to your women and don the finest raiment your chests afford, for the visit of Ethelwulf affects your welfare as well as mine."

The Carolingians were the members of the line of royalty descended from Charlemagne, and prided themselves much upon having the blood of the great emperor in their veins.

Judith took the volume under her arm and skipped along

the flower-bordered avenue and through the wide portal into the castle. As she went she wondered in what way the coming of the Saxon king would affect her.

Then, like a young wiseacre, she nodded as if certain she knew.

"They plan to form an alliance for strength in war-time," she thought, "and whatever keeps France in safety doth certainly affect me."

It was as she imagined, but little did she dream how vitally that alliance was to touch her own life.

The gate through which Ethelwulf, king of the Saxons, approached the seat of Charles the Bald was on the opposite side of the castle from the tower that held the apartments of Judith, and so she did not see the entry of the northern monarch, although she heard the blare of trumpets that heralded his arrival.

"Get me prepared quickly," she called to the maid who arranged her hair, "for I would fain be in the throne-room when the strangers arrive and see what manner of person this Saxon king may be."

Then, as the waiting-woman fastened across her shoulders the cloth of gold robe she was to wear, she laughed merrily and added, "I'll wager he dresses in skins and looks the part of a savage, for in the diary of Paulo de Carnaire, who for five years labored as a missionary among the natives of Britain, I did read me that the Saxons be not as well schooled in manners as the Franks."

But as she descended the stairway into the hall from which there was a view of the throne room she saw naught of the savage about the northern king. The velvet and ermine robe he wore was as costly as the one that wrapped the body of her father, and there were both grace and gentleness in his manner as he answered Charles's greeting.

The young princes and a score of nobles in fine regalia were grouped around the guests, and Judith wished she might

join the company, too. But the queen and her ladies had not yet appeared, and for all her tomboy ways she was well enough versed in court customs to know she must wait until summoned, no matter how high her curiosity concerning the visitors ran. In her sumptuous cloth of gold robe she could not go into the garden, and she hated waiting idly for the trumpet-call. Then she remembered the volume over which she and her father had been poring when word of the approach of Ethelwulf came and knew she could spend the intervening moments pleasantly, albeit she had to spend them indoors.

"I'll get me the tome the brothers of St. Gall did send," she thought, as she hurried to the low-ceiled chamber that was the favorite retreat of her father when he wanted to be alone with his books, and where she had left the volume as she hurried to her apartments.

The gift was on the table where she had placed it, and she began looking again at the beautifully done pictures, words, and characters. She was so eager in her examination of the work of the monks that she did not see a child come to the door, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little fellow of about eight or nine. He moved close to where she sat and, when he caught a glimpse of the illuminated pages, gave a cry of delight.

"A book!" he exclaimed, in a voice that was pleasant to hear. "It is prettier even than the one mother gave me."

Judith looked up in astonishment. She never had seen the small speaker before. He was dressed in a style that was strange to her, which told he could not be the son of any lord at the Frankish court. How he came to be in the castle was a mystery.

"Who are you?" she asked, as the eyes of the little stranger met her own. "And how did you get here?"

"I am Alfred," the new-comer answered, "and I came with father. He is Ethelwulf, king of the Saxons."

Then, going closer to the bright-colored pages, he said in an appealing way, "Will you show me the pictures?"

The princess nodded.

"Did you say you have a book of your own?" she asked.

"Yes, but it is not as nice as yours. A wise man brought it to mother, and she promised she would give it to whichever of us boys learned to read it first. Ethelred and Ethelbert said the learning was too hard, and he would not try; and Ethelbald was busy with other things. Mother taught me the first page and said because I did well with it I might have the book. Then she died," he added, a wistful look in his eyes, "and now I have nobody to teach me. But I look at the pictures very often."

Judith was a big-hearted, impulsive girl, and the yearning eyes of the motherless little fellow made her suddenly warm to him. Forgetting all about the costly robe she wore, she drew him to her side, outspread the vellum before him, and said: "I'll teach you to read. I can do it as well as anybody."

The child laughed delightedly.

"I know some words already," he said, pointing here and there at the carefully drawn characters. And as he moved his finger along the page Judith nodded when he gave the answer correctly, but spoke the right name when it was wrong. So the lesson began, and the young Saxon learned so quickly the princess decided teaching little boys was a very pleasant pastime. It seemed no time at all until the trumpet signaled the entry of the ladies into the throne room, and she had to hurry to greet the visitors.

As Charles the Bald said when he and his daughter sat in the pleasance, the visit of the king of the Saxons affected the welfare of Judith as much as his own. In fact, it affected her more. The northern monarch had been left a widower a few months before and was casting about for a suitable bride to take the place of Queen Esburga, mother of little Alfred. As he went over the list of the princesses of Europe he could think of no alliance so propitious to his country and himself as one with Judith; for it would be good in times of warfare to

have the support of the lord of France, and the princess, being a learned maiden, would be a fit guide for his young sons, whose mother had been one of the most scholarly persons of her time. Consequently, two weeks before, he had despatched a courier to Charles to ask for his daughter's hand and now had come himself to know the answer.

It pleased his majesty of France to grant the northern monarch's request, and almost before she knew what was happening Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulf and became a bride when not quite fifteen. She would rather have gone on with her life at Senlis, where there were romps with the boys and long, enjoyable hours with her father; but she had nothing to say about it. The custom of those days required that princesses marry because of reasons of state, and, being the daughter of one of the mightiest sovereigns of Europe, she was too proud to complain about her fate.

So the Merry Heart rode away from the place of her childhood to become queen in a land where everything was strange to her. Ethelwulf was kind, but he was old enough to be her father; and the girl who was still enough of a child so that she loved romping games above everything else wanted playfellows instead of a husband. There were times when life in Britain seemed unbearable, but she was helpless as a linnet in a cage, and had enough of the iron will of the Carolingian line from which she came to bear with dignity what she knew she must endure.

One comfort the girl queen did find at the stranger court, however. That was the companionship of the king's five sons, three of whom were older than herself. Especially did she have joy in Alfred, youngest of the group. His sweet nature made him lovable. The fact that he was motherless touched her warm heart, and she tried to fill the void in his life that was left by the going of the woman who had been queen before her. All the time she could spare from court duties was given to her little stepson. The work of teaching him to read, which

was begun on the day of his father's arrival at Senlis, went on regularly; and very often messengers were despatched to France with orders to return with books for the young prince, learning being a rare thing in Britain in those days, when there was but one scholarly priest or monk to ten in Judith's native land. Thus she became teacher, comrade, and foster-mother to Alfred, and but for her joy in this charming child, her life as queen of the West Saxons would have been pitiful indeed.

Two years passed, at the end of which King Ethelwulf died. Then Judith looked longingly toward France and dreamed of returning there, but it was not to be. According to Saxon law, if a king died and left a widow she must marry his successor, unless that sovereign already had a wife. So, with no more to say about the arrangement than she had had to say before, the daughter of Charles was wedded to Ethelbald, Ethelwulf's eldest son and successor, and reigned again as wife of a British monarch. Ethelbald was more nearly her own age than his father had been; but of all the five sons of Ethelwulf she liked him least, and, if possible, her life with him was more distasteful than it had been with her first husband. The one bright spot in it was her devotion to Alfred and the companionship of her books.

With the passing of another two years Ethelbald died and was succeeded by Ethelbert, his brother. Fortunately for Judith, the young sovereign was married, and so she was free to follow her desire and return to France. She was still just a girl, not quite nineteen, beautiful, talented, and quivering with desire for the joy of life because of the years of youth she had missed.

Now, it happened that in his realm of France, and in the Belgian provinces over which he held sway, Charles the Bald was hammering away at the Northmen. From the far shores of Scandinavia these sea-rovers had sallied some years before, ascending the great French rivers and plundering everything

in their way. They sacked Bordeaux, Tours, Orleans, Nantes, Toulouse, and even Paris, and although several times they were beaten back, they had not been completely subdued. The king lived in deadly fear of them and one day summoned to his support chieftains throughout his possessions.

"I would rid my realm forever of worry caused by these ocean-dogs," he spoke to the assembled leaders. "If ye strike with all the brawn ye do possess methinks we shall not need to strike again. Therefore gather together your followers and do the part of men toward clearing our land of the curse of the sailing scoundrels."

Among the chieftains attending the conclave was a Flemish warrior named Baldwin, in whose veins the blood of the ancient Nervians flowed. He was a forester of Flanders, which means he was of the line of tribal leaders who were empowered by Charlemagne to govern in the name of the French king the people over whom they held sway. For almost seventy years these chiefs had been lords in the Belgian provinces almost with the power of sovereigns, and Baldwin, as head of the most powerful tribe, was mightiest of the group. He was fiery and youthful. He wore a suit of heavy iron armor which he discarded not even in days of peace, and because of this—and his courage —he was known far and wide as Bras de Fer, Arm of Iron. He was fearless as the wolves that howled in his native forest. A task that he once began he never left until it was finished, and his people followed him with the same fierce determination that characterized their chief.

With France in the grip of the Northmen, the Forester now threw his whole mighty energy into the cause of delivering the country from the sea-wolves. A week after the conclave at Senlis he met the Scandinavian chiefs in battle and dealt them such a blow that they feared to risk another. They signed a truce to give up fighting and become peaceful citizens in the land.

As was very natural, because of this service, the king

prized Baldwin's friendship greatly and invited him often to Senlis.

One day—it was but a few weeks after Judith returned from Britain—Charles the Bald and the Forester were in deep converse in the council-hall. The former queen of the Saxons entered, in her eyes the glow of content that had come of joy at being again in the home-land.

As the king presented them Baldwin smiled at her as he had smiled at no woman before. The moment he saw the rippling hair and shining eyes of the Carolingian girl he knew the time had come for him to take a wife. And as the princess smiled back at him she realized that here was a hero as splendid as any of her dreams.

Baldwin stayed three days at the castle, then departed to return within a week. When he came back he told the king he craved the hand of Judith in marriage.

Charles the Bald was a devoted father, but he was an ambitious sovereign, too. Twice already his child had been the wife of a crowned king, and he had no notion of allowing her to become the bride of a forester who, no matter how brave and capable he might be, was but a tribal leader. He liked the idea of saying, daughter, the queen of So-and-so." Therefore at this very moment he was negotiating a third marriage for this child of his with the king of Navarre.

Consequently when Baldwin spoke his wish Charles the Bald shook his head.

"Nay," he answered pompously, "Judith is already promised to a lord beyond the Garonne."

But the eyes of the princess herself, as they looked into the eyes of the Forester, said very plainly, "This thing shall not come to pass."

It did not come to pass, for Judith married Baldwin. Her royal father stormed and vowed he would certainly send the chief to his death. But Charles had a soft heart where his daughter was concerned, and his threat of destruction finally

surrendered to his deep love for her. Moreover, as he thought upon the question, he knew he could ill afford to lose the support of the fiery northerner, for well he realized that if word went forth that he and the forester were at enmity, the sea-rovers would break the truce and revolt. He forgave the Iron Arm. In order that he might be a husband of sufficient station for a descendant of Charlemagne, Charles knighted him, and Baldwin the Forester became Baldwin, count of Flanders, taking rank among the peers of France. The lands bestowed upon him by his father-in-law comprised all the territory between the rivers Scheldt and Somme and the ocean, almost the whole of what is now Belgium and a corner of northern and western France.

Northward, through the fragrant woods of Flanders, rode Baldwin and his bride, establishing a residence of what to-day is known as Bruges. Here he built a fortress with thick walls and four strong gates, a church and a *ghiselhuis*, or prison, for the safe-keeping of hostages and any marauders who might need to be confined. And here he and Judith dwelt happily for many years.

Not free from strife were those years, for although the Northmen within the French and Belgian borders kept the truce others swooped down from the far white seas, and very often the prows of their barkantines pierced the dunes along the shore. But whenever the rovers swept landward, Baldwin and his Flemish vassals hurled them back.

As Bras de Fer, Arm of Iron, he was still known by both friends and foes, who declared that even as he was strong in warfare, he was strong in peace, and because of the firm yet generous and wise way in which he governed his people he merited the title. But when any one spoke to him concerning it he declared: "'T is Judith who is the real strength, the Iron Arm. But for her courage and words of wisdom I would be a poor chief at best."

Much truth was in those words, for no matter what

discouragement came to him, the merry heart, high spirit, and devotion of the Carolingian princess who was his wife gave him renewed courage to meet it. "To go back to her and the children," he often said to his soldiers, "is to make me forget the most bitterly fought campaign."

Three children in all were born to these two, and each inherited in full measure the courage, charm, and graciousness of the parents.

Westward in the land of Britain the boy Alfred had become King Alfred and ruled his land so well that to this day the world knows him as Alfred the Great. He drove out the Danes when they overswept his territory. He built schools and monasteries and invited scholars to his court, for he was himself, thanks to the devotion of Judith during his early years, one of the greatest scholars of his day, and delighted in the companionship of wise men. He translated into Saxon the "Ecclesiastical History" of the Venerable Bede, corrected several translations from the Latin that had been done by men of less learning than himself and not done well, and strove in every way to lift his subjects out of the darkness of ignorance into the light of knowledge. His people loved him even as Judith had loved him when a child, for his kindly nature and gentle manners he kept until the end. Sometimes, when the seasons made voyages possible, he despatched to Flanders books he had made himself, or that were the work of the wise men who surrounded him, for gifts to his "best friend and second mother," as he called Judith. And Judith sent back to him volumes that she loved, beautifully inscribed tomes out of her own collection or that of her learned father. Then, as the daughter of Charles the Bald reached the Indian summer of her life, a culminating link in the chain of affection that united these two was formed, for her son took as his bride Elstrud, daughter of Alfred, and this, if such thing were possible, strengthened a friendship that had remained deep and binding throughout many years.

Every day of glory has its close, and there came a time when the happy reign of the princess and the Forester ended. Bras de Fer went to his final rest; and the white-haired Judith, who had been the Merry Heart of other days, followed him there, leaving their son and namesake to succeed to his titles and rule over the country. Through the children of this son and Elstrud, daughter of Alfred, the blood of Saxon, Carolingian, and ancient Nervian went down the Flemish royal line. It descended to Godfrey of Bouillon, one of the first and most glorious of the crusaders. It coursed in the veins of Philippa, the princess who became queen of Edward the First of England, the friend and benefactor of Froissart and Geoffrey Chaucer, and glowed in the cheek of the ill-fated girl sovereign, Jacqueline. And today it runs through the Belgian royal line, blended with the blood of many another lineage, but still possessing the ancient, dauntless attributes.

Bruges, the city Bras de Fer founded, became during the Middle Ages one of the most splendid capitals on earth. Enriched by the craftsmanship of her weavers, and blessed with a port in which as many as a hundred ships could anchor at one time, she grew to such magnificence that the entire western world spoke of her as the Venice of the North. Bruges la Belle—the Beautiful—men called her; and she was Bruges the Powerful, too, for galleons flew her standard on every sea.

But the ocean, which in the beginning made her mighty, eventually destroyed her matchless commerce. Sands choked up her harbor, and because vessels could no longer get up to her docks they sailed to other ports. She came to be Bruges la Mort—the Dead. And dead she is compared with the marvelous olden days, although her palaces, churches, and cloth-halls are still a joy to the eye, as noble in the majesty of decay as they were in their day of power.

Of the stronghold where Bras de Fer lived so happily with Judith there is not to be seen a trace. Two centuries after the Forester erected it the prison and hostage-house gave way to

the Hôtel de Ville, or Town-Hall. On the site of the church is a grove of chestnut-trees, beneath which, on summer days, flower-sellers swing their baskets and, between pinning nosegays on purchasers and counting coppers, tell of how their fathers laid the first rude foundations of the City of Cloth and Lace, of how the first Baldwin fought the Northmen in the French forest and Flemish morass, driving them back whenever they assailed him, and surrendering only to Judith, the merry-hearted daughter of Charles the Bald.

Eleanor of Pottov Duchess Aquitaine
Blithe Heart of Aquitaine
1122-1204

As clear as the notes of a bell, the voice of a girl pealed out in merry laughter, "Methinks you jest, Gawain. Grandfather William loves his throne and has no intent of handing it over to another. Mayhap the day will come when I shall be duchess of Aquitaine, but something tells me it will be a day far distant.'"

Eleanor, countess of Poitou, nodded emphatically as she spoke these words. She was not yet fourteen years old, but as an heir presumptive, which means that in the event of the death of the ruler she would have the right to inherit the throne, she had been schooled in the laws of royal procedure and knew that very likely, when the reign of her grandfather ended, she would be exalted in his place. Her father was dead. Her Uncle Raymond, the only surviving child of Duke William, had gone forth into the world seeking adventure. At Antioch, in Palestine, he had fought the Saracens in the Holy Wars, and, conquering, had been made the Christian ruler of that city. Word borne from the east declared he would not come back, so that Eleanor knew that eventually the crown of Aquitaine would come to her. But she believed it would not come for a very long time yet, not until death called her grandfather to his ancestors. He was a remarkably sturdy man for all his sixty-eight years, a match in strength and agility for any of the young courtiers. She was sure he would live for many years to come, until she was twenty or thirty, perhaps, or even forty.

But Gawain d'Angers, the squire who had just hastened to her in the sunlit, vine-embowered garden that lay between the castle and the moat, shook his head at her confident speech.

"Then something tells you wrongly," he declared with eager assurance. "Only five minutes ago, when I bore away from Duke William the drinking-cup he had just emptied, I heard him tell the ministers assembled in council that he means to abdicate in your favor."

The girl looked at him with mocking eyes.

"Nay, nay, Gawain," she insisted, "you cannot fool me thus. You jest, and I know it." Very seriously then she added, "I cannot imagine Grandfather William doing aught so amazing as what you say."

Before the boy could reply a clamor of wild cheers sounded from the castle.

"Long live Eleanor, duchess of Aquitaine," a chorus sounded from more than a hundred throats. The strains echoed through the garden, reverberated over the walls that shut the royal residence from the world beyond it, and like the clarion of a messenger, went winding down the pleasant valleys toward Bordeaux. Nut-sellers filling their baskets in groves that cloaked the hills beyond the château, shepherds following their flocks along the grassy slopes and gulches, and women gossiping in dooryards—everybody stopped to listen and looked in eager interest toward the great stone pile that was the residence of the lord of the realm. But nobody needed to ask the meaning of the chorus. Very plainly the words said to all who heard them, "William of Aquitaine is about to abdicate the throne." If harm had come to the ruler, if death had suddenly ended his career, the cry would have been, "The duke is dead! Long live the duchess!" That was the age-old way of announcing that the reign of one sovereign had ended and that his successor's was about to begin. Therefore the people for long rods around knew that William meant to be

done with affairs of state and hand over his scepter to his granddaughter.

For a moment, as Eleanor understood that what Gawain had told her was true, she was amazed, bewildered. Then, realizing what the proclamation meant, she exclaimed: "Come! Methinks there is much within doors to interest me now."

They hurried from the garden and sped along the broad, long hall that led to the council-chamber. There, all in the gorgeous apparel that in the twelfth century marked the state attire of men and women of the nobility, the courtiers and ladies were assembled; and before them, on a dais, in the gilded, jeweled chair that was the throne of Aquitaine, sat the duke. He had just given word for a servitor to summon his granddaughter, but she entered before the fellow had time to go forth with the message. With lusty, joyous cheers the throng greeted her as she moved through the great apartment. Smiles and nods of approval were exchanged when at a gesture from the Duke William she mounted the steps of the dais and took a seat beside him. A minister read the proclamation that declared that two months hence, on the fourteenth birthday of his granddaughter, William meant to surrender all affairs of state to her and devote the remainder of his life to quiet in a monastery in Spain.

"With all my titles and lands do I endow my son's child, Eleanor," the proclamation read. "Upon the day I quit the throne she shall become ruler absolute of Aquitaine."

Cheer upon cheer followed the reading of the document, cheers of whole-hearted approval that told that the young countess was a pleasing choice to the entire assemblage.

But as she looked down into the sea of faces and heard again and again the words, "duchess of Aquitaine," she felt just a little frightened. Until now the idea of being a sovereign, wearing magnificent clothes, and doing as one pleased had seemed splendid to her. But suddenly she realized that a

ruler has much to do besides looking beautiful and gratifying her own desires. Like a flash the thought came that there would be many subjects to please, many difficulties to adjust. She wondered if she could please her people and solve their problems.

There was little time for her mind to dwell upon that question, however. Throughout the remainder of that day, and for many days thereafter, every minute was filled with preparation for the coronation. There were hours upon hours of conference with costume-makers, for a reigning duchess must have a sumptuous wardrobe. There were hours of studying and practising for the coronation ceremonial. Princes from a score of other lands would come with glitter and magnificence to represent their kings when the granddaughter of William was exalted to the rank of sovereign, and everything must be done with the luxurious pomp and perfection that befitted the rank among nations of the realm over which she was to wield scepter.

A jewel among countries was Aquitaine, and, although called a duchy, it was more powerful than many a land whose ruler bore the title of king. Her fertile, beautifully tilled leagues of hill and lowland extended from the mountains of Auvergne to the Biscay Gulf, and were bounded southward and northward by the rivers Garonne and Loire. Beyond, on the east, lay Languedoc, stretching as far as the Rhone. Beyond Languedoc, still further toward the rising sun, was Provence, washed by the Mediterranean and bordered by Italy, and to the south of these three realms lay Roussillon, Guienne, and Gascony, each an independent country that reached to Spain. This was southern France when Duke William came to the throne. He inherited just the country between the Loire and Garonne, but before reigning many years by his able sovereignty he had changed the map of the entire land. Guienne, Roussillon, and Gascony became a part of the territory over which he held sway. Languedoc and

Provence remained nominally independent, but they were virtually under his control, so that by the time Eleanor was ten years old the power of Aquitaine extended from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean and from the Loire to the Spanish border. William built up a mighty commerce. He had boats upon the high seas, carrying on trade with all the lands of the world, at every voyage bringing wealth to his capital of Bordeaux and to the entire realm. Even the king of France began to look with a jealous eye in his direction; France in the early part of the twelfth century consisted only of what is now the central part of that land, the portion bordering the English Channel and the Belgium that we know making up the duchies of Normandy and Burgundy.

"If I be not watchful this southern lord will become a sovereign of greater might than I am," Louis VI more than once remarked in alarm. And his fear was not without good reason. Rulers everywhere followed with admiration and amazement Duke William's marvelous nation-building, and from the Scandinavian oceans to the Greek and Italian seas men spoke with enthusiasm of Imperial Aquitaine.

A realm of culture and happiness was Aquitaine, even as it was a realm of power. The language of its people was the tongue history knows as Provençal, an elegant, musical form of speech combining the best points of the French language and the Italian. It was a dulcet, flowing tongue that lent itself to poetry, and, as the people of this southern French territory were a beauty-loving, rhythmic race, poets rose in numbers, expressing their happiest thoughts in verse, and setting this verse to melody. West of the Rhone these bards were known locally as trouvères; east of it they were spoken of as troubadours. But the world in general called the entire company troubadours. Duke William was himself a troubadour of much talent and reputation. It was his delight to have always at court a group of poets with whom he could match his own ability as a maker of verses.

Over this sun-glorified, elegant, fortunate realm, Eleanor at fourteen was to reign as sovereign.

The day of days drew near. Then in the midst of the excitement that enveloped the entire country as preparations for the coronation progressed, a piece of news went forth that roused the people to a frenzy of pride.

"The duke has arranged a marriage between his granddaughter and Louis le Jeune, son and heir of the king of France!"

The wedding, it was declared, would immediately precede the coronation.

Eleanor had nothing to say about the arrangement, although it affected her more than any one else, for in France, as in every other land of Europe, a princess had no more voice in the matter of whom she would marry than a horse had as to the direction in which it was to be driven or ridden. She was even more helpless, in fact, for the horse could run away. If a princess attempted anything like that she was shut up in a tower.

"I hope Louis proves not to be a boor," Eleanor remarked to Gawain as one morning in the garden she and the squire talked about the approaching marriage.

Gawain scowled at her words, for the news that she was to wed Louis was anything but pleasing to him. He detested the thought of the coming of the French prince to Bordeaux, because he knew it would put an end to the jolly frolics he and Eleanor often had in the castle and garden; the companionship between himself and the girl was one of his greatest pleasures.

Sulkily he replied to her, "Like as not he is an awkward dolt who will stumble and sprawl on the cathedral steps as you go to your coronation."

Eleanor's eyes flashed with sudden spirit. "If Louis does such clownish thing," she returned a bit snappily, "I shall box his ears right soundly, and my first imperial act will be to order

him shut up in a dungeon until he is schooled in manners."

Picturing the girl's disciplining of her future spouse, the two laughed merrily. There was much of bravery in both of these young folk, and bravery prevents whining when things go not according to one's desires. Both Eleanor and Gawain were distressed by the thought of the approaching marriage, but they chose to laugh over it instead of spoiling their hours together by vain pouting.

The joint ceremony of the marriage and coronation was celebrated with great pomp. Never in her history had Bordeaux witnessed so splendid an event, with lords from every land of Europe riding in the great processional. Princes from far Hungary and Russia, each attended by a magnificent suite and attired in barbaric elegance, bore with them, lifted to the gaze of spectators in the streets, the costly gifts they had brought from their rulers as tokens of homage to the young duchess. Lords of Germany, Austria, and Sweden were there, also, from Britain, Spain, and Portugal, each vying with the other in bringing the richest presents and being the most gorgeously dressed. The courtiers and ladies of Aquitaine glittered in jewel-studded velvet and satin that dazzled the eyes of all who saw as they moved forward in the sunlight. Behind the courtiers moved troubadours, crimson-robed and garlanded, eight and forty in all, singing at intervals ballads that one of their number had composed for the ceremonial, accompanying the songs on viols and lutes. Close behind the troubadours, riding in the golden ducal carriage, were Eleanor and Louis, the young prince of France. Beside the grace of the agile squire, Gawain d'Angers, he seemed cumbersome indeed, although he did not stumble on the cathedral steps or sprawl in the doorway. Excellently well demeanored was he as he stepped from the carriage and took his place behind the courtiers of Aquitaine, but, as the people watched him, they believed they would not love him overmuch. He was a solemn-faced lad, one who looked as if he might be given to

puzzling moods.

"Poor Eleanor!" thought Gawain, as, standing in the guard-of-honor within the church, he watched the prince stride by him. But Eleanor, moving to the altar with head held high, looked anything but a cause for pity. She meant to act the part of duchess of Aquitaine. But within she was torn between a wish to box Louis's ears so soundly that he would go spinning from her and never come back again and a desire to speed to some far place where nobody would have power to make any one marry a person she did not choose for herself.

Eleanor began her reign as duchess of Aquitaine in a manner that delighted her subjects. She was possessed of a brilliant intellect as well as beauty and grace of manner, was excellently educated, and had the wisdom to heed the advice of those better versed in state affairs than she was. Under her rule prosperity and happiness held sway in Aquitaine. The populace loved her with deep loyalty and gave her the full measure of their homage.

But Louis they never learned to like. They were children of laughter, these folk of Aquitaine; and the serious-faced, gloomy prince seemed a very disagreeable person to them.

"To live with him is as staying in a dark cellar," a chronicler of that day wrote.

But Eleanor managed very well. When the moods of Louis depressed her, she added to the gaiety of her court. Additional troubadours she invited there. Entertainers and jesters were brought at the cost of many gold pieces from Italy, and every week was brightened with tournaments, balls, and contests of poetry. Like her grandfather, she, too, was a poet of ability and composed many excellent verses which she sang to her own accompaniment on lute or viol. She acted as judge of the merits of the verses of the others and bestowed handsome rewards upon the winners. Louis might moon in the garden or in his apartments a week at a time if he chose, but she did not let it spoil her days. Blithely she filled them with

tournament and with troubadour song, making her realm so much a haunt of pleasure that people spoke of it as "gay Guienne." Guienne having become a part of the duchy of Aquitaine, the name was often poetically applied to the entire province.

"It is very nice being a sovereign," she remarked to Gawain, after she had held the throne for almost five months.

But soon after that there came a day when Eleanor's carefree life in the southland ended. The king of France died. Louis succeeded him as Louis VII, and Eleanor was forced to leave her loved capital of Bordeaux and take up residence in Paris.

There, away from the laughter and sun of the southland, she was very unhappy. In the realm inherited from her grandfather she was sovereign in her own right and could plan things as she chose to have them, but in Paris she was but the wife of the sovereign.

Louis made life within his palace as gloomy as the gloomiest of his moods.

"Royalty is a public trust, for the exercise of which a rigorous account will be exacted by Him who has sole disposal of crowns and scepters."

Thus spake King Louis VI when dying, and his son remembered and cherished his words. In striving to fulfil the trust he determined to devote all his time to serious thought, believing that by so doing he would be a better sovereign. He forbade dancing, poetry contests, tournaments, the things Eleanor loved. The French capital was a place of such wretchedness to her that she thought longingly of "gay Guienne"; and the only really happy times in her life as queen of France were the visits that several times each year she made to her own realm. During them she could have the days and nights of color, music, and laughter that she craved. In Aquitaine she was free as a wild bird. In Paris she was like a lark or nightingale with clipped wings. Both peasants and

courtiers in the south country knew that whenever she left Bordeaux she went like an unhappy captive, and it was whispered in both hut and castle hall that such state of things could not last.

Ten years rolled by, however, with Eleanor dividing her time between Paris and Bordeaux.

It happened then that Bernard of Fontaines—known as St. Bernard in history—preached a crusade in Burgundy. The French king and queen journeyed northward to hear the eloquent monk, and Eleanor was so much moved by his plea that the hosts of Christianity go to defense of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem that she vowed she would ride to the east herself at the head of her own forces of Aquitaine.

She did that very thing. Organizing her ladies into a company of Amazons, she formed a lightly armed squadron. Their distaffs and embroidery-frames they sent to all the knights of the realm who refused to join the expedition, and they taunted them in so many ways that hundreds who intended to stay at home set out for Palestine.

Eleanor and her Amazons fought with the Arabs. In a valley in Laodicea they were cut off from the rest of the Christian forces by a troop of Moslems and escaped death only by a battle that took the lives of several hundred knights, Gawain d'Angers being one of the number. It would have been better, it would have cost less in chivalrous French blood, had Eleanor and her Amazons stayed at home and left the fighting to men who understood it. But to the romantic-minded queen it seemed a great and holy undertaking, and she always gloried in the thought of having gone as a crusader to the Holy Land.

That expedition to Palestine caused a breach between Louis and his queen that was never mended. Eleanor's obstinacy in commanding her forces as she chose, instead of listening to the advice of skilled military men, and by that obstinacy causing a battle that brought death to some of the most

chivalrous knights of France, was a thing for which he could not forgive her. Shortly after the royal pair returned to Paris they were divorced.

Then Eleanor married Henry Plantagenet, duke of Normandy and prince of England. These two established a residence in a castle on the shore of the British Channel, where they duplicated the luxury and gay entertainment that had been a part of Eleanor's life in the south. It was no longer like going to prison when she had to leave "gay Guienne." But still she loved Aquitaine better than any other place.

Not for very long, however, did the ex-queen of France live in the castle on the channel. A little more than a year after her marriage to Henry Plantagenet that prince became king of England, and the two repaired to London for the coronation. Eleanor, when she went to the throne of England, took with her as a part of her coronation gift to her husband a fleet of ships from the goodly number of the vessels of Aquitaine. Until the accession of Henry, England's ocean commerce had been of no importance. But with the fleet Eleanor brought him the newly ascended king gave much attention to building up trade by sea. As the vessels returned him wealth he added to the number, gradually forming a great navy and merchant marine.

Many varied events marked Eleanor's life as queen of England, some sad, some gay. Gladdest of all was the birth of a son, who, even as a babe, showed that he inherited his mother's blithe nature and keen intellect. He was christened Richard, and throughout his boyhood Eleanor called him le Joyeux, the Joyous. She told him stories of her girlhood in the distant southland, of hours of merry comradeship with Gawain d'Angers, of days filled with tournaments and troubadour song. Always to these tales the boy listened with such eager interest and keen enjoyment that one day his mother exclaimed: "The south is in you, its color, warmth, and brightness. To my Aquitaine you shall go to hear the melodies

of the troubadours and drink the magic of its sunshine!"

Accordingly she sent him to her native realm, and Richard loved the luxurious, graceful life as passionately as ever his mother had loved it. He, too, became a poet, a troubadour of merit, who wrote verses of such excellence that had he not been a prince he would have been welcome at lordly seats as a maker of songs. For many joyous moons he roamed over the land that had been the sovereign seat of his mother's people until affairs of state beyond the channel took an unexpected turn and he had to journey north to become king of England.

But Richard was too restless by nature to stay quietly upon a throne. Crusaders fared to Palestine once more, and he journeyed with them, one of the most spectacular and picturesque figures in all the great company that went to the Holy Wars, fighting the Saracens as his mother had done before him. He fought gallantly and fiercely, too. He could guide a steed and swing a sword with amazing skill, and was so fearless in the face of danger, so laughingly, recklessly daring as he looked death in the face, that men called him Cœur de Lion, Lion Heart. And often when comrades praised him for some act of courage he would answer gallantly, "It is from my gracious mother that the fitness for doing it came."

Eleanor of Aquitaine lived throughout the reign of the son she adored, and always she was his closest friend and adviser. She ruled in his stead as regent while he was absent on the crusade and on several other occasions when he went away to fight in foreign wars. She ruled ably, too, as ever since her girlhood she had ruled in the realm inherited from her ancestors.

Eleanor of Aquitaine was one of the great women of history. Ruler of a realm at fourteen, and a ruler of such ability and fairness that she was the idol of both the nobility and the populace, queen of France and queen of England, mother of Richard the Lion Heart, and poet of such merit that she

deserves to rank among the early authors of France, there is no more romantic character in the story of any land than that of this blithe-hearted daughter of the French southland, whose coronation gift to England was the beginning of that country's navy and merchant marine.

Jeanne d'Arc

1412 – 1431

In northern France the river Meuse runs through broad meadowlands, where the sun shines dimly for many months each year, and cold, rolling mists sweep down upon the earth in winter, coating each twig with silver. There, in the little village of Domremy, in the year 1412, was born a girl named Jeanne d'Arc, whose father, Jacques d'Arc, was a simple peasant.

When Jeanne d'Arc was born life was hard and dangerous in Domremy. The villagers were hard put to it to protect themselves against fierce knights and noblemen who rode at the head of marauding bands to steal and plunder at will. The peasants had to look on sadly, with no hope of redress, when brutal men at arms drove off their sheep, or tossed the torch into their cottages—and as there was little to choose between friend and foe, the villagers stood guard in the tower of a nearby monastery, and gave the alarm when any soldiers approached the town.

Domremy, however, was no worse off in these respects than other towns and villages in that far time. And it must not be thought that the village folk were wholly without pleasures. Roses grew along the walls of their cottages, wine flowed from their vineyards, and there were village festivals and dances in which they loved to take part. Although they could not read or write, their priests instructed them in the history of the Church and its mighty power, and in the lives of the Saints and Martyrs and their teachings—how those that obeyed the Church and its priests were blessed, while

those that broke its laws must surely enter the dismal fires of Hell. There were also bands of players who acted the religious stories taught by the priests in so vivid a manner that the peasants were thrilled and delighted; and while their cottages were bare and poor, their church was glorious with gold, rich with embroidery and bright with candle light that gleamed upon the carven, painted figures of the Saints that they adored.

It had been prophesied in France that from a forest near Domremy there would come a maid who would deliver the country from the perils that beset it—and when Jeanne d'Arc was a little girl the times seemed ripe indeed for the appearance of such deliverer. A great war had been raging between France and England; the English had captured many French towns and laid claim to the crown itself; the French King, Charles the Sixth, was quite mad; his Queen had leagued herself with the enemies of France, and her son, Prince Charles, who was called the Dauphin, had been compelled to flee to escape the English and the Burgundians.

Perhaps Jeanne d'Arc had heard the prophesy about the maid—certainly she had listened to many beautiful tales about the lives of the Saints. In those days the Saints were believed to take sides in war with the countries that were dearest to them. The English believed in St. George, who slew the dragon; but the patron Saint of France was the Archangel Michael. He was portrayed in the churches as a knight in shining armor with a crown above his helmet, and sometimes he bore scales in which he weighed the souls of men. Jeanne had listened to many stories about him, and to tales of other Saints as well—legends of St. Margaret, whose soul escaped from her persecutors in the shape of a white dove, and stories of the gracious St. Catherine, who died by the sword because she was a Christian.

These tales made a great impression upon her—all the more because she did not know one letter of the alphabet

from another. She was a serious child, with something about her that marked her as being different from the other children of the village, and as she grew older she grew apart from them and did not share their games and dances. Often, when her father believed her to be tending his sheep, she was kneeling at prayer. Her girl friends, Mengette and Hauviette, urged her to share their pleasures and to give less heed to the dreams that seemed to hold her in their spell, but Jeanne persisted in her way of life, and gained a reputation for piety that passed beyond her village into the neighboring countryside.

When a mere child, something happened to Jeanne that was destined to shake the entire Kingdom of France.

When she listened to the church bells as they rang out over the meadows, she believed that she heard heavenly voices calling her name. She was only thirteen years old when she began hearing them and they seemed to come from the direction of the church that was near her cottage. The first time was at noon and a bright light appeared to her, while a grave, sweet voice said, "I come from Heaven to help you to lead a pure and holy life. Be good, Jeannette, and God will aid you." Badly frightened, she ran into the cottage and said nothing of what had happened; but a few days later the same voice called out to her again. In amazement she knew it to be the voice of an angel—and then—Saint Michael himself appeared to her in the light!

From that time on the visions and the voices came more frequently. And it seemed to Jeanne that not only St. Michael came, but St. Margaret and St. Catherine appeared to her also, coming with a bright light, and speaking with sweet and musical words. And they were so real that she believed she had actually touched their garments and tasted the sweet scents their robes emitted. They began to urge her to take a strange course of action far removed from her birth and station and marvelous to think of, telling her that she must alter her way of life, put on armor and become a captain in the

wars, for she was chosen by the King of Heaven to save France from its enemies. And they called her "Daughter of God." But Jeanne was filled with fear and grave misgiving, for how was she, a poor, unlettered girl and the daughter of peasants, to lead armies and wield the sword of war?

In the meantime the mad Charles the Sixth died and left his throne to be fought for by the Dauphin, who was destined to be Charles the Seventh—but this prince found his dominions so harried by war, so divided against themselves, and his path beset by so many enemies that he was unable to go to the city of Rheims, where all French kings must be anointed with sacred oil before they could be considered as the rightful sovereigns of France. His failure to do this gave added power to the English and better reason for them to claim the French crown for their young King, Henry the Sixth, whose armies had joined the Duke of Burgundy. And it became more plain each day that France would be ruled by whichever king was the first to be crowned at Rheims.

In the meantime the heavenly voices that spoke to Jeanne grew more and more insistent, telling her that she must go forth to the wars and lead the Dauphin Charles to the Cathedral at Rheims to be crowned and anointed. And at last she could no longer disobey, but prepared to fulfil the strange destiny that they pointed out to her. Clad in her poor best dress, Jeanne visited a garrison of French soldiers, and told their captain that Heaven had called on her to lead the French to victory and see that the Dauphin Charles was duly crowned at Rheims. For a week she remained, imploring the captain to listen to her, but gaining nothing but insults and mockery that drove her at last to return to her home. But the Archangel Michael and Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret continued to appear to her, and she had no choice except to listen to their words.

Again she went to the French stronghold and told the captain, whose name was Robert de Baudricourt, that if the

Dauphin Charles would give her men at arms she would deliver the city of Orleans, which was being besieged by the English, and drive the English enemy from their strongholds in all France. And this time the captain gave heed to her and wrote to the French Court, telling the Dauphin of what she had said; and after many days of weary waiting he received a reply ordering that Jeanne be taken to Chinon where the Dauphin was awaiting her.

This was not accomplished all at once, and Jeanne had to answer many tedious and wearisome questions; for wise men and clergymen from all over the land desired to know if she were inspired by angels or devils, and they feared that the visions she had seen might be the work of Satan himself. But they decided at last that there was great virtue in what she had beheld and that perhaps after all she was to be the deliverer of France that prophets had told of. And they decided that, as travel was dangerous and there were many rough characters on the road, Jeanne should go to the French Court dressed as a boy, and a jerkin, a doublet, hose and gaiters were given to her.

Attired in these garments and accompanied by men at arms Jeanne set forth on her journey, and traveled for more than seventy leagues through a hostile country with enemies on every hand. At length she came to Chinon and sent the Dauphin a letter, telling him that she was sent by God to crown him as King of France.

Charles was suspicious of Jeanne and desired to see for himself if she was inspired by angels; and when he summoned her to the Court he prepared a trick to deceive her. He had one of his courtiers wear the royal robes and seat himself on the throne, while the Dauphin, disguised in humble garments, stood quietly in the group of courtiers and servants that crowded the room. When Jeanne entered she stopped for a minute and glanced about her. Then, instead of going to the throne where the supposed Prince was sitting, she went

straight to Charles where he stood among his courtiers, and falling on her knees before him she told him that the King of Heaven had called upon her to deliver the city of Orleans from the hands of the English and to take him to Rheims to be crowned.

All who beheld this were amazed, for Jeanne had never seen Charles before—nor had she so much as looked upon his portrait—and Charles and his noblemen believed that this was indeed a sign that Jeanne was guided by heavenly powers.

Before they went any further, however, they put her to further tests and she was questioned again by learned doctors and ministers. Messengers were even sent to the village of Domremy to learn about her early life. They asked her to give signs and to perform miracles—but Jeanne told them that it was not in her power to do these things. Her deeds, she declared, should answer for themselves and before the walls of Orleans all should receive the sign that they required in the rout of the English army. And she begged them to make haste and let her go there, for the English were battering at the walls and the besieged garrison was suffering.

In Tours Jeanne was fitted out with plain white armor and received a sword that was believed to have belonged to the great Charles Martel, who had saved France and all Christendom from the invader several hundred years before her time. She also had a banner painted for her, snowy white, with fleur de lis upon it and a picture of God holding up the world, with angels on each side. And then, in company with skilled captains and men of war, and with her two brothers, Jean and Pierre, riding behind her, Jeanne went to the city of Blois, where the army to relieve Orleans was awaiting her arrival.

With priests marching at the head of the column, chanting in Latin, accompanied by captains decked in all the panoply of war, and followed by men at arms, Jeanne left Blois for Orleans. She was in command of a convoy of supplies and

provisions and the larger part of her army was to come up later. There were two roads to Orleans, which was built on the margin of the river Loire—one road leading directly past the English camp, the other running down to the river, where entrance to the town was to be gained only by bridges and boats.

Jeanne had desired to march directly past the English, and so strike fear into their hearts, but her captains deemed that the other road was the safer and without her knowledge guided her upon it, so that when she beheld Orleans the river was between. And she spoke bitterly to the captains for deceiving her.

"In God's name," she cried in anger, "you deceive yourselves, not me, for I bring you more certain aid than ever before was brought to a town or city. It is the aid of the King of Heaven," and in truth the way that the captains had chosen in their timidity was more dangerous and uncertain than the one that Jeanne had chosen.

The English, however, were so negligent, that they allowed the entire army to enter the city in safety, and the people of Orleans rejoiced beyond words when Jeanne in her shining armor appeared within the ramparts of the beleaguered town. They beat upon the door of the house where she was lodged and clamored to see her, and they crowded so closely about her as she rode through the streets that a torch set fire to her white standard, and the Maid, wheeling her horse, was obliged to put it out with her own hands.

On the following day Jeanne sent two heralds with a letter to the English leaders, bidding them to depart and save their lives while there was time, for otherwise the French would fall upon them and slay them all—but the English laughed greatly at the letter pretending to scorn it and really believing it to be the work of a witch who was led by evil spirits; and they answered her with vile taunts and insults, and one of their captains named Glasdale shook his fist in her

direction and shouted in a voice that reached her ears: "Witch, if ever we lay our hands upon you, you shall be burned alive."

None the less the English were more frightened by the sight of this young girl in white armor than they cared to admit, for they believed they were now fighting the powers of darkness; and in this way Jeanne's presence did the French army more good than the thousands of soldiers she brought with her.

It came to pass that soon after Jeanne's arrival in the city, although she was now considered the real leader of the French rather than the captains, an attack was made by the French against one of the English forts that rose without the city walls. And things went badly for the French, for the English repulsed them with great slaughter.

Jeanne had not been told of the attack and was asleep at the time it took place, but the Saints that watched over her appeared to her in a dream and told her that she must rise instantly and go forth against the English; and when she rose she heard the hearty shouts of the English soldiers and the screams of the French who were being slaughtered.

She put on her armor as quickly as possible and galloped to the scene of the fight with her white standard in her hand. The French were in full flight when she appeared, but their courage returned when they saw her and they ran to gather around her banner. She cried out to them that they must return to the charge and take the English fort, and although the English hurled great stones upon them and fired with crossbows and cannon, the French soldiers swarmed over the English ramparts and gained the victory. And through the fight the Maid stood unmoved beneath the hail of missiles that the English showered down upon her followers, and she led the attack in person when the French climbed over the walls.

This was only the commencement of the fighting, for the

French with Jeanne to lead them, now commenced a determined series of attacks against the English forts that lay about the city. And everywhere Jeanne and her white standard were in the front rank of the battle, and she risked her life a thousand times each day.

At last the French attacked one of the strongest of all the English forts, the bastille of Les Tourelles. Before the fight began Jeanne told the men-at-arms who were detailed to accompany her on the field to stay particularly close to her that day— "For," said she, "I have much work to do, and blood will flow from my body—above the breast."

As the French approached the stronghold they were met with showers of stones and arrows. The English crossbowmen did deadly work and the English cannon fired stone balls into the ranks of the French soldiers. The French brought scaling ladders to mount the walls, but above them the English stood ready with boiling pitch and melted lead to hurl into the faces of those who succeeded in mounting.

In spite of all these dangers Jeanne was constantly close to the English walls and her white standard always rose where the fighting was hottest. When a scaling ladder was placed against the wall she was the first to mount and was half way to the top when an English crossbowman, taking careful aim, fired an arrow with such force that it pierced right through her steel coat of mail and stood out behind her shoulder. Her grip relaxed from the ladder and she fell.

A mighty cheer went up from the English who believed that in drawing the blood of the witch they had drawn her power too. And for a time it seemed as if this really were so, for Jeanne's wound was very painful and she seemed no longer a warrior, but a pitiful little girl, overcome with tears and faintness. At last, however, when her steel shirt had been removed, she grasped the arrow with her own hands and drew it from the wound. And after this she rose and insisted on donning her armor once more.

The French had seen her fall and their courage had left them, and they were in full retreat when Jeanne returned to the battle.

"In God's name," she cried, riding toward them, "forward once more. Do not fly when the place is almost ours. One more brave charge and I promise you shall succeed."

The English were still rejoicing at what they had accomplished when to their dismay the French trumpets blew the charge again and they beheld the Maid with her white standard directly beneath their walls. And they considered that her return to the fight was nothing less than magical and fear gripped their hearts. Then the French swarmed up the scaling ladders like monkeys, leaped over the ramparts, and a horrible din arose from the interior of the fort, where, amid oaths and outcries and the clangor and crash of axes and meeting shields, the English were savagely slaughtered.

Glasdale, the same leader who had threatened Jeanne from the English camp, was guarding the retreat of his men as they ran across a bridge over the Loire, but the French brought up and set fire to an old barge piled high with straw, tar, sulphur and all kinds of inflammable material, and the only escape for the English lay directly through the flames.

Jeanne, on seeing this, was smitten with great pity for her enemies.

"Yield, Glasdale, yield!" she cried. "Thou hast called me witch, thou hast basely insulted me, but I have great pity on your soul." But the brave English captain refused to give in and continued to guard the escape of his comrades. When all had passed through the smoke and flame he tried himself to rush across—but the planks were now eaten through with fire and would not hold him. With a crash of breaking timbers he plunged into the river beneath, where the weight of his armor pulled him down and he was drowned.

With the capture of this English stronghold the siege of Orleans came to an end. The English saw that they were

beaten and that their months of fighting to gain the city had availed them nothing. On the following day the French beheld them marching away in good order, and Jeanne cried out for joy.

"Let them go," she said to her captains who wished to pursue them. "It is Sunday and God does not will that you shall fight to-day, but you shall have them another time." And the French held a solemn mass in thanksgiving for their victory.

Jeanne had made good her word and Orleans was saved. And now the Maid returned to Tours to meet the Dauphin, who had been so faint hearted that he stayed out of harm's way while a girl had gone forth and fought his battles for him. But he was very glad to see the Maid and he gave her a royal welcome and Jeanne told him that no time was to be lost but that he must come to Rheims and be crowned.

At last the tardy prince yielded to her request, and Jeanne with the army set forth once more to capture the towns that still were held by the English—and with the Maid at the head of the French army the towns of Jargeau, Meuny and Beaugency were soon taken. The English were so frightened by the marvelous feats performed by Jeanne that it was not long before their entire army was in full retreat toward the city of Paris. But Jeanne pursued them and defeated them in the battle of Pathay, where the mighty English leader, Talbot, was taken prisoner.

And then Jeanne took matters into her own hands, for Charles continued to delay. She issued a proclamation to the people to come to Rheims to the King's Coronation, and she left the Court again to join the army, where Charles was compelled to follow her. And at last through the efforts of this simple peasant girl, the sluggard Charles was crowned with divine pomp and glory in the Rheims cathedral, and Jeanne in her white armor and with her white banner floating over her stood beside him all through the ceremony. The holy oil

was poured on his head and all the people shouted in rejoicing, because they now had a king.

Among the spectators was Jeanne's father who had journeyed to Rheims to see his famous daughter. All the old man's expenses were paid by the King, and when it was time for him to depart he was given a horse to carry him back to his native village.

Jeanne now desired to besiege and capture Paris which was held by Charles' enemies, but since he had been crowned he was reluctant to make any further effort to secure his kingdom. Paris was besieged, to be sure, but only half heartedly, for the King did not send up the necessary reinforcements, and the siege was unsuccessful.

Then came months when Jeanne was forced to wait at Court, where the laggard King did nothing whatever, quite content with what had already been accomplished in his behalf. It is true that he gave Jeanne many presents, among other things a mantle of cloth of gold; and that many sick persons believed her to be a saint and came to touch her, in order to be cured of illness and suffering. But when Jeanne was asked to lay her hands upon some sufferer and cure him, she replied that his own touch would be as healing as her own, for that no extraordinary power lay in her.

The English and the Burgundians sought to retrieve their fortunes by capturing Compiegne, a town that was important in its relation to Paris and as large and strong as Orleans itself. Word of this was brought to Jeanne, and she learned also that her enemies had already appeared before the city walls.

With her usual swift decision she went to help the beleaguered garrison. She arrived before the city by secret forest paths and succeeded in gaining an entrance to it. And one morning with about five hundred followers she rode through the city gates to do battle with the besiegers. Her force drove the Burgundians before them like chaff, and the attack would have been wholly successful if a company of English men at

arms had not come up at the gallop and attacked the French from the flank and from the rear.

All of the French fled except a small band in the immediate vicinity of the Maid. They were driven back into the town with the English and Burgundians so close on their heels that the archers on the walls of the town could not shoot for fear of wounding their own comrades. Then the drawbridge was raised to keep the English from forcing an entrance—and Jeanne and her few followers were surrounded by the enemy. The Maid was dressed in a scarlet and gold cloak which covered her armor, and more attention was drawn to her than usual on account of the richness of her apparel. A Burgundian archer laid hands on her and dragged her from her horse. She was a prisoner.

A great shout of triumph went up from the Burgundians when they saw that it was indeed Jeanne the Maid whom they had taken, and she was brought before the Duke of Burgundy, who, with great joy, sent many letters abroad informing the heads of the Church and the English of his good fortune.

The English were determined to get Jeanne in their power, for they had planned a cruel death for her. The Holy Inquisition likewise demanded her "to receive justice at the hands of the Church."

And now must be recorded the black and shameful fact that Charles made no effort to ransom Jeanne or do anything to relieve her misfortune, as might well have been possible, for the French held important English prisoners. And not content with leaving her to die, he proceeded to slight the name of the girl that had won him his throne. For in official accounts of how he had been crowned he made no reference to Jeanne at all. Orleans was won "by the grace of God." His enemies were routed "by the will of Providence." Of Jeanne and her efforts in his behalf he said not one single word.

Jeanne was sent from castle to castle and confined in one prison after another. On one occasion she was jailed in a high

tower and she tried to escape by leaping from a window more than sixty feet above the ground, only to be picked up insensible and bleeding as she lay at the foot of the castle wall.

Then her worst enemy appeared before her. This was Pierre Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais. He persuaded the English to buy her from her captors so that they might try her and punish her, and the sum of six thousand francs was paid by them as blood money.

Jeanne was then taken to the town of Rouen and imprisoned in a grim and ancient castle, which was already centuries old. Not content with lodging her in a damp cell, the English placed fetters on her leg and chained her to a great log so that she must needs drag the chain about whenever she moved. And instead of allowing her women to be her attendants, her only jailers were rough men at arms, who were constantly with her.

To try this simple girl came the greatest dignitaries of the realm—men aged in experience and the law, grave doctors and wise bishops, all with the single purpose of accomplishing her death. With every advantage on their side they did not even allow a counsel for their prisoner, and when they saw that in spite of this she might be able skilfully to defend herself, they had her answers set aside as being of no importance and having no bearing on the trial. And they were right, for nothing that Jeanne said could possibly effect an issue where the stake and the executioner were already decided upon. And when some of the spectators showed signs of pity for her youth and innocence they had the trial continued secretly in her cell. They played with her as a cat plays with a mouse and tortured her in mind as well as in body. And under the guise of compassion they pretended to spare her life, only in the end to tell her that the stake had been made ready and that she must come at once to the market place to be burned.

On the thirtieth of May, 1431, Jeanne was taken from her cell by two priests and escorted by men at arms to the market

place of Rouen, where three scaffolds had been prepared. On one sat the priests who had been her judges, on another Jeanne must stand and hear a sermon before she died, and on the third was a grim stake with fagots piled high for her burning, and at the top of the stake was nailed a placard that bore these words:

"Jeanne, who hath caused herself to be called the maid, a liar, pernicious, deceiver of the people, soothsayer, superstitious, a blasphemer against God, presumptuous, miscreant, boaster, idolatress, cruel, dissolute, an invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic."

Then, with the learned doctors and churchmen drinking in the words, a sermon was read for the benefit of her soul. After it was ended the Bishop of Beauvais read the sentence which concluded by abandoning her to the arm of the law, for the Church itself could not pronounce sentence of death, but must leave that to the civil magistrates. Neither could the clergymen behold the infliction of the sentence, and they all came down from their seats and left the market place. What followed was supposed to be too dreadful for them to see.

So Jeanne was burned, and even in her death there took place something approaching a miracle, for when the fire was extinguished her brave heart was found intact among the embers, and the frightened English threw it into the river.

But the end did not come here. The enemies of Jeanne were so afraid of her power that they followed her with persecution after she was dead and made various attempts to darken her reputation, and give her memory an evil name. But they defeated their own ends, for twenty-five years later another trial was held in which the Maid was pronounced to be innocent. And nearly five hundred years later, in 1909, Pope Leo the Thirteenth took the first step toward making her a Saint by pronouncing her "venerable." Her canonization followed in 1920.

The marvels wrought by Jeanne still continue—for

without her there might be a different France from that which we know to-day. In Domremy the house of Jacques d'Arc still stands, much the same, in many ways, as it was when she beheld her visions there. In addition a splendid church has been built to her memory not far from the village she loved. And her name and fame grow greater as time passes.

Bernard Palissy
The Romance of Pottery
1510 – circa 1589

But greater than the achievements of merchants, princes, warriors and even statesmen, are those of the great thinkers whose "thoughts do shake mankind"; of the great physicians who devote their lifetime to the cure of disease and the alleviation of suffering; of the great discoverers who call new worlds into activity and life; of the great inventors who, in the teeth of discouragements innumerable, and difficulties apparently insurmountable, have succeeded in wresting from nature some of her most precious secrets, and conferred untold benefits on mankind. Among the last class must ever be remembered with honor the names of Bernard Palissy and John Böttgher, a brief account of whose singularly interesting and romantic lives I now propose to give.

Bernard Palissy was born in the south of France in 1510. His parents were too poor to give him any school education. "I had no other books," said he afterwards, "than heaven and earth, which are open to all." He learnt, however, the art of glass-painting, to which he added that of drawing, and afterwards, reading and writing. When eighteen years old, the glass trade becoming decayed, Palissy left his father's house with his wallet on his back, and went out into the world to seek his fortune. For ten years he traveled over Europe, until he married, which put an end to his wanderings; and he settled down to practice glasspainting and land-measuring in the small town of Saintes. Three children were born to him; and not only his responsibilities, but his expenses increased,

while, do what he could, his earnings remained too small for his needs. It was therefore necessary for him to bestir himself.

Though only a glass-painter, he had an artistic soul, and the sight of an elegant cup of Italian manufacture directed his mind to the art of the enameling of earthenware. The sight of this cup disturbed his whole existence; and from that moment the determination to discover the enamel with which it was glazed possessed him like a passion. Had he been a single man he might have traveled into Italy in search of the secret; but he was bound to his wife and children, and could not leave them; so he remained by their side, groping in the dark, in the hope of finding out the process of making an enameling earthenware. At first, he was utterly ignorant of pottery. He could merely guess the materials of which the enamel was composed, and he proceeded to try all manner of experiments to ascertain what these really were. He pounded all the substances which he thought likely to produce it. Then he bought common earthen pots, broke them into pieces, and spreading his compounds over them, subjected them to the heat of a furnace which he erected for the purpose of baking them. His experiments failed; and the results were broken pots and a waste of fuel, drugs, time and labor, not to speak of the opposition of his wife and friends who began to think him mad.

For many successive months and years Palissy pursued his experiments. The first furnace having proved a failure, he proceeded to erect another, out of doors. There he burnt more wood, spoiled more drugs and pots, lost more time, until poverty stared him and his family in the face. In the intervals of his experiments, he occasionally worked at his former callings—painting on glass, drawing portraits, and measuring land; but his earnings from these sources were very small. At length, because of the heavy cost of fuel, he was no longer able to carry on his experiments in his own furnace, but he bought more potsherds, broke them up as before into three or

four hundred pieces, and, covering them with chemicals, carried them to a tile-work a league and a half from Saintes, there to be baked in an ordinary furnace.

After the operation he went to see the pieces taken out; and, to his dismay, the whole of the experiments were failures. But, though disappointed, he was not yet defeated; for he determined on the very spot to "begin afresh."

His business as a land-measurer called him away for a brief season from the pursuit of his experiments; but he signalized his return by breaking three dozen new earthen pots, the pieces of which he covered with different materials which he had compounded, and then took them to a neighboring glass-furnace to be baked. The results gave him a glimmer of hope. The greater heat of the glass-furnace had melted some of the compounds; but though Palissy searched diligently for the white enamel he could find none. For two more years he went on experimenting without any satisfactory result, until the proceeds of his land-surveying having become nearly spent, he was again reduced to poverty. But he was resolved to make one last great effort, and began by breaking more pots than ever. Over three hundred pieces of pottery covered with his compounds were sent to the glass-furnace, and thither he himself went to watch the results of the breaking. Four hours passed, during which he watched, and then the furnace opened. The material on one only of the three hundred pieces of potsherd had melted, and it was taken out to cool. As it hardened, it grew white—white and polished. The piece of potsherd was covered with white enamel, described by Palissy as "singularly beautiful." He ran home with it to his wife, feeling himself, as he expressed it, quite a new creature. But the prize was not yet won—far from it.

To complete the invention he built a glass-furnace near his dwelling, carrying the bricks from the brickyard upon his back. He was brick-layer, laborer, and all. From seven to eight more months passed. At last the furnace was built and ready

for use. Palissy had, in the meantime, fashioned a number of vessels of clay in readiness for the laying on of the enamel. After being subjected to a preliminary process of baking, they were covered with the enamel compound, and again placed in the furnace for the grand crucial experiment. Although his means were nearly exhausted, Palissy had been for some time accumulating a great store of fuel for the final effort, and he thought it was enough. At last the fire was lit, and the operation proceeded. All day he sat by the furnace, feeding it with fuel. He sat there watching and feeding all through the long night. But the enamel did not melt. The sun rose upon his labors. His wife brought him a portion of the scanty morning meal—for he would not stir from the furnace, into which he continued from time to time to heave more fuel. The second day passed, and still the enamel did not melt. The sun set, and another night passed. The pale, haggard, unshorn, baffled yet not beaten Palissy sat by his furnace, eagerly looking for the melting of the enamel. A third day and night passed—a fourth, a fifth, and even a sixth—yes, for six long days and nights did the unconquerable Palissy watch and toil, fighting against hope; and still the enamel would not melt.

It then occurred to him that there might be some defect in the materials for the enamel—perhaps something wanting in the flux; so he set to work to pound and compound fresh materials for a new experiment. Thus two or three more weeks passed. But how to buy more pots? His money was now all spent; but he could borrow. His character was still good, and a friend lent him enough to enable him to buy more fuel and more pots. These he covered with the new compound, placed in the furnace, and the fire was again lit. It was the last and most satisfactory experiment of the whole. The fire blazed up; the heat became intense; but still the enamel did not melt. The fuel began to run short! How to keep up the fire? There were the garden palings: these would burn. So these were pulled up and cast into the furnace. They were burnt in vain!

The enamel had not yet melted. Ten minutes more heat might do it. Fuel must be had at whatever cost. There remained the household furniture and shelving. A crashing noise was heard in the house; and amidst the screams of his wife and children, who now really thought Palissy's reason was giving way, the tables were seized, broken up and heaved into the furnace. The enamel had not melted yet! There remained the shelving. Another noise of the wrenching of timber was heard within the house, and the shelves were torn down and hurled after the furniture into the fire. Wife and children then rushed from the house, and went frantically through the town, calling out that poor Palissy had gone mad and was breaking up his very furniture for firewood!

For an entire month his clothes had not been off his back, and he was utterly worn out. He was, besides, in debt, and seemed on the verge of ruin. But he had at length mastered the secret; for the last great burst of heat had melted the enamel. The common, brown household jars, when taken out of the furnace after it had become cool, were found covered with a white glaze! For this, he could endure reproach, contumely, and scorn, and wait patiently for the opportunity of putting his discovery into practice as better days came round. His next move was to hire a potter to make some earthen vessels after the designs which he furnished; while he himself proceeded to model some medallions in clay for the purpose of enameling them. But how to maintain himself and family until the wares were made and ready for sale? Fortunately there remained one man in Saintes who still believed in him—an innkeeper, who agreed to feed and lodge him for six months, while he went on with his manufacture. As for the working potter whom he had hired, Palissy soon found that he could not pay him the stipulated wages. Having already stripped his dwelling, he could but strip himself, and he accordingly parted with some of his clothes to the potter, in part payment of the wages which he owed him.

Palissy then erected an improved furnace, but he was so unfortunate as to build part of the inside with flints. When it was heated these flints cracked and burst, and the spiculæ were scattered over the pieces of pottery, sticking to them. Though the enamel came out right, the work was irretrievably spoilt, and thus six months' more labor was lost. Persons were found willing to buy the articles at a low price, notwithstanding the injury they had sustained; but Palissy, inspired by the spirit of a true artist, would not sell them, considering that to have done so would be to "decry and abase his honor," and so he broke in pieces the entire batch. At this stage of his affairs, he became melancholy and almost hopeless, and seems to have all but broken down. He wandered gloomily about the fields near Saintes, his clothes hanging in tatters, and himself worn to a skeleton. In a curious passage in his writings he describes how the calves of his legs had disappeared, and were no longer able even with the aid of garters to hold up his stockings, which fell about his heels when he walked. The family continued to reproach him for his recklessness, and his neighbors cried shame upon him for his obstinate folly. So he returned for a time to his former calling; and after about a year's diligent labor, during which he earned bread for his household and somewhat recovered his character among his neighbors, he again resumed his darling enterprise. But though he had already searched about ten years for the enamel, it cost him about eight more years of experimental plodding before he perfected his invention. He gradually learnt dexterity and certainty of result by experience, gathering practical knowledge out of many failures.

At last, after about sixteen years' labor, Palissy took heart and called himself potter. These sixteen years had been his term of apprenticeship to the art, during which he had wholly to teach himself, beginning at the very beginning. He was now able to sell his wares and maintain his family in comfort. But he never rested satisfied with what he had accomplished. He

proceeded from one step of improvement to another, always aiming at the greatest perfection possible. He studied natural objects for patterns, and with such success that the great French naturalist, Buffon, spoke of him as "so great a naturalist as nature only can produce." His ornamental pieces are now regarded as rare gems in cabinets of virtuosi, and sell at almost fabulous prices; a small dish twelve inches in diameter having been sold some years ago for eight hundred and ten dollars. The ornaments on them are for the most part accurate models from life, of wild animals, lizards, and plants, found in the fields about Saintes, and tastefully combined as ornaments into the texture of a plate or vase. When Palissy had reached the height of his art he styled himself, "Ouvrier de Terre et Inventeur des Rustics Figulines."

St. Vincent de Paule

The Shepherd Boy Who Became a Philanthropist

1581 – 1660

Those among our readers who have visited Paris will perhaps remember that, almost immediately after leaving the Northern Railway station, a large modern church, with an imposing facade, two lofty towers, and grand flights of steps leading up to the portal, is passed. Should they have inquired the name of that church, they will have been told that it is dedicated to St. Vincent de Paule. It is of the life of this good man that we are about to give a sketch. His career was one of noble heroism, grand self-denial, marvellous unselfishness, and deep humility. He entirely devoted himself to succour the poor, the helpless, the abandoned; to raise the fallen, and to convert the wicked. Love to God and to his fellow-creatures, was the one great ruling principle in this good Frenchman's life. Among the many villages and hamlets which lie among meadows, corn-fields, orchards, vineyards, and dark forests on the French side of the Pyrenees, is one of considerable size and importance, named Acqs. Here, some 300 years ago, lived a poor farmer, his wife, and six children. They were good, hard-working people, who laboured diligently all the week, and went regularly on Sundays to church. Their property, indeed, was small, but their house was clean and neat; each had his proper work allotted to him, and from early dawn, no hand was idle in Guillaume de Paule's farm.

The third son, born in 1576, was named Vincent. From earliest youth he had manifested some intellectual power, and shown great piety of disposition. His boyhood was spent as a

shepherd, leading his flocks among the forests and mountains. To his imagination, all nature, from the grandest to the lowliest object, was beautiful and glorious; the angels of God, he thought, were ever hovering around him; the mountains seemed to him to be a giant staircase to the clouds, and they to the brilliant sun and the bright blue heaven, beyond which was his Father's throne. To his parents he was obedient and affectionate; whenever he saw any one sad, he would go up and ask if he could help him. Many were moved to tears by his childlike and simple kindness. His father, struck with his bright intellect, clear understanding, and pious character, took him to the school of the Convent of Cordeliers, at Acqs, the seat of the Bishop of the diocese. There his good and pious qualities speedily developed themselves. His tutors loved him, and were proud of him. He studied ardently all branches of knowledge, but the wisdom he loved best, was that of the Gospel, and he desired to be most learned in those things which accompany salvation. He decided, in God's name, to enter, as a labourer for Christ, into the service of the Church. At the age of sixteen, he became tutor to the children of M. Commet, an advocate of Acqs and the magistrate of his native village. This enabled him to relieve his parents from the expense of his education, and to prepare for the priesthood, to which he had resolved to devote himself. In 1596 he went to Toulouse, to study theology in the university there. In 1600, at the age of twenty-four, he was ordained priest. He declined the offer of a valuable living made to him by the Bishop, that he might for some time longer devote himself to the study of religion. He soon rose to eminence, was made bachelier des lettres, and received permission to lecture.

But whosoever will be Christ's disciple must bear the cross of trial and suffering. Vincent was no exception to this rule, as he now experienced. In 1605, a legacy having been left to him by a friend at Marseilles, he was compelled to make a journey to that city. He was returning by sea with his money,

when the ship in which he was sailing was attacked by one of those African pirate vessels which then infested the Mediterranean. A terrible struggle and massacre ensued. The pirates were victorious. All who resisted them were butchered, and the rest bound to the vessel, with chains. Among the latter was Vincent, who was severely wounded in the conflict. The pirates took their prisoners to Tunis, to sell them there for slaves to the Turks, to whom the North of Africa then belonged. Thus poor Vincent, instead of reaching Toulouse with his little money, and continuing his beloved studies there, fell into all the misery of slavery— into that wretched and degraded state in which man is treated like any article of property which has its marketable price, and is handed from one master to another, rarely experiencing kindness, and often cruelty. Vincent and his companions, loaded with chains, were led to the market-place, to be gazed at and inspected, as slaves are in the East; they had, too, to run, lift weights, and have their teeth and muscles examined. Vincent was first purchased by a fisherman, who, finding that he was always sea-sick, and therefore useless in fishing, sold him soon to a physician, who was devoted to chemistry, and for fifty years had been trying to make gold. Vincent helped him in his laboratory. One day the old man was dragged away, by the Sultan's order, to Constantinople, to try and make gold there. He died of grief on the journey, and his nephew sold Vincent to a renegade nobleman from Nice, who had fallen from the Christian faith, and now, as a Mahometan, was living with his three wives in the country. Vincent had to work in the garden. One of the Turkish ladies was fond of amusing herself by conversing with the foreign slave; and once, out of curiosity, she ordered Vincent to sing some hymns to his God. The tears came into his eyes as he sang the melancholy Psalm of the children of Israel in captivity, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." The lady was so pleased with his singing, and with all that Vincent said to her about the Christian

religion, that she told her husband in the evening that he had been very wicked to forsake a faith, about which the Frank slave had related such beautiful things to her

The renegade was filled with sorrow and repentance; he was awakened to his danger, and to anxiety for his soul's salvation, and earnestly desired to return again to Christendom and to the Gospel. Ten months after, he escaped in secret flight from the land of the Turks. He took only Vincent with him, treating him no longer as a slave, but as an angel sent to him by God. On a dark night, they both embarked in a small boat, crossed the sea, and arrived safely in France.

Vincent now knew what that special work was, which God had intrusted to him; it was, he felt sure, to seek and to save the baptized—those who had made shipwreck of their faith, who were poor and needy in soul, if not in body too. This thought was ever the uppermost in his mind in all the various offices which he had afterwards to exercise. The penitent renegade was publicly readmitted into the Church at Avignon.

While on a visit to Rome, the French ambassador there entrusted Vincent with an important and confidential message to Henri IV. of France. In 1609, he arrived at Paris, had several interviews with the King, but principally devoted himself to attending on the sick in the hospitals.

While at Paris, he was unjustly accused of a robbery, and remained for some time under this imputation; when questioned about it, he merely contented himself with remarking that "God knew the truth." When the real thief was discovered, Vincent's reputation rose higher than ever, on account of the patience and resignation he had displayed under the false accusation. For a short time he had the cure of the parish of Clichy, near Paris, where he exercised the most beneficial influence, and was loved and esteemed by both poor and rich. In 1613, at the urgent request of Count Gondy, he consented to undertake the education of his three sons. Vincent's pupils

afterwards rose to eminence in France, one becoming the Duke of Retz, the other the famous Cardinal of the same name. This sphere was not wide enough for his energetic and loving spirit. The Count had a large establishment, servants in the stables and apartments, kitchens, and cellars, over whom he and the Countess had neither time nor opportunity continually to watch, so that but little order and discipline were maintained. Vincent went among them with the message of the Gospel; they were persuaded by his earnestness and devotion, and a striking change for the better was wrought by his means throughout the establishment.

The Count and Countess remarked that an angel of God seemed to have appeared in their house. They placed still greater confidence in Vincent, and he became, in all points, their spiritual father. The Countess, especially, regarded him with childlike reverence, for she was oftener at home than her husband, and daily witnessed his affectionate conduct to the weary and heavy laden.

The Count had several large estates in different provinces of France—much land, and many tenants— but, as he held a high post at Court, which gave him full employment, he could very seldom visit and overlook his estates himself. This, with Vincent's help, the Countess undertook to do. Wherever they came, there was comfort in sorrow, help in misery, and they always left a blessing in their train. The Countess had learned from him to care for the sick and the afflicted; she went herself into the poor cottages where hunger, nakedness, and misery were to be found; she ministered at the beds of sickness, and for every sorrow she had a mother's heart and a mother's hand.

On one occasion, when Vincent was at one of the Count's estates, he was summoned to a man of sixty years of age, who lay on his death-bed, and desired the last consolations of religion. This man bore an irreproachable character in the village, and was in high favour and estimation with the

Countess. When Vincent stood before him, in his priest's dress, and said, in solemn earnestness, that he and all men were poor sinners, that God searches into the most secret recesses of the conscience, proving the heart and reins, and that only the penitent, and he who humbly embraces the Cross of Christ as the only anchor of safety, can be received into His favour, while at the same time he looked searchingly into his eyes, a trembling and shuddering passed through the old man, as if a covering of ice, which for many years had encased his soul, was being broken; then his lips opened, and he poured forth a confession of sin, truly appalling to listen to. And all these refined and coarse sins, these secret lusts and shameful vices, he had, till this moment, contrived to conceal by cunning hypocrisy, through church-going, false confessions, receiving the Sacrament, and giving alms. Vincent was terrified at all this hidden wickedness. But, when he perceived how heartfelt this man's repentance really was, he declared that God would pardon even such as he. He absolved the dying penitent, and the soul thus rescued from Satan, fell asleep in peace.

The Countess was deeply affected by this incident; she thought if it had been thus with one soul, how many thousand more there probably were, who were outwardly righteous and of good report, but within full of sin and uncleanness. She therefore entreated Vincent to hold a mission, and preach, on the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, a public sermon on repentance. He preached with the greatest power and effect. All who heard that sermon seemed to be touched, as by the invisible hand of God. The Countess was so struck by the extraordinary and beneficial consequences which followed, that she determined to celebrate on that day, in every fifth year, on all her estates a similar mission for the special preaching of repentance, and devoted 16,000 francs to this object.

As the Count's children were now grown up, Vincent

decided upon seeking another field of labour; this he found in the cure of the parish of Chatillon, in Bresse, where, in both spiritual and temporal matters, the people had been sadly neglected. Here his self-denying exertions were attended with abundant success. He inspired the desponding in their wretched cottages with fresh hope, and he worked upon the hearts of the rich so that they opened in love and mercy towards their poorer brethren. When once on a fête day he was about to ascend the pulpit, a lady approached him with the request that he would recommend to the charity of the congregation a poor family in the parish who were literally starving, and all lying helpless in severe sickness. He did so in a few eloquent words. In the afternoon he went out himself to visit this family, and to his surprise he found very many people going the same way with bread, and fruit, and clothing which they were carrying to the poor family. This touched the pious priest, and he began to reflect how this bright spark of mercy might be kindled into a steadily burning flame. So he asked counsel of God, who put a good plan into his heart. He went from house to house in his parish, and persuaded many mothers of families to unite themselves into an association of benevolent ladies. They were not only to give temporal relief in hunger, cold, and sickness, but to whisper words of holy comfort to the distressed, to give good motherly advice, to attend to the many grievously neglected children, to make poverty more honest and honourable, to establish order and cleanliness. This society was most successful, gradually increasing, and growing more abundant in works of faith and love. It became the model of many similar institutions in France and other countries.

Willingly would Vincent have remained all his life at Chatillon, but God had other work for him to do. The Count and Countess, in whose family he had been tutor, felt his loss so greatly that they constantly entreated him to return. The following year he was induced to do so. On leaving his

beloved Chatillon he divided all his property among the poor; his parishioners followed him weeping and lamenting for a long distance on his departure, till with tears he persuaded them to return to their homes.

There was great joy and gratitude in the chateau of Count Gondy, near Paris, when Vincent returned. As there were no more children to educate, he was able to give full vent to his spirit of love and benevolence. He entered on new and various works of faith and love in all directions, and, assisted by many active hands, endeavoured to alleviate the diverse forms of misery around him.

He journeyed through several provinces of France, holding missions everywhere, preaching the new commandment of love, telling all of the easy yoke of the meek and lowly Saviour, which the Christian should take upon him in the service of mercy towards his brethren, and in many places he established societies, or Confréries, as they were called, of benevolent persons, both men and women.

In Paris no place of human suffering was hidden from him. The eye of love is jealous in its search. The prisons and their inmates lay very heavy on his heart. He thought that prisoners must be the most wretched and forlorn people in the world, between their dark, gloomy walls, haunted with the still darker recollections of their sins and crimes. He thought too of the Blessed Saviour who Himself has said that in the prisoners He is visited. To these abodes of crime and misery he vowed then to go, and in this no one was able to help him better than his friend the Count, who was superintendent over all the galley-slaves in France.

Vincent obtained permission to rent a large house in one of the suburbs of Paris, and to fit it up for the reception of criminals. It was a prison, indeed; but, at the same time, a reformatory. Order and cleanliness reigned throughout it, and Vincent, with his true and loving heart, appeared every day among the prisoners. It was not long before two young priests

offered to come and dwell in this establishment with the convicts, and to help Vincent in his work. Love is a fire which quickly spreads from heart to heart. People began to emulate each other in their gifts and assistance, and from the Royal Palace also, liberal contributions flowed into Vincent's hands for his noble undertaking. At the request of Count Gondy, the King, Louis XIII., made Vincent de Paule chaplain and almonergeneral of all the priests who were appointed to labour among the prisoners and galley-slaves.

The sphere of his work and authority now extended over the whole of France. Neither an easy nor a pleasant office must have been that of pastor over all the criminals in a kingdom. As soon as possible he commenced a journey through the provinces, visiting all those dreadful dungeons, where the only sounds to be heard, were curses and the rattling of the chains of the galley-slaves. At Marseilles he was especially moved with compassion at witnessing the sufferings and severities to which those wretched criminals were subjected. A thrill of horror passed through his soul at the deplorable condition of these fettered slaves. He found them in narrow and unhealthy dungeons, almost destitute of air and light, with bread and water for their only food, disfigured by filth, covered with vermin, and sunk into a brutal state of ignorance and ferocity—far worse than he had ever imagined could have been the case. They turned a deaf ear to his words; their hearts seemed as hard as iron or granite. Undeterred by their rude scoffs and jests, and undismayed by the deadly havoc of a pestilential disease habitual in these prisons, he unremittingly pursued his charitable mission. His kindness, his love, his humility and selfdevotion, soon made themselves felt; there were touching examples of the effects of persevering love on the most obdurate and wicked hearts. Once he caused himself to be chained for several days to a criminal who had constantly repulsed and rejected his loving admonitions; and, by selfsacrificing charity, the proud heart was at last melted.

On another occasion, he put on the fetters and worked for several days as a galley-slave himself, that he might have the more opportunity to comfort and encourage these unhappy convicts. The priests under his control were, through his influence, animated to fresh zeal in their work. But Vincent's active benevolence was not confined to the prisons. On one of his journeys from Marseilles to Paris, he passed through Macon, and was struck with the number of beggars who filled the streets and crowded round the house-doors. The state of those wretched objects excited his pity. When the towns-people saw him interesting himself with these outcasts, they ridiculed him; but he persevered. This ridicule was soon put to silence, and every one in the town now spoke with reverence of Vincent, the teacher and friend of the beggars. He instituted among the inhabitants a brotherhood and sisterhood, whose duty it was to visit the sick and the poor. The streets were cleared of beggars, ere he continued his way to Paris. After a journey to Bordeaux, he visited his native village in the Pyrenees, and, assembling together the members of his family who survived, he told them of his determination to die as he had lived—destitute of worldly wealth, and thus weaned them from any expectation they might have formed, of obtaining property at his death. On a subsequent occasion, however, he distributed among them a considerable sum of money, which had been bequeathed to him.

He had now more work than he could perform himself, or even superintend; so he conceived the idea of forming an association of men influenced by the same spirit of love, who would thus carry on the work together in all its various branches. With the willing consent of the Archbishop of Paris, he founded a society, whose object was to prepare and send out priests as messengers of the Gospel throughout the country: in fact, what we should call a Church Home Mission. Vincent named it the "Congregation of the Missions." A small church and a dilapidated house in the city were given

to the Missionaries; here they all dwelt together. The pious Countess Gondy and her husband gave 40,000 francs towards the endowment of the new society. Not long after the former fell dangerously ill. Vincent, faithful to a promise he had made to her years before, remained at her dying bed till she breathed her last. He then felt it to be his duty to retire and live with the members of his society. To this the Count consented; and very soon after he, too, gave up all his high offices, honours, and dignities, and lived henceforth in quiet retirement, only caring how he might ever live an increasingly holy life, and show thereby his gratitude to his Saviour.

The Congregation of Missions soon developed into great importance and activity. Many new members joined it. Vincent was the head, and his faithful friend Portail his right hand. It was the earnest desire of both, that this society should do its work in the world without any noise or parade. The most modest name seemed to them the best for their association. "Do not let us call ourselves," Vincent said to one of his priests who had used the expression, "the holy society, but rather the little society. May God give this small, poor association grace, that it may be founded upon humility! Without humility there can be nothing! I do not mean only humble behaviour, but the true humility of the heart, which shows us that we are so thoroughly and entirely nothing." And he said further, "It is not enough to help our neighbour—to fast, to pray, to take part in mission work— all this is only good if it be done in the right way, viz., in the spirit of Jesus Christ, Who says, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.'"

At first their sphere of labour was confined to the peasant population close around Paris, but in a few years, when their number had increased, they extended it further out into the country, each going in the direction whither Vincent sent him. They received strict orders to do nothing contrary to the orders of the Church, but only to preach and perform services

of mercy where permission was given them by the clergymen of the parishes. Where this consent was not granted, they were at once to retire without disputing. In many places, where opportunity was given, sisterhoods were formed, as at Chatillon.

When the men returned to Paris, after their first expedition, it was with heavy hearts, both on account of the wretched spiritual state of the people which they had found everywhere, and of the sad experience which they had made in many a parish, that the noble office of shepherd of Christ's flock was often exercised by faithless hirelings.

At this period of his life, Vincent was specially active in establishing retreats for the members of his society and the clergy in general, and in reforming many notorious abuses. At his request, the Archbishop of Paris ordered all the ordination candidates in his diocese, before they were consecrated to their holy office, to reside for a short time in Vincent's mission-house. Here, in calm meditation and retirement, they prepared themselves for their sacred duties, and for their self-denying labours of love. Vincent, the experienced friend of the people, instructed them how to discover and alleviate the wounds and sorrows of both soul and body, of youth and age, of family life and solitude; and taught them, too, the wonderful power of spiritual healing, which the Gospel of Christ alone possesses.

In this institution, the clerical office was endued with fresh life and vigour and strengthened by the spirit of mercy. The blessed fruits of such an establishment were soon manifest throughout the community. Its fame spread far and wide throughout the country. Candidates for the ministry, and young priests, came from all parts, even from the dioceses of foreign bishops, to be trained to perform worthily and holily the work of the Church among the people, under the watchful eye of Vincent and his companions.

The house soon became too small, the labour too great.

But God helped him. Many a venerable priest of the city, of long experience in pastoral work, came forward to lend a helping hand to Vincent, in the instruction of their younger brethren. Their want of room, too, was soon provided for. Without the walls of Paris stood a stately edifice, in the midst of a beautiful garden; it was the property of a religious society. When its owners saw how Vincent was cramped for space, they determined to offer him this building. For some time the humble man refused to accept it, because he thought that such a beautiful and noble estate was not suitable for his work: "For," said he, "we are but simple priests, and wish to serve the poor peasantry." At last, however, he yielded to the pressing solicitations of his most intimate friends.

In the numerous and spacious apartments of this house, which Vincent dedicated to St. Lazarus, a much larger number of clergy could be received for instruction. Many of these desired, as long as they had no settled post, to devote themselves to works of love. Vincent sent some of them into the country, others into the worst districts of the great city. This was the commencement of the order of Lazarists, whose beneficial influence Vincent lived to see diffused throughout Europe.

Not only did missionaries go forth from this institution to minister to the sick and wretched in the world, but the suffering and miserable came into it also. This house of Lazarus was like a well in a barren desert, sought for by the thirsty, the weary, the heavy laden. All classes and conditions of people might be seen entering it—gray-haired men and beardless boys, those clothed in silk and velvet, and poor peasants in their smocks, high officials at court, and humble labourers—all sought consolation for their troubled hearts, rest for their anxious and weary souls;—and they returned to their homes in peace.

That period was a sad time of sorrow and mourning throughout France. A cruel civil war was desolating town and

country with blood and fire, and then the plague, like a destroying angel, fell upon the soldiers. Vincent was requested by the king to send help, both temporal and spiritual, to his afflicted army. He at once despatched fifteen missionaries. When peace was re-established, the king desired him to send missionaries to his court, to preach against the prevalent dissoluteness of manners and to declare the Gospel. A wonderful blessing rested upon their labours; many of the court ladies became not only hearers, but doers of the Word, some of the very highest in rank enrolled themselves in charitable sisterhoods, collected and distributed alms, and faithfully ministered at the sick beds of the poor and afflicted.

Vincent's loving and benevolent heart sought a more distant field of usefulness, and passed beyond the boundaries of his country, and across the sea. He remembered the misery of his imprisonment among the barbarous pirates of Africa. From experience, he knew what were the sufferings of the Christian slaves, and how, deprived of all Christian comfort and intercourse, they were, by tortures and persecution, forced to apostatise from their holy Faith. His heart burned to help them. The king placed in his hands 10,000 francs for this object He at once sent a trusty and experienced man, Julius Guerin, to the piratical city of Tunis. He was harmless as a dove, and yet wise as a serpent; and he performed his difficult duty with such wisdom, that the Dey of this infidel city gave him permission, after two years, to invite thither a priest of the Gospel. A few years after, Vincent was able to send four missionaries to Algiers as well, in which place 20,000 Christians were groaning in the chains of the most degrading slavery.

In 1634, Vincent, with the assistance of Madame de Marillac, established an institution, which, of all his noble works, has probably been the most productive of beneficial consequences, viz., that society of pious females called Sisters of Charity. The members were not to bind themselves for life,

but only for one year, at the expiration of which they were free from their vow, with the option, however, of renewing it for the same period if they wished. In the words of the holy founder of the society, "They are not to be nuns, and live in a convent, but women who go in and out among us; their convents are to be the homes of the sick; their cells the chambers of the suffering; their chapels for common worship the church in the midst of the parish; their places of pilgrimage those streets of the city which lead to the most wretched hovels; the fear of God their robe, holy modesty their veil, mercy their sister, the poor their family, charity their mother, and their greatest joy on earth the consolation of wiping away tears."

Paris was soon filled with the praise of their works, which they performed quietly and unobtrusively. The physicians admired their skill in the care of the sick, the clergy their fidelity and self-denial, the sick their sisterly sympathy. The grateful people called them "the Sisters of Mercy," by which name they are still known. When the war broke out again, they rendered the most important service in their care of and attendance upon the wounded. Those chosen for this special work Vincent sent forth with the words—"You are to follow our Blessed Lord, my daughters; men go forth thither to slay, but you are to go thither to heal."

That was, indeed, a terrible period in France. For ten years whole provinces—Lorraine more especially—were desolated by frightful calamities, pestilence was joined to war and famine; but that was the very time when those unfortunates who had no food but the herb of the field—those warriors stretched bleeding upon the battle-plain—those inundated villages—saw hastening to comfort them, to feed them, to save them, angels of consolation, who, braving the sword and the fire—despite the pestilential breath of contagion—despite the raging floods—brought them comforts equivalent to their griefs. And it was Vincent de Paule who sent them, who

commanded them, who inspired them.

Through the agency of this female society, Vincent was able to establish a number of other charitable institutions, several asylums for the reformation of fallen women, a foundling hospital, and a house in which old and feeble workpeople of both sexes could find a safe and comfortable home. To avert the horrors of a famine, he established six large kitchens in the neighbourhood of Paris. Three times a-week he fed 800 famishing beings in his own house. From the kitchen, he led them each time to church, to show them that Christ, who had satisfied their bodily wants, was also ready to supply them with spiritual food.

But our readers will naturally ask—whence came the means for carrying out all these works? The rich and powerful could not resist the holy and earnest force of his appeals. The disinterestedness and wisdom of his charity inspired unlimited confidence. Thus fresh sources of supply were ever opened to him, when new distresses demanded help.

In this short sketch we have only touched upon his larger and more important undertakings. Many of his minor but not less useful or benevolent schemes must remain unnoticed.

He steadfastly refused all the praise and flattery which his admirers were only too ready to offer him, and referred them in humble jealousy to God, to Whom alone was all the glory. When his hair had already turned grey, he said once, in an assembly of his missionary priests, "We have endeavoured to follow the example of the Son of God in preaching the Gospel to the poor, and God did that which He had determined upon from all eternity—He blessed our labours. Good priests, who were witnesses of these charitable works, joined themselves with us at different times, and desired to be received into our society. Thus God established and strengthened it. O my Saviour! who could ever have believed that it would have grown to what it now is? How can we speak of that as a work of man, which no man ever imagined could exist?"

When the missionaries in the institution of St. Lazare asked him to draw up laws and regulations for their society, he refused, and said, "I am your living rule." But when his departure seemed near at hand, he gave them instructions under the three heads—1st. On the exercise of sanctification, which is the imitation of Jesus Christ 2. Instruction in the exercise of their calling, which is to preach the Gospel to the poor, and especially to the poor in the rural districts. 3. Instruction for the education of young priests in their various spheres, and in all virtues and necessary branches of knowledge.

When, after an earnest and eloquent address, he had enlarged on these three points, they all knelt down, and he prayed: "O Lord, Thou who art the eternal, unchangeable law. Who, with unfailing wisdom, governest the world, Thou, from Whom all laws of nature and of virtue spring as from a living fountain, bless, O Lord, those to whom Thou hast given these rules, that they may receive them as coming from Thee. Grant them grace, O Lord, to keep them ever inviolate till death. In this confidence, and in Thy name, will I, though myself a miserable sinner, pronounce the words of benediction over them."

Through the exertions of his restless, active life, he was, when already in his prime, afflicted with a weak and suffering body. Severe illnesses which attacked him from time to time, increased this weakness. The last four years of his life were spent under the burden of infirmities, which compelled him to keep within the precincts of St. Lazare, though he continued to preside over the interests of the community. It was with difficulty that he could walk, even with the help of a staff. But though his body failed, yet in that venerable man, with trembling limbs, there glowed a heart of youthful vigour. No murmur ever escaped his lips; his severe and protracted sufferings were borne with patience and resignation. A few days before his death, he frequently sank into a slumber. He

knew what that signified, and, speaking of this sleep, said, with a smile, "His brother will soon come now." On the 26th September, 1660, this slumber lasted a long time. He now desired the Holy Communion, and passed the night in almost unceasing prayer. He requested the 70th Psalm to be read to him several times, and the words, "Haste Thee unto me, O God; Thou art my Helper and my Redeemer; O Lord, make no long tarrying," he repeated as often as his strength would allow.

In the early dawn of the 27th, a priest, who was very dear to him, came to his bedside and asked for his blessing; and as the dying man began to speak, in the words of the Apostle, "I am persuaded that He who has begun a good work in you will"…here his uplifted hand sank down, and he fell asleep as gently as the sun sinks to rest on a summer's eve.

Few men have done so much for suffering humanity as St. Vincent de Paule; none have left behind them a brighter fame, a more untarnished reputation. He may well be reckoned among the greatest benefactors of mankind. Though he laboured during his whole life to alleviate the pains and sorrows of the body, yet his main object was to rescue perishing souls from the fatal consequences of sin, and to lead them to pardon and peace through the precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Claude Lorraine
The Joyous Vagabond
1600 – 1682

The boy sprang to his feet and leaned forward, listening. Could it be as late as that? It seemed not more than ten minutes he had dreamed there on the edge of the grotto, and now the cathedral bells were ringing, and he remembered that at home they would be saying the Angelus. He bent his head and clasped his hands, murmuring the words his mother had taught him back there in the fields of Lorraine, when the ocher of gloaming was on the pastures and chimes sounded out, calling across the hamlets from the dome of Nancy. Then, picking up his cap and birch staff, he started home, following the goat trail to the town.

Briskly, sturdily he swung on his. way, as if to make up for lingering so long. Then suddenly he stopped and stood still. Someone was coming down the road that led from the French frontier.

His big eyes grew bigger as he looked, as if doubting, wondering. Could he be mistaken? Then a flush of pleasure overspread his face and he gave a joyous cry.

"Uncle Pierre," he called, "oh. Uncle Pierre!" and ran toward the advancing pedestrians.

There were three of them, men in caps and garments not of the Baden country, and they were dust stained and travel worn. The foremost of the group, taller and more sturdily built than the others, smiled like one who has suddenly heard good news.

"Well, to be sure," he exclaimed blithely, "'tis my own

sister's lad, Claude Gellee."

And then two brown hands were clasped in greeting.

Eastward, below the purple line of fir and spruce that marked the beginning of the Black Forest Mountains, the Rhine moved like a jeweled serpent in the sunset, and beyond, as if guarding the treasure, stood Santis, opal-tinted. There was no fairer sight in all Germany, and a gipsy love of the open was in the boy's heart. It was for a glimpse of this rare view he had left his brother's shop in Freiburg and trudged three miles across the uplands after a hard day's work. It was the lure of sheeny river and fantastic peak, melting amethyst, coral, and smoke gray into violet stretches of sky line, that had held him there until sunset time, forgetful of the fact that there were chores to do at home and that he owed much, very much, to his brother. But now he seemed not to see. He talked eagerly and rapidly, asking for bits of news and gossip from beyond the mountains. Were the roses in the cure's garden as red as ever this summer, and did old Mere le Brun still suffer from rheumatism? It was good to hear from the distant village, and the sound of the French tongue was sweet to his ears. For Claude was not a German lad, nor had his childhood days been passed in Freiburg.

Westward, in that green and gold valley where the Moselle swings in gleaming festoons to meet the Rhine, the cottage of his fathers stood on the plains of Nancy. There he had lived, a merry peasant lad, until the year before when his parents died and the village was no longer home. He was just twelve years old, but hereafter must make his own way in the world, and realizing this, he thought of a calling more to his liking than that of a toiler in the fields. So he crossed the mountains to Freiburg, where his brother was established as a wood-carver.

"Isn't he a spry stripling to have come alone and on foot all the way from Lorraine?" the uncle asked his companions as he told the story. "Did n't beg his bread like a worthless

lout, either," he continued with thrifty peasant pride, "but earned it by honest labor along the way. And now Jean writes he has made much progress at wood-carving. Do you like the craft, lad?"

Claude nodded, setting his Black Forest cap farther back on his head as he spoke.

"Yes, it is fun to see the figures grow out of the blocks."

And he gave a glowing description of life in Freiburg and home with his brother.

They were near the town now, so near that the Gothic spire of the Munster seemed directly overhead, and half way up a narrow side street he could see Jean driving the geese before him. He was sorry about that, for it was his work to bring them from the herbage field, and he had not meant to stay away so late. But he would do without his ramble to-morrow and make up for to-day's tardiness by working until dark.

But if Jean felt any anger toward his belated brother he forgot it when he saw the familiar garments of Lorraine and heard the loved patois of his native valley. He led them into the building that was both shop and home, where they laughed and talked over the meal that was soon spread for them, telling all the news of the old village.

"We may stay here for three days and enjoy life in our good French fashion," the uncle announced as they talked of the joy of meeting. "Then we must on to Rome to sell our wares."

For they were lacemakers, who once each year made the trip to Italy to dispose of their handiwork, and had little time for anything save toil. But those three days were theirs for rest and pleasure, during which they might forget the world held any cares.

They told stories and bits of gossip, joking and singing in the merry peasant way until the Freiburgers who lived close by wondered why there was such high revelry in the house of

Gellee the carver.

Next morning Claude was up at dawn. There were chickens to feed and geese to be driven to pasture, and he wanted to be through before the visitors awoke. Their time together would be short at best, and then a year would pass before they met again. So he meant to be with the uncle as much as possible.

The cathedral bells were chiming six when he came back and went into the shop to assort the tools. They would do less work than usual that day, because of hours to be given over to the guests. But there was an altar piece for the church at Rosenheim, an order that could not be delayed, and things must be made ready for Jean to finish it. He moved back and forth, putting knives and files and tracers where his brother could lay hands upon them, and while he worked his uncle came in.

"Jean says you have made much progress, he said as he looked at the bits of carving, finished and unfinished, that were scattered about on the tables. "Have you done any of these?"

Claude went over to where he stood.

"Yes, some of them," he answered. "With the big ones I helped and this one I did alone."

And he designated a tray of silver larchwood, on which a flock of birds were skimming over tree tops.

The uncle examined it carefully, and as he looked nodded his head as if thinking. Claude wondered what was in his mind, but asked no questions.

"I hope he thinks I have done well," he thought as he watched him.

Then he heard his brother coming in from the garden.

The lacemaker looked up with a smile when he saw Jean standing in the doorway.

"Claude has been showing me his carving," he remarked, "and I've an idea about him."

The boy stood still, listening, waiting. Did he consider his work good or bad? He had put his best effort into it, and the brother had often praised the result. Would his uncle praise it, too?

Then came a glad surprise.

"He has done marvelously well," the lace-maker said, as he held up the beautiful bit of handiwork. "It seems he has a gift for carving, and methinks there is more in store for him than being a wood-worker."

And he told stories he had heard in Rome, of youths from far provinces who had gone there penniless and unknown, but being possessed of genius had grown to be glorious artists and men of great estate. Might not Claude, his own sister's lad, be one of that number? And before the boy realized what it was all about, they decided that he should go to Rome.

Rome! The word had a magical sound to his ears. It was far from Freiburg, he knew, across mountains and plains, many leagues farther than his native Lorraine, that seemed, so distant. He would see gleaming palaces and great nobles and splendid statues and pictures, hundreds of them, done by masters of chisels and colors. In those days there were no railroads connecting the North and the South, and the lace-makers, being poor, would take the journey on foot, selling their wares and earning board and lodging as they went. Leagues of highland, leagues of lowland, and perhaps trails drifted over with snow. But what of that? Beyond was a city of unnumbered splendors, which might seem fairer and more incomparable after days and nights of vagabonding.

So southward through the Black Forest they journeyed, wood-carver's apprentice and lacemakers three, toward the land where there would be money in exchange for wares, and perhaps glory undreamed of for Claude. Across Switzerland they went, and through the Italian Alps, past lake and fell, into pink and gold Tuscany. Florence, Lily of the Arno, with her matchless gardens and palaced boulevards, was alluring

then as she is to-day, but Florence was not their destination. Resting there a few days, in a house overlooking the river, Claude helped to dispose of some of the laces. Then they moved down the valley toward Rome.

Were his dreams of the glories of the place realized? Ah yes! It seemed a magic land in which he dwelt, where all the streets were enchanted gardens and all the people folk of Elfland, and when he went to the great buildings that housed the works of art he wondered how so many noble ones came to be in the world. Day after day he dreamed among them, thinking of nothing save their beauty and color, planning for nothing but that some day he, too, should join the company of creators.

Then something unexpected happened, causing the uncle to leave Rome immediately. That meant one of two things for Claude. He must return to the North or stay in a city whose language he could neither speak nor understand, with little money in his pocket and small prospect of getting any from his relatives. But he didn't study long. He looked at the pictures that had opened wonderland to him, and when his uncle put the question he answered, "I stay."

So with five sous in his pocket and a mighty hope in his heart, Claude Grellee began life as a solitary lad in Rome. In a poor quarter near the Tiber he found cheap lodgings, spending hours every day in the studios and galleries among the treasures to be seen there. Sometimes he ground colors for a painter, sometimes turned choreboy, making enough to supply his modest wants, and sometimes — he went hungry. But did his courage fail him, did he think of returning north? Not once. He might have gone back to Freiburg to the workshop of his brother, or to Lorraine where his uncle lived, and gleaned and sowed in the fields. But no! He had come to Rome to try his fortune, to be an artist if God willed it, and in Rome he meant to stay. Once in a while a little money came from the carver brother in Germany, once in a while; but the

sums were small and the times far, far apart. Then the Thirty Years' War broke out and Jean could send nothing more. So Claude was thrown solely on his own efforts, the very greatest of which did not suffice to pay for bed and board and the teaching he craved. But he would not give up. He stayed on and on, studying the treasures, working without instruction, making use of the simple art principles taught him by his brother, trying to help himself by watching and doing. On velvet summer nights when pleasure-loving Romans thronged the vias he lay on a clump of weeds beyond the city wall, watching the play of moonlight on the Alban hills; while in the perfumed dawning, when the pulse of the city was still in sleep, he was up before birds called and out on the Campagna, to see the rose and gold of sunrise gleam out of the gray, to mark the line of shadow along the copsewood, and note the position of the sun at every change. Too poor to afford teachers, he went to Nature, master of them all, believing always, hoping always, that some day he would become an artist.

One morning, as he roamed back and forth, looking at canvases in one of the great treasure houses, he came upon a painting by Goffreddo. It was a landscape with broad reaches of sea and wooded shore, and dim, fantastic in the misty background, palaces with domes and spires; blue in the sky, saffron and mauve on the sea, and a silver haze, like a wind-blown gossamer floating along the tree tops. Nothing seen in Rome had delighted him so, and as he looked and looked again he thought, "That is how I want to paint. I will find Goffreddo and see if he will teach me."

Successful artists in that day were acclaimed throughout Italy, and although living in a distant city the abiding place was well known. So it was with Goffreddo. Almost the first person Claude asked told him where to find the master.

"He is in Naples," said a rich patron of one of the studios he frequented, wondering why a shabbily clad peasant lad

should care to know.

Claude knew the location of Naples. It was to the southward, a good hundred and fifty miles. But what of that? Distance, lack of traveling funds, could be no check to one who had gone companionless and on foot from the fields of Lorraine to the hills of Freiburg, and again on foot, by Swiss lakes and Italian plains to the Eternal City. He would go to Naples, to Naples where the master dwelt, and since there was no money to pay his fare by chaise, what would serve him better than his sturdy peasant? So to Naples he went, earning his bread en route as he had earned it two years before crossing the Vosges Mountains, and in Naples he found Goffreddo.

"Better seek some labor here and make enough to get back to Rome," a loiterer in the street said in answer to his question when he asked the way to the studio of the painter. "Goffreddo will not receive you, for he is selfish and hard, or if he does he will make your life so miserable you'll rue the day you met him. Believe me, he is a merciless task-master."

But Claude would not heed his words. Had he gone hungry in Rome and taken the long journey through a bandit-infested country only to give up the thing of his dreams when it seemed within his reach? He wanted to be a painter, and Goffreddo was the master he meant to have. So, undaunted by discouraging advice, he sought the artist's door.

Perhaps it was the story of his days and nights of hardship, perhaps the light in the glowing eyes that bespoke the dreamer's soul, but something touched the master who was called severe and unhelpful, something made him feel that Claude deserved a trial. He received him into his studio, and wonderful, roseate days began.

Life in Naples was much as it had been in Rome. He ground Goffreddo's colors and kept the workshop in order, earning his food about the city by doing various kinds of labor. And what a dream city it was, with a glittering sky above a glittering bay and miles and miles of rainbow-colored

terraces! He loved to watch Vesuvius, standing there like a giant wrapped in mist, loved to see the fisher boats float like fairy liners from far seaward, the swarthy rowers singing as they neared the wharf of Santa Lucia, And often, when there was a little time to spare, he pictured some of the scenes in the street: the children, bare of head and bare of feet, the goats that browsed along the vias, and the girls and women who laughed at him from under scarlet kerchiefs. But most of all he delighted in painting the weird, dark cypress trees, the groves of plane and oleander encompassing some princely residence, the stretches of rainbow-colored reef out Sorrento way, and the gleam of rose and purple Capri in the afterglow. The hours other boys would have spent in play he passed with pencils, drawing-board and colors. And when Goffreddo saw how well he did he smiled and nodded his head.

"Yes, Claude," he spoke one day as he watched him work, "it was meant for you to be a landscape painter."

And the boy, rejoicing, painted more feverishly than before.

Two years passed in the city of Vesuvius, with rambles along the iridescent bay and never-to-be-forgotten hours in the studio of the master. Then Goffreddo being unable to keep him longer, he returned to Rome as he had come to Naples, vagabonding, and took up his work more earnestly than ever. Agostino Tassi was his teacher, and again he paid for his lessons by color grinding and turning choreboy, watching, listening, laboring, improving every hour, until his work grew so excellent that orders came in for his pictures, and he opened a studio of his own.

From that time forth fortune smiled on Claude. He painted tirelessly, unceasingly, always on the landscapes he loved so much, and always his creations found a ready market. Then word of the beauty of his canvases reached Pope Urban, who commissioned him to make four pictures for the Papal Palace, which were so exquisitely done that one art lover exclaimed,

"Such glorious work must be that of angels," and he had more orders than he could fill. His landscapes were in such demand and brought such high prices that only the very rich could afford to own them, and he came to be what his uncle, the lowly lacemaker, had dreamed he might become, a glorious artist and a man of great estate.

And still he stayed on in Rome, among the scenes where he had grown to success, painting the sublime sunsets of the Campagna, the quiet peaceful bays and coves of Naples that had left an indelible impress on his heart, and loving France with an exile's love Once he went back, spending a year in the haunts of his childhood, but the scenes he pictured most wonderfully were those of the Italian land, so to Rome he returned, never again to leave it.

But always he remembered that he was a Frenchman. He never forgot that his cradle rocked in Lorraine, never ceased to love the valley where he had lived, a peasant boy. And because of the place of his nativity and his great love for it, they gave him his country's name, and he who was born Claude Gellee is known to fame as Claude Lorraine. For undying fame he won. Guileless toiler from the banks of the Moselle, joyous, dreaming vagabond, he grew to be the king of landscape painters, the brightest star in the art of France. The beauty of his canvases is incomparable, and although gifted, ambitious men have been striving to equal him for over two hundred years, no one has succeeded. Still he stands alone, the master portrayer of nature, of whom Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "We may sooner expect to see another Raphael than another Claude Lorraine."

Is it therefore strange that France is proud to have her immortal son bear the name of one of her great provinces?

The Story of Louis XIII

1601-1643

I

One September day in 1601 there was great excitement in the palace of Fontainebleau. For a Dauphin had been born —an heir to the throne of France. And as for eighty years there had been no Dauphin, the rejoicing was great indeed.

With tears of joy running down his cheeks Henry IV kissed his Queen. "My dear," he said, "God has been very good to us. He has given us that for which we asked. We have a fair son." And when she heard the good news the Queen fainted with joy. The King took his baby very tenderly in his arms and blessed him. Then taking his sword he put the hilt of it within the tiny fingers. "May you use it, my son," he said, "to the glory of God in the defence of your country."

Then the King threw open the doors and told the news to the waiting courtiers without. They in their excitement crowded round the King, throwing themselves at his feet in such ardour that they nearly knocked him down. Then they thronged into the Queen's room, eager for a glimpse of the wonderful baby. Soon there was such a crowd in the room that it was impossible to move, scarcely possible to breathe. When the Queen's nurse saw it she was very angry, and said so. At such a time the King should have known better, she said, and she proceeded to give him a piece of her mind. King or no King, he should hear what she thought of him.

But the King was too happy to pay any heed to her. He patted her on the shoulder. "Gently, gently, nurse," he said, "don't get angry. This child belongs to all the world. Everyone

has a right to rejoice over him."

And everyone did rejoice. Throughout the length and breadth of France bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and Te Deums were sung.

Henry was a very delighted father, but he was a very clumsy one. A few days after his son was born he came to pay him a visit and found him sleeping on a velvet cushion. He picked up the cushion so awkwardly that the baby rolled off, and would have fallen to the ground if his nurse had not caught him. After that a velvet strap was put on the pillow, which was fastened whenever the Dauphin was carried about. But the King was not allowed to lift him or carry him any more.

The little Dauphin was at once surrounded with all manner of pomp. He was given a great household and following of servants, grooms, gentlemen-in-waiting, and what not. But chief among them were his doctor, simple, kindly Jean Heroard, and his governess, Madame de Montglat, who was tall, thin, and terribly severe.

As soon as the Prince was born Jean Heroard began to keep a diary, and in it he gives us the smallest details of the little Prince's life—when he cut his first tooth, when he said his first word, or took his first step. How the King played "peep-bo" with him, or how he was frightened by a strange lady's hat. Nothing was too small or unimportant to be put down. On the whole, it was a very quiet and uneventful life.

Before he was a fortnight old the Prince was removed from Fontainebleau to St. Germain, and here for the next few years he lived. The King and Queen came to see him almost every day, and many other people came to visit him and pay reverence to their future King. So when little more than a baby he became accustomed to have people kneeling to him and kissing his hand. He was surrounded by so much deference and respect that he soon became very arrogant and self-willed. He got into terrible tempers for nothing at all, screaming, kicking,

scratching, or else sulking. And from the time that he was two until after he became King these bad tempers earned for him many a beating. Over and over again Heroard writes in his diary something like this: "The Dauphin got up in a bad temper. Scratched Madame de Montglat; was beaten."

Even the King and Queen, whom he loved exceedingly, did not escape from his temper. Sometimes the King too, who had a temper of his own, would get angry with him. Then there were terrible scenes, and the little Prince, quite beside himself with rage, would cry himself nearly ill, shrieking out that he would kill everyone.

Sometimes, instead of being thrashed, the poor little Dauphin would be bribed to be good with promises of sweets and new toys.

Or again, he would be frightened. A big laundry-man would come and threaten to take him away in his bag and put him in the washtub; or a locksmith would come with a pair of pincers and a rod, and say, "Look here, this is what we fasten up naughty little boys with." Or again, an ugly mason would come and make-believe to carry him off in his hod. And once when he was very naughty a cane was let down the chimney by a string, and the Dauphin was made to believe that an angel had brought it down from heaven on purpose to beat him. One cannot help feeling sorry for the little frightened Prince in spite of his wicked tempers.

Louis's life, however, was not all tempers and punishments, sometimes he was quite good and happy. He loved playing at soldiers. He never tired of watching the guard being changed, and he knew all the sentries by name and used to have great talks with them. A drum was his greatest delight. No present ever pleased him more, and he seemed to be for ever beating a drum, even when he went to see the King. "He longed for nothing but drums, soldiers, and arms," says the good old doctor.

Louis liked also to look at a big book full of pictures of

animals which belonged to the doctor. He was fond, too, of listening to stories which his nurse, Mama Doundoun, told him. Sometimes they were Bible stories like Lazarus and the rich man, sometimes fairy tales, or old Greek legends. Afterwards he would play at these stories. Sometimes it would be the story of Andromeda. Then his little sister would be Andromeda, a page would be the Dragon, and he Perseus, who kills the Dragon.

The Dauphin had many other make-believe games. He had a great collection of pottery figures of all kinds, both men and beasts, and with these he was able to invent all sorts of splendid make-believe games. But perhaps best of all he liked "being useful." Very often he helped to make his own bed. He would carry the pillows on his head pretending that he was a mason building a house. And he could work in the garden, wheeling earth about from one place to another, planting peas and beans, and swaggering about, swinging his arms and taking great strides "like a real workman."

In those days it was the fashion for great nobles to wait upon the King and Queen, and when the Dauphin was quite a tiny child he was taught to wait upon his father, to hand him his shirt when he got up or hold a napkin beside his chair at meals. Yet he could not bear the idea that anyone was greater or of more importance than himself. Nothing made him so angry as when the King said, "I am the master: you are my valet." But a little later he delighted to call himself "Papa's little valet."

Louis began very early to learn to read and write. Mamanga, as he called Madame de Montglat, taught him his letters out of a big Bible, and he soon knew them all. He also learned to write, and was very fond of writing letters to the King or Queen with someone holding his hand. Here is one of the letters he wrote at three and a half :

"My good Mama—I am no longer self-willed. I am not afraid of the blind man, papa, I am not afraid of the guns. I

have killed a partridge."

From Heroard's diary we learn that the Dauphin said prayers just like any other little boy; indeed, his prayers were very like what many a little boy or girl says to-day: "God bless Papa and Mama, the Dauphin, my sister, my aunt; give me the blessing of His Grace, make me a good man, and keep me from all my enemies."

A little later on Louis was taught the Lord's Prayer. But he did not understand it.

"Mamanga," he asked, "what does 'forgive us our trespasses' mean?"

"Monsieur," she replied, "it means that every day we sin against God, and we ask Him to forgive us."

The Dauphin went on a little farther till he came to "deliver us from evil." There again he stopped.

"Mamanga, what is 'evil'?" he asked.

"Monsieur, it is the wicked spirit which says to you, 'Go on, scream, kick, be naughty.'"

For some time after that the little Dauphin thought very quietly about it. Then he said softly, "Mamanga, the good God died upon the Cross."

Mamanga nodded. "Do you know why, Monsieur?" asked the doctor, who was there.

"Because we have all been naughty," answered the Dauphin, "you, Mamanga, me, and Mama Doundoun."

II

It was not until the Dauphin was nearly five years old that he was baptized. Then to his great disappointment he was called Louis. He wanted to be called Henry, because it was his father's name.

He had a great admiration for his father. When he was obstinate, "Papa wants you to do it" was often enough to make him give in.

"I like everything that papa gives me," he used to say. He

was afraid of the rain, but he braved even that for the love of the King. One day when they were out walking together it began to rain.

"Run, my boy," said the King, "run home."

"If you please, papa, I'm not afraid of the rain."

"But I am afraid you will get ill."

"I won't get ill. I promise you, papa," replied the Prince, so he stayed in spite of his fear.

The Dauphin always wanted to do things exactly as the King did. "Papa does it," or "Papa doesn't do it," was often an excellent excuse with him.

"Give me some jelly," he said one night at supper.

"Say please," said Mamanga.

"Papa doesn't say please," quickly returned the Prince.

"You mustn't sit cross-legged," said Mamanga at another time, "it will make you limp."

"Papa does it," answered the Dauphin, so of course there was nothing more to be said.

He was very fond of writing to the King. He could not really write, but De Heroard would hold his hand and trace the words for him. If the King replied it was a tremendous delight for little Louis. He would kiss and hug the letter and take it to bed with him.

Here is a letter that Louis wrote to his father when he was away fighting:

"Papa—since you went away Mama has been very pleased with me. I have been to war in her room. I marched against the enemy. They were all in a heap between the bed and the wall in Mama's room, they slept there. I wakened them up with my drum. I have been to your arsenal, Papa.

"Monsieur de Rosny showed it to me all full of arms and ever and ever such a lot of big cannon, and then he gave me some nice sweets and a little silver cannon. It will need a pony to draw it. Mama is going to send me back to St. Germain to-morrow. There I will pray God for you, Papa, to keep you from

all danger and to make me wise so that I can soon help you. I am very sleepy, Papa, and I am your very humble and very obedient son and servant, "Dauphin."

Although this letter was written more than three hundred years ago, it is not very unlike what a little boy might write today.

But sometimes not all the love he had for his father would make the little Dauphin do as he was told.

It was the custom for the King after Mass on Maundy Thursday to wash the feet of thirteen poor people and afterwards to wait upon them at table.

It was looked upon as a great Court ceremony as well as a deed of humble piety. But one Maundy Thursday, when Louis was about six, Henry was ill in bed. As Henry was not well enough to go through the ceremony he told the Dauphin that he must do so instead.

"I don't want to," said the Dauphin, "it is horrid."

"But you will do it for me?" said the King.

"Yes, papa," answered the Dauphin.

So he went off to church, and during the sermon he amused himself by pricking a piece of paper with a pin in the shape of birds and animals. When the service was over the Dauphin was led to where the old beggars were sitting. He went very unwillingly. It was only the thought that it was to please his father that made him go. But when he reached the first beggar and found that his own basin was being used, it was too much for him. He turned away crying, and nothing would induce him even to kneel down, so the King's Almoner had to perform the ceremony.

Afterwards Mamanga scolded him for his naughtiness. "Why would you not wash the feet of the poor sick people, monsieur?" she said. "The King does it, and surely if he does you might."

"But I'm not the King," was all the Dauphin could tearfully answer.

When Louis was about six he began to learn Latin. But he did not like it much, "he had to be bribed to say two and a half lines of a Latin Psalm," says Heroard in his diary. Indeed, we gather throughout that lessons did not get on very fast.

"Go away, go away, I don't want to write this morning," he said one day to his writing master.

But the writing master was wily. "Sir," he said, "I have here a book which belongs to a German gentleman, who begs you to write in it. The whole of Germany will see it."

"Ah," said the Prince," I should like that. There is an Emperor in Germany, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the writing master.

And so, says Heroard, "the desire for glory made him write cheerfully some words which I gave him from a Latin poet."

A few days later we find the Dauphin asking to play tennis in order to get off of writing.

About this time he began to be very fond of painting, and he would paint and draw for hours together. He drew all sorts of things; things "out of his head," bits of the gardens, and even copied the King's portrait, "which," says Heroard, "was quite recognizable."

So eight years went by. The Dauphin was no longer a baby. He was given his first suit of trousers and a sword and cloak. His suit was of crimson satin, trimmed with silver lace, and he was tremendously proud of it. He strutted off to show himself to Heroard, who played his part well, and pleased the little Prince enormously by pretending not to know him in his grown-up clothes.

Grown-up clothes were all very fine, and the Dauphin was immensely pleased with them, but they brought other things in their train which did not please him so well. He was told, for instance, that now that he was such a great boy he was no longer to be left to the care of women. He must say good-bye to his little sisters, to Mamanga (whom he loved in spite of all the thrashings), and Doundoun, and St. Germain with its

beloved garden, and go to live in Paris and have a tutor.

The Dauphin looked forward to this with something of fear. Once when Mamanga asked him what he would do when he was taken away from her, he replied, "We won't speak about that, Mamanga."

Still, when the time came he went off very quietly, without any tears or scenes, to the carriage which was to take him to Paris. For the thought that at Paris he would see more of his father made up for much. Once when he was asked whether he would like best to live at Fontainebleau or at Paris he answered, "If papa is at Fontainebleau, I should like best to live there; if he is at Paris, I should like best to live there."

At the Louvre the King and Queen received the Dauphin. He ran joyously to throw his arms round his father's neck as of old. But even with his father being grown up made some difference. For the King now told him that, as he had become such a big boy, he must no longer say "papa," but "father."

Now lessons began in earnest. Regularly every day there was reading and writing to be done, Latin declensions and catechism to be learned. Besides this, he was also taught to shoot, to row, to ride, and now often went hunting with his father.

But lessons were always a trouble, and thrashings frequent. Once Madame Montglat came to see him.

"Mamanga," he said, "would you not like to see me do my lessons?"

"I will come for the beginning, Monsieur," she answered.

"Oh, but I never do them well till the end," he said.

He may have said this because he wanted Mamanga to stay with him all the time. But the truth is, more likely, that he seldom did his lessons well at all.

III

For many years France had been at peace. But at length Henry IV made up his mind to fight with Spain, and he began

to make great preparations. He determined himself to lead his soldiers, and before leaving France to appoint Queen Marie Regent.

But Marie, although she had been Queen of France for ten years, had never been crowned.

"You are an uncrowned Queen, Madame," said one of her favourites to her. "Now you are about to become a powerless Regent. Thus, Madame, you will be known by two fine titles, neither of which will really belong to you. Cause yourself to be crowned, and then you will in truth possess the authority which is your due."

Marie gladly took this advice, and insisted that if she was to be left as Regent during the King's absence she must be crowned. Henry was very unwilling to listen to her. If it was to be done at all, it must be done splendidly. It would cost a lot of money, and he wanted all his money for the war. Besides this, he had an uneasy feeling that her coronation would bring misfortune upon himself.

But Marie stood firm, so at length the King gave way, and on the 13th of May, 1610, the Queen was crowned at St. Denis with great splendour. The great church was hung with purple and cloth of gold. It was thronged with lords and ladies dressed in glowing colours and glittering with jewels.

Before the Queen walked the Dauphin, dressed in cloth of silver embroidered with jewels. He was by her side throughout the gorgeous ceremony, and helped to hold the crown over her head.

So at length Marie de Medici was crowned Queen of France. Still she begged Henry not to go to the war. She knew little of State affairs, she said, and the Dauphin was yet young. But Henry laughed. He put aside all her pleadings with a jest.

Go he would. Yet the King himself was sad and troubled. The day after the Queen's coronation, talking with some of his friends, he said, "You do not know me now, but I shall die one of these days, and when you have lost me, you will know

then my value and the difference between me and other men."

"Sire," quietly replied one of his friends, "will you never cease to grieve us by saying that you will die soon? You will live, please God, yet many long, happy years. You are in the very flower of your age, in perfect health and strength, held in greater honour than any other human being, enjoying in all peace the most flourishing kingdom in the world, loved and adored by your subjects, with goods, money, and fine houses to your heart's content, with a lovely wife and fine children growing up round you. What more could you want?"

"My friend," replied the King, with a sigh, "one must leave all these things."

All day he was gloomy. Do what he would, he could not shake off his depression. It was plain to all.

"Sire," said one of his officers, "you are depressed and out of sorts. It would do you good to go out for a little, if I might dare suggest it."

"You are right," said the King. "I will go to see my War Minister, Sully, who is not well. Call my carriage."

So the carriage was called, and Henry went to say good-bye to the Queen. Even then it seemed as if he could not make up his mind to go. Three times he said good-bye, three times he returned to her.

At last he went. "I shall just go and return at once," he said.

He stepped into his carriage, followed only by one or two of his gentlemen. For the royal bodyguard which was ready to escort the carriage he turned back.

"I don't want you," said the King. "I don't want anyone."

Henry drove quickly through the streets until, turning into a very narrow one, the driver found the way blocked by two heavy carts. Here the carriage was obliged to draw up till the carts could be got out of the way.

As the carriage stood still a man suddenly leaped on to

the wheel at the side nearest the King. He raised his hand. Something flashed in the sunlight, and before anyone around realized what had happened, a knife was plunged into the King's side.

"I am stabbed," gasped Henry, and fell back lifeless. Again and yet again the assassin struck before he was seized and disarmed.

Then through the gathering crowd there went a cry of wild despair and anger, "The King is dead! the King is dead!"

"Nay," cried one of the nobles who was with him, fearing a tumult, "he is but wounded," and with all speed the carriage drove back to the palace.

The Queen was in her room resting, for she was wearied with the excitement of the day before, and she was to dance at the great State ball in the evening. As she lay on her couch she chatted to one of her ladies-in-waiting. Suddenly to her ears came the heavy tramp of feet, the heavy tramp as of men bearing some burden. A sudden fear seized her. At once her thoughts flew to the Dauphin. Some evil had befallen him.

"My son," she cried, starting up in terror.

The lady-in-waiting held her back and went out to see what had happened. In a moment she returned with a pale face.

"Your son is not dead," she stammered, "it is nothing."

But the Queen pushed her aside and went into the King's room. There she saw him lying on his bed cold and still. Fainting with grief and horror she was carried back to her own room.

"The King is dead," she moaned.

"Madame," replied one of the courtiers, "the Kings of France never die. Dry your tears, and think of the safety of your children."

"The King is dead! Long live the King!" The blow which had ended Henry's life had made stupid, hot-tempered little nine-year-old Louis King.

He was out driving when the news came to him. For throughout Paris there was a wail of grief. The whole city was in confusion, and it was impossible to keep the cause of it from the child who was now King.

When he was told that he would never see his beloved father any more he burst into tears. "Ah, if I had been there with my sword," he cried, "I would have killed the murderer."

At first it was hard for Louis to realize what had happened, and all that it meant to him. That evening his servants and attendants knelt to him as they served dinner. This seemed so strange that at first he laughed. Then, suddenly understanding what it meant, he burst into tears.

"I do not want to be King," he cried. "They will kill me too, as they killed my father." And now his grief was mingled with terror. He was horribly afraid, and that night he begged to sleep with his tutor, "lest dreams should come to him." This he was allowed to do. But the Queen was too fearful of his safety to permit him to be out of her sight, and she commanded that he should be brought to sleep in her room. So late at night he was taken to her room, where he slept till morning.

IV

Louis was now King in name. But he was only a little boy. He had in reality no power, and his life went on very much as before. There was still the round of lessons, reading, writing, dancing, and shooting, still the frequent scoldings and thrashings. Being King gave him little pleasure, and he missed his father terribly.

"I wish I had not become King so soon," he would say, "and that my father was still alive. I wish my father had lived twenty years longer."

It was the Queen who ruled now, and she in her turn was ruled by her favourites, chief among them an Italian named Concini.

But although Louis's title was still an empty one he had to be crowned. The coronation took place at Rheims, where all the Kings of France were crowned.

During the long, trying ceremony the little boy of nine behaved very well. But at the end he grew rather weary of it, and amused himself by trying to tread upon the train of the Constable of France, who walked before him up the aisle.

At last, by half-past two, the ceremony was over, and as Louis had been up since five o'clock his tutor thought he had better go to bed and rest.

"But I'm hungry," said Louis.

So a meal was quickly prepared, and after it the great King of France was sent to bed. There he lay very happily playing with his favourite lead soldiers.

For in spite of being a King, Louis was still very fond of his soldiers. This vexed his tutor.

"Are you never going to grow up and stop playing with childish toys?" he asked one day.

"But," cried Louis indignantly, "these are not childish toys, they are soldiers," and he continued to play with them.

He was fond, too, of sailing boats in his bath. He would load them with roses, and say that they were vessels coming from India laden with gold and spice.

This, it is true, did not happen very often. For in those days people seldom took baths. When King Louis had one it was a great occasion, and he did not go out for two days after lest he should catch cold!

At length, being so often told that it was childish, Louis began to be a little ashamed of playing at soldiers, yet he could not bear to give them up, and sometimes he would shut himself in his own room with them and forbid his servants to tell anyone what he was doing. For although he would not give up his lead soldiers, he did not like to be thought childish.

"You don't love me to-day," he said once to his tutor, "for you have called me a child."

It made him very angry to be treated as a child. He knew that he was a King, and he wanted to be treated with the respect due to a King. And this those around him often forgot. They would come into the room where he was without noticing him, sit down in his presence, and do many other things which, had he been a real grown-up King, they would not have dared to do. And this made him furious. It was hard, he felt, to be expected to give up childish games and yet not receive in return the respect due to a grown-up King.

"Sir, I must do something," he would say to his tutor, when he urged him to be less childish. "If I give up my toys, tell me, what am I to do?"

The poor, stupid little boy had no ideas of his own. He could not play any thinking games. So at length he took to shooting. He soon became very expert and took great delight in it, and for a time he was daily to be found in the palace gardens shooting sparrows and other small birds. He also became very fond of falconry, and a gentleman named Luynes, his chief falconer, became a great favourite with him.

Meanwhile no one seemed to trouble about teaching Louis the duties of a King. It would not have been easy, perhaps, for he detested all lessons. He seized every opportunity of getting out of doing them; he would promise to take medicine or say his prayers, or have his hair done, on condition that he need not do lessons that day. And he was so obstinate, and had such a temper when crossed, that his tutor often gave in to him, and for the sake of peace let him off his tasks.

So two years went by; the little King shot sparrows, flew falcons, and otherwise amused himself, while the Queen-Regent ruled the land and was ruled by Concini. The other great Princes meanwhile fought among themselves and plotted against the Regent and her favourite.

And now the Queen decided that the King must be married. So a wedding was arranged between him and the Spanish Princess. He himself was very little consulted.

"My son," said the Queen one day, "I should like you to marry. Would you like to?"

"I shall be quite pleased," answered the King. So it was arranged.

It was arranged at the same time that his sister was to marry the Prince of Spain. So on 25th September, 1612, there was a grand ceremony, when the contracts for the two marriages were signed. Even then Louis did not take it very seriously, and when his sister was signing her name he jogged her elbow to make her write badly. Thus was the King engaged to be married. But the wedding did not take place yet awhile.

When Louis was thirteen he was declared of age and fit to rule. But he was all the same only a very ignorant, small boy, kindly and religious, quick tempered, idle, and changeable. Of his kingly duties he had not the slightest idea. Yet he wanted people to respect him, and he wanted to make a good appearance, and the night before the ceremony of his majority he lay in bed praying to the Saints that he might make his speech to the Parliament without a mistake.

The Saints were kind to him, and he said his speech in a clear, firm voice without a stammer.

"Gentlemen," he said, "having reached my majority, I have come to say to you that I intend to govern my kingdom with good counsel, with piety and justice. I expect from all my subjects the respect and obedience that is due to the Sovereign Power and Royal Authority, which God has put into my hand. My subjects may also hope from me the protection and favour to be looked for from a good King who desires above all things their peace and welfare."

Then turning to the Queen, "Madame," he said, "I thank you for all the trouble that you have taken for me. I pray you to continue it, and to govern and command as you have done before. It is my will and my intention that you shall be obeyed in all things and in all places, and that after me, and in my absence, you shall be head of my Council."

This speech made it plain to the nobles, who hated the Queen and her favourites, that nothing was to be changed, the Queen was still to have all the power.

When the ceremony was over the little King was very tired. He was taken back to his palace and put to bed, and there, surrounded by his toys, he played very happily till he fell asleep.

A few days later we find him playing hide-and-seek with his gentlemen, beating his drum, and amusing himself with toy cannon, as if there was no such thing as crown or kingdom.

They could be forgotten, but lessons were ever present, and they could not so easily be forgotten. For his tutor was always there to insist on his doing them.

But one day a bright idea occurred to Louis. He was King, he had favours to give, he could bribe his tutor. So one day he said to him, "If I give you a bishopric, will you make my lessons shorter?"

"No," was the disappointing reply, and the little King sighed discontentedly. Being a King did not seem to be much use.

He never had any money, he had to do hateful lessons and endure constant thrashings. Was there ever such a King? And yet at times he was treated with empty honour. Now if he came into the room the Queen would rise and curtsey and remain standing until he was seated. But such things gave the King little pleasure. "Less ceremony and fewer thrashings," he grumbled one day, "would please me better."

V

Louis was now nearly fifteen, and the Regent thought it was time he should be married. So the Spanish Princess set out from her home to be married to her boy husband.

The King and the Princess had never seen each other. But Louis had heard that the Princess was beautiful and charming,

and he wanted to see her without letting her know. So he mounted his horse and rode to meet her. He knew that the Princess was to stop to have a meal at a certain house on the way. So he went into this house and, taking his place at a window, waited her coming. The time seemed long, but at length the great procession was seen winding slowly along through the crowded streets. Opposite the house where the King waited the royal carriage drew up and, much delighted, the King watched the Princess as she ate.

Someone told the little Spanish lady that her husband was watching her from the window. At once she became eager to see him too. But he was surrounded by his gentlemen, and she could not make out which of them was the King.

As soon as the Princess had set out again the King mounted his horse and, galloping hard, overtook her once more. As he passed her carriage he bowed low. The Princess bowed too, and then, shouting gaily, the King galloped away to be ready to receive his Princess when she reached Bordeaux.

Here a few days later the marriage took place with great splendour. The young Queen was so beautiful that as she passed along the people burst into cries of admiration and delight. The King too looked splendid in his gorgeous clothes of white satin glittering with gold and gems. "They seemed like two angels, they were so beautiful," said one who saw them.

Even now the King had little power, and the Queen-Mother continued to rule. But meanwhile the whole country became filled with discontent against her and her favourites. The great nobles quarrelled amongst themselves. They had formed parties, each one conspiring against the other. But in one thing they were united. They all hated Concini. And as the Regent heaped honour after honour upon him, the hatred grew more and more bitter.

At length the Regent made her favourite Marshal of France. It was the highest military honour he could receive,

and he knew nothing of war. He had never so much as seen a battle, besides which he was not even a Frenchman. So the anger against him was more bitter than ever.

The King also hated Concini for his insolence and pride. He began too to be more and more angry that because of Concini he was shut out from all share in the Government, never consulted in anything, and shown no respect.

Now Luynes, Louis's favourite, never lost a chance of increasing and encouraging his anger and hate against the Queen-Mother's favourite. For he wanted to be powerful, and he knew he never could be so as long as Concini lived. So Luynes at length persuaded Louis that his very life was in danger, and that his only hope of safety was in getting rid of Concini.

Louis was at length thoroughly frightened as well as angry.

"Has it come to this?" he wept. "Must I die as I have lived, despised—a King without authority, without throne, without crown?"

Having thoroughly frightened the King, Luynes next made it his business to comfort him and show a way of safety. If Concini were dead, said he, Louis would not only be safe, he would be King in deed as well as name. And to this, between anger and terror, Louis was fain to agree.

So with his falconer and a few others like him, Louis plotted the death of Concini. They found de Vitry, the Captain of the Guard of the Louvre, willing to help them, and soon all was ready.

One morning as Concini was about to enter the Louvre to visit the Queen he was stopped by the Captain and his men.

"I arrest you in the King's name," said de Vitry.

"What, me?" cried Concini in astonishment.

He had time to say no more. For five pistol-shots rang out and Concini fell dead.

Some of his followers, when they had recovered from the

surprise, drew out their pistols ready to avenge their master.

But again de Vitry's voice rang out. "It is the King's order," he cried.

And the arms raised to shoot dropped again. Concini was dead, his power was gone. It was better to obey the King.

Within the palace Louis had been waiting, ready to flee if the plot failed. He heard the shots and trembled, turning pale.

A moment later one of his friends rushed into the room.

"Sire," he cried, "from this hour you are King. Concini is dead."

"Good!" cried Louis, the blood rushing again to his pale face. "Give me my sword," and he ran to the window.

It was so high that he could not reach it. But taking him in his arms, one of his companions held him up.

"Thank you, thank you," cried Louis, as he looked down and waved to the men below. "Now I am King."

And from the courtyard below came the answering shout, "God save the King!"

Soon the news was carried to the Queen.

"Poor me," she sighed. "I have reigned seven years. Now I must be content with a heavenly crown."

She sent to the King begging him to see her. He refused.

"But tell her," he added, "that I shall always honour her, and that I feel towards her as a good son should. But God willed that I should be born a King. I have made up my mind that from henceforth I shall govern myself."

The Queen-Mother was now a prisoner in the Louvre. It was terrible to her to be a captive where once she had ruled supreme. So in a few days she begged leave to be allowed to go away to Blois. This was granted to her. Everyone was glad to be rid of her, and as she drove away the people of Paris watched her carriage with insulting if silent joy.

VI

The reign of Marie de Medici and Concini was over. But

Louis was not really free. For the reign of Luynes was about to begin. "It is the same bottle," said one of the nobles; "the only thing that has been changed is the cork."

Many of Henry IV's old ministers were indeed recalled, but it was Luynes to whom they had to bow. He, as a reward for what he had done, was given all Concini' s great wealth and possessions, made a Duke, and married to a great lady. De Vitry too was rewarded by being made Marshal of France in Concini's place.

As for the King, he was still only a boy, and soon we find him again beating drums and blowing trumpets as if he had nothing else in the world to think about.

Before long Luynes became as proud and insolent as Concini had been. The people began to hate him, and to think more kindly of the Queen-Mother and her rule.

Marie de Medici, for her part, grew tired of her imprisonment and she determined to escape. She found men ready to help her, and one February night when all in the castle slept she waited.

Presently there came a tap at her window. It was the signal for which she waited. The window was opened, and there on a ladder stood a man. The window was a long way from the ground, the ladder slight. But without a moment's hesitation the Queen gathered her wide skirts about her and made ready to descend.

But she was stout, and the window too small to allow her to pass through. Once and again she tried in vain to force herself through the narrow opening. But at length, with the strength of desperation, she succeeded; then began the long and perilous climb down. At length she reached the ground.

But not yet were the difficulties over. She had only reached the high terrace which surrounded the castle. There was another long ladder climb to be faced before she was free. The Queen, however, was so shaken and unnerved by her adventures that she could not face it. She refused to put her

foot upon the second ladder. There seemed no other way of escape, and the Queen's friends were in despair. At length one of them suggested that she should sit on her cloak and slide down the slope. It was neither a safe nor comfortable way of getting down, but the Queen chose it rather than the ladder, and arrived safely at the bottom of the terrace.

Then through the darkness her friends guided her to where her carriage was in waiting, and quickly they were driven away to a place of safety.

When it became known that Marie had escaped, the King's party were thrown into a state of consternation. Luynes especially was in great trouble, for he feared that if Louis and his mother met she might regain her old power over her son and his day would be over.

The country was full of strife, all the nobles taking sides, some for the King and some for the Queen. Both sides prepared for a struggle, and men asked themselves if it meant civil war.

But now the clever and ambitious Bishop Richelieu was sent to try to make peace between mother and son. He succeeded, and at length they met, embracing each other with tears. The reconciliation, however, was only a seeming one, and until Marie died there was constant discord between mother and son. Sometimes it came to open war, at others it was secret.

War now broke out between Protestants and Catholics. For Luynes encouraged the King to do many deeds which made the Protestants angry. And whether it brought him to war or to peace, Louis followed where his favourite led. He heaped honours on him, and at length made him Constable of France. This was the highest honour which anyone could reach. It made the great nobles angry that this man, who a few years before had been a nobody, should thus be set above them.

Luynes's pride now knew no bounds, and at length even

the King began to weary of him, and to realize that he was little better than the slave of his favourite.

"Here comes the King," he said bitterly one day as he watched Luynes enter the castle, followed by a brilliant train of courtiers. "He is going now to have audience of King Luynes," he said another time as the English ambassador left him.

Friends warned Luynes that he had gone too far. They reminded him that the King was no longer a child, and that deference and honour were due to him. At first Luynes would not listen to these warnings. He felt quite secure. He could not believe that anything he might do would turn the King against him.

At length, however, he could not but see that he was falling into disgrace, and he made up his mind to try to win back the King's favour. But before he could do much he fell ill and died. Louis showed no sorrow for his favourite's death. He rejoiced rather that once again he was free, that once again he had a chance to rule. But he made no use of his chance. He could not stand alone, he had to have someone on whom to lean. This time it was someone far stronger than any who had gone before him who took possession of the King. It was Cardinal Richelieu. He it was who for the rest of Louis XIII's reign ruled France. And in his hands we leave the King, grown now in stature and in years to be a man, in mind and will still but a child.

Isaac Jogues
The Apostle of the Indians
1607 – 1646

Among the earliest of the French missionaries in Canada there were two who will ever be remembered for their courage and zeal. One was Charles Raymbault, whose pious energy was far superior to his bodily strength. The other was Isaac Jogues, a young man of scholarly tastes, refined in manners, and gentle in disposition. These men, hearing of wild tribes in the far Northwest, determined to go to them.

In a light canoe, with a friendly Indian as guide, they embarked on Lake Huron and set out for regions hitherto unknown. It was in June when they started. It was in September when they reached the end of their voyage. They landed at the foot of some rapids which they named the Sault de Sainte Marie (Falls of St. Mary). They were only a short distance from the outlet of that great fresh water sea which we now call Lake Superior.

At the foot of the rapids there was a village of Chippewa Indians; and on the hills farther back, nearly two thousand savages of other tribes were encamped. Every summer these people came to this place to catch whitefish from the rapids.

Raymbault was unable to go farther. Overcome by the hardships of the long voyage, his feeble body could endure no more. He was carried into the wigwam of a friendly Chippewa, and there Father Jogues nursed him with loving care.

"I had hoped," said the dying man, "to pass through this wilderness….But God in his mercy has set me in the path of heaven!"—and then he ceased to breathe.

With tears and prayers Father Jogues laid the body of his brother in the grave, and then, after a very brief stay with the Chippewas, set out on his return to Canada. Early the next summer he was back at Quebec, telling of his adventures and seeking to interest others in the welfare of the tribes he had discovered in the far Northwest.

Toward the end of July he started on a visit to some missions near the foot of Lake Huron. He had with him three Frenchmen and nearly forty Indians, most of them returning to their homes in the Huron country. They embarked in twelve canoes and paddled briskly up the St. Lawrence. The country south of the great river was infested by the Iroquois, a fierce race of savages who had sworn undying hatred to the French and their Huron allies. The canoes, therefore, kept quite close to the north shore, and every place that might harbor a lurking foe was carefully avoided.

The company reached Three Rivers in safety—the only settlement at that time between Quebec and Montreal. There they rested two nights and a day; and there they were warned to be more than ever watchful against the Iroquois, whose war parties were known to be abroad. On the morning of the second day they reembarked and soon entered that beautiful expansion of the river now known as the Lake of St. Peter.

Suddenly, when danger was least thought of, a fleet of Iroquois canoes shot out from behind a sheltering island. They were filled with savage warriors, who advanced yelling the fierce war cries of their nation. The Frenchmen and Hurons were frightened almost out of their wits. They paddled for the shore, and several escaped into the woods. Father Jogues might have saved himself in the same way, had he not seen some of his friends in the clutches of the Iroquois.

"I will die with them," he said; and he gave himself up. The victorious savages, with twenty-two prisoners, hastened to return to their own country. They paddled up the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain, and then along the western shore

of that water, until they neared its southern end. There, at the mouth of a turbulent stream from the west, the Indians shouldered their canoes. They pushed onward through the woods and over the hills, dragging their prisoners with them. They made no pause until they reached another sheet of water—a small but beautiful expanse surrounded on every side by mountains. This, the most romantic of all our eastern lakes, was known to the Indians as Andiarocte, or the Place where the Great Water Ends. Father Jogues named it the Lake of the Holy Sacrament. We call it Lake George.

Suffering every kind of indignity from the cruel Iroquois—his body beaten with their clubs, his hands mangled by their teeth, his face scorched with hot coals—it is not likely that Father Jogues gave much attention to the beauty of the scene around him. His thoughts, we must believe, were rather with his fellow-prisoners, some of whom were in worse case even than himself.

After a short rest, the Iroquois again embarked in their canoes. With their faces turned southward, they paddled silently and without pause throughout the long summer day. Near evening they landed at the spot where Fort William Henry was to stand in later times. There they hid their canoes in the thickets; and then, elated by their success, they hastened through the woods, reaching at last the Mohawk villages on the banks of the river that is still called by the name of that fierce tribe.

The story of the cruelties inflicted upon Father Jogues is too painful to repeat. For more than a year he was made to suffer every abuse that savage ingenuity could invent. He was led from town to town and tortured for the amusement of the women and children. His life was in danger ever hour. Yet he never lost his patience, he never uttered a harsh word, he gave thanks daily that he was still alive to suffer.

"These poor men have never been taught," he said. "They know no better. God will forgive them."

Even in the midst of suffering and torture he was ready and anxious to help any one that was in trouble. He lifted up the fallen, he prayed for the sick, he asked God's blessing upon the dying.

At length some Dutch settlers at Albany became interested in his case and helped him to escape. A small sailing vessel carried him down the Hudson to Manhattan; and from that place he shortly afterward took ship for Europe.

In France this gentlest of men was received with the reverence due to one who had suffered much for God and humanity. The ladies of the court showed him every kindness, and the queen kissed his maimed hands. But these attentions counted as but little to Father Jogues. His heart was set upon returning to Canada and to his work among the Indians. Early in the following spring he was again at Quebec.

Two years later, he was permitted to do that which he had long desired. He went as a missionary to the Mohawk villages where he had endured so many cruelties. His friends protested. The savagery of the people who had caused his sufferings stirred within his heart no feelings but those of love and pity. He felt that they needed his help. "I will go to them, but I shall not return," he said, as he departed.

The fears of his friends, no less than his own farewell words, proved only too well founded. Before the end of the year he was dead—slain by the hatchet of a savage Mohawk.

The Story of Louis XIV

God-Given

1638-1715

I

For twenty years and more the people of France had hoped and prayed for a Dauphin. But their hopes were ever disappointed, their prayers were in vain, for no child was born to Louis XIII and his Spanish Queen. So when at last, after long years of waiting, a Dauphin really was born, the joy and excitement were great. People crowded to St. Germain in such numbers that there was no room for them in the town. An anxious multitude thronged the roads leading to the palace. The palace itself was teeming with the great. Bishops, lords and ladies, officers of State, courtiers, all jostled together eager to see the wonderful boy. And when the King, taking the baby in his arms, carried him to the window and cried, "A son, gentlemen, a son!" a great shout of joy went up from the waiting crowd.

Then from the Palace of St. Germain throughout the kingdom of France the news was sent. And wherever the messengers passed there was great rejoicing. From the farthest corners of the realm presents and congratulations came to the little Prince. Even from the Red Indians of New France (Canada) came a gift. They sent a suit of feathers and wampum, such as the son of a great chief might wear, to the Dauphin. For, said they, "our good King has sent us clothes and we now send him this gift in return." The Pope too sent him most splendid robes, glittering with silver and gold. Poets made songs about the little Prince, calling him "God-given."

And a medal was struck in honour of his birth. Upon it was engraved an angel leaning down from heaven to give a child to France.

The Dauphin was at once surrounded with great magnificence, and had many maids and nurses to attend upon him; and two years later a little baby brother came to share the glories of the royal nursery.

Louis XIII was greatly delighted to have two children. But he had grown into a melancholy, morose man; he was afraid lest someone should do harm to his children or set them against him. He was suspicious of everyone, even of the Queen. Once he threatened to take away the children from her and give them to someone else to take care of, because the little Dauphin had cried with fright at seeing him in a nightcap.

"The King was as angry as if it were a matter of great consequence," says the Queen's friend who tells about it. "He scolded the Queen, and reproached her with bringing up his sons to dislike him." But although Louis threatened to take away the children he did nothing. For he had little will of his own. And while the baby Princes were growing into little boys it was Richelieu who ruled the land: the King their father being little more than a figurehead. When at length Richelieu died, Louis too was weak and ill and near death himself. He was tired of life, but he grieved to leave his little son, not yet five, to the troubles of a kingdom.

It was while the King lay ill that the Dauphin was baptized. As the King was so ill the ceremony, which was usually one of great splendour, was performed very quietly. The Queen was godmother and Cardinal Mazarin godfather. After the ceremony the Dauphin went to see his father.

"Can you tell me what your name is now?" asked the King.

"I am called Louis XIV," said the Dauphin. "Not yet, not yet, my son," said the dying King sadly as he turned away.

The King was too ill now to see much of his little sons.

They would be taken into his room for a few minutes at a time to see him as he lay in bed, and were then brought away again. This made the Dauphin sad, for he loved his gloomy, silent father, and would have liked to spend much of his time with him.

One day when the little Princes were brought to visit their father they found him sleeping. The valet drew back the curtains of the great four-poster bed so that they might look at him. Not many times more, he knew, would the little Princes be brought to their father's room.

"Look well at the King as he sleeps," he whispered, "so that you may remember him when you grow up."

So with eyes wide with wonder the little Princes looked at the sleeping sick man. Then they were led away.

"Would you like to be King?" someone asked the Dauphin presently.

"No," he replied.

"But if your father should die?"

"If my father dies, I shall throw myself into the grave," answered little Louis, ready to cry.

He seemed so much in earnest and so sad that his governess was afraid. "Do not speak about it any more," she said to those around. "He has said that twice. We must be careful, and never let him go out without leading-strings."

The King himself was very weary of life and ready to leave it. "Thank heaven," he said, when he was told that he had not much longer to live. On May 14th, 1643, he died.

II

With tears in her eyes the Queen went to find the Dauphin. First she knelt before him as to her King, then taking him in her arms she kissed him tenderly as her son.

The next day Louis entered Paris in state, and a few days later he opened Parliament. The little King, wrapped in a great purple velvet cloak, sat upon the throne, while his

mother, dressed in deep mourning, stood at his right hand, and his governess at his left. Upon the steps of the throne there stood a little boy. He was a young noble just a year older than the King. The Queen made him stand there so that Louis might see how good he was and take an example from him.

All through the ceremony the little King remained good and quiet, and, helped by his governess, he made a little speech. But after the ceremony was over Louis was taken back to his nursery, and it was the Queen his mother who ruled.

To the surprise of everyone she took Mazarin for her Prime Minister. For Mazarin had been the friend of Richelieu, and, as was well known, the Queen had not loved Richelieu, and no one had expected her to make a friend of his Prime Minister.

Anne now tried to please all her friends and give them everything for which they asked. To ask was to have. Money and honours were poured out like water. All the nobles and courtiers were delighted with their beautiful, generous Queen. Nothing but praise for her was heard on all sides, until at length it was said, "the whole French language was reduced to these five little words—'The Queen is so good.'"

But unfortunately the Queen's purse was not bottomless, and soon the royal treasury was empty. When there was no more money, privileges and monopolies were given, new posts were created, new taxes were levied. It was the people who had to bear the burden of all this, and soon discontent became rife. Many of the nobles, too, became so exorbitant in their demands that they could not be satisfied, and they too became discontented. So discontent spread, until at length the whole country was full of unrest.

Meanwhile, the Queen with her two little boys left the Louvre and went to live at the Palais Cardinal. This was a splendid house which Richelieu had built for himself, and which he had left to Louis. The Cardinal had lived in

magnificence greater even than the King's. He had spent millions of money on the house, pulling down the walls of Paris and filling up the moat to make the gardens beautiful. Yet, magnificent though it was, it was not a royal palace. This someone pointed out to the Queen, saying that it was not fit that the King should live in the house of a subject. So the Queen, always willing to please everyone, changed the name to Palais Royal.

But when the great Cardinal's niece heard this she was very angry. She went to the Queen, complaining that it was an insult to the memory of the great Cardinal to change the name of his house. The Queen, still anxious to please everyone, listened to what this lady said and changed the name back again to Palais Cardinal. But by this time people had got used to the new name and liked it. So although Palais Cardinal was once more carved over the great doorway, it was still called Palais Royal, and it is so called to this day.

Louis was given Richelieu's bedroom. It was very small. The Queen's rooms were much larger and more splendid, and while she spent large sums of money on making them still more sumptuous, very little was spent on the King. Indeed Mazarin, who looked after the money matters, seemed to grudge spending anything on the King.

He only allowed six pairs of sheets to last three years, and they became so worn and full of holes that Louis put his feet through them and often slept with his feet on the bare mattress. He was only allowed one dressing-gown every two years, and as he was growing fast it soon became so short that it scarcely reached below his knees.

Louis disliked Mazarin, and treatment like this did not make him like the minister any better. Life was a strange mixture for the little boy. He lived in a gorgeous palace filled with treasures of art. But there was only one little room in it that he might call his own. His nurses knelt to him as they served him, but they put him to sleep in a bed with ragged sheets.

Great nobles called him Sire and stood bareheaded in his presence, while Louis sat before them dressed in an old green velvet dressing-gown too small for him everywhere, and a large amount of bare leg showing below it.

Until he was seven Louis was left entirely to the care of his nurses and other ladies. They played with him and told him fairy tales, and otherwise amused him. Louis liked the fairy tales, but best of all he liked playing at soldiers. When he was so small that he could not hold a drumstick he would beat with his fists on tables and window-panes. When at last he was given a drum, he was so delighted that he beat it by the hour together.

III

The children of some of the nobles were brought up with Louis and his brother Philip. These children were called the children of honour.

One of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting took charge of them and used to drill them.

When a new child of honour arrived she marched to meet him with beating of drums at the head of her little company. She had a pike in her hand, a sword by her side, a tightly fitting high starched collar at her neck, and a man's hat covered with black feathers on her head.

To each new-comer the lady captain gave a gun, which he received not with a bow, but with a military salute, for to take off the hat was quite against the rules. The captain then kissed the new recruit on the forehead, gave him her blessing, and arranged drill for next day.

From time to time the King and his friends used to exchange little presents. One day one of the boys named de Lomenie gave the King something he had wanted very much. In exchange Louis said very grandly, "I will lend you my crossbow."

De Lomenie was quite pleased, for he wanted very much

to play with the crossbow. But just as he was going to take it his governess held him back. "Sire," she said quietly to Louis, "Kings give what they lend."

At once Louis felt ashamed of himself. He had been less generous than his subject. He turned quickly to de Lomenie. "Keep the crossbow, sir," he said. "I only wish it was something better. But such as it is I give it with all my heart."

When Louis was seven there was a great change in his life. His nurse and governess and merry lady captain were taken away from him, and he was given tutors and valets instead.

The little King did not like this. He missed his old friends, and he missed the fairy tales which his nurse used to tell him at night when he went to bed. In vain he asked his valet Laport to tell him fairy tales. His valet did not know any. However, he had a good idea. He knew no fairy tales, and he could not make up stories out of his head, but he could read. So he went to the Queen and asked her if he might read to the King after he was in bed. "If he goes to sleep at once, well and good," said the valet, "but if he keeps awake he will perhaps remember some of it."

"What book do you want to read?" asked the Queen.

"French history would be the best, I think," replied the valet. "I would point out what a lot of evil the bad Kings had done, and try to make him dislike them, and the good ones I would try to make him like."

"It is quite a good idea," said the Queen.

So the valet went to the King's tutor and asked for a history of France, and every evening he read to the French King a chapter about his ancestors.

Little Louis was very much delighted with these stories of French history. He loved to hear of the great deeds of Charlemagne, of good St. Louis, of magnificent King Francis, and he would get quite angry if anyone suggested that he would turn out a second Louis Do-nothing.

But Mazarin was not very pleased when he heard about it.

For he did not wish Louis to learn what a great position he held for many years to come. "In Mazarin's eyes it was the greatest crime," says Laport, "to tell the King of his greatness, and it was almost as bad to try to make him worthy of it."

One evening the Cardinal passed through the King's room on his way home after seeing the Queen. Louis was in bed, and Laport sat beside him reading the story of Hugh Capet, and of how he came to the throne of France.

As soon as Louis saw the Cardinal he pretended to be asleep so that he need not speak to him.

Mazarin came up to the bed and looked at the King, and then asked the valet what he was reading.

"I was reading French history," replied Laport, "to send the King to sleep."

With a shrug of his shoulders Mazarin went quickly away. He was evidently angry, but he could say nothing. For surely it was very right and proper that a King should know the history of his own land. "We shall hear of the King's tutor helping him to dress next," he said later, "seeing his valet has taken to teaching him history."

And indeed the King learned very little from his tutor, for the tutor was so much afraid of offending him that he let him do what he liked. So the King learned just what he chose, and that was very little. In despair at last his tutor went one day to Mazarin and asked him to use his authority. But Mazarin only said, "Don't you trouble, that will be all right."

The Queen too spoilt Louis. And as he was allowed to do just as he liked when he was with her he spent a great deal of time in her rooms. Indeed, the only person who seemed to try to teach the little King anything or keep him in order at all was his valet. He was always lecturing him about one thing or another. "Do you scold your own children like you scold me?" asked the little King one day.

"If I had children who did the things you do, Sire," replied Laport, "I should not only scold them, I should punish them

severely. For people in our class of life cannot afford to make fools of themselves. We should die of hunger. But Kings, however silly they may be, cannot come to want. That is why they will not listen to good advice and try to mend their faults."

Louis was terribly proud, yet he was not angry with his valet for this plain speaking.

Laport used to try to teach the King in other ways too. He noticed that in all his make-believe games Louis would always play the part of a valet, and he did not think that this was good. So one day, while the King was playing, Laport put on his hat and threw himself into a chair.

At that Louis was very angry and ran off to tell the Queen that Laport had not only sat down in his presence, but had put on his hat.

The Queen at once sent for Laport and asked him what he meant.

"Madame," replied Laport, "since His Majesty is always playing my part, I thought I might as well play his. I should not lose by the exchange. In his games he is always taking the part of a valet, and I do not think it good."

The Queen quite agreed with Laport, and after this the King gave up playing at being a valet.

Although the Queen spoilt Louis, she would sometimes scold him if he were rude to her favourite Mazarin. And as Louis hated him he very often was rude.

"There goes the Grand Turk," said the King one day as Mazarin passed.

Someone told the Queen. She sent for Louis and scolded him well, and insisted on knowing who it was who had given the Cardinal that name. But Louis would not tell. He said he had invented it himself. So after a good scolding and being told never to say such a thing again, he was sent back to his nursery.

But Louis continued to show his dislike of Mazarin on every occasion. Once just at bedtime a messenger came to say

that the Cardinal was waiting to see him go to bed. Louis stared at the messenger and never answered a word.

Very much astonished at his rudeness, the messenger looked from one to another of those around the King.

"Sire," said his valet coaxingly, "as you are doing nothing and his Eminence is waiting, don't you think you ought to go to bed?"

But Louis just stared at his valet as he had stared at the messenger and said not a word. Nothing could move him. He sat silent and as obstinate as a mule, until at length Mazarin's patience was worn out and he went away.

As soon as Louis heard the clank of spurs and swords on the stairs he knew that the Cardinal had gone, and he sprang up quite ready for bed. "He makes enough noise," he cried angrily. "One would think he had five hundred people behind him."

So time passed. Louis grew into a tall, slender boy. He was well and strong; he could dance and run and jump and turn somersaults. But his mind was empty. He was as healthy and as ignorant as any little gutter child.

IV

Meanwhile France was at war with the Empire and with Spain. For the Thirty Years' War, begun in the time of Louis XIII, was still going on. The French won many victories, for they had at this time two great Generals, the Viscount of Turenne and the Duke of Enghien. Enghien, afterwards known as the Great Condé, although so wonderful a general, was little more than twenty at this time.

But in spite of the splendid victories of Condé and Turenne the war brought no real happiness to France. For it cost a great deal of money. Still more was spent by the extravagant Queen, and to pay for all the people were taxed without mercy. Old taxes that had fallen into disuse were reinforced, new ones were imposed, until at length the misery

of the people became so great that they were ready to revolt against their rulers.

The Parliament of Paris took the side of the people against the Regent and her minister. The Regent therefore decided to arrest one of the members named Broussel along with two others, all of whom she looked upon as rebels. So while a Te Deum was being sung in praise and thanksgiving for a great victory which had just been won over the Spaniards, these three men were arrested.

But when the people of Paris knew that their friends had been taken prisoner they rose in revolt. They surrounded the carriage in which Broussel was being driven away, they smashed it to pieces and overturned it, and it was only with great difficulty that the captain of the guard was able to rescue his prisoner and carry him off.

Soon through all Paris the news spread. Everywhere cries of rage were heard. People swarmed in the streets carrying guns and muskets and weapons of every kind, shouting, "Broussel and Liberty! Broussel and Liberty!" Shops were closed, barricades were raised, and the whole city seethed with excitement.

Then Cardinal de Retz went to the Queen to beg her to set Broussel free, and so quiet the riot. But the Queen and those around her would not listen. They had only contempt for a man who should be scared by a mere street row.

Still de Retz urged his point. Then the Queen grew angry.

"Give up Broussel!" she cried. "Give him up to this rabble, obey the bidding of this mob! I would rather strangle him with my own hands," and as she spoke she shook them in the Cardinal's face.

But still the tumult spread. Messenger after messenger came to tell the Queen that all Paris was in revolt. But the Queen refused to believe. For two days she held out. Then she was forced to believe, for the rabble were within a few yards of the palace and their cries of fury could be heard even

in the Queen's chamber.

So after many delays and hesitations the Queen consented that Broussel should be set free. And when at last he appeared the yells of anger were changed into shouts of joy. Shoulder-high the people carried him to Notre Dame, where a Te Deum was sung in his honour.

Broussel himself was quite astonished to find himself so popular. And rather ashamed of all the fuss which was made over him, he shyly slipped out of the church by a side door before the service was over and so reached home.

Now that they had gained their point the people of Paris became peaceful once more. Barricades disappeared like magic, shops were opened, the frantic crowds vanished, and through the quiet streets people came and went as usual, so that all the riot and wrath of the days before seemed to have been but a dream.

This was the beginning of the civil war called the Fronde. A fronde was a sort of catapult with which the boys of Paris used to play in the streets. It was forbidden by the police, and a few days before the riot Mazarin had said that the Parliament was like a lot of schoolboys playing with frondes, who scattered as soon as they saw a policeman coming. The members were very angry when they heard this. Now when they saw how things were going, and that Mazarin and not they had had to give in, one of them made a mocking little song:

A wind of the Fronde
This morning is blowing;
I think that it growls
Against Mazarin;
A wind of the Fronde
This morning is blowing.

The song caught on. Soon everyone was humming it, and

everyone took sides, either with the Parliament or with the Court. Those of the Parliamentary party were called Frondeurs, those of the Court party were called Mazarins.

All this made Paris unbearable to the Queen, and she longed to leave it. Cardinal Mazarin too longed to get out of Paris. Ever since the riot he had been sick with fear. He dared not go beyond the palace gardens lest he should be attacked. So now both he and the Queen planned to flee from the city. But they feared that if the people knew of their intentions they would be stopped. So very secretly they made their preparations.

Early one morning the little King was wakened and dressed, and by six o'clock he was hurried into a carriage with Mazarin and driven away. Early as it was there were some people already abroad. As they saw the King's carriage drive along they began to shout, "To arms! to arms!" and tried to attack the baggage wagons. Mazarin was filled with fear. But the attack was not serious, and the King's carriage drove on in safety. Later in the day the Queen followed boldly and arrived safely at the Palace of Ruell.

At an ordinary time it would have seemed quite natural that the Queen should want a change of air for herself and her children, for she and the King and her other little son Philip had all had smallpox. But as things were it looked very much like running away. And the people of Paris were suspicious. They were full of uneasiness when they found the King was gone, and they sent messengers begging him to come back again. Condé, who had now returned from the war, advised the Queen to do as the people asked. So at length the Queen and her household returned once more to the Palais Royal.

But the Queen soon found that although the people had insisted on her coming back they no longer loved her, but had now grown to hate her. They no longer called her the Good Queen, but Dame Anne. She could not go out without being

insulted. The hatred too against Mazarin became more and more open. Not a day passed without some new pamphlet appearing against him. In these he was accused of being everything that was base and wicked. At first he laughed. "They sing now," he said, "they shall pay for it later." But as the attacks grew more and more bitter, anger and fear took the place of scorn.

"And thus," says a writer of the time, "the year 1648 drew to an end. It had not been happy. There had been very few roses and many thorns. But the year about to begin had no flowers at all, and it was full of troubles so great that to liken them to thorns is absurd."

V

Seeing the anger and mistrust with which they were surrounded the Queen determined again to escape from Paris with her children. And so secretly were her preparations made that the day before she intended to flee her plans were unknown even to the ladies of her Court.

Twelfth Night was the day chosen for flight. The evening before the Queen, having dismissed her Court early, went to see her children. The King and his little brother were playing together, and the Queen, taking a chair, sat down to watch them. She leant her elbows on a table, and as she watched the children at play, talked quietly to her ladies as if she had no care in the world.

Yet there had been gossip in the Court.

"Do you know what is said?" whispered one of the ladies to another as they stood behind the Queen.

"It is said that the Queen is going away to-night."

The second lady shrugged her shoulders, and pointing to the Queen peacefully watching her children, "It is absurd," she whispered.

Although they spoke very quietly the Queen heard. "What is that you are saying?" she asked, turning round.

"It is only a silly report that we heard, that your Majesty is going away this evening," said one.

The Queen laughed lightly. "The people of this country are really mad," she said. "What will they say next! To-morrow I am going to Val-de-Grâce." Val-de-Grâce was a church in Paris which the Queen herself had founded, and in which she took a great interest.

Little Philip heard the Queen say that she was going to Val-de-Grâce, and as at this minute his nurse came to put him to bed, he refused to go until the Queen promised to take him with her next day.

His mother promised that he should go, and he went off to bed quite happy.

The Queen stayed some time longer playing with the King. But at length she called his valet and sent him to bed. She herself also went to bed, but as soon as her ladies had left her she got up again and dressed. At three o'clock in the morning she awoke the King and Prince, and as soon as they were dressed she took them down a little staircase which led to the garden. There a carriage was in waiting. They all stepped in, and were driven away rapidly through the dark.

As they drove along other carriages joined them, and when they reached St. Germain, the palace for which they were bound, they were at least one hundred and fifty people.

At St. Germain there was much confusion. For in those days when great people travelled they took with them not only their bed and bedding, but almost all the furniture of their rooms. Now the Queen, wishing to flee in secret, had not dared to send any baggage on before. The Palace of St. Germain was never used in winter, and it was bare of furniture. In all the great palace there were only two little beds which Mazarin had managed to send, one for the King and one for the Queen. The rest of the great company had to sleep on straw. Soon they had bought up all the straw in the villages round, so that no more was to be had for love or money.

And money was scarce. The Queen hardly knew where to find enough to pay for bare necessities. She sent away many of her servants, for she had neither money to pay their wages nor to buy food for them. To buy food for herself and her children she pawned the Crown jewels. It was a time of misery and discomfort for the royal household.

It became known very soon that the King and Queen had fled, and by six o'clock the streets of Paris were full of an angry, excited throng. The whole town was in a tumult, when there came a letter from the King. Copies of it were soon spread far and wide.

"Very dear and well-beloved citizens," said the King, "very sorrowfully I have been obliged to quit our good city of Paris in order to escape from the wicked designs of Parliament. For after having long set at nought our authority and abused our kindness, they have now conspired to seize our person. Therefore," continued the King, "upon the advice of his honoured lady and mother" he had departed.

This letter did nothing to quiet the citizens, and when next day a message came from the King ordering the Parliament to dissolve, Parliament refused. This message, they said, did not come from the King, but from those around him who gave him bad advice, and they refused to listen to him. Upon that the Queen forbade all the villages round Paris to take bread or food of any kind into the city. In this way she hoped to starve the rebellious citizens into obedience.

But the citizens were in no mood for submission: they issued a decree against Mazarin. "It is well known," they said, "that Mazarin is the author of all the disorders in the State, and of the present troubles. He is declared to be a destructor of the public peace, an enemy of the King and State. He is enjoined to leave the Court this day, and in eight days to be out of the kingdom. Which time being passed all subjects of the King are enjoined to hunt him down. Everyone is forbidden to receive him."

This decree was received at Court with great amusement. Did the people of Paris really imagine that they had power to banish a great man like Mazarin? What next?

It was very amusing. But it did not seem quite so amusing when it became known that several of the great nobles had left the Court and joined the people.

The war of the Fronde was now in full swing. But throughout it was more or less ridiculous. All the great nobles of the time, both lords and ladies, took part, and they were constantly changing sides. No one seemed to know exactly why he fought, or what he wanted, and there was hardly one of the leaders who did not fight first on one side, then on the other. They were all jealous of each other, all suspicious of each other. There was a confused round of fighting, plotting, and treachery.

Several times the war seemed finished and several times it began again. One of the great ladies who took part in the war was the King's cousin, known as la Grande Mademoiselle. She was a very dashing and ambitious young lady, and although she was ten years older than Louis she had made up her mind to marry him and be Queen of France. But for the time being she seemed to think that the best way to gain her end was to fight him.

Meanwhile the King and Queen wandered about from place to place, exiles in their own country, living in misery and want in their own palaces. At length, during one of the lulls in the storm, they returned to Paris.

The joy of the people was great at the return of their King. It was so great that for a time they even forgot their hate towards Mazarin. But soon the anger against him broke out once more and he fled, not only from Paris, but from the country.

As soon as Mazarin was gone the Parliament forced the Queen to publish a decree declaring that he was for ever banished, and that no foreigner should ever again form part of

the Council. The Queen yielded because there was no help for it. But even while she openly declared Mazarin banished for ever, in secret she was constantly writing letters to him. And three days after his flight she prepared to follow him, and to take the King with her.

Everything was ready. The King, who had been put to bed at the usual time, was wakened and dressed when a tremendous noise was heard without the palace. The secret, it seemed, was known, and the people of Paris, enraged at the idea that their King was to be carried off a second time, were clamouring at the palace gates for a sight of him. Unless they saw him they would not believe that he was really there. So they hammered at the great iron doors, threatening to smash them in if they were not opened at once.

Hearing the tumult the Queen gave orders that the King should at once be undressed and put to bed again. This was scarcely done when a messenger came to the Queen begging her to put an end to the clamour and assure the people that the King was still there.

"Sir," said the Queen proudly, "these alarms about the flight of the King are senseless. The King and his brother are both in bed sleeping peacefully. I was in bed myself when this frightful noise forced me to rise again. Come to the King's room so that you can see for yourself."

The messenger followed the Queen, and at her bidding drew aside the curtains of the great bed. There lay the King, fast asleep to all seeming.

"Now," said the Queen, "go back to those who sent you and tell them what you have seen."

The messenger went. But it was in vain for him to shout aloud in the streets that he had seen the King sleeping peacefully in his bed. The people would not listen to him.

"The King!" they shouted, "the King! We want to see the King. We will see the King."

When the Queen saw how impossible it was to quiet the

people, she gave orders for the doors to be thrown wide open so that the people might come in. "Only warn them," she said, "that the King is asleep, and beg them to make as little noise as possible."

The curtains of the bed where the King lay were drawn back that all might see him. Then the great doors were opened and the excited crowd, with loud shouts of triumph, poured into the palace. But mindful of the Queen's warning, when they reached the King's room their shouting ceased. The wild rioters who but a few minutes before had been cursing and shrieking and threatening to batter down the gates, now on a sudden became again peaceful citizens.

The sight of the stately room, the great bed with its rich crimson velvet curtains thrown back, the beautiful sleeping boy, and, standing beside him, the proud, pale, patient Queen, quieted their angry passions. On tiptoe they passed before the bed, gazing with bated breath at their sleeping sovereign. As they gazed tears of love and loyalty came into their eyes, and flinging themselves upon their knees they whispered prayers for his well-being. Then rising they passed quietly out again.

Hour after hour the procession passed. Not till three o'clock in the morning had the last citizen, with a last longing look at the sleeping King, left the room.

But Louis was not sleeping. He was merely pretending, and as he lay awake his heart burned within him at the indignity which had been forced upon him. And he swore that in years to come the people should pay for it.

For meanwhile the little King was beginning to think about all these matters. Already he had begun to have a tremendous idea of his own importance. He was never consulted about anything, it is true.

He was hurried hither and thither at the bidding of others. Still he had his own thoughts, and he began to ask many questions. Long ago he had made up his mind not to be a

Louis Do-nothing. He meant some day to rule, and not all his life be the tool of others as his father had been. He was merely biding his time. Very soon Mazarin found this out. "You don't know the King," he said one day to someone who was flattering him about his power, "you don't know the King. He has enough in him to make four Kings and one honest man."

"What about the King?" Condé asked his valet another time. "Is he going to be a clever man?"

"Yes," replied Laport, "he will be one of the best."

"I'm glad of that," replied Condé, "for there is no honour in obeying a bad King, and no pleasure in obeying a fool."

VI

And now the time had come when to outward appearance at least Louis was to begin to rule. For he was fourteen, and at fourteen the Kings of France were declared of age.

On the morning of 7th September, 1651, a gorgeous procession left the Palais Royal. There were all the King's household in splendid liveries, the King's trumpeters in blue velvet and gold, heralds in brilliant tabards, pages and footmen, knights and nobles, all in dazzling array. And in the midst of them, mounted on a cream-coloured charger, which pranced and danced as the people shouted, rode the slender, handsome boy who was the King. His dress was one mass of glittering gold embroidery, his hat was gay with nodding plumes, and as he rode smilingly along on his rearing, prancing charger the people cheered and cheered again. Was there ever before such a gallant and splendid young King? they asked themselves, while tears filled their eyes, and sobs of joy mingled with cries of "Long live the King!"

First to the Sainte Chapelle the brilliant cavalcade passed. There Mass being said, the King turned his steps to the House of Parliament. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am come to my Parliament to tell you that according to the law of my kingdom I will now take upon myself the government. I hope by the

grace of God that it will be with piety and justice. My Chancellor will tell you more particularly of my intentions."

Thereupon the Chancellor made a long speech. When he had finished the Queen spoke. "Sire," she said, "this is now the ninth year in which by the last will of the late King, my very honoured lord, I have taken care of your education and of the government of your kingdom. God having of His grace blessed my work, has preserved your person which is so dear and precious to me, and to all your subjects. And now that the law of the kingdom calls you to govern, I resign to you with great satisfaction those powers which were granted to me. And I pray God to give you grace and to help you by His Spirit to strengthen you, and make you prudent so that your reign may be happy."

"Madame," replied the King, "I thank you for all the care which you have been pleased to take over my education and of the administration of my kingdom. I beg you to continue to give me your good advice, and I desire that after me you shall be chief of my Council."

Then mother and son kissed each other; next the King's brother Philip Duke of Anjou knelt to kiss his hand and swear fealty. After him noble after noble did homage to the King. At length the splendid ceremony was over and Louis XIV was acknowledged King in his own right. But it was still Anne of Austria who reigned, guided by Mazarin. For although Mazarin was banished from the land, he ruled the Queen and her Council from afar.

France was still far from being at peace. The Fronde still continued, and there was still fighting and jealousy between the great nobles. But suddenly all else was forgotten in the news that Cardinal Mazarin was marching on France with an army of six thousand men. In all haste Parliament assembled. They declared that Mazarin was a rebel, and that having set at nought the King's commandment he should be hunted down as an outlaw. Furthermore, they decreed that the

splendid library which he had left in Paris should be sold, and that out of the money received from it a reward should be given to anyone who should deliver him up to the Parliament, dead or alive.

But meanwhile Mazarin quietly continued his march. For whatever Paris and the Parliament might do, the Queen was eager to welcome him, and at length he joined forces with the King. For now for the first time the King marched with the army and saw fighting.

Now again Louis knew discomfort and privation. He knew what it meant to go hungry and lie hard. For Paris was again in the hands of the Frondeurs, and the King and Court were miserably poor. Mazarin was the only person who had money.

The King had neither money nor power. Once he was asked to help a young soldier who had been wounded. He promised to speak to the Queen and Cardinal about him, but as nothing was done after four or five days his valet one morning reminded the King about his promise.

The King answered not a word, pretending he did not hear. But as Laport knelt to put on his boots he leant forward, and in a low, grieved voice he whispered, "It is not my fault, Laport; I spoke to *him* about it, but it was no good."

To the King Mazarin was simply "him."

Although Louis was usually penniless, one day to his great delight he got some money. The Minister of Finance sent him £100 so that he might have something to give to the wounded soldiers and the many others who expected money from the King. But unused as he was to money he did not know what to do with it. So he sent for Laport and asked him to keep it for him.

"Your Majesty had much better keep it yourself," said Laport.

"But with my long boots," said the boy King, "it is so uncomfortable in my pockets."

"Yes," said Laport, "if you put it in your breeches pockets.

But why not put it in your doublet?"

Louis had not thought of that, and, quite pleased to keep his own money, he did as Laport suggested.

But Louis did not keep his money long. It soon became known that the King actually had some. One of his household who had lent him a small sum now begged Laport to ask the King to return it.

Louis dined that evening with the Cardinal, and when he came back Laport, true to his promise, asked for the money for his friend.

"Alas," said the King sadly, "you are too late, Laport. I have no more money."

"What have you spent it on?" asked the valet, surprised.

"I haven't spent it," replied the King.

"Did you play cards with the Cardinal and lose it?"

"No," said Louis.

"Then the Cardinal took it?" cried Laport.

"Yes," replied the King sadly. "It would have been much better if you had taken it this morning when I asked you, Laport."

In battle Louis showed that he had the courage of a King. Shot and shell whistled and crashed around him, but he paid no heed and showed not the slightest fear.

One day as everyone praised him for his courage he turned to Laport, who had been near him all day.

"And you, Laport," he said, "were you afraid?"

"No, Sire."

"Then you are brave too."

"Sire," replied Laport, smiling, "I haven't a penny with which to bless myself. One is always brave when one is penniless."

Thereupon the King laughed heartily. But no one except his valet understood the joke.

After all, it was only pocket-money that the King lacked. He had food to eat and clothes to wear. But his people were

starving and in rags. All France was filled with famine and misery, and still the war dragged on. At length, however, it came to an end. The King and Queen returned to Paris. Mazarin, too, returned more powerful than before, and the people of Paris, who had cursed and outlawed him, welcomed him with feasting and rejoicing.

VII

Although the Fronde was over, France was not yet at peace, for the war with Spain still continued. Condé, the great French General, had during the Fronde more than once changed sides. Then at length he marched away to Spain, and was now fighting against his own land.

But Louis seemed to take little interest in the war with Spain or in anything but amusing himself. He liked dancing and parties and theatres. And although the Court was desperately poor, there was a constant round of gaieties in which Louis took part. Sometimes he would act in the plays which were written for the Court. He always wanted to be the chief actor, and in one play he took no less than five parts.

At this time there were plenty of young people about the Court, and Louis, who was now sixteen, had no lack of companions. Among these were his cousins, the Princes and Princesses of England. For when the Revolution broke out in England the Queen, with her children, had fled to the Court of France.

But Louis, it would seem, did not pay much attention to these cousins, and liked the Cardinal's nieces much better.

One evening the Queen gave a little party chiefly to show off Louis's dancing, and to amuse the little Princess Henrietta of England, who was just about eleven. But when the dancing began, instead of asking Princess Henrietta to dance with him, Louis went up to the young Duchess of Mercœur.

When the Queen saw this she was very angry, and jumping up ran to him. Taking the Duchess's hand out of his she

whispered, "You must go and ask the English Princess."

The King refused. The Queen insisted. Seeing what was going on the Queen of England went up to them. "Please do not insist," she said in a low voice, "my little girl has sprained her ankle and cannot dance."

"If the Princess does not dance, then the King shall not dance either," said the Queen hotly. So rather than not dance at all, the King gave way, but with very bad grace. "I don't like little girls," he declared. And, knowing herself to be an unwelcome partner, it was with tears running down her cheeks that the poor little English Princess joined in the dance.

That evening the King received a scolding from his mother for his rudeness. "For although in public," says her friend Madame de Motteville, "she treated him with respect as the King, when he did wrong she behaved to him like a mother."

But the Queen found that Louis was no longer willing to listen to her advice. He had become headstrong and haughty, and determined to go his own way.

The Regent began to realize that the King was growing up. Mazarin, too, began to realize it. He saw that the day was drawing near when he would be forced to give up some of his power. But he still clung to it eagerly. He knew that for ten years or more he had ruled France by ruling the Regent. He saw that, if he was to keep his power, it was the King he would have to rule in the future. This was not so easy as ruling the Queen, but he still hoped to do it.

So Mazarin encouraged Louis to amuse himself. He kept him always poor and short of money, though he himself was rolling in wealth. Sometimes when Louis would ask for money the Minister of Finance would reply, "Sire, there is no money in your Majesty's treasury, but his Eminence the Cardinal will lend you some."

Now Mazarin bent all his energies on bringing about two great things—peace with Spain, and a marriage with Spain.

It was now time that the King should marry, and many brides were suggested to him, even Henrietta of England, the little Princess with whom Louis had refused to dance. But she was at that time a Princess of little account. For Charles I had been beheaded and Cromwell was ruling England with his iron hand, and it seemed little likely that the Stuarts would ever again sit upon the throne of England. Mazarin therefore would not hear of such a poor marriage, and he made up his mind that Louis should marry the eldest daughter of the King of Spain. This Princess, you will remember, was also Louis's cousin. For his mother, Anne of Austria, and the King of Spain were brother and sister.

The marriage was not easy to arrange. For three months Mazarin lived in a damp and foggy island upon the borders of France and Spain, arguing for hours every day with the Spanish ambassadors. He was ill and worn out with fatigue when at length all was settled. The Peace of the Pyrenees was signed, Condé was forgiven and received back into favour, and the marriage with the Spanish Infanta was arranged.

In June of the next year there was again a great meeting at the Isle of Conferences. From the one side came the Spanish King and Queen with their daughter. From the other the French Queen with her younger son, but not the King. For the manners of the Court did not allow that the King should see his bride until the stated time.

On the floor of the gaily decorated pavilion a line was drawn to represent the boundaries of the two kingdoms. Upon one side of the line sat the Spanish King and Queen with their daughter and attendants, upon the other the French Queen.

The King of Spain and the Queen of France were brother and sister. But for forty-five years the brother and sister had not seen each other, and during that time much blood had been shed between the two countries. Now they greeted each other with Spanish stateliness rather than with affection. After their stately greetings the talk began. But in a few

minutes it was interrupted by Mazarin.

"There is an unknown knight without," he said, "who desires that the door may be opened to him."

Queen Anne smiled. Was it desirable, she asked her brother, to grant the request of this unknown cavalier?

With Spanish gravity her brother bowed. It might be permitted.

So the door was opened. Upon the threshold there stood a handsome young man very elegantly dressed and wearing very high-heeled shoes. He looked eagerly at the people gathered in the room, and especially at the Princess. It was the first time that he had seen her.

"I have a handsome son-in-law," whispered the King of Spain.

"Sire," answered the Queen of France, "is it permitted to ask my niece what she thinks of this unknown one?"

"It is not yet time," gravely returned King Philip.

Having seen what he wanted Louis now slipped away again, and the door was closed.

Two days later the wedding took place, and with great pomp and splendour the young King and Queen returned to Paris.

Mazarin now became more haughty than ever. He kept far greater state than the King, and he looked down upon everyone, even the Princes of the royal household.

But it was not for long. His labours in the Isle of Conferences had broken down his health. Now he became very ill, and after a long and painful illness he died.

No one sorrowed for him. The people had always hated him; the Queen, even, had grown tired of his tyranny, and the King was full of impatience to rule.

While Mazarin lay ill all the Court was filled with curiosity. Who, asked everyone, would be the next Prime Minister? Some said this man, some that. They were all wrong.

As soon as Louis knew that the Cardinal was dead he called his Council. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "I have called you together to say to you that it has been my desire hitherto that the Cardinal should rule for me. But from to-day I intend to be my own Prime Minister. You will aid me by your advice when I ask for it. I pray and command you to seal nothing but by my orders, to sign nothing but by my command."

Louis the Great was out of leading-strings. His reign had begun.

The Story of Louis XV
The Well Beloved
1710-1774

I

On 15th February, 1710, a little baby boy was born at Versailles. He was born to high estate, being the great-grandson of the magnificent King, Louis XIV. But he was not the heir to the throne, or ever likely to be so. For he was a younger son, and his grandfather the Dauphin, his father, and his elder brother all stood between this baby and the throne of France.

His birth was therefore not a cause for national rejoicing. But there was much rejoicing in his own family, and the new baby was made so much of that his elder brother was jealous.

The little baby was blessed by the Church on the day of his birth. But as was often the case with the Princes of the house of France, he was given no Christian name, but merely received the title of Duke of Anjou. The real baptism, when he should receive his Christian name, was reserved until he was a little older, when a great State function would be made of it.

The little Duke had not been born heir to the throne, but before many years had passed he became the heir. When he was a year old his grandfather, the Dauphin, died of smallpox. His father was thus made Dauphin. This is the only time when the grandson of the reigning King was given the title. And it was not held for long. Scarcely a year later both this Dauphin and his wife died from fever within a week of each other. The two little Princes also took the fever. Then their great-

grandfather, bowed down with grief at the loss of his children, and fearing lest these great-grandchildren should die also, commanded that both of them should be baptized and both called Louis.

This was accordingly done in haste. But in a few days' time the elder one died, and at two years old little Louis was left fatherless and motherless, and with neither brother nor sister to share his loneliness.

It was a sad prospect for France. The King was an old man of over seventy, feeble and broken down by sickness and sorrow. The heir to the throne was a child of two.

Louis had always been a sickly child, and although he recovered from his fever he remained very delicate, and he soon became very spoiled. For he was so frail that his nurses were afraid to let him cry, and gave way to him in everything.

Thus a year or two passed. The pretty little boy grew self-willed and fiery-tempered, and did much as he liked. Then one day he was told that his great-grandfather was very ill, and that he must be good and quiet when taken to see him.

The little Prince was taken into the stately room and lifted on to the great bed where the old man with hollow cheeks and white face lay.

Sadly the old King looked at the child, and sadly he sighed as he laid his hand on his fair hair. "My child," he said at length, "you are going to be a great King. Never forget what you owe to God, remember that you owe Him everything. Try to keep peace with your neighbours. I have loved war too much. Do not copy me in that, nor in my great extravagance. Take counsel in everything. Help your people in every way, and do for them everything that it has been my misfortune not to do."

The King then kissed the little boy. "Remember what you owe to your governess," he added, "and obey her."

Little Louis was then lifted from the bed. But just as he was being taken from the room the King called him back.

Again he kissed him tenderly, and raising his hands to heaven asked God to bless him. Then the little boy was carried back to his nursery, and he saw his great-grandfather no more.

A few days later, on the 1st September, 1715, King Louis XIV died. At once the great nobles went to kiss the hand of the new King. When he heard himself called "Sire" and "Your Majesty" he burst into tears. So it was to a sobbing child that most of the great nobles knelt to do homage.

Louis, of course, was too young to govern. The French had declared that no woman might rule over them. When, however, the King was a minor it was nearly always the Queen-Mother who was chosen as Regent. But Louis had no mother, so his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, was chosen as Regent.

The Duke of Orleans was a bad, clever man. He was courteous and courtly, easy-going, selfish, and unambitious. But to begin with, at least he made good use of his power. He lessened the extravagance of the Court, lightened the taxes which had become greater than the people could bear, and set free many of the prisoners who had been shut up by command of the King, often for no crime at all.

"The Duke," said a writer of the time, "was humane and sympathetic. He would have been good if one could be so utterly without principles." As Prime Minister the Duke of Orleans chose a man named Dubois, a man far worse than himself, a villain, given over to lying and all manner of evil, lost to all sense of honour, who, it was said, simply reeked with wickedness.

Yet although there were two bad men at the head of the Government, France for a time at least was better governed than for many a long day.

At first the little King was sent to live at the Castle of Vincennes, for the air there was better than in Paris. But the Duke of Orleans grew tired of riding out every day to see him, and the Court grew tired of the country quiet, so after a time

he was removed to the Louvre.

Like many of the Kings of France, Louis was very badly educated and very badly brought up. He was not stupid, but he was lazy beyond words. He hated all public ceremonies or performing any duties expected of a King.

He liked doing things for himself much better. And after he had been forced to appear on some public occasion he would cook his own supper, and seem to find comfort in forgetting his role of King.

He did not care for study, and he was so delicate that his tutors were afraid to force him to learn. He cared as little for boyish games; the only things he liked were hunting and shooting, and playing rather vulgar practical jokes. He seems to have had no boy friends, or to have cared for anyone except the Regent and his tutor Fleury. This tutor was an old man of over sixty. Yet in spite of the difference in their ages he was Louis's best friend.

II

Now although the Regent had begun well he soon found himself in great difficulties, for he had no money. Louis XIV had been extravagant beyond words. The royal treasury was empty and the country deep in debt. The Regent knew not where to turn to get money. Just about this time a Scotsman named John Law came to him with a new idea of making paper money. This man was the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, and for many years he had led an adventurous life, wandering about from country to country living by his wits.

Gold, said Law, was scarce: silver was too heavy and too bulky, but paper was light and took up little room. It therefore was the very best kind of money to use. He was so plausible and so clever that the Regent listened to him and ended in believing him.

Law was allowed to open a bank and to found a company for trading with the French colonies in America. In a very

short time his success was enormous. Everyone wanted to have a share in the Mississippi Company, a share in the fancied vessels laden with gold which were sailing to France. Everyone wanted to possess some of Law's magical paper money which was to make them rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Throughout all France there began a mad race for wealth. Gold and silver were exchanged for the paper money. Lands and goods were sold for the paper money, the value of which rose and rose till it became ten, twenty, thirty times its first value. And still it came pouring forth from the bank as fast as the printers could print it.

One dirty little narrow street in Paris, always a resort of money-lenders, was now given over entirely to the business of this gamble. Here hundreds of offices were opened, where high and low, rich and poor, jostled each other and fought for first place.

From end to end the street was full of noise and movement. Laughing, shouting, swearing, the crowd swayed this way and that. From six in the morning till nine at night masters rubbed elbows with their servants, great ladies with market women and poor clerks. The wealthy brought their thousands, little shopkeepers and labourers their scanty savings.

From all sides money poured in. In a day great fortunes were made, and a new word was given to the language—millionaire. Never before had it seemed possible for one man to possess so much as a million, but now millionaires sprang up by the dozen.

Now, too, all the world plunged into wild extravagance. For wealth so easily made was lightly spent. Men and women who had before trudged about on foot now rode in sumptuous carriages and dressed themselves in silks and velvets. They began to build great houses and to live splendidly in every imaginable way.

As the bubble grew Law became anxious. He knew that it could not last, that all this wealth was but a dream. But the thing had gone beyond his control, and he was powerless.

Soon the crash came. Someone wanted to give back the paper money and receive gold for it. Others followed his example. The paper money streamed into the bank, the gold streamed out. But in all France there was not a tenth part of the gold needed. And the fabled vessels laden with gold from America never came to port.

The value of the paper money soon fell, until the notes which had represented great fortunes became nothing but worthless paper. People who had fancied themselves millionaires found themselves beggars. Law, who had been looked upon as the good angel of France, was now hated and cursed. The people were ready to take his life. He fled from their fury almost penniless himself, and died miserably a few years later in Italy.

III

Meanwhile Louis had grown into a silent, shy boy of ten. He was still delicate, and always ready to cry if things went not to his liking. His tastes were vulgar. He was at the same time timid and cruel, unbelievably lazy and selfish. Indeed, it has been said there was nothing kingly about him but his face, which was exceedingly beautiful.

Philip V, the King of Spain, was a Frenchman. He was Louis XIV's grandson. Louis XIV had fought a long and disastrous war to place him on the throne of Spain. But no sooner was he dead than France and Spain began to fight. For Philip V hated his cousin the Regent, and declared that he should have been Regent instead.

But now the Duke wanted to make peace once more with Spain. And to ensure peace it was proposed that Louis should marry the little Infanta or Princess of Spain.

This little Princess was only three, but it was arranged that

she should go to France and live there until she was old enough to be married. But when Louis was told that it had been arranged that he should marry the Infanta he cried bitterly. The Duke and Fleury had hard work to persuade him to consent to it, and at length, after hours of persuasion, he appeared at the Council with red eyes, and a face all swollen with crying.

As the Duke addressed the Council telling them of the happy arrangement the tears ran down the King's cheeks. And when at length the Duke, turning to him, asked him to give his consent, he replied in such a pitiful voice that only those nearest him could hear. But it was enough, what he said was taken as consent, and a messenger was at once dispatched to the King of Spain.

Philip V was delighted when he knew that the matter was settled. He caused a Te Deum to be sung, and he wrote to his little three-year-old daughter, "My dear daughter, you are Queen of France. I believe you will be happy. As for me, I cannot tell you how delighted I am to see this great affair finished."

So the little Princess said good-bye to her father and mother and came to live in a strange land among strange people, there in time to marry a sulky boy, who did not want her.

But although Louis did not want the little Princess, the French received her with great rejoicings. All Paris was decorated in her honour, and shouts of joy greeted her as she drove through the streets seated on the knees of the King's governess.

When Louis was nearly thirteen he became very ill, so ill that it was thought he would die. All the churches were thronged with people praying for his recovery, and when at last it was known that he was out of danger the joy throughout France was intense.

Soon after the King got better the Regent decided that it

was now time for him to be crowned. So in great splendour he journeyed to the historic town of Rheims, where the coronation of the Kings of France always took place.

On the morning of the coronation the bishops, in splendid array, with the Cross carried before them, came to the King's doorway. Gently they knocked upon it.

"What do you want?" asked the Lord Chamberlain.

"We want Louis XV, whom God has given us for King," was the reply.

"Gentlemen, you cannot see him," replied the Chamberlain, "for he is resting."

"We come on behalf of the Archbishop of Rheims, of the peers and the people of the realm, to salute him, and lead him to his coronation in the church."

"Enter then," said the Chamberlain.

So they entered and found the King clad in a robe of gold brocade, and taking him by the hand they led him to the church. And there amid the cheers of the people and the roll of organ music the crown was placed upon his boyish head.

Returning to Paris, Louis entered his Parliament in state, and took his seat upon the crimson velvet throne. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have come to my Parliament to tell you that according to the law I shall henceforth take the government upon myself."

Then the Duke of Orleans rose. "Sire," he said, "we have come at last to that happy day so long desired by the nation and by myself. I return the kingdom to your Majesty as peaceful as I received it, and I make bold to say more certain of lasting peace. God has blessed my care and labours, and I ask no other reward from your Majesty than the happiness of your people. Make them happy, Sire, in governing them with wisdom and justice, which is the character of all good Kings."

Blushing with shyness, and with tears in his eyes, Louis answered, "My good uncle, I want no higher glory than the happiness of my people. I beg you always to be near me in all

my councils." Then throwing his arms round his uncle's neck he kissed him on both cheeks.

In spite, however, of all his fine words, Louis XV never did anything to make his people happy, but very much to make them unhappy.

IV

Although Louis had been crowned and declared of age, although the Duke had given up his title of Regent, nothing was altered. The Duke of Orleans and Dubois continued to rule. It was a kind of royal trinity, it has been said. Louis had the title, Orleans the power, and Dubois the brain.

But this trinity did not last long. Both the Duke and Dubois had ruined their health by the wild, wicked lives they had led. Now Dubois broke down under the hard work he did.

It is said that his enemies really killed him. They, knowing his great powers and his eagerness for work, heaped more and more upon him. They consulted him in everything, and kept him ever busy, until at length they broke him down with overwork.

But it was his own vanity which in the end caused his death. It was his right as Prime Minister to review the troops. He wanted to be like Richelieu, the great soldier-cardinal. So, clad in flowing red robes and mounted on a prancing horse, one day he insisted on reviewing the troops of the King's household.

He could not ride, and the soldiers as they marched past laughed at the unsoldierly figure, and the movement of the horse so shook and bruised his poor outworn body that when the review was over he was lifted from his saddle and carried to Versailles in a state of utter exhaustion. Ten days later he died.

The Duke of Orleans now became Prime Minister. But he too was worn out by his wild life, and three months later he died.

When the King heard that his uncle was dead he burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. But almost before he had time to dry his eyes his old tutor came to him. "Sire," he said, "you cannot do better than make the Duke of Bourbon Prime Minister."

Louis, with his eyes all red and still blurred with tears, looked at Fleury to see if he really meant what he said. Then, not trusting himself yet to speak, he nodded his head.

Thus the new Prime Minister was appointed. He was a tall, ugly man, blind of one eye and very ferocious looking, very different from the generous, courteous villain who had gone before him. But he was just as bad a man as either the Duke of Orleans or Dubois, and a far worse ruler. He himself was ruled by base, unworthy favourites, and they, not he, ruled France.

At home a horrible persecution of the Protestants began; abroad there threatened a war with Spain. For Bourbon and his advisers made up their minds that Louis should not marry the little Spanish Princess, who was being brought up in France as the King's bride. She was now just six years old, and it was decided to send her back to her father and mother.

The ambassador who was sent to tell the Spanish King of this decision went in trembling. Shaking with fear he handed the letter to the King. As the King opened and read the letter his face grew dark with anger. "Ah! the traitor!" he thundered, striking his hand upon the table.

The Queen, who was sitting in the room at work, ran to him quickly. "What is the matter?" she cried.

With a shaking hand the King held out the letter. "Take it," he said. "Read it."

The Queen read the letter. Then laying it down quietly, she said, "Ah, well, we must send someone to meet our daughter."

But Philip V did not take the matter so quietly, and he set about seeking for means to avenge this insult.

V

Now that the King's little intended bride had been sent packing, the next thing was to find another. The Princess whom the French wanted most was the daughter of the Prince of Wales. But George I refused to let his granddaughter marry a Catholic, so there was an end of that. And in truth the Duke's favourites were not anxious to have a great lady as Queen, and so at length Marie Leczinski was chosen. She was the daughter of Stanislaus, the deposed King of Poland. She was poor and friendless, the daughter of a King without a crown or kingdom. She was seven years older than Louis, and she was very glad to find a crown and home once more. So she willingly married this boy of fifteen. As for him, he did as he was told, seeming to care neither one way or another about it.

All Europe was astonished at the marriage. King Philip was more than ever enraged to think that his daughter had been sent away to make room for this penniless Princess, and war seemed certain. Even the people of France were astonished at their King's marriage, but although Marie was not beautiful, she was gracious and charming, and the people soon came to love her in spite of the fact that her marriage with their King had very nearly brought about a war.

The Duke of Bourbon continued to misrule France. He wanted to be absolute. But between him and the absolute power he craved there always stood one man. That was Fleury, the King's tutor. Whenever the Duke came to do business with the King, Fleury was there, and without Fleury's advice the King would do nothing. In vain Bourbon tried to see the King alone. Fleury stuck fast to his side.

At length Bourbon asked the Queen to help him. She was very grateful to the Duke, for it was he who from being a penniless Princess had made her a Queen. So one day when Louis was with Fleury Marie sent him a message saying she wanted to speak with him. Louis came at once and found the

Duke of Bourbon with the Queen. The Duke at once began to talk of business, and the King, who had no strength of mind, could do nothing but submit.

Meanwhile, Fleury waited for the King's return. As the minutes and hours went by and he did not come, Fleury understood what had happened. He was very angry, and sitting down he wrote a letter to the King. "As you have no longer need of me," he said, "I shall go away. I have long wanted to rest from the troubles of this world before I die." Then he went away from Court.

When the King read the letter and heard that Fleury had gone, he became very unhappy, and shut himself into his room to weep. He wanted Fleury back again, but he did not know what to do. He never could do anything without advice. So now he did nothing but cry. In vain one of his gentlemen tried to comfort him. He could not at first even get the King to say what was the matter. At length he sobbed out that Fleury had gone away.

"There is no need to cry about it, Sire," said the gentleman. "Are you not master? All you have to do is to tell the Duke to write to Fleury and command him to return."

This was done, and the Duke, much against his will, was forced to write to the man he hated and recall him. Fleury came back at once. He had never meant to stay away, but only wished to frighten the King. He came back triumphant, for he had proved that he and not the Duke had most power over the King. He would have been quite willing that the Duke should keep the appearance of power while he had the reality. But that was not to be. The King even had grown tired of Bourbon and resolved to get rid of him.

One day as Louis was about to set out on a hunting expedition he turned to the Duke with a smile. "Cousin," he said, "do not keep us waiting for supper." Then he rode away.

A few hours later a letter was handed to Bourbon. It was an order of banishment from the King. Thus Bourbon and all

his crew were exiled, and all France rejoiced at the end of this second regency, which had been worse even than the first.

Fleury now came to power. He did not take the title of Prime Minister, but urged Louis to announce, like Louis XIV, that he would be henceforth his own Prime Minister. Louis did as he was told. He said the words put into his mouth. But they were mere idle words. It was not the young King of sixteen who now began to reign, but the old man of seventy-three.

For the next seventeen years Fleury ruled France. "Never," says a writer who lived in those days, "never has a King of France, not even Louis XIV, reigned in a manner so absolute, so wise, so sane."

And in his hands we leave France and Louis XV, called the Well Beloved. Never perhaps did King do less to deserve the title, for he was one of the worst kings who ever sat upon a throne.

Mary Lindley Murray

1720-1782

Except for one day's events the story of Mrs. Murray is quickly told. A famous Quaker belle in Philadelphia was the beautiful Mary Lindley. After her marriage to Robert Murray, a merchant, she lived near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and in North Carolina, until in 1753 they moved to New York City, where Murray and Sansom soon became one of the great merchandising firms of the time. There were a dozen children in the Murray household, one son being Lindley Murray, the grammarian. Hoping the milder climate would benefit her husband's health, Mrs. Murray took her family to England where they lived for eleven years, returning to America during the first year of the Revolution.

Always a belle, she is described as a lady of great dignity and stateliness of manner, mild and amiable, quick at repartee. She and her daughters were ardent patriots, but Mr. Murray, the rich merchant and landowner, was not unnaturally a Tory, loyal to the Crown. Shortly before peace was made with England, after the success at Yorktown had crowned Washington's efforts for America, Mrs. Murray died.

But on the fifteenth of September, 1776, Mary Lindley Murray gave aid to Washington, her contribution to the War for Independence being woman's wit and beauty.

That September was a difficult month for the patriots. At the end of August had come the British victory at the battle of Long Island, and Washington's skilful retreat to Manhattan. As usual Howe was dilatory in following and not until sixteen days later did he cross with his troops.

The fifteenth of September was a hot day. From their country house on a hill near the center of Manhattan Island the Murrays looked down on the new breastworks thrown up at Kip's Bay. They knew the Americans were scattered—the main force at the north on Harlem Heights, and Putnam's men far to the south. Then up the East River sailed five British men-of-war and anchored opposite the Murray house, in the bay. Before the handful of militiamen had time to wonder why the ships had come, out swarmed a number of dories. To the Murrays, watching from the hill half a mile away, the river seemed suddenly dyed scarlet, for under cover of the warships' guns eighty-four boats landed the British soldiers, while up the bank clambered four thousand Redcoats, driving the Americans before them. At the first fire, the Continentals fled from their trenches back to higher ground, fled in head-long retreat.

Four miles to the north Washington heard the booming of cannon and galloped down to the scene of action. To his astonishment and consternation his men were flying in all directions. Riding excitedly into the midst of the runaways he, shouted, "Take to the wall! Take to the cornfield!" His attempt to rally them was vain.

Chagrined he would have ridden straight into danger, had not an aide seized his horse's bridle and turned the general back toward safety. In great confusion and disorder the post at the bay was deserted. And there were Putnam's divisions to the south, separated from the main army, caught in a trap if the British threw their men across the island.

Now this was exactly General Howe's plan, but he failed to count Mrs. Murray into his scheme. From the bay he marched west for a half-mile until he came to the Murray house. Set in a wide lawn, with extensive gardens on either side, "Belmont" was considered one of the loveliest spots on the island. Its fair mistress had heard the firing, had seen the disorderly retreat and realized what the Americans needed

most of all was time. She would make it for them!

She posted a maid in the cupola of the great square mansion, with orders to report to her by signals how Putnam was progressing. It was a season of extreme drought, and the dense clouds of dust made it easy to follow his march. At the proper time Mrs. Murray sent a negro servant with a cordial invitation to General Howe and his staff to dine with her. This genial Quaker lady was not unknown to the Britishers, for they had met her in England. Here was an opportunity to renew the acquaintance of peaceful days, but duty first, for a general.

"I do thank you, madam," was Howe's courteous reply, "but I must first catch that rascally Yankee, Putnam."

"Did thee not hear he had gone?" was her quick rejoinder. "It is too late to catch him. Pursuit is hopeless. Thee had better come in and dine."

If Putnam was really out of reach there was no need for haste, and the day was sweltering. So across the broad veranda and into the cool attractive house went Howe, with Clinton and Cornwallis and Governor Tryon, and others of his staff. Outside, in the hot September sun, his men rested and prepared and ate their midday meal. Within, Mrs. Murray and her beautiful daughters proved charming hostesses, with a warm welcome for their English guests. The good merchant, who was known to be heartily loyal to the king, was not at home that day, but his rare old Madeira was served with dainty cakes after the dinner.

So witty and delightful was the talk, so keenly did the others enjoy Tryon's raillery of their hostess about her patriot friends and how the ragged Continentals had run that morning, that not one of them noticed the rapid flight of time. And you may be sure that Mistress Murray prolonged their stay, bearing the teasing with rare good humor and making herself thoroughly agreeable, for every moment gained would count.

Meanwhile, half a mile to the west, Putnam was hurrying

northward, his march greatly hampered by his cannon, his camp impedimenta, and the refugee women and children. Terribly they suffered from the heat. Alexander Hamilton gallantly led one company. A young major, Aaron Burr, acted as guide, for he knew every foot of the ground; riding back and forth he showed the patriots bypaths and lanes through the thickets, until ahead they saw Washington's tents on the heights of Harlem, and knew they were safe. Through Mrs. Murray's hospitality the British had lost their chance to take four thousand prisoners. Her own wit and her husband's wine had saved the day.

Behind the Harlem entrenchments the patriots were ready for Howe's attack the following morning, and a spirited encounter that was in the buckwheat field. But the British failed to capture the heights and so force Washington off the island. Counted only by the number of men engaged, this was really not a great battle, but it was a great victory for the Americans who had lost heart after their defeat on Long Island and their forced evacuation of New York. It restored their confidence and put new hope into their hearts. It clinched Washington's determination and made possible the brilliant exploits at Trenton and Princeton.

In Revolutionary journals kept by American and British soldiers you will find Howe's delay at the Murray home given as the reason for Putnam's escape. And it was a common saying among the Americans that the beautiful Quaker lady had saved "Old Put," the wolf-killer, and his four thousand men. For patriotism and courage do not exist only behind a bayonet. One can be heroic in any way that conquers circumstances.

Abigail Adams

1744 – 1818

In very many respects Abigail Adams, the wife of John Adams, the second President of the United States, and mother of the sixth, is the greatest of American women. She had a great husband, one who encouraged her to be the thinker, reasoner, and fearless patriot that she was. He on one occasion wrote her, regarding a certain statesman, words which were as true in his case as in that of the person of whom he was speaking. He said, "In reading history you will generally observe, when you find a great character, whether a general, a statesman, a philosopher, some female about him, either in the character of a mother, wife, or sister, who had knowledge and ambition above the ordinary level of women, and that much of his eminence is owing to her precepts, example, or investigation, in some shape or other."

Mrs. Adams was a women who in the strife of war, separated for months and years at a time from her husband, remained upon their little farm at Weymouth, Mass., and so wisely and judiciously managed that at the end of his public life they had a small competence to live upon and a home to shelter them in their last days.

She had a wonderful understanding, the inheritance bequeathed her by ancestors, who on both sides were ministers. She was the finest correspondent a man could have, because while she was observing and discriminating in giving facts, she was full of suggestions, and her delicacy in treating social matters was remarkable. A hundred years hence they will be

read with equal interest as now. She never had a day's schooling, and in referring to this fact she says:

"My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunities which the present days offer, and which even our common country schools now afford. I never was sent to any school. I was always sick. Female education in the best families went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few rare instances, music and dancing."

The knowledge she possessed was gathered without systematic instruction, and her acquirements were therefore all the more remarkable. She had great religious principle, and her training was of that serious, practical nature which enabled her to meet all the vicissitudes of life with equanimity and self-composure. Her interest in public affairs was surprising, and from the time of her marriage until her death she discussed men and measures with a sustained interest and an unflagging zeal. The fact that her husband was one of the leading men of his time, and one of the best educated in the country, does not of itself account for her attainments; her mind was as original and intellectual as her husband's, and she only lacked the occasion to display great qualities that lay dormant.

When her husband was away from her she spent her time either in attending to her business affairs or in improving her mind. In one of her letters to him, written in 1774, she says, in regard to the condition of the country: "The great anxiety I feel for my country, for you, and for our family, renders the day tedious and the night unpleasant. The rocks and quicksands appear upon every side. Uncertainty and expectation leave the mind great scope. Did ever any kingdom or state regain its liberty, when once it was invaded, without bloodshed? I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of Sparta were occasioned by their too great solicitude for present tranquility, and from an excessive love of peace they neglected the means of making it sure and

lasting. They ought to have reflected, says Polybius, that, 'as there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace, when founded in justice and honor,' so there is nothing more shameful and pernicious when attained by bad measures and purchased at the price of liberty." The next year matters in the struggling country were not looking better, and the clever woman was watching the changes going on about her with anxious dread. She wishes, she says, that she knew what mighty things were fabricating, and then she philosophizes on politics in this wise:

"I am more and more convinced that man is a dangerous creature; and that power, whether vested in many or a few, is ever grasping, and like the grave, cries 'Give! Give!' The great fish swallow up the small; and he who is most strenuous for the rights of the people, when vested with power, is as eager after the prerogatives of government. You tell me of degrees of perfection to which human nature is capable of arriving, and I believe it, but at the same time lament that our admiration should arise from the scarcity of the instances.

"The building up a great empire, which was only hinted at by my correspondent, may now, I suppose, be realized even by the unbelievers. Yet will not ten thousand difficulties arise in the formation of it! The reins of government have been so long slackened that I fear the people will not quietly submit to those restraints which are necessary for the peace and security of the community. If we separate from Britain, what code of laws will be established? How shall we be governed, so as to retain our liberties? Can any government be free which is not administered by general states laws? Who shall frame these laws? Who will give them force and energy? It is true, your resolutions, as a body, have hitherto had the force of laws, but will they continue to have?

"When I consider these things, and the prejudices of people in favor of ancient customs and regulations, I feel anxious for the fate of our monarchy, or democracy, or whatever

it is to take place. I soon get lost in a labyrinth of perplexities; but, whatever occurs, may justice and righteousness be the stability of our times, and order arise out of confusion. Great difficulties may be surmounted by patience and perseverance."

To Abigail Adams belongs the fame of having been the first advocate of woman's rights in this country. In 1774 she wrote from her home in Weymouth, Mass., to her husband, who at the time was a member of the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia, these ringing words:

"In the new code of laws… I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power in the hands of the husband. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation." The Constitution of the United States was framed, and women were disenfranchised. This, too, in the face of their heroic sacrifices in behalf of their country.

Mrs. Adams was disappointed, and wrote her husband:

"I cannot say that I think you are very generous to the ladies, for while you are proclaiming peace and good-will to all men, emancipating all nations, you insist upon retaining absolute power over wives. But you must remember that absolute power, like most other things which are very bad, is most likely to be broken."

Such were the subjects that Mrs. Adams considered as she watched over her family of five children and cared for her household. She herself was a marvellous example of patience. Her husband went to Europe, to be gone an indefinite time, taking their eldest son with him, and later their second son joined his father. Her anxiety for this son's safety was intense. The vessel in which he sailed started just before a violent storm, and for four months she did not know whether it had

foundered at sea or not. Months would pass before she would hear from her husband, and there was one period of fifteen months when no word reached her.

She was asked during this season of waiting this question: "If you had known that Mr. Adams would have remained so long abroad, would you have consented that he should have gone?" and she answered, "If I had known, sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three years more should be added to the number. I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passion to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust of the balance, when compared with the great community."

Mrs. Adams joined her husband in England in the summer of 1784, and spent the winter in France. She had but slight acquaintance with the French language, but so soon as she was settled she commenced, with the aid of her dictionary, to read Racine, Voltaire, and Corneille, and soon was able to converse in it.

In 1800 she went to Washington as the wife of the second President of the United States, and took possession of the White House, then an unfinished and uncomfortable habitation. President Adams served one term, and then was defeated by Jefferson, the Democratic candidate.

The differences that grew up between Adams and Jefferson had separated these old and tried friends, and the silence between them might have remained unbroken to the end had not Mrs. Adams written her husband's political foe, on the occasion of the death of his second daughter, Mrs. Eppes, who as a little child she had known and had with her in her London home for a time. Her letter called forth a long one from President Jefferson, and the correspondence was continued through several letters. Mr. Adams knew nothing

of his wife's letters at the time, but later she showed him the correspondence, which was a credit to her noble mind and heart.

These admirable sentiments are excerpted from a letter to her sister:

"No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and cooperation of his wife. It behooves us, who are parents or grandparents, to give our daughters and granddaughters, when their education devolves upon us, such an education as shall qualify them for the useful and domestic duties of life, that they should learn the proper use and improvement of time, since 'time was given for use, not waste.' The finer accomplishments, such as music, dancing and painting, serve to set off and embellish the picture; but the groundwork must be formed of more durable colors.

"I consider it an indispensable requisite that every American wife should herself know how to order and regulate her family…and train up her children. For this purpose the allwise Creator made woman a helpmeet for man, and she who fails in these duties does not answer the end of her creation.

> *"'Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven designed;*
> *They that have none must make them, or be wretched.*
> *Cares are employments, and without employ*
> *The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest.'*

"I have frequently said to my friends, when they have thought me overburdened with care, I would rather have too much than too little. Life stagnates without action. I would never bear merely to vegetate.

> *"'Waters stagnate when they cease to flow.'"*

Upon her retirement from public life Mr. and Mrs. Adams went to reside at Quincy, Mass., and there the last years of her life were spent. She never lost her buoyancy of spirit, or

failed to be the cheerful companion she had ever been to her family circle. Party spirit, which was intense during Mr. Adam's presidential term, did not abate after his defeat a second time, and the task of soothing his wounded spirit and enlivening his leisure hours was her occupation. She had strong influence over him, and from the day of her marriage until her death her opinions had great weight with him. Mrs. Adams as a wife was as admirable as a mother, and as a woman she has had no superior in her own country.

She lived to see her son, John Quincy Adams, elevated to high place, and died in the fulness of years and in the perfect possession of all her powers, in October, 1818.

In his old age this son wrote of her as follows:

"My mother was an angel upon earth. She was a minister of blessing to all human beings within her sphere of action. Her heart was the abode of heavenly purity. She had no feelings but of kindness and beneficence; yet her mind was as firm as her temper was mild and gentle. She had known sorrow, but her sorrow was silent… She had completed within less than a month of her seventy-fourth year. Had she lived to the age of the patriarchs, every day of her life would have been filled with clouds of goodness and love… She had been fifty-four years the delight of my father's heart… If there is existence and retribution beyond the grave, my mother is happy. But if virtue alone is happiness below, never was existence upon earth more blessed than hers."

Molly Pitcher

1754 – 1832

Mary Ludwig, the daughter of a German settler, was born on a small farm between Princeton and Trenton in New Jersey. Her father was a dairyman and Molly, like other children of her parentage, was brought up to work hard. A typical German peasant girl, heavy-set, strong and sturdy, she toiled in the fields, she milked the cows, and drove them to pasture. The story is that she could swing a three-bushel sack of wheat to her shoulder and carry it to the upstairs room of the granary; and this strength and endurance stood her in good stead years later, for after the battle of Princeton she picked up a wounded soldier, carried him two miles to a farmhouse, and there nursed him back to health.

A Mrs. Irvine from Carlisle, visiting in Trenton, wished to take a young girl home with her to help in the housework. She saw buxom Molly Ludwig, liked her honest face and wholesome, energetic appearance, and on her return took the German girl with her. For some years Molly lived with Doctor and Mrs. Irvine, and proved to be a valuable assistant in their home. She did not like sewing, but she was expert at scrubbing and scouring and washing—any kind of violent exercise!

Near the Irvines' house was a little barber shop kept by an Irishman, John Hays. Whenever Molly was scrubbing the front steps or scouring the door-knocker, the young barber was sure to be watching from his window. When the girl was about sixteen years old, this courting ended in marriage.

Then suddenly Carlisle heard the news of Lexington, nothing but war was talked of. Doctor Irvine, who had served in

the French and Indian campaigns, was colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment. Hays went as gunner in the artillery, and when his time was out reenlisted under Colonel Irvine.

"I'm proud to be a soldier's wife," was Molly's answer when he told her he must go. "I'll stand by you!" But neither of them guessed that this would literally come true. No slacker, she waved him a cheerful good-by, and went on with her household duties for Mrs. Irvine. But when a few months later Hays sent her word to go back to her father's, as the troops were encamped near by and he could see her occasionally, she too said, "I must go," and rode off behind the messenger. At home again Molly donned her rough farm garments, helping with the cattle, working in the fields as before. And frequently John Hays paid a flying visit to the little farm, and Molly occasionally went to visit him in camp.

During the Revolution it was not unusual for wives to accompany their soldier husbands, not to fight, but to wash and mend and cook, to care for the sick and wounded. Once while Molly was cooking for the men, she had a large kettle over the fire which she wanted to remove, so she called to a passing soldier to help her. His prompt compliance and kindness of manner made her ask his name, and she was so astonished that she almost dropped the kettle when she heard his reply, "I am General Washington."

Hays and Doctor Irvine were both soldiers. Molly's heart was with them and with the country, fighting for independence. All she needed was the opportunity to show of what mettle she was made. This came at the battle of Monmouth Court House.

After the winter's drilling at Valley Forge, Washington followed closely behind Clinton, who was marching across New Jersey from Philadelphia. The British had an enormous amount of baggage and their line was twenty miles long. The Americans waited for the chance to attack. Cornwallis brought his men into line of action opposite Lee, who ordered

a retreat. Washington's angry rebuke to Lee, plus the splendid work of Mad Anthony Wayne and Lafayette and Knox and Greene, saved the day for the patriot army. Lee's record was stained by this traitorous action. The outstanding hero of the day was Molly Hays.

It was a very hot June Sunday. The blazing sun beat down on both armies with scorching, record-breaking heat. Men and horses were well-nigh overcome. The Americans, however, had the advantage, for they were dressed for summer weather and had left their packs by the meeting-house at Freehold. The British had heavy woolen uniforms and full knapsacks. The Hessians carried in addition to all this the load of decorations which Frederick the Great thought necessary for his soldiers.

The air was sultry. Not a leaf stirred on the maple trees. Men dropped fainting to the earth, from sunstroke. Yet the American guns were fired vigorously, sending their shot across the swamp into the British ranks, and until night the battle went on. Sometimes under shelter, sometimes under fire, Molly Hays went back and forth to the spring, carrying water for the suffering men, and for wetting the sponges to swab out the cannon. And the weary thirsty soldiers, welcoming the sight of her with the sparkling water, would call out gratefully, "Here comes Molly with her pitcher!" a call soon shortened to "Molly Pitcher!"

On one of her trips from the well Molly saw her husband fall suddenly. Accounts differ as to whether he was wounded, or had a sunstroke working in the blistering heat near the cannon. General Knox, in charge of the battery, had no competent man to put in Hays' place and was about to withdraw the gun, when Molly sprang forward, seized the rammer and fired. A moment was sufficient to show that she could fill her husband's position, that she had the strength and nerve for his task. The men cheered as she loaded and fired shot after shot, with the skill of a veteran gunner. Her hair disheveled,

her eyes blazing, her hot face begrimed with powder and smoke and dust, barefooted like many of the soldiers, she kept on with her perilous work. That night the British stole silently away, leaving their dead and wounded, with Washington in possession of the field. This victory was the last battle of importance in the North, the beginning of a brighter period for the Americans.

The story of Molly Pitcher's brave act spread through the camp. General Greene thanked her, "in the name of the army." The next morning in her dusty, torn, powder-stained dress, she was presented to Washington. With such honor as he would have shown to one of his gallant men, he spoke a few words of sympathy and praise, gave her a sergeant's commission, and later placed her name on the list of half-pay officers for life.

An old Revolutionary rhyme tells the story:

"Moll Pitcher she stood by her gun
And rammed the charges home, sir;
And thus on Monmouth's bloody field
A sergeant did become, sir."

Hays was the proudest man in the army, at Washington's praise of his wife, when he heard the soldiers cheer her to the echo. Lafayette asked if his men "might have the pleasure of giving Madame a trifle," and invited Molly to review his troops. Between two long lines of French officers she passed, and at the end her hat was filled with gold crowns.

Until the close of the Revolution, Molly Hays, or Molly Pitcher, as she was always called, remained with the army; and following her husband's death, shortly after the war ended, she lived for many years at the Carlisle barracks, cooking and washing for the soldiers. In 1794 she saw General Washington again, for when he was traveling through Pennsylvania, he stopped near Carlisle, and Molly Pitcher made a

pilgrimage on foot to see him. When her story was recalled to the general he greeted her most cordially.

In 1822 the legislature of Pennsylvania, without a dissenting voice, voted her the sum of forty dollars, and an annuity of that amount during her lifetime. When she died ten years later, she was buried with military honors, a company of soldiers firing a salute. On the Fourth of July, 1876, there was unveiled at her grave a white marble monument inscribed to "Molly Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth." And each year on the thirtieth of May, along with the score of Revolutionary graves in the churchyard, hers is decorated with flowers by the people of Carlisle.

In the little park at Freehold a monument was erected to commemorate the victory of Monmouth Court House, and on one of its five panels Molly Pitcher is shown, barefooted, ramming home the charge, her husband lying exhausted at her feet. She was a real heroine, when the need came, a true and courageous soldier.

Marie Antoinette

The Candles of Manton le Claire

1755-1793 A.D., France

Paris was in holiday dress that morning, and the streets on both sides of the Seine throbbed with the excitement that in monarchical days marked the approach of a royal wedding. The Austrian archduchess, Marie Antoinette, with a train of courtiers from two kingdoms, was entering the capital on her journey from Vienna to become the bride of Louis the Dauphin, as the crown prince was called. She was only fifteen years old and full of dreams of a rosy future but just a little frightened now and homesick because of having left her mother and sister and all the loved associations of childhood to live in a land where both people and customs were strange.

The French populace was by no means friendly to kings just then. They had suffered because of the rule of some very bad ones and resented the royal arrangement that chose for their future queen a girl from the court of Austria, for which country they had little affection. But, as the golden-haired stranger leaned from the coach and smiled at them, although there were some who scowled and murmured, the majority forgot their disapproval and cheered wildly.

Especially was one old man delighted at the sight of the young archduchess. His name was Manton le Claire, and although his clothing was shabby he was one of the most famous clock-makers in Europe. During his earlier years he had traveled to almost all the great courts, constructing time-pieces for kings and queens. When Marie Antoinette was seven years old, he was called to Austria by her mother.

Queen Maria Theresa, to make a clock for the palace of Schönbrunn, the royal country home near Vienna. Five years he worked there in the calm of the splendid old park, and during that time the little princess and her sister Caroline spent many hours at the rustic hut that was his shop. The three became excellent friends, and now as Marie Antoinette drove into the city she thought of him with affection. She wondered whether she should ever see him again.

As the procession swept along the Rue Royale, she suddenly glimpsed him standing in the crowd.

"Manton!" she exclaimed, as she leaned far out and waved to him.

The people who heard and saw stared in astonishment. It was not the way of princesses to call from their coaches to shabby old men in street throngs, and it was a bit shocking to them, for they did not know that for all the pomp in which she rode, the little Austrian was very homesick and lonely at that moment; and the shabby craftsman seemed her one friend in all the French city and country.

"Oh, the dear child!" the clock-maker murmured, as he waved back to her. "She has the same sweet spirit. I knew the years would not spoil her."

His eyes grew moist at the thought of the days at Schönbrunn, where Marie and Caroline were happy as larks in the elm-trees. He wished it had not been the fate of this glad-hearted child to come to the court of France, where there was much selfishness and intrigue and corruption, and where he feared there would be sorrowful days for her.

"But her sunny nature will warm the hearts of even the scheming knaves there," he thought.

And with a great hope in his own heart that the years would hold only happiness for her, he watched the train move on.

It was autumn in the country, the fragrant, flower-spangled dreamland of a country that lies southwest of Paris,

and a golden-haired girl was hurrying through the great park of Versailles. She wore a frock of shimmering turquoise satin, and a broad-brimmed hat of finest straw dangled by a neck-band from her arm. Her slippers were of velvet-soft kid, and the lace at the neck and wrists of her frock was of the costliest pattern from the Brussels looms.

To-day the château of Versailles is a museum, a relic of the period when royalty was mighty in France, when the word of one man decided the fate not only of individuals but of the entire country. But in those days it was the home of the king, and its bower-like gardens echoed to the laughter of nobles and court ladies.

There was a time when the royal seat was just a hunting-lodge, but the charm of the forest and slopes beyond it drew Louis XIII there so often that in 1624 he commissioned an architect to enlarge it into a residence. Kings who followed him did likewise, adding a wing here, a court there, until the modest retreat expanded into a structure large enough to hold a small city and became one of the most sumptuous royal residences in the world, with gardens, fountains, and gorges, and shaded, winding walks that made the place a veritable fairy-land.

At Versailles lived Marie Antoinette from the day she wedded Louis the Dauphin, and here there was much to delight her, for hers was a beauty-loving soul, and the royal estate was a realm of beauty. Hours and hours she spent watching the birds, the squirrels, and shadows at play on the wide green spaces under the trees, or romping with her dogs in the maze behind the Petit Trianon, a villa much loved by the court ladies, so small and dainty and charmingly set in the green of the garden that beside the splendor of the palace it seemed a delicate bit of lace. Then there were the fountain basins where colored fishes from the Mediterranean swam in clear, bright pools, and beyond them was an aviary, the home of strange-hued birds.

But this morning she had not come to loiter among the flowers. She was on her way to the house of Manton le Claire, the clock-maker, who lived in a cottage just beyond Versailles. Because of the many beautiful timepieces the old craftsman had made for the palace, he was in high favor with Louis XV, and on his seventieth birthday the king had pensioned him and given him a home where he might spend his days in ease. But ease to this artist worker meant doing the thing he loved best, which was plying the tools he had used for so many years, making curious and beautiful articles to mark the hours. Although he no longer had to work for a living, he spent most of the day at his bench, and the money obtained from the sale of the clocks he made and sold was used in spreading cheer among the poor. Marie came to see him very often and sat and talked as he worked, for to be in his shop brought back the days at Schönbrunn where she had been so happy.

Manton was a merry-hearted fellow and always called out a gay greeting at sight of his friend. But this morning he seemed depressed, and had none of his usual blithe manner.

The keen-eyed girl noticed it immediately and said, "You seem not yourself to-day."

"I've had bad news," he answered. "Prince Lacertau has gone on a journey to Russia and will not return until next spring. That means that even though I finish his work within a month there will be no pay until March or April. I had counted on the prince's money for my New Year's gifts and have already spent all else that I have earned or otherwise obtained in assisting some poor neighbors. It grieves me to think of the disappointed children of Paris."

The dauphiness did not need to ask what he meant. Like almost every one else, she knew that on New Year's day, the merriest holiday of all the year in France, the old clock-maker spread delight among poor boys and girls from a booth in the Rue des Lombards.

New Year's day along the Seine and all the other French rivers is the great gift time of the year. Christmas—Noël as they call it in France—is a beautiful religious holiday and is observed with much reverence. But New Year's is the day of jollity, of gift-making and sending merry greeting. Every one gives presents to his friends then, no matter how poor the offerings are, and the children have a feast of games and cakes and bonbons. Because old Manton knew there were boys and girls in Paris whose parents and friends were so poor they could buy not even a tiny sweetmeat, each year with the coins earned at his clock-making he purchased trinkets and sweets, and every child who passed got something pleasing to his palate, while the ragged ones who seemed sadly in need of it received clothing to keep them warm. But this winter there would be no money.

A grave expression came into Marie Antoinette's eyes as she thought about the departure of Prince Lacerteau. Then suddenly she smiled.

"I'll ask Grandfather Louis to help," she exclaimed. "He can furnish the money, and you can give out the presents, and things will be just as nice as ever."

Away she went to talk to the king, but when she told him her wish his Majesty stamped his foot and scolded.

"Gewgaws for the children of the poor!" he exclaimed. "Bah! They do not need them. Not a sou will I waste in that way."

She pleaded with him, but he refused to listen.

"Away with such nonsense!" he roared, and sent her from the apartment.

So a disappointed girl went back to the house of the clock-maker with word that the king of France refused to help.

"'T is terrible!" she exclaimed, as she repeated the conversation. "I would not have believed Grandfather Louis could be so unkind."

Manton le Claire did not answer. He was thinking how

pitiful it was that a sovereign could squander thousands of dollars upon his own whims, as Louis XV did, and have no thought whatever for the wretched beings along the Paris streets. But he did not say so. In those old days, when the word of one man made the law of the land, common folk did not speak disapproval of the methods of rulers, even though they happened to be in high favor among them.

Marie was very much distressed. It was the first time the king had been harsh with her; and, not being accustomed to harshness, she felt deeply hurt, especially as she knew she had not deserved it. Tears came into her eyes as she thought about it, but the old man said gently, "Never mind, your Highness. We 'll have to think of something else."

All at once the face of the dauphiness brightened.

"Manton!" she exclaimed. "If you make some dear little hour-candles like the ones you gave Caroline and me at Schönbrunn, I will coax everybody at court to buy one. That will bring in a great deal of money."

"Always you have the good heart," the clock-maker answered, "and now you have a good idea. But the wax! It will take a hundred francs to buy enough to make the candles needed."

Eagerly the girl replied. "I can manage that. I have more than a hundred francs left of the parting-money my good mother gave me when I set out from Vienna. You may have it all if you need it."

So it was settled. The coins of Maria Theresa would provide the material required, and Manton le Claire was happy in thinking of the smiles he would see on children's faces when New Year's came. Marie Antoinette was delighted, and they talked and planned for an hour about coloring and ornamenting the candles and managing the auction.

As the plan was completed the dauphiness asked, "What kind of clock are you making for Prince Lacerteau?"

"A clepsydra," came the answer, "such as they used ages

ago in Greece."

"Clepsydra?" Marie repeated.

"Aye, a water-clock."

Then in a drawling voice Manton told a story, a tale of how ever since the dawn of the world men had tried to find a way of measuring time. In the very ancient days, in Chaldea, Babylonia, and Egypt, and in Palestine during Old-Testament times, they counted the passing of the hours by the motion of the sun's shadow upon the earth. After hundreds of years some one with an inventive mind thought out a plan for a device called a sun-dial, by which the motion of the sun marked its shadow upon a dial face that any one could read.

There were hour-glasses, too, instruments in which sand poured through a tiny opening from one side to another, an hour being required for the grains to run through, at the end of which time the glass was inverted and the sand recommenced its work. There were also hour-candles, made by men who knew the exact amount of material to put into them so they would burn just the right time. And after a while the clepsydra or water-clock was invented.

Some say the first one was made by the Greek philosopher Plato, while others are just as certain it was the creation of an astronomer in Alexandria named Ctesibius. At any rate, both of these wise men hundreds of years before Christ made an ingenious and interesting little timepiece in which wheels moved by water caused the gradual rise of a figure that pointed out the hours on a little index. Clepsydras became the fashionable timepieces of Greece, and as years passed and workers improved them there were some very beautiful and complicated ones.

Once men began to use wheels as an aid in marking time, it was but a step to making clocks as we know them: and a fascinating and wonderful craft clock-making grew to be. The rich had clocks of beautiful workmanship, while those who could not buy for themselves gave coppers toward a great

community clock in the public square or church tower, like those of Rouen, of Strasburg, or Cologne. But here and there was some noble who wanted one of the old timepieces because of the novelty; and Manton, who knew how to make them all, earned many a franc filling orders.

Early the following morning the dauphiness brought the promised fund from the château, and joyfully the old man set out to buy the wax that was to mean so much to the poor children of Paris.

It was Monday evening, the day after Christmas. As always, the château of Versailles blazed with lights from thousands of candles. Merriment reigned in the Salles de Croissades—Hall of the Crusades—for Marie Antoinette was holding an auction there.

"Everybody must buy a candle," she cried eagerly, "not just one or two, but many, because each one sold will mean a gift for some poor child."

Just as she was about to call for bids a sudden murmur swept among the lords and ladies. The king was entering the hall, and his Majesty looked about in a bewildered way when he saw the group there and the table piled high with candles.

"What means this?" he exclaimed.

"I am selling candles to buy New Year's cheer for the poor children of Paris," Marie Antoinette returned brightly.

For a minute his Majesty did not answer. His brows knit in a frown, and then his voice sounded like a peal of thunder.

"I told you they do not need trinkets and bonbons!"

Consternation ran high among the courtiers. Marie Antoinette was as much amazed as any of them.

"Why," she exclaimed in astonishment, "surely you are not angry, Grandfather Louis. You refused to give money when I asked you, but never a word did you say that I was not to raise it. Besides," she added earnestly, "those boys and girls *do* need New Year's gifts. They need them to make them happy."

No answer. The king just stood and scowled.

"Truly, Grandfather Louis," she pleaded, "I did not mean to disobey you." Then, with something of her usual gaiety: "I know you want a candle. This scarlet one will burn for exactly an hour. You will have a lot of pleasure in seeing it melt away."

She held up a lovely flame-colored cylinder of wax.

Louis XV had some very glaring faults: he was selfish, unprincipled, and cruel. But he had some good traits, too. And now, as he looked into the eager eyes of the young dauphiness, the best of him came to the surface. His anger seemed to melt away. He smiled and said, "I'll give you a five-franc piece for it."

That set the pace. The lords and ladies responded with both coins and voices, and soon every shining cylinder was sold.

They tell about it yet along the boulevards of Paris, of a New Year's day a hundred and fifty years ago when the children of the poor had such a marvelous holiday that they lived in memory of it for months afterward. From dawn until dark Manton le Claire stood in the Rue des Lombards, and every child who passed was given a sugar-horn filled with bonbons, while some who were ragged received warm clothing. And as they repeat the story they tell of other things that soon came to pass.

Louis XV died. His grandson, the dauphin, succeeded him on the throne as Louis XVI, and at nineteen Marie Antoinette reigned as queen of France. She was young, impulsive, headstrong, and sometimes a foolish sovereign, but always a warm-hearted one, loved by all who knew her with the same deep devotion that marked the affection of the old clock-maker. But about the time she came to the throne the French people, maddened by the tyranny, injustice, and shameful extravagance of several kings who had preceded Louis, revolted with wild unreason, fiercely clamoring for the

right to live as free human beings, instead of in a sort of bondage in which they long had been held.

When unreason and frenzy sway a people, chaos reigns; and now in France, in their mad desire for liberty, the populace forgot the meaning of liberty, ignoring the fact that liberty is marked by justice, and that justice consists in sparing the innocent and punishing the guilty. They determined to rid the land forever of the oppression of a monarchical government, and the boulevards of Paris echoed with shrieks of "Death to the Bourbons!"—Bourbon being the family name of the reigning house.

A ruler of great ability and force of character might have prevented the revolution or have succeeded in quelling it even after it broke. But Louis, although a sovereign of good intentions, possessed neither of these qualifications. He was just a likable young man, no worse than the average, and in some respects a great deal better. By the surging populace, however, he was regarded as a demon, because he came of a line of kings under whose reign the poor of France had been wretched. So this kindly but incapable young man became the victim of circumstances. He was tried not only for his own shortcomings but for the sins of those of his blood who had ruled before him, and he was sent to the guillotine.

Marie Antoinette, because she was queen, shared his fate. She, too, had to suffer for much for which she had been in no way to blame, and her life went out under the knife.

In dying, even more than in living, she showed the nobility of her character. She mounted the scaffold with a firm step and head erect, a queen in demeanor, as she was in name.

"Pardon me, sir," she said gently to the executioner, whose foot she accidentally touched. She spoke not a word of blame against those whose thirst for revenge was ending her days. As for the last time her eyes traveled along the streets of Paris, she looked pityingly upon the gloating populace that

had gathered to see her life go out, perhaps because she realized that they, like herself, were the victims of circumstances.

History and legend have many pages filled with the graces of heart of this Austrian girl, but none that shows more charmingly the generosity of her nature than the one that tells the story of the candles of Manton le Claire.

Marie Antoinette as Wife and Mother

1755 – 1793

The world has never seen and never can see a sadder and more pathetic biography than that of Marie Antoinette. Here is a woman supported through such experiences as make the least emotional of us shudder even now to think of, and we wonder how she retained her reason and her trust in God. In other tragedies there is an interlude of light and hope; in this one there is none. From the discovery and arrest of the fugitive royal family at Varennes to the scaffold that faced the gardens of the Tuileries, there is no respite, no relief, no ray of hope, no parenthesis of pity. From palace to prison, from prison to dungeon, from the Tuileries to the Temple, from the Temple to the Conciergerie, from the Conciergerie to the common felons' prison and the guillotine—this is the cumulative story of the royal victim, these the steps of the ladder that bore her heroic footsteps from earth to heaven. Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne was the youngest daughter of Francis, eventually the Emperor of Germany and of Maria Theresa more generally known as the Empress-Queen who bore sixteen children. She was born on the 2nd of November, 1755. Her parents preferred greatly to their gorgeous palace at Vienna a smaller one which they possessed in the neighborhood where they could cultivate rural and domestic tastes and bring up their children healthily.

In this quiet home Marie Antoinette passed a happy childhood. Her beauty, intelligence, and affectionate disposition made her the favorite of her father, and the first sorrow she ever knew was at his death, which occurred in 1765,

before she was ten years old. He was going to Innspruck on some business, and his carriage was drawn up in the courtyard of his palace. Before starting he asked for his little daughter, that he might kiss her goodby. "Adieu, my darling child. Papa wished to press you once more to his heart," are the words ascribed to him. If so, they were prophetic, for he was seized with illness at Innspruck, where he died, and they never saw each other again.

The superintendence of her vast empire occupied a far larger share of his widow Maria Theresa's attention than the education of her children. But as Marie Antoinette grew in beauty and attractiveness, the empress-queen, her mother, saw a prospect of cementing more closely her recent alliance with France by a marriage between Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin of France, grandson of the reigning King, Louis XV. For this purpose she made proficiency in French the chief aim in the young girl's education. Metastasis taught her Italian; and Gluck gave her lessons on the harpsichord.

Marie Antoinette was perhaps too fond of play to apply steadily to her studies. At any rate, she herself regretted sincerely in after life her own want of literary information and culture, and endeavored to make up her deficiencies by taking lessons in more than one accomplishment during the first years of her residence at Versailles. She felt, when afterward Queen, her inferiority in culture to the ladies of the old French noblesse, and once exclaimed sadly, "What a resource amid the casualties of life is a well-cultivated mind! One can then be one's own companion, and find society in one's own thoughts."

Such, then, was Marie Antoinette, when, at the age of fifteen, she went to Paris and became the bride of the Dauphin, afterward Louis XVI. On the day on which she set out from Vienna, her mother had written the following letter to her future son-in-law:

"Your bride, my dear Dauphin, has just left me. I do hope

that she will cause you happiness. I have brought her up with the design that she should do so, because I have for some time foreseen that she would share your destiny.

"I have inspired her with an eager desire to do her duty to you, with a tender attachment to your person, with a resolution to be attentive to think and do everything which may please you. I have also been most careful to enjoin upon her a tender devotion toward the Master of all Sovereigns, being thoroughly persuaded that we are but badly providing for the welfare of the nations which are intrusted to us when we fail in our duty to Him who breaks sceptres and overthrows thrones according to His pleasure.

"I say, then, to you, my dear Dauphin, as I say to my daughter: 'Cultivate your duties toward God. Seek to cause the happiness of the people over whom you will reign (it will be too soon, come when it may). Love the king, your grandfather; be humane to him; be always accessible to the unfortunate. If you behave in this manner, it is impossible that happiness can fail to be your lot.' My daughter will love you, I am certain, because I know her. But the more that I answer to you for her affection and for her anxiety to please you, the more earnestly do I entreat you to vow to her the most sincere attachment.

"Farewell, my dear Dauphin. May you be happy. I am bathed in tears."

The earlier years of the married life of Marie Antoinette were frivolous rather than happy. Her husband treated her with respectful coldness, for his nature was not demonstrative of attention. He had no idea of wounding her feelings, but he did not see her society in private, and had no perception that marriage was to her, as a warmhearted woman, anything more than the matter of convenience and acquiescence that it was to himself.

Married at the early age of fourteen years and a half to a youth only a few years older than herself, the pair was

childless for eight and a half years after their union. Louis XV died on the 10th of May, 1774 and the Dauphin and Dauphiness became King and Queen of France. There seemed little prospect of a family, and this disappointment was keenly felt by the queen. Her natural desire for children of her own was greatly increased when her sisterin-law, the Countess d'Artois, presented her husband with a son. She treated the young mother with sisterly affection, but she could not restrain her feelings on the subject when writing to her mother, and she expressed candidly the extreme pain she suffered "at thus seeing an heir to the throne who was not her own child." At a pavilion her husband had given her at her own request, about a mile from the palace of Versailles, she sought to quench her grief in a constant whirl of pleasurable excitement.

Little did the yearning but giddy young queen imagine that she was helping by her extravagance to bring on that revolution of which hatred to rank and wealth was the spark that was to consume herself and her husband and all her dearest friends.

Her joy at the prospect of having a child was fully shared by her husband. All his coldness and apathy seemed to vanish, and he wrote himself both to her mother and her brother Joseph, the Emperor. The news created equal joy at Paris and Vienna, and the poor young queen showed her grateful sense of happiness by liberal gifts to the poor, and by founding a hospital for women in a similar condition as her own.

On the 19th of December, 1778, she gave birth to a princess, who was named Maria Theresa, in honor of her imperial grandmother. She alone of the four children of Marie Antoinette lived to maturity and a good old age.

"Boys will come after girls," wrote Maria Theresa to her daughter. The birth of the princess came near being the death of the queen. By the barbarous custom of that time in France, every one, even the rabble, who could gain an entrance into

the chamber, was admitted to be witness of the royal birth. The heat was so intense that the queen became insensible and had to be bled in the foot. The king rushed to the windows and with all his strength, got them open. His was the voice that whispered tenderly to her that she had been delivered of a daughter. She herself was not disappointed. When the nurse brought her the babe, she whispered, "Poor little thing; you are not what was desired, but you shall not be the less dear to me. A son would have belonged to the state; you will be my own: you shall have all my care, you shall share my happiness and sweeten my vexations."

Besides the gifts to the poor and the hospital which were made before the birth, the happy mother now sent large sums of money to the prisons to release poor debtors, gave dowries to one hundred poor maidens, applied to the chief officers of the army and navy to send her a list of veterans worthy of reward, and to the clergy of Paris for the names of worthy objects for her bounty. She also settled pensions on a number of poor children who were born on the same day as the princess, one of whom, who owed her education to this pension, became known to fame as Madame Mars, the greatest of comic actresses in Paris.

In the spring of 1780 Marie Antoinette was shocked by the news of her mother's death. They had been much attached to each other since Marie became a queen, and had corresponded regularly upon important subjects. Maria Theresa gave far more prudent advice to her daughter than did the haughty Catharine of Russia, who once wrote to her that kings and queens should do as they pleased and pursue their own plans, regardless of the interest of their dogs of subjects.

On the morning of October 2nd, 1782, a son and heir to the throne blessed the love of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. The king, whose affection for her had steadily grown in intensity since she began to have children, would

not allow her life to be endangered this time by a crowd of strangers in her apartments. He forbade any one but himself to announce to her the sex of the child, and it was with a heart full of joy and pride that he told her that their hopes of an heir were fulfilled.

The child was not destined to live. The Dauphin, whose sad lot and early death from neglect and illtreatment form one of the tragedies of that awful series, was Marie Antoinette's third child, not yet born. The elder son and second child was sickly, and had spinal complaint from his birth. He had no stamina to support him through the ordinary ailments of children, and he died on June 4th, 1789, when not yet seven years old. On the 27th of March, 1785, the future desolate and slowly murdered Dauphin came into the world, which was for him a prison and a slaughterhouse, a habitation of cruelty, and the grave of all his young affections. The reader of history thanks the justice of a crime-permitting Providence, that his keeper, Simon the shoemaker, who starved him and beat him and kept him in filth and darkness for the last three years of his young life, was carried to the guillotine before the child-victim's death.

The Princess Sophie Helene Beatrix was the fourth and last child of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. She was born on the 9th of July, 1786, was a sickly child and died on the 9th of June, 1787, aged eleven months.

We have Marie Antoinette before us at the beginning of the Revolution as the mother of two children only, the Princess Royal, now nine, and the Dauphin, seven years old, the two others having died. She made it her happiness and her duty to study the dispositions of the young prince and princess. Her mind was bent on training her son not as a common child, but as one who was heir to the throne of a great and illustrious nation.

In a letter to Madame de Tourzel dated July 25th, 1789, the mother writes:

"I have always accustomed my children to have great confidence in me, and when they have done wrong, to tell me themselves; and then, when I scold them, this enables me to appear pained and afflicted at what they have done rather than angry. My son cannot read, and he is very slow at learning; but he is too giddy to apply. He has no pride in his heart, and I am very anxious that he should continue to feel so. Our children always learn soon enough what they are. He is very fond of his sister, and has a good heart. Whenever anything gives him pleasure, whether it be going anywhere or that any one gives him anything, his first movement always is to ask that his sister may have the same. He is lighthearted by nature. It is necessary for his health that he should be a great deal in the open air; and I think it is better to let him play and work in the garden on the terrace, than to take him longer walks. The exercise which children take in running about and playing in the open air is much more healthy than forcing them to walk, which often makes their backs ache."

The letter proves her to have been a good, a prudent, and a watchful mother. Poor little Louis! A far different fate awaited him from what she fondly hoped for. The Committee of Public Safety decreed that the young Capet, as they called him, should be placed in solitary confinement, under the charge of the brutal shoemaker Simon, who had private orders to get ride of him by degrees. It was night when the officers of the Committee came to carry him away. His mother flung her arms around him, and resisted all efforts to tear him from her, exclaiming, "Tuez moi donc d'abord"—"Then kill me first." They only prevailed by threatening to kill the child, when she relaxed her hold and sank exhausted with the struggle. The unhappy Dauphin was shut up for nearly two years before his merciful release by death, in solitude, without employment, without human sympathy or kindness, denied even the light and air. When the door was opened it was to place a flagon of dirty water and a crust of bread for him. He

was never washed and his clothes and linen were never changed. It was a slow death in a living tomb. His limbs became rigid, his mind vacant and insensible. After his keeper was executed for his other crimes, his persecutors relented, but it was too late. The celebrated physician, Dersault, was sent to his lowly bedside. His mother's image—that mother from whom he had been so cruelly separated two years before, when she was doomed to the guillotine, but whom he was not perhaps to rejoin in everlasting reunion—was the last that filled his dying vision. The physician asked him if he suffered much. "Oh, yes, I suffer still," he answered, "but much less than I did, the music is so beautiful." "On what side do you hear this music?" "There, on high; listen! listen!" Then, after a brief silence, his eyes kindled with the heavenly light, and he exclaimed, with the rapture of an enfranchised and departing soul, "Amidst all the voices, I have recognized that of my mother." He waved his hand, wafted a kiss to her, and sank back dead.

The opening of the year 1789 was the beginning of troubles for Marie Antoinette. Hitherto she had been alternately lauded and insulted by the artisans of Paris. Now the very refuse of humanity were to fling their dirt at her. Hers is one of those characters that are washed and made white by passing through great tribulation. All that was frivolous and extravagant in her conduct disappeared forever, and the heroic queen was only less admirable than the devoted wife and mother. The vilest slanders were circulated against the queen, one of them being that she had a mine ready to blow up the Parliament of Paris, or National Assembly.

On the 14th of July the cry "To the Bastile!" was echoed from mouth to mouth by a drunken mob along the banks of the Seine. This was the third day of the insurrection and they stormed the iron and stone forms of the Bastile, and murdered the governor and military that defended it, who had been taken by surprise and could make little resistance. At

midnight couriers arrived at Versailles to apprise the king and queen of the terrible aspect of affairs.

On the 6th of October, 1789, when the mob insisted that she should make her appearance, she came forth on the balcony, holding the Dauphin with one hand and the Princess with the other. "No children!" was the angry cry. She led them away, and reappeared alone. Even the insensate crowd was astonished at her calmness and courage, and with true French fickleness burst into rounds of applause.

On the night of the 13th of April, 1790, the king, after vainly looking for her in her own apartments, found her in the Dauphin's nursery, holding him in her arms. "Madame," said Louis, "I have been looking for you everywhere, and you have caused me much uneasiness." "Sire," replied Marie Antoinette, "I am at my post."

When Versailles was attacked, Louis tried to induce his wife to fly with the children, but she refused to leave her husband, declaring that her place was by his side, and that, as a daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, she had no fear of death. It was a sorrowful journey which the king, now accompanied by the queen and his children, took back to Paris. The procession was painfully slow, and as no food had been provided for the journey the little Dauphin cried from hunger. The good mother, who never shed a selfish tear, wept at the sufferings of her child. She begged him to be patient, and the little fellow ceased complaining. "Mamma," he said, when they reached the Tuileries, which had been neglected, and whose chambers were dismantled, "how bad everything looks here!" "My boy," she replied, "Louis XIV lived her comfortably enough."

It would be beside our purpose to stain our pages with the nameless and inhuman crimes of the Reign of Terror. Let us cling to the queen-woman, true and noble to the last, who is so soon to leave us. A little plot of ground was railed off in the garden of the Tuileries for the Dauphin's amusement, and

one of her favorite recreations was to watch him working at the flower-beds with his little rake and hoe, although neither she nor he were left for a moment without the grenadiers of the city guard, who watched her as though she were a criminal already condemned. Privacy and rest were never to be hers again in this world. "The king," said Mirabeau, "has but one man about him, and that is his wife." More than one attempt was made to murder her. "If my death only secures the throne to my son, I shall willingly die." Even in their imprisonment in the Temple they had at least for a time the consolation of each other's society, and that of their children. But they were soon separated, and worse than the bitterness of death was the separation of the wife and mother, first from her husband, then from each of the children.

On the 11th of December, 1792, the mock trial of the king took place. On the 21st of January, 1793, he met death like a man.

Marie Antoinette, now a widow still young, but with locks white as snow through sorrow, was removed to solitary imprisonment and the last inhuman cruelty that can be inflicted on a mother fell upon her in the seizure of her darling son. Dearly did she love him, and when, while they were yet together, her friends proposed a plan of escape, she refused the offer, and wrote: "The interest of my son is my sole guide; and whatever happiness I might find in being out of this place, I cannot consent to separate myself from him… I could enjoy nothing if I were to leave my children."

And when, on the night of the 3rd of July, the little king was sleeping, and, as we have already told, was snatched from her embrace, the last words which the unhappy child of misfortune was ever to hear on earth from his poor mother's lips were these: "My child, they are taking you from me; never forget the mother who loves you tenderly, and never forget God! Be good, gentle and honest, and your father will look down on you from heaven and bless you!"

To the Princess Elizabeth, her true sister in affliction, and who was soon to share the same fate, she wrote from the common prison in which she was herded with the lowest felons, her last letter, dated October 16th, 4:30 a.m., in which she said:

"It is to you, my sister, that I write for the last time. I have just been condemned, not to a shameful death, for such is only for criminals, but to go and rejoin your brother. Innocent like him, I hope to show the same firmness in my last moments. I am calm, as one is when one's conscience reproaches one with nothing. I feel profound sorrow in leaving my poor children: you know that I only lived for them and for you, my good and tender sister. You who out of love have sacrificed everything to be with us, in what a position do I leave you!

"I have learned from the proceedings at my trial that my daughter was separated from you. Alas! Poor child; I do not venture to write to her; she would not receive my letter. I do not even know whether this will reach you. Do you receive my blessing for both of them. I hope that one day, when they are older, they may be able to rejoin you, and to enjoy to the full your tender care. Let them both think of the lesson which I have never ceased to impress upon them, that the principles and the exact performance of their duties are the chief foundation of life; and then mutual affection and confidence in one another will constitute its happiness.

"Let my daughter feel that at her age she ought always to aid her brother by the advice which her greater experience and her affection may inspire her to give him. And let my son in his turn render to his sister all the care and all the services which affection can inspire. Let them, in short, both feel that, in whatever positions they may be placed, they will never be truly happy but through their union. Let them follow our example. In our own misfortunes, how much comfort has our affection for one another afforded us! And in times of happiness, we have enjoyed that doubly from being able to share it

with a friend; and where can one find friends more tender and more united than in one's own family?

"Let my son never forget the last words of his father, which I repeat emphatically: let him never seek to avenge our deaths. I have to speak of one thing" [referring to the depositions which the captive little son had been compelled by his persecutors to sign, containing accusations against his aunt and his mother] "which is very painful to my heart; I know how much pain the child must have caused you. Forgive him, dear sister; think of his age, and how easy it is to make a child say whatever one wishes, especially when he does not understand it. It will come to pass one day, I hope, that he will better feel the value of your kindness and of your tender affection for both of them… I beg pardon of all the vexations which, without intending it, I may have caused you. I pardon all my enemies the evils they have done me. I bid farewell to my aunts, and to all my brothers and sisters. I had friends. The idea of being forever separated from them and from all their troubles is one of the greatest sorrows that I suffer in dying. Let them at least know that to my latest moment I thought of them.

"Farewell, my good and tender sister. May this letter reach you. Think always of me; I embrace you with all my heart, as I do my poor, dear children. My God, how heartrending it is to leave them forever! Farewell! Farewell!" Her apprehensions proved well founded. The letter never reached her sister-in-law, but fell into the hands of Fouguier, who preserved it among his special papers. Had one spark of humanity survived in the monsters of the Reign of Terror, they would have respected the doomed prisoner's last wishes and last words.

Those almost dying thoughts and anxieties, let it be remembered to her immortal honor, were not for herself, but for her children and her friends. It was dark when she began the letter, but now the faint beams of sunrise stole through

the narrow window of her cell. She lay down on her straw bed and tried to sleep. At seven the executioner came in. The streets were thronged by that Parisian mob, whose faces, lurid with cruelty, were like a vision of pandemonium. She was used to their looks and their revilings, and minded them no more. Other women, and strong men also, have gone stark, raving mad at one tenth part of the sufferings this sublime woman endured. Yet the wounds were deep, and had left their scars in the white hair, and the wan, furrowed face, upon which still those lines of beauty lingered which had evoked the praises of Europe.

A few weeks before her death she struck her head against a door in following her jailer. Being asked if she was hurt, she answered, "No, nothing can hurt me now." An English lady saw her in her dungeon for any one who asked was allowed to look at her, on the one condition of expressing no sympathy, and said in a letter: "She was sitting on an old worn-out chair made of straw, which scarcely supported her weight. Dressed in a gown which had once been white, her attitude bespoke the immensity of her grief."

In a common cart, seated on a bare plank, the executioner by her side holding the cords with which her hands were already bound, she was borne to the place of execution. Her last words showed the true lady and the queen. In descending from the cart she had stepped on the executioner's food. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I did not do it on purpose," and she added, "Please make haste." In a few moments all was over.

So perished, by a death which as she nobly said was to her not ignominious because she was no criminal, one of the very noblest wives and mothers. She had never injured or borne malice against a single human being.

Benevolence was native to her soul, and her charities were only bounded by her means. She had those virtues of purity, fidelity, courage, and affection which exalt humanity and redeem our fallen race. She was an angel whom accident

had put under the power of devils. If families are reunited in a brighter world than this, there is no reunion that heavenly spirits would more gladly gaze upon than that of these poor Capets, King and Queen of France.

One more victim from that family was still to follow her—the saintly, meek and self-sacrificing aunt. Madame Elizabeth, as the king's sister was called since titles had been done away, committed the orphan children to God's holy keeping, and went calmly from those who, in the words of Socrates, falsely call themselves judges upon earth, to the presence of eternal justice. Her life and character are a study worthy of a volume by itself. How little does the world appreciate the quiet life-service of such an aunt and sister as the Princess Elizabeth had proved herself to her brother Louis and his wife and children.

Young and beautiful, she had chosen to share their sorrows when she might have wedded nobly or passed a brilliant life in the court of other brothers, two of whom were in turn Emperors. At Vienna the Reign of Terror could not have made her a victim and a martyr, but she was one of those sweet women of whom, let us thank God, there are still many in a selfish world, who have no thought of self, who forego all thoughts of marrying and giving in marriage to tend a brother's or a sister's little ones, and who resemble in this our blessed Saviour, who came "not to be ministered to, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many."

Louis Vigee-Lebrun

Sunny Vigée

1755-1842

Her eyes were blue and laughing, the kind of eyes that seemed to speak even though her lips said never a word, and she was always so light-hearted that in the school where she was a pupil the other girls called her Sunny. Her father was a poor painter, poor both in rank and possessions, for there were many masters in Paris at that time—Greuze, Nattier, and others whose fame has come down the generations, beside whose works those of Louis Vigée seemed mere daubs. So there was never much money in the family purse, nor an oversupply of food in the larder. But it troubled the blithe-natured daughter not at all. The beauty of the world was hers to enjoy as much as the king's. The magic of starlight and moonshine, the painted heaven of dawn and evening, and the trees in the wide old parks that tufted the boulevards along the Seine were things not even an emperor could take away from her. So merrily she tripped back and forth along the Rue Coquillière on the way to her lessons, well deserving the pretty nickname her playmates had given her, Sunny Vigée.

One morning—it was during the arithmetic class, and Monsieur Eugene Cauhapé was very serious as he explained the rule of three—Andrée Bocquet suddenly tittered aloud. The girls all turned in amazement from the figures the master was making on the blackboard, for never before had such a thing occurred in that well-regulated class-room.

Monsieur Cauhapé whirled and looked at her.

"Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed; and by the way in which

he spoke Andrée knew he demanded an explanation.

"I could not help it," she replied.

"What made you laugh?" he questioned sternly.

Into the face of the little pupil came a distressed expression. To give the reason would be to get her dearest friend into trouble. She felt she had rather take any punishment than do that.

"I cannot tell," she returned in a quivering voice. "I am sorry I made a noise."

Master Cauhapé walked to his desk and picked up a heavy ferrule. Methods used by teachers in 1765 were not methods of gentleness, and the other pupils began to tremble, for they knew what the punishment would be. Several of the more sensitive ones hid their faces in their hands, and tears came into the eyes of Cecile Lansier, who thought Andrée the most lovable girl she ever had seen. Chastisement, in Monsieur Cauhapé's school, meant not a few light taps upon the hand; it was a painful ordeal.

All at once another exclamation went across the room, and it was from neither Andrée nor Monsieur Cauhapé. Sunny Vigée spoke, her eyes very pleading as she said: "Please do not punish Andrée. It was I who made her laugh. I was drawing pictures."

Angrily the schoolmaster strode down the aisle toward the bench where the white-faced speaker sat, the uplifted ferrule in his hand.

"You think so little of your lessons you disturb the class!" he snapped fiercely. "I'll—"

He did not finish the sentence. Abruptly he dropped the ruler and stood looking at the drawing that had made Andrée laugh—a group of children doing antics with a short-tailed dog. Seven little people in all there were, each tiny face plainly portrayed, each wearing a different expression. It was no ordinary sketch, and Monsieur Cauhapé knew it. He was amazed beyond words and could hardly believe a girl of twelve

had made the picture.

"Who taught you to draw?" he asked, turning toward the pupil who had spoken so pleadingly a moment before.

"Nobody," Sunny answered. "I watch Father when he paints. Sometimes I try to make pictures like the ones he has done; sometimes I copy people I see; and sometimes I make up things out of my head. I am sorry I disturbed the class," she added, "but I could not help doing that drawing. The idea of it came while you were talking, and it seemed as if I had to work it out."

Like a sudden gleam of sunshine after a storm, the anger left the schoolmaster's face, and he smiled. He took the girl's arithmetic and glanced through it and there found something that amazed him still more: the margin of almost every page was filled with pictures; trees, flowers, animals, and children —mostly children, each one of them surprisingly well done.

Monsieur Cauhapé was no artist himself, but he knew enough about pictures to realize that the creator of these drawings had remarkable talent. For several minutes he studied the pictures, an expression of pleasure in his face and eyes. The girls were at a loss to know what had caused the sudden change in his manner, for to disturb a class, as Sunny had done, was a serious offense, indeed, in those days. Yet Monsieur Cauhapé stood and smiled at her as if he minded the interruption not a whit, although a moment before he had rushed angrily toward her bench.

Finally he spoke; and when he did it was in a voice so different from the one that had snapped at Andrée it seemed not to come from the same man.

"I shall excuse Mademoiselle Louise this time," he said.

Then he went back to the lesson as if nothing had happened and continued his explanation of the rule of three.

In the twilight of that autumn evening, Monsieur Eugene Cauhapé went to call upon the painter in the Rue Coquillière, and Louis Vigée had the surprise of his life. He had been so

absorbed in his own interests that he knew little of the pastimes of Louise. Beyond seeing her at meal-time, when often he was so deep in thought about a picture he hardly realized she was at the table, he saw almost nothing of her. She was a motherless girl, so that there was no wife to tell him about how she spent her time, and he did not dream that already she had become skilful at drawing. But when the schoolmaster showed him the arithmetic with its picture-bedecked pages he gave an exclamation of delight.

"She will make an artist if ever there was one!" he cried. "Those scribbled sketches show there is more talent in her small finger than in my whole body. To-morrow I will get her an easel."

The very next day he did, spending almost the last sou in his purse that his daughter might get to work. A painter named Davesné, who was a better artist than Vigeé himself, offered to give her lessons; and Louise applied herself with such industry that she was a joy to her teacher. No day seemed too long for her to work with brushes and colors, and when at night she left the easel, she thought happily of returning to it in the morning.

Three years passed, years filled with joyful achievement for Louise Vigée. She had learned all Davesné could teach her, and so now she had a studio of her own, where she painted pictures that sold for handsome prices. She earned more in a month than her father had earned in a year, for she had a great gift; and from the day she had her easel, she worked so industriously that her gift developed in an amazing way. By the time she was thirteen, word of the wonder-child in the Rue Coquillière had spread all over Paris, and Greuze, La Tour, Suzanne, Nattier, and other masters of that day began to take an interest in her and give her lessons. At fourteen she was selling pictures and was one of the famous folk of the capital.

Life was a bright rainbow to the girl artist, for princesses,

duchesses, and other great personages flocked to her studio to have their portraits painted, as well as distinguished strangers visiting Paris. Everything she attempted to paint she did remarkably well; but now, as in the old days at Master Cauhapé's school, she liked best to do likenesses of children and beautiful women, and on these subjects her nimble genius achieved results that affected the beholder as pleasurably as a whiff of exquisite perfume. While her ability and industry brought her the gold of the nobility, her happy nature and warm heart won their friendship also, and she enjoyed privileges that were enjoyed by few in Paris who were not of royal blood. To those who watched her phenomenal success, it seemed her every wish had been realized, but her friends knew this was not so. One deep desire remained unfulfilled: she longed to paint Marie Antoinette, the girl wife of the dauphin. Louise had been in the street throng that lined the Rue Royale the morning Marie entered Paris and rode in state with her attendants toward the palace of Versailles, and at sight of the golden hair and blue eyes of the stranger in the fairy-like coach she had exclaimed: "Oh, the pretty thing! It would be a joy to paint her."

She still felt as she had felt that morning. She and the young dauphiness were exactly the same age, and she could imagine no happier experience than working in her Highness's presence and copying her on canvas. But Marie Antoinette had not summoned her, and an artist who painted royalty could not ask for sittings but had to wait to be called.

When spring touches the French capital it seems like the playground of the world, for there is much of the child in the grown-up Parisian, and, with the dawn of warm, soft days, men and women, as well as younger folk, feel a yearning to become villagers, a longing to sing and dance and romp through the old folk-games. They begin to dream of woods and fields, and want to get out to the flower-starred spaces and wear garlands on their heads. Whenever it is possible to

manage it, they go—sometimes in such numbers that it seems like the pouring of the entire city into the country-side.

Thus it happened that on a May morning a hundred and fifty years ago a girl with a bag and an easel drove from a house in the Rue Coquillière, her face all wreathed with smiles, her heart light as a feather. It was Louise Vigée, starting on a vacation. Madame Suzanne, wife of the artist, had a country-seat not far from the château of Versailles and had invited the girl painter to spend the summer amid surroundings she knew would be an inspiration to her.

It was the first play period Louise had had since beginning work at the easel; but it was not to be wholly a period of idleness. She took pigments and brushes with her, because painting was her life, and she could no more have gone for weeks without touching a canvas than a musician can live happily away from the sound of a beautiful voice or instrument. Before leaving the studio, she planned that six hours of each day were to be hours of work, and not once did she break that rule. But there were hours, also, in the pearly, fragrant mornings, of walking along blossom-sweet lanes, past hamlets gray and vine-wrapped that sheltered soft-eyed peasants. There were tramps at sunset-time toward the château, the fortress-like palace of Versailles that was the favorite residence of the French king and the home of Marie Antoinette.

Louise loved every inch of the royal park, and although folk of common birth were not allowed within its domains, she, because of her friendship with some of the court ladies, was given permission to stroll wherever she chose, and long and delightful were the walks she had along the flower-bordered avenues.

One afternoon she left the easel earlier than usual.

"I want to reach the château by four o'clock to-day," she remarked to Madame Suzanne as she took her sun-hat and started from the villa. "I want to see the antics of the monkeys."

Louis XV had spent more money than any of his predecessors in obtaining attractions for the royal estate, and among the curiosities recently brought there was a troupe of Sudan monkeys that Philippe Marstonne, keeper of the animals, trained. Each afternoon he put them through their antics for the amusement of the court folk. Louise had always arrived at the garden too late to see the show, but today she meant not to miss it and swung briskly on the way so as to arrive in plenty of time. But an experience was in store for her that afternoon that was to mean far more than watching the play of monkeys.

Half an hour after leaving the Suzanne place the sky suddenly clouded. Her boots, dress, and hat were of materials a shower could not damage, and so she decided to go on, for she enjoyed being out in a light rain. But before she realized what black, threatening clouds had gathered above her a violent storm broke. Instead of a shower, it was like a deluge, drenching her to the skin, while lightning flashed alarmingly. The rain poured in pools over her face and filled her shoes, so that she walked as if through a puddle and felt very miserable.

All at once, around a bend in the road, swung a silver-gray landau. The horses that drew it were plunging along as if terrified, and the coachman had to tug stoutly at the reins to keep the animals from getting beyond control. Marie Antoinette and Lady Victorine Andran were returning from a day of shopping in Paris, glad of each mile that sent them nearer the château. But when her Highness saw the dripping girl by the roadside she ordered the driver to stop.

"Get in," she called, as the door of the landau opened. "'T is terrible to be out in such weather."

Louise hurried to do as she was told, hardly able to conceal her amazement at the invitation. By both the face of the speaker and the coat of arms on the vehicle she knew it was the dauphiness, and it was an unheard-of thing for a woman of the nobility to take a commoner into her coach. And in

that moment she knew the future queen of France was a warm-hearted human being as well as a great lady.

"What is your name?" her Highness asked pleasantly, as the postilion closed the door to shut out the gusts of rain.

"Louise Vigée," came the answer. "I was going to see the tricks of the monkeys when the storm overtook me. His Majesty says I may walk in the gardens whenever I like."

Marie Antoinette nodded.

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed. "You are the girl who paints so well. Grandfather Louis says you are to do my portrait some day."

"Grandfather Louis" meant Louis XV. Louise hoped he would decide to have the work start very soon, because now, more than ever, she wanted to put the dauphiness on canvas.

The carriage bounded on its way to Versailles. Then, with Marie Antoinette and Lady Victorine within the shelter of the château, the coachman drove the drenched girl to the house of Madame Suzanne; and for days afterward Louise lived in memory of the chat with the golden-haired princess and in the hope that very soon she would make a portrait of her.

Swiftly sped the days and months until five years more rolled over the head of the artist. Louis XV was dead. His grandson, the dauphin, succeeded him as Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette was queen of France. She was only nineteen when she was crowned, and at nineteen, too, Louise Vigée reigned as queen of the easel. In the same month when the coronet was placed upon the head of the young sovereign, the girl painter was elected to the Academy, which was the highest honor that could come to an artist in France. About that same time she married a man named Lebrun, and henceforth she was known to Parisians as Vigée Lebrun.

Harder than ever this splendidly gifted one worked now, painting unceasingly from early morning until dark, earning great sums of money and great honor, too, as she did

likenesses of high-born folk of the French capital. She painted the queen not only once but several times, and every minute of the hours thus occupied was a joy to her. A friendship developed between the two that lasted until Marie Antoinette died and that still lives as one of the beautiful things of history. Very often her Majesty sent for her artist friend to visit her at Versailles. Sometimes the two met for a quiet hour at the studio, and when Louise began doing her own portrait with that of her little daughter the young sovereign was greatly interested in the progress of the work and dropped in often to watch and praise. She was foolish and weak sometimes, this daughter of Maria Theresa who became queen of France, but she was a woman of noble impulses and warm heart, and no one knew it better than Vigée Lebrun. The periods they spent together were always periods of happiness. But the sky of these two comrades, bright as a rainbow now, was to know a stormy sunset.

The French Revolution came, bringing death to Marie Antoinette, to Louis, and to every member of the nobility that fell into the hands of the mob, and when the queen went to the guillotine it almost broke the heart of Vigée Lebrun.

But there was no time to sit and grieve about it. Because she had been a friend of "the Austrian," as the people called Marie, the maddened revolutionists were about to mete out the same fate to the painter. But, with her small daughter, she managed to escape to Italy and for many years lived an exile in the land of the Cæsars, in Austria, Belgium, Bohemia, and Russia.

But a splendid exile it was, for wherever she went she painted, and both gold and honor flowed in a continuous stream to her. She was fêted like an empress in every country where she sojourned, and while in St. Petersburg, Emperor Alexander made a personal call at her apartments and begged her to stay always in Russia. For a time she thought she would do so. The Paris that had been a paradise to her was the Paris

of Marie Antoinette. Now that the queen and many of her friends were dead, she thought of the French capital as a city of heartbreak.

But she was French, and as time passed France called. Memories of the old happy days haunted her. It was safe now to go back, for the power of the revolutionists had been swept away, and Napoleon I reigned as emperor. So one morning she set out for the land that held so many fragrant memories.

Henceforth, within sound of the Seine. Vigée Lebrun lived and worked until she was a very old woman, dreaming of her youthful days when life was golden, leaving behind a record of a life of glorious labor in the cause of art and a wealth of canvases that are among the treasures of the world to this day.

The Wife of Lafayette

1759 – 1807

They have in Europe a mysterious thing called rank, which exerts a powerful spell even over the minds of republicans, who neither approve nor understand it.

We saw a proof of its power when the Prince of Wales visited New York some years ago. He was neither handsome, nor gifted, nor wise, nor learned, nor anything else which, according to the imperfect light of reason, makes a fair claim to distinction. But how we crowded to catch a sight of him! In all my varied and long experience of New York crowds and receptions, I never saw a popular movement that went down quite as deep as that. I saw aged ladies sitting in chairs upon the sidewalk hour after hour, waiting to see that youth go by—ladies whom no other pageant would have drawn from their homes. Almost every creature that could walk was out to see him.

Mr. Gladstone is fifty times the man the Prince of Wales can ever be. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Bright, George Eliot, Mr. Darwin, might be supposed to represent England better than he. But all of these eminent persons in a coach together would not have called forth a tenth part of the crowd that cheered the Prince of Wales from the Battery to Madison Square. There is a mystery in this which every one may explain according to his ability; but the fact is so important that no one can understand history who does not bear it in mind.

The importance of Lafayette in the Revolutionary War was chiefly due to the mighty prestige of his rank—not his rank as a major-general, but his imaginary, intangible rank as

marquis. His coming here in 1777, a young man of twenty, was an event which interested two continents; and it was only his rank which made it of the slightest significance. The sage old Franklin knew this very well when he consented to his coming, and wrote a private note to General Washington suggesting that the young nobleman should not be much hazarded in battle, but kept rather as an ornamental appendage to the cause. He proved indeed to be a young man of real merit—a brave, zealous, disinterested, and enterprising soldier—one who would have made his way and borne an honorable part if he had not been a marquis. But, after all, his rank served the cause better than any nameless youth could have served it.

I met only the other day a striking illustration of this fact, one that showed the potent spell which his mere rank exerted over the minds of the Indians. On coming here early in the Revolutionary War, he performed a most essential service which only a French nobleman could have rendered. It was a terrible question in 1777, which side the Six Nations would take in the strife. These tribes, which then occupied the whole of central and western New York, being united in one confederacy, could have inflicted enormous damage upon the frontier settlements if they had sided against Congress. Lafayette went among them; and they, too, were subject to the spell of his rank, which is indeed most powerful over barbarous minds. He made a talk to them. He explained, as far as he could, the nature of the controversy, and told them that their old friends, the French, were joined, heart and soul, with the Americans, against their old enemies, the English. He prevailed. They afterwards admitted that it was owing to his advice, and especially his confident prophecy of the final victory of the Americans, that induced so large a portion of the Six Nations to remain neutral. What young man of twenty, unaided by rank and title, could have done this service?

The war ended. In 1784 the marquis returned to America, to visit General Washington and his old comrades. There was trouble again with the Six Nations, owing to the retention by the British of seven important frontier posts, Detroit, Mackinaw, Oswego, Ogdensburgh, Niagara, and two forts on Lake Champlain. Seeing the British flag still floating over these places confused the Indian mind, made them doubt the success of the Americans, and disposed them to continue a profitable warfare. Congress appointed three commissioners to hold a conference with them at Fort Schuyler, which stood upon the site of the modern city of Rome, about a hundred miles west of Albany. Once more the United States availed themselves of the influence of Lafayette's rank over the Indians. The commissioners invited him to attend the treaty.

In September, 1784, James Madison, then thirty-three years of age, started on a northward tour, and, meeting the marquis in Baltimore, determined to go with him to the treaty ground. The two young gentlemen were here in New York during the second week of September, and the marquis was the observed of all observers. Both the young gentlemen were undersized, and neither of them was good-looking; but the presence of the French nobleman was an immense event, as we can still see from the newspapers of that and the following week. After enjoying a round of festive attentions, they started on their way up the Hudson river in a barge, but not before Mr. Madison had sent off to the American minister in Paris (Mr. Jefferson) a packet of New York papers containing eulogistic notices of Lafayette, for the gratification of the French people.

They arrived at Fort Schuyler in due time—the marquis, Mr. Madison, the three commissioners, and other persons of note. But the Indians had no eyes and no ears except for the little Frenchman, twenty-seven years of age, whom they called Kayenlaa. The commissioners were nothing in their eyes, and although they did not enjoy their insignificance,

they submitted to it with good grace, and asked the Indians to listen to the voice of Kayenlaa. He rose to speak, and soon showed himself a master of the Indian style of oratory.

"In selling your lands," said he, "do not consult the keg of rum, and give them away to the first adventurer."

He reminded them of his former advice, and showed them how his prophecies had come true.

"My predictions," said he, "have been fulfilled. Open your ears to the new advice of your father."

He urged them strongly to conclude a treaty of peace with the Americans, and thus have plenty of the French articles of manufacture of which they used to be so fond. The leader of the war party was a young chief, equally famous as a warrior and as an orator, named Red Jacket, who replied to Lafayette in the most impassioned strain, calling upon his tribe to continue the war. It was thought, at the time, that no appeals to the reason of the Indians could have neutralized the effect of Red Jacket's fiery eloquence. It was the spell of the Marquis de Lafayette's rank and name which probably enabled the commissioner to come to terms with the red men.

"During this scene," reports Mr. Madison, "and even during the whole stay of the marquis, he was the only conspicuous figure. The commissioners were eclipsed. All of them probably felt it."

The chief of the Oneida tribe admitted on this occasion that "the word which Lafayette had spoken to them early in the war had prevented them from being led to the wrong side of it." Forty -one years after this memorable scene—that is to say, in the year 1825— Lafayette was at Buffalo; and among the persons who called upon him was an aged Indian chief, much worn by time, and more by strong drink. He asked the marquis if he remembered the Indian Council at Fort Schuyler. He replied that he had not forgotten it, and he asked the Indian if he knew what had become of the young chief who had opposed with such burning eloquence the

burying of the tomahawk.

"He is before you!" was the old man's reply.

"Time," said the marquis, "has much changed us both since that meeting."

"Ah!" rejoined Red Jacket; "time has not been so hard upon you as it has upon me. It has left to you a fresh countenance and hair to cover your head; while to me— look!"

Taking a handkerchief from his head he showed his baldness with a sorrowful countenance. To that hour Red Jacket had remained an enemy to everything English, and would not even speak the language. The general, who well understood the art of pleasing, humored the old man so far as to speak to him a few words in the Indian tongue, which greatly pleased the chief, and much increased his estimate of Lafayette's abilities.

Such was the amazing power of that mysterious oldworld rank which Lafayette possessed. Let us not forget, however, that his rank would have been of small use to us if that had been his only gift. In early life he was noted for two traits of character; which, however, were not very uncommon among the young French nobles of the period. He had an intense desire to distinguish himself in his profession, and he had a strong inclination toward Republican principles. He tells us whence he derived this tendency. At the age of nine he fell in with a little book of Letters about England, written by Voltaire, which gave him some idea of a free country. The author of the Letters dwelt upon the freedom of thinking and printing that prevailed in England, and described the Exchange at London, where the Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Church of England men and Dissenters, Quakers and Deists, all mingled peacefully together and transacted business without inquiring into one another's creed. The author mentioned other things of the same nature, which were very strange and captivating to the inhabitants of a country governed so despotically as France was when

Lafayette was a boy.

The book made an indelible impression upon his eager and susceptible mind. He used to say in after years that he was "a republican at nine." He was, nevertheless, a member of the privileged order of his country, and if he had been born in another age he would in all probability have soon outlived the romantic sentiments of his youth, and run the career usual to men of his rank.

In the summer of 1776, when he was not yet quite nineteen, he was stationed with his regiment at Metz, then a garrisoned town near the eastern frontier of France. An English prince, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, visited this post a few weeks after Congress at Philadelphia had signed the Declaration of Independence. The French general in command at Metz gave a dinner to the prince, to which several officers were invited, Lafayette among the rest. It so happened that the prince received that day letters from England, which contained news from America.

The news was of thrilling interest: Boston lost— Independence declared—mighty forces gathering to crush the rebellion—Washington, victorious in New England, preparing to defend New York! News was slow in traveling then; and hence it was that our young soldier now heard these details for the first time at the table of his commanding officer. We can imagine the breathless interest with which he listened to the story, what questions he asked and how he gradually drew from the prince the whole interior history of the movement. From the admissions of the duke himself, he drew the inference that the colonists were in the right. He saw in them a people fighting in defence of that very liberty of which he had read in the English Letters of Voltaire. Before he rose from the table that day, the project occurred to his mind of going to America, and offering his services to the American people in their struggle for Independence.

"My heart," as he afterwards wrote, "espoused warmly the cause of liberty, and I thought of nothing but of adding also the aid of my banner."

And the more he thought of it, the more completely he was fascinated by the idea. Knowing well how such a scheme would appear to his prudent relations, he determined to judge this matter for himself. He placed a new motto on his coat-of-arms: Cur non?

This is Latin for, Why not? He chose those words, he says, because they would serve equally as an encouragement to himself and a reply to others. His first step was to go on leave to Paris, where Silas Deane was already acting as the representative of Congress, secretly favored by the French ministry. Upon consulting two of his young friends, he found them enthusiastic in the same cause, and abundantly willing to go with him, if they could command the means. When, however, he submitted the project to an experienced family friend, the Count de Broglie, he met firm opposition.

"I have seen your uncle," said the count, "die in the wars of Italy; I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family."

He tried in vain to dissuade the young man from a purpose which seemed to him most rash and chimerical. One person that favored his purpose was his beautiful young wife, already the mother of one child and soon to be the mother of a second. She, with the spirit and devotion natural to a French lady of eighteen, entered heartily into the very difficult business of getting off her young husband to win glory for both by fighting for the American insurgents.

Anastasie de Noailles was her maiden name. She was the daughter of a house which had eight centuries of recorded history, and which, in each of these centuries, had given to France soldiers or priests of national importance and European renown. The château of Noailles (near the city of

Toul), portions of which date as far back as A.D. 1050, was the cradle of the race: and today in Paris there is a Duke de Noailles, and a Marquis de Noailles, descendants of that Pierre de Noailles who was lord of the old château three hundred and fifty years before America was discovered.

Old as her family was, Mademoiselle de Noailles was one of the youngest brides, as her Marquis was one of the youngest husbands. An American company would have smiled to see a boy of sixteen and a half years of age, presenting himself at the altar to be married to a girl of fourteen. We must beware, however, of sitting in judgment on people of other climes and other times. Lafayette was a great match. His father had fallen in the battle of Minden, when the boy was two years of age, leaving no other heir. It is a curious fact that the officer who commanded the battery from which the ball was fired that killed Lafayette's father, was the same General Phillips with whom the son was so actively engaged in Virginia, during the summer of 1781.

The mother of our marquis died ten years after her husband. Her father, a nobleman of great estate, soon followed her to the grave, and so this boy of fourteen inherited the estates of two important families. Mademoiselle de Noallies had great rank and considerable wealth. It is perhaps safe to infer that she was not remarkable for beauty, because no one of her many eulogists claims it for her. Nearly all marriages among the nobility were then matters of bargain and interest, mutual love having little to do with them; yet many marriages of that kind were very happy, and in all respects satisfactory. Lafayette's was one of these. The pair not only loved one another with ardent and sustained affection, but the marriage united the two families, and called into being numerous children and grandchildren.

Imagine them married then, in April, 1774, the year in which the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia.

The young husband—officer in a distinguished regiment

—was not much at home during the first two years after his marriage; a circumstance which was probably conducive to the happiness of both, for they were too young to be satisfied with a tranquil domestic life.

One day in the summer of 1776 he returned suddenly and unexpectedly to Paris. His wife observed that some great matter possessed his mind. There is reason to believe that she was among the first to be made acquainted with his scheme of going to America and entering the service of Congress. A married girl of sixteen—the very age of romance—she sympathized at first with his purpose, and always kept his secret. Nine months of excitement followed, during which he went and came several times, often disappointed, always resolved; until at length Madame de Lafayette received a letter from him, written on board the ship Victory, that was to convey him to America.

This was in April, 1777, when already she held in her arms their first child, the baby Henriette, who died while her father was still tossed upon the ocean. It was many months after his landing in America before he heard of his child's death, and he kept writing letter after letter in which he begged his wife to kiss for him the infant whose, lips were cold in the grave. His letters to her during his long absences in America were full of affection and tenderness. He calls her his life, his love, and his dearest love. In the first letter written at sea, he tries once more to reconcile her to his departure.

"If," said he, "you could know all that I have suffered while thus flying from all I love best in the world! Must I join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me?"

He endeavored to convince her that he was not in the least danger of so much as a graze from a British bullet. "Ask the opinion," said he, "of all general officers— and these are very numerous, because having once obtained that height, they are no longer exposed to any hazards."

Then he turned to speak of herself and of their child.

"Henrietta," said he, "is so delightful that she has made me in love with little girls."

And then he prattled on with a happy blending of good feeling and good humor, until the darkness of the evening obliged him to lay aside the pen, as he had prudently forbidden the lighting of candles on board his ship. It was easy to write these long letters in the cabin of his vessel, but it was by no means easy to send them back across the ocean, traversed by English cruisers. When Madame de Lafayette received this letter their Henriette had been dead for nearly a year. He ran his career in America. He was domesticated with Gen. Washington. He was wounded at the battle of Brandywine. He passed the memorable winter at Valley Forge.

In June, 1778, thirteen months after leaving home, a French vessel brought to America the news of the French alliance, and to him that of the death of his Henriette, and the birth of his second daughter, Anastasie. There is nothing in their correspondence prettier than the manner in which he speaks to her of his wound.

"Whilst endeavoring to rally the troops," he tells her, "the English honored me with a musket-ball, which slightly wounded me in the leg—but it is a trifle, my dearest love; the ball touched neither bone nor nerve, and I have escaped with the obligation of lying on my back for some time."

In October, 1778, about a year and a half after his departure, Madame de Lafayette enjoyed the transport of welcoming her husband home on a leave of absence.

Once, during the spring of 1778, she was present at a party at a great house in Paris, which was attended by the aged Voltaire, then within a few weeks of the close of his life. The old poet, recognizing her among the ladies, knelt at her feet, and complimented her upon the brilliant and wise conduct of her young husband in America. She received this act of homage with graceful modesty. When Lafayette again returned, at

the end of the war, we can truly say he was the most shining personage in France. At court the young couple were overwhelmed with flattering attentions, and the king promoted the marquis to the rank of field-marshal of the French army. During the next seven years, Madame de Lafayette was at the height of earthly felicity. Her two daughters, Anastasie and Virginie, and her son, George Washington, were affectionate and promising children, and there seemed nothing wanting to her lot that could render it happier or more distinguished. Then came the storm of the French Revolution. Both husband and wife were cast down before it. While he was immured in an Austrian dungeon, she, with her two daughters, was confined in one of the prisons of Paris, along with other gentle victims of the Terror. Many of her friends went from her embrace to the guillotine. She, fortunately, escaped the axe, and, a few months after the death of Robespierre, she was released, and prepared at once to penetrate to the remote fortress in which her husband was confined. She sent her son to America, consigning him to the care of President Washington, who accepted the trust, and superintended the education of the lad with the affectionate care of a father. The mother and her daughters, in September, 1795, set out for Vienna, she calling herself Mrs. Motier, and giving herself out as an English lady traveling in disguise to escape pursuit.

Upon reaching Vienna she obtained an audience of the Emperor, and implored her husband's release; alleging truly that he had been Marie Antoinette's best friend in France. The Emperor's reply was, "My hands are tied." He refused to release the General, but permitted Madame de Lafayette and her daughters to share his confinement. For twenty-two months they remained in prison with him, suffering the horrors of a detention, which was cruelly aggravated by superserviceable underlings. Anastasie, the elder daughter, was then sixteen years of age, and Virginie was thirteen. Though they, too, were subjected to very rigorous treatment, they

preserved their health and cheerfulness. The mother suffered extremely, and more than once she was at death's door. When, in September, 1797, the doors of the fortress of Olmutz were opened, she could scarcely walk to the carriage which bore them to liberty. They made their way to Hamburg, where they were all received into the family of John Parish, the American consul. Mr. Parish afterwards described the scene:

"An immense crowd announced their arrival. The streets were lined, and my house was soon filled with people. A lane was formed to let the prisoners pass to my room. Lafayette led the way, and was followed by his infirm lady and two daughters. He flew into my arms; his wife and daughters clung to me. The silence was broken by an exclamation of—

"'My friend! My dearest friend! My deliverer! See the work of your generosity! My poor, poor wife, hardly able to support herself!'

"And indeed she was not standing, but hanging on my arm, bathed in tears, while her two lovely girls had hold of the other. There was not a dry eye in the room.

"I placed her on a sofa. She sobbed and wept much, and could utter but few words. Again the Marquis came to my arms, his heart overflowing with gratitude. I never saw a man in such complete ecstasy of body and mind." Madame de Lafayette never recovered her health. She lived ten years longer, and died December 24, 1807, aged forty-seven years, leaving her daughters and her son happily established. An American who visited, twenty years after, the Château of La Grange, which was the abode of General Lafayette during the last forty years of his life, found there a numerous company of her descendants, a son, two daughters, and twelve grandchildren, forming a circle which he described in glowing terms of admiration. The house was full of America. On the walls were portraits of Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Jefferson, and a painting of the siege of Yorktown. Objects

brought from America, or received thence as gifts, were seen everywhere, and there was one room containing nothing but American things, which the General called by the name "America." There was an American ice-house in the garden, and groves of American trees in the park. It was one of the most estimable and happy families in France. Alas! that the fond mother and the devoted wife should have been wanting to it.

Adrienne de Lafayette
A Young Patriot's Wife
1759-1807

Madame de Lafayette! How stately the title sounds, and how slender and girlish the little bride looks in her wedding finery, her dark eyes large with excitement, and a soft flush on her delicate cheeks as she gazes admiringly into the eyes of her "Big boy with the red hair," as the young Marquis de Lafayette was called by his intimate friends.

Having seen the young bride and groom, for Lafayette was only nineteen, while pretty Adrienne, his wife, was just fourteen, let us turn back the pages of history for a moment and see what led up to this remarkably youthful marriage.

To begin with, in the days of the reign of Louis XVI and the beautiful young queen, Marie Antoinette, there was no more palatial residence in all Paris than that which in 1711 came into the possession of the Duc de Noailles and was thereafter called the Hôtel de Noailles.

The finest artists of the day had re-decorated its stately rooms for the Duc; its walls were hung with costly silk, its picture gallery was famous even in a city rich in art treasures, even its stables were fabulously large and far-famed. All that could minister to the joy of life was to be found in the Hôtel de Noailles in those happy days before the clouds hanging low over France broke in a storm of disaster. Later in 1768, Madame D'Ayen—wife of the Duc de Noailles, who was also the Duc D'Ayen—mistress of the beautiful home, was leading a happy life there with her four daughters, to whose education and care she devoted most of her time.

It was the early afternoon of a day in spring. At three o'clock Madame D'Ayen had dined with her children in the huge dining-room hung with dull tapestries and family portraits, then with cheery laughter the girls had run ahead of Madame to her bedroom, which was very large and hung with crimson satin damask embroidered in gold, on which the sun cast a cheerful glow. Louise and Adrienne, the two older girls—Louise only a year the elder—handed their mother her knitting, her books and her snuff, and then seated themselves, while the younger children disputed as to which one should have the coveted place nearest Madame. Comfortably settled at last, the older girls busy with their sewing, Madame told them the story from the Old Testament of Joseph and his coat of many colours. When she finished Louise asked question after question, which her mother patiently answered, but Adrienne drank in the story told in her mother's vivacious way, in silence. Begged for just one more story, Madame then told an amusing experience of her convent days, on which both of the girls offered so many comments that at last Madame rose, saying rather impatiently:

"You speak in a forward and disobedient manner, such as other girls of your age would never show to their parent."

Louise looked her mortification, but Adrienne said quietly, "That may be, Madame, because you allow us to argue and reason with you as other mothers do not, but you will see that at fifteen we shall be more obedient than other children," and the girl's prediction was true.

Every month of the year was a pleasure to the happy children at the Hôtel de Noailles, but to both vivacious Louise and quiet Adrienne summer was the crowning joy of their year, for then they were always taken to visit their grandfather, the Maréchal de Noailles, who cheerfully gave himself up to making the visit as gay for the children as possible. He played games with them in the house, delightful games such as they never played at home, and better yet, planned wonderful

picnics for them, when with other cousins, and a governess in charge of the cavalcade, they rode on donkeys to the appointed spot. The governess, it is said, was a tiny person, blonde, pinched, and touchy, and very punctilious in the performance of her duties. Once mounted on her donkey, however, she entirely lost her dignity and appeared so wild-eyed, scared, and stiff that one could not look at her without feeling an irresistible desire to smile, which made her angry, though what angered her most was the peals of laughter when she tumbled off her donkey, as she seldom failed to do on an excursion. She usually fell on the grass and the pace of her donkey was not rapid, so she was never hurt, and the frolicsome children filed by her, for if one of them tried to help her up, as Adrienne always wanted to do, a scolding was the reward.

In sharp contrast to the happy summer visits were those paid every autumn to the home of Madame D'Ayen's father, who lived at Fresnes. He was old and deaf and wished the children to be so repressed, that had Madame D'Ayen not made the visits as short as she could there would doubtless have been some disastrous outbreak in their ranks.

For the other months of the year, life at the Hôtel de Noailles was a charmed existence for the children, especially for nature-loving Adrienne, who spent most of her time in the beautiful garden surrounding the house, a garden celebrated throughout Paris for its marvellously kept flower beds, separated by winding, box-bordered paths. A flight of steps led from the house into this enchanting spot, and on either side three rows of great trees shed their long shadow over the nearby walks, while from the foot of the garden could be seen the wonderful panorama of the Tuileries. The garden was indeed an enchanted land, and the children played all sorts of games in its perfumed, wooded depths, only pausing when their mother passed through the garden, when with cries of joy they would cling to her skirts and tell her eager stories of their

doings. And so, in happy play, in hours of education by her mother's side, in busy days of learning all the useful arts, seldom taught in those days to children of such high social rank, Adrienne grew to be fourteen years old. She was a reserved, well-informed, shy girl with great beautiful brown eyes, which grew large and dark when she was pleased with anything, and her finely chiselled features were those of a born aristocrat, while her good disposition was clearly visible in her expression, which was one of winning charm.

At that time in France it was customary for parents to receive proposals of marriage for their daughters at a very early age, sometimes even before the proposition had any meaning to the girl herself, and so it happened that before Adrienne D'Ayen was twelve years old, the guardian of the young Marquis de Lafayette had begged Madame D'Ayen to give her daughter in marriage to his ward, who was but seventeen, and often was one of the merry party of young people who frequented the Hôtel de Noailles, in fact Adrienne felt for him the real affection which she might have given to a brother.

The family of the young Marquis was one of the oldest and most famous in France, famous for "bravery in battle, wisdom in counsel, and those principles of justice and right which they ever practised." Young Lafayette had been left an orphan when he was eleven years old, also the possessor of an enormous fortune, at that time, of course, in the care of his guardian. He had been a delicate child, and not especially bright, but always filled with a keen desire for liberty of thought and action, and when he became old enough to choose between the only two careers open to one of his rank, he chose to be a soldier rather than a courtier, as life at the Court did not appeal to one of his temperament. Notwithstanding this, being a good looking, wealthy young man, he was always welcome at Court and made the object of marked attentions by the young Queen and her companions. Such was the young Marquis, who for reasons diplomatic and

political his guardian wished to marry to a daughter of Madame D'Ayen, but Madame objected, saying that she feared his large fortune, in the hands of one so headstrong as the young Lafayette, might not make for his own and her daughter's happiness. However, her family and friends begged her not to make the mistake of refusing an alliance with a family of such distinction as the Lafayettes, and finally, although this was as yet unknown to the girl whose future it was to so closely touch, Madame withdrew her objections, and so was decided the fate of little Adrienne D'Ayen, whose name was to be in consequence linked thereafter with great events in history.

Two years later, in the spring of 1777, the Hôtel de Noailles was in a bustle of gay preparations. Louise D'Ayen, now fifteen years old, had just become the bride of the Marquis de Montagu, and no sooner were the festivities over, than Madame D'Ayen called Adrienne to her room, and told her of the accepted proposal of M. de Lafayette for her hand. She added, "In accepting this honour for you, my Adrienne, I have made the stipulation that you and your husband are to remain here with me for the present, as you are but children yet, that I may still influence your education and religious experience. This proposal was made two years ago, before the education of M. Lafayette was completed, but now that it is accomplished, and you are fourteen years old, you are to become the affianced bride of the young Marquis."

No well-brought-up French girl would have thought of resisting her mother's decree, although her would-be husband was not to her liking, but in this case the idea was altogether to Adrienne's own choice, and her brown eyes grew dark with joy, and she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, quel bonheur! Quel bonheur!" then escaped to her own room to think about this wonderful fairy story happening which had come to her.

Though she and the young Marquis had been constantly

thrown together before this, one can well imagine the degree of shyness which overcame the young girl on their first meeting after the betrothal had been announced. The world was in a dazzling array of spring beauty, so says the historian—the tender almonds were budding with softest green, the daffodils and tulips were breaking into rare blooms, the world waking from its winter sleep. All seemed to smile on the young lovers who walked as in a dream-world through the flower-bordered paths and spoke together of that future which they were to share.

But such a tête-à-tête did not occur again, for after that the little bride-to-be was kept busy with her studies until the time came for a flurry of preparation just before the marriage day, and it is interesting to read the description of a wedding in those days of long ago, in a country where the customs have ever been so different from those of our own.

It is said that there were interviews with solemn lawyers who brought huge parchments on which were recorded the estates and incomes of the two young people, but of far greater interest to the bride was the wonderful trousseau for which family treasures were brought to light, rare laces were bleached, jewels were reset and filmy gossamer muslins were made up into bewitching finery for the pretty wearer; as well as dresses for more formal occasions made with festoons of fairy-like silver roses, panels of jewelled arabesques, cascades of lace lighter and more frail than a spider's web, masses of shimmering satins and velvets fashioned with heavy court trains, which when tried on the slender girlish figure seemed as if she were but "dressing up" as girls will often do for their own amusing. Then, too, there were priceless jewels to be laid against the white neck, slipped on the slender fingers, to marvel at their beauty and glitter, and to wonder if they could really and truly be her own!

But even the sparkling gems, the elaborate trousseau, and all the ceremony and flattery surrounding a girl who was

making such a brilliant marriage, failed to turn the head or spoil the simple taste of little Adrienne. Even in her gayest moods—and like other girls, she had them—Adrienne was never frivolous, and though possessed of plenty of wit and spirit, was deeply religious and at heart unselfish and noble.

Monsieur and Madame de Lafayette! What magic there was in the new title. How proudly the young couple, scarcely more than children yet, but now husband and wife, bore themselves, as they returned from the church to the Hôtel de Noailles, to take up their residence there, according to the promise made to Madame D'Ayen before she would consent to the marriage. They would have preferred a home of their own, but when shortly after their marriage Lafayette's regiment was ordered to Metz, and broken-hearted little Adrienne was left behind, she found it very comforting to be where she could child-wise sob out her loneliness on the shoulder of her sympathetic mother. Poor little Adrienne—well it was that you could not see into the future with its many harder separations!

With the return of Lafayette the pretty bride began to lead a life much gayer than any she had ever led before, for she and her young husband, because they belonged to two such famous families, became now a part of the gay little set ruled by the caprices of Queen Marie Antoinette. That first winter after their marriage the young couple went constantly to balls and late suppers, to the opera and the play—were in fact in a constant whirl of amusement, which had the charm of novelty to them both, and Lafayette, who had always, even as a boy, been a favourite at Court, was still popular and still called "The big boy with the red hair." He was always awkward, and conspicuous for his height, as well as his clumsiness, and danced as badly as Adrienne did well, which mortified him greatly, having discovered which, Queen Marie Antoinette would often in a spirit of mischief order him to appear on the floor, and then tease him mercilessly about his awkwardness.

He was different too in many ways from the courtiers with whom he was thrown, and his dominant passion even then, at nineteen, was the ambition of a true patriot, only waiting to be turned into its fitting channel.

Both he and Adrienne enjoyed the gaiety and lack of responsibility of those first months of their married life, but more than the frivolity, Adrienne enjoyed sitting at home with her husband and friends while they discussed great national affairs, and later she loved best to slip upstairs and care for the little daughter who came to be her especial joy—and so, absorbed in a variety of interests, the first two years of Madame Adrienne's married life slipped away, and at sixteen we find her as pretty and as slender as ever, but with a deeper tenderness and gravity in her brown eyes.

At the Court of Versailles an honoured guest from the American Colonies was being entertained—a homely, unpolished, reserved man, named Benjamin Franklin. He was a man with a mission: America must be a free country, and France must help her in the struggle, not only with men, but with money. This was the burden of his plea and it thrilled all Paris. The plain brusque American became the fad of the hour. Shops displayed canes, scarfs, hats—even a stove "à la Franklin," and he bore away with him not only an immense gift, but also a large loan, neither of which impoverished France could afford to give.

Foremost among those whom he inflamed in the cause of liberty was young Lafayette, and Adrienne noted with keen alarm his growing indifference to all other topics except that one which was absorbing his interest, and although she said nothing to him about her fear, she went at once to each member of his family with the same plea, "Persuade him not to go! Tell him his duty is here! I would die if I were left alone after we have been so happy together!" But even as she pleaded, the passion to go to America was taking a firmer hold daily on the young enthusiast. His family forbade it, but in

secret he made his plans—in secret carried them out to the last moment, when going to London for a couple of days, he sent back a letter to his father-in-law, telling of his intentions. M. de Noailles read it, sent at once for his wife, and after a brief and agitated conference Adrienne was called. Eagerly impatient to know why she had been summoned, she stood before her parents, so young and frail that the mother's heart rebelled at having to tell her the cruel news. She could not do it. Without a word she handed her the letter and turned away that Adrienne might not see her sorrowful expression. Then turning back again she said hastily, "It is an utterly absurd, selfish scheme, my dear. I will see that it is not carried out."

Then she stood amazed. What had come over Adrienne? She held herself erect, her eyes were dry, and she said proudly: "If my husband feels that way, it is right and best for him to go to America, and we must do all we can to make the parting easy for him. It is he who is going to leave those who are dearest to him, for the sake of a noble cause."

Brave girl! Not once after that did she allow her own feelings to check the ardour of Lafayette's patriotism, not once did she stay her hand in her careful preparation for his departure, although every article laid aside for his use was moistened by her unseen tears, while he was busy with the interesting and enormously expensive work of chartering and fitting up a ship, which Adrienne named *The Victory*, in which he was to make his trip across the ocean.

The preparations were completed and the day had come for his going. Slight, beautiful; too proud to show her emotion, thinking more of him than of herself, Adrienne, not yet eighteen years old, bade her husband farewell—saw him embark for a strange land, for the sake of a cause as dangerous as it was alluring to the young patriot, and went back to her quiet routine of home duties and regular occupations without one murmur.

To her family and her friends she showed little of what

she felt, although many a night she did not even lie down, but sat at her desk, pouring out her heart to the dear one tossing on a perilous sea, in letters which though daily sent, never reached the young adventurer, so we must needs imagine her transports of loneliness—her passion of affection, written to ease and comfort and in a measure to fit her to take up the next day's duties calmly.

Lafayette's letters to her had a better fate than hers to him, and one day when she least expected it, a precious packet lay in Adrienne's hands. Wild with excitement at sight of the familiar writing, she held it for a long time unopened, then fled to the solitude of her own room to read its contents with no eye watching her joy.

The letter was full of tender interest in her health, and of repetitions of undying affection which warmed the heart so starved for them. Written on board *The Victory*, May 30, 1777, it said: "I ought to have landed by this time, but the winds have been most provokingly contrary. When I am once more on shore I shall learn many interesting things concerning the new country I am seeking. Do not fancy that I shall incur any real danger by the occupations I am undertaking. The service will be very different from the one I must have performed if I had been, for example, a colonel in the French army. My attendance will only be required in the council. To prove that I do not wish to deceive you, I will acknowledge that we are at this moment exposed to some danger from the risk of being attacked by English vessels, and that my ship is not of sufficient force for defence. But when I have once landed I shall be in perfect safety. I will not write you a journal of my voyage. Days succeed each other, and what is worse, resemble each other. Always sky, always water, and the next day a repetition of the same thing. We have seen to-day several kinds of birds which announce that we are not very far from shore."

Fifteen days later there was a second letter, and then they

arrived with some degree of regularity to cheer lonely little Adrienne, watching, waiting, and living on their coming. It was a time fraught with vital issues in the American Colonies. Though to Lafayette there was somewhat of disillusion in finding the American troops not like the dashing, brilliantly uniformed ones of his own country, but merely a great army of undisciplined, half-ragged soldiers, united only in the flaming desire to acquire liberty for their beloved land at all hazards, yet soon the young foreigner lost sight of all but their patriotism, and his letters show how he too had become heart and soul inflamed by the same spirit. Only fragments of the letters can be given here, but one can picture the young wife, with her baby in her arms, in the home of her childhood, devouring with breathless interest the story of her adventurer in a strange land. On June 15th Lafayette writes:

"I have arrived, my dearest love, in perfect health at the house of an American officer. I am going this evening to Charlestown…. The campaign is opened, but there is very little fighting…. The manners in this part of the world are very simple, polite and worthy in every respect of the country in which the noble name of liberty is constantly repeated…. Adieu, my love. From Charlestown I shall repair by land to Philadelphia to rejoin the army. Is it not true that you will always love me?"

A few days later he writes from Charlestown:

"I landed, after having sailed for several days along a coast swarming with hostile vessels. On my arrival here everyone told me that my ship must undoubtedly be taken, because two English frigates had blockaded the harbour. I even sent, both by land and sea, orders to the Captain to put the men on shore and burn the vessel. Well, by an extraordinary stroke of good luck a sudden gale of wind having blown away the frigates for a short time the vessel arrived at noonday without having encountered friend or foe. At Charlestown, I have met with General Howe, a general officer now engaged in service. The

Governor of the State is expected this evening from the country. I can only feel gratitude for the reception I have met with, although I have not thought it best yet to enter into any details respecting my future prospects and arrangements. I wish to see the Congress first. There are some French and American vessels at present here which are to sail out of the harbour in company to-morrow morning…. I shall distribute my letters along the different ships in case any accident should happen to either one of them….

I shall now speak to you, my love, about the country and its inhabitants, who are as agreeable as my enthusiasm had led me to imagine. Simplicity of manner, kindness of heart, love of country and of liberty and a delightful state of equality are met with universally… Charlestown is one of the finest cities I have ever seen. The American women are very pretty and have great simplicity of character, and the extreme neatness of their appearance is truly delightful; cleanliness is everywhere even more studiously attended to here than in England. What gives me most pleasure is to see how completely the citizens are brethren of one family. In America there are no poor and none even that can be called peasants. Each citizen has some property and all citizens have the same right as the richest individual."

After protestations of deep devotion and loneliness the letter ends with:

"The night is far advanced, the heat intense, and I am devoured with gnats, but the best of countries have their inconveniences. Adieu, my love, adieu."

A very good picture that of customs and habits which would have been to the lasting advantage of America to continue!

The letters of Lafayette grew more and more homesick and Adrienne's feelings were like a harp with its strings attuned to respond to his every emotion.

From Petersburg, Va., on July 17, 1777, he writes:

"I have received no news of you, and my impatience to hear from you cannot be compared to any other earthly feeling…. You must have learned the particulars of the commencement of my journey. You know that I set out in a brilliant manner in a carriage, and I must now tell you that we are all on horseback, having broken the carriage after my usual praiseworthy custom, and I hope soon to write you that we have arrived at Philadelphia on foot!..."

A few days later he says:

"I am each day more miserable, from having quitted you, my dearest love…. I would give at this moment half of my existence for the pleasure of embracing you again, and telling you with my own lips how I love you…. Oh, if you knew how I sigh to see you, how I suffer at being separated from you and all that my heart has been called on to endure, you would think me somewhat worthy of your love."

Poor, lonely, young couple—each was suffering in a different way from the separation, but Adrienne's misery was the hardest to bear, for not only had she lost the little daughter who had been her greatest comfort since the departure of her husband for America, but she now had a shock, for in her husband's letter of the 12th of September, after the battle of Brandywine, he wrote:

"Our Americans after having stood their ground for some time ended at last by being routed; whilst endeavouring to rally them, the English honoured me with a musket ball, which slightly wounded me in the leg, but it is a trifle, and I have escaped with the obligation of lying on my back for some time, which puts me much out of humour. I hope that you will feel no anxiety, this event ought, on the contrary, rather to reassure you, since I am incapacitated from appearing on the field for some time. I have resolved to take good care of myself, be convinced of this, my dearest love."

Notwithstanding the cheerful tenor of this letter, Adrienne was not able to eat or sleep after its arrival, until in

a second letter he again assured her of the slightness of his injury, and added:

"I must now give you your lesson as the wife of an American general-officer. They will say to you, 'They have been beaten.' You must answer, 'That is true, but when two armies of equal numbers meet in the field, old soldiers have naturally the advantage over new ones. They have had besides, the pleasure of killing a great many of the enemy; many more than they have lost.' They will afterward say, 'All that is very well, but Philadelphia is taken, the Capital of America, the rampart of Liberty!' You must politely answer, 'You are all great fools.' Philadelphia is a poor forlorn town, exposed on every side, whose harbour is already closed, although the residence of Congress lent it some degree of celebrity. This is the famous city which, it may be added, we will soon make them yield to us! If they continue to persecute you with questions you may send them about their business in terms which the Vicomte de Noailles will teach you, for I cannot lose time in talking to my friends of politics."

Thrilling indeed were those days of 1777 after the battle of Brandywine, for the Americans struggling so valiantly for the liberty they were so determined to secure, and valiant was young Lafayette in upholding that Cause which he had so bravely espoused. A letter from General Greene to General Washington in which he speaks glowingly about the young Frenchman would have filled Adrienne's heart to overflowing with pride, could she but have read it, for it was full of descriptions of her husband's bravery even before he had recovered from the wound received at the battle of Brandywine, and General Greene adds:

"The Marquis Lafayette is determined to be in the way of danger." But Lafayette's own account of his doings, both to General Washington, with whom he was on the most intimate and affectionate terms, and to his wife, were always most modest and self-depreciatory. But because of Lafayette's

illustrious connections, the loyalty he showed for the cause of American liberty, and also because of the marked discretion and good sense he had shown on several critical occasions, Washington recommended to Congress that the young Frenchman receive command of a division in the Continental army, which suggestion was carried out on the 27th of November, 1777, and of course Lafayette's ardour for the Cause he was supporting flamed higher than before, on receiving this honour.

Soon, in accordance with General Washington's plan, it was decided that the American army was to encamp for the winter at Valley Forge, and of the dreary march there, uncheered by any great triumph, and when most of the soldiers were suffering from both cold and hunger, and the still drearier arrival and terrible subsequent privations and hardships, the pages of history have made us too well acquainted to need to dwell on them here.

During that hard winter, there were those in command who were jealous of the intimacy between Washington and the young Marquis who attempted to break it up by offering Lafayette the command of an expedition into Canada, which it was thought his military ambition would tempt him to accept. It did, and in consequence he hastened to the headquarters of General Gates at Yorktown to receive further orders, where he found the General dining, surrounded by such evidences of luxury and high living as were never seen at Valley Forge, and when he proposed the toast, "The Commander-in-chief of the American Armies," to his surprise the toast was received without a cheer, which was his first intimation that there was any feeling in the American ranks hostile in the slightest degree to General Washington.

Almost at once he set out to undertake the commission given him, and not until it had proved a disastrous failure did he discover that it had been given without the sanction or even the knowledge of Washington. He wrote a letter of

profound regret and humiliation to his Commander-in-chief, laying the whole matter before him, saying that he felt utterly distressed about the matter, to which Washington replied in a fatherly and calm letter, assuring the young Marquis of his continued esteem, and gladly then Lafayette hastened back to Valley Forge, to again enjoy the companionship of his Commander-in-chief, to be inspired by his fatherly counsel.

But of what Lafayette was exposed to, of privation or of struggle, at that time Adrienne knew little, for he always wrote cheerfully to her, dwelling at length on any bit of brightness of which he could speak.

After having returned to Valley Forge he writes:

"My presence is more necessary to the American cause than you can possibly conceive. Many foreigners have endeavoured by every sort of artifice to make me discontented with this revolution and with him who is their chief. They have spread as loudly as they could the report that I was quitting the Continent. The English have proclaimed also loudly the same intention on my side. I cannot in justice appear to justify the malice of these people. If I were to depart many Frenchmen who are useful here would follow my example. General Washington would feel very unhappy if I were to speak of quitting him. His confidence in me is greater than I dare acknowledge, on account of my youth. In the place he occupies he is likely to be surrounded by flatterers or by secret enemies, he finds in me a sincere friend in whose bosom he may always confide his secret thoughts and who will always speak the truth…." Again he says, "Several general officers have brought their wives to the camp. I envy them—not their wives—the happiness they enjoy in being able to see them. General Washington has also resolved to send for his wife. As to the English, they have received a re-inforcement of three hundred young ladies from New York!" Then with boyish simplicity he adds, "Do you not think that at my return we shall be old enough to establish ourselves in our own

house, live there happily together and receive our friends?" and the letter concludes, "Adieu, my love. I only wish this project could be executed on this present day."

While Lafayette was living through all sorts of thrilling experiences and receiving still higher promotion as a reward for his brilliant military exploits, across the sea had come the disquieting rumour to Madame D'Ayen of his death, and the mother-heart stood still with fear that it should reach the brave wife, already saddened enough by the suspense of her loneliness, and now the mother of another little daughter who needed all the happy smiles that Adrienne could give. With great haste and diplomacy Madame D'Ayen urged Adrienne to visit her grandfather at Fresnes, and unsuspecting Adrienne welcomed the suggestion of a change of scene, as her heart-hunger for the "big boy" over the water was daily growing more insistent. She returned in better health and spirits, but as the rumour had not yet been discredited, Madame D'Ayen insisted on another visit to the country, and never did Adrienne know of the report which would have almost killed her, until a glad unexpected day, when, without any warning to expect him, Adrienne found herself again in the arms of her husband. Lafayette had been overcome with homesickness at a time when affairs looked bright enough for the American army to risk his absence, and he had impulsively taken the first steamer sailing for France and home. Then and only then did Adrienne hear of the rumour which had caused her mother such disquietude, and then for the first time Madame D'Ayen had the opportunity for which she had longed, to learn the details of that alliance between France and America, in which she was profoundly interested and in the making of which Lafayette had played such a prominent part. There was indeed much to talk about after the long separation, and Lafayette felt that he could not have Adrienne and the little daughter whom he had not seen before, out of his sight even for a moment. Adrienne would have been quite

happy, had not a dark disquietude troubled even her nights, for Lafayette had come but to go again, and if the first parting had been hard, this was doubly so, for she knew now how devotedly she loved him, and that the changes made in him in his two years of adventure and real privation, had only given her affection a stronger desire for his presence and protection. But with characteristic courage she made no plea that he should stay, but showed a keen bright interest in all the news which came from America, and Lafayette remained with her until after the birth of his son, who was christened George Washington Lafayette. Soon after this event, Adrienne was obliged once again to say farewell to her husband, and as before, she held herself in proud courage, a courage which a woman twice her age might have been proud to show, offering no word which might sadden his going, but spurred him on with the dauntless spirit of the woman who inspires a man to be his best self.

Three long years now went by and Adrienne alone bore the anxiety and responsibility of her baby boy's alarming sickness, at the same time constantly kept on the rack of suspense by newspaper accounts of the dangerous campaigns in which Lafayette was playing a prominent part. But she remained outwardly calm and courageous, and even made herself enter a little into Court festivities, that she might brighten the lives of her mother and the children who looked to her for their sunshine.

Days, weeks and months went by, and then there came a grand fete at the Hôtel de Ville, to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin, and despite her heavy heart Adrienne went to it, looking very pretty in her stately Court gown of stiff brocade, which threw into sharp contrast her girlish figure and face. Trying not to put a damper on the party, she was chatting as gaily as possible with a courtier who was her devoted admirer, when a message was brought to her.

There was a general stir of excited interest around her.

What was it they said? Adrienne could scarcely credit the news. The Virginia campaign brought to a successful end? The Marquis de Lafayette at home? Cornwallis surrendered? Lafayette at home, and waiting for her? Even the Queen was wildly excited by the good news, and being fond of both Adrienne and Lafayette, she rushed to the dazed girl's side, exclaiming impatiently, "Rouse, dear, rouse; make haste, or," this laughingly, "your red-headed boy may have sailed again for his beloved land of freedom!" Still Adrienne made no movement, and Marie Antoinette took her by the arm, saying, "I see I must personally conduct you to your own happiness. Come, my own carriage waits!"

By this time Adrienne's heart had responded to the bewildering news, and bending over the Queen's hand she would have thanked her for her favour, but Marie Antoinette was young and romantic, and pushed aside the ceremonious thanks, to impel the still dazed Adrienne into the carriage.

The Queen's carriage! The Queen herself! was whispered on every side at the unwonted sight of royalty driving so unceremoniously through the Rue Saint Honoré, but the Queen paid no heed to the fact that she was doing something unusual, and Adrienne saw nothing—heard nothing—she only kept repeating, "The campaign is over—Cornwallis has surrendered. He is back!"

The massive gates of the courtyard of the Hôtel de Noailles swung open to admit the carriage. Marie Antoinette only waited to murmur an exclamation of congratulation, to press a hasty kiss on Adrienne's cheek, then drove away, while Adrienne, her great brown eyes lustrous with excitement and joy, her cheeks flaming with such crimson as had not flushed them for weary months, ran up the steps between the rows of stiff lackeys, ran so fast that she tripped on her absurdly ceremonious dress of brocade, tripped and tripped again, and then with a cry of joy ran into the arms of her beloved boy with the red hair!

Brave little Adrienne—the pages of history are filled with the noble deeds of that husband who so early in life took up the cause of American liberty, and so valiantly fought for it, but who dares say that your name too should not be honoured with his, by every true American, because of your loving thoughts, your prayers and hopes which, winging their way across the ocean, inspired the young French patriot to all that was finest in his achievement!

Napoleon Bonaparte

The Boy of Brienne

1769 – 1821

The playground of the French military school at Brienne was a great open space looking down upon the town. Here, on a January afternoon in 1783, a score of boys were hard at work building a snow fort. The winter had been very cold and a great fall of snow at the first of the year had covered the playground several feet deep. After each storm the boys in the military school fought battles back and forth over the open ground, and up and down the roads that led to the village; but this battle was to be a memorable one.

A little Corsican named Bonaparte was in charge of the defending forces. He was not very popular among his playmates. He kept very much to himself, and when he did mix with the others he had a habit of ordering them about. Most of the other boys were afraid of him. Time and again, when he had been disturbed as he stood reading a book in a distant corner of the schoolroom or walking by himself in the playground, he had turned fiercely upon his playmates and had scattered them before him with the passion of his face and words; but when they wanted a leader the boys turned to Bonaparte, and now when they had decided to build a great fort they left the direction of it entirely to his care.

The Corsican boy, who was fourteen years old, stood in the middle of the ground, his hands clasped behind his back, nodding now in one direction, now in another, as he ordered the boys where to bank the snow, how high to build the ramparts, and in what lines. He was not very tall and his face was

quite colorless. Under a broad brow his piercing gray eyes darted here and there, and then were quiet in study. He wore a blue military coat with red facings and bright buttons, and a vest of blue faced with white, and blue knee-breeches, and a military cocked hat. From time to time he drew lines on the snow with a sharppointed stick. Once or twice, when he found a boy idling, he spoke to him sharply, but for the most part he kept strict silence.

After a time a young master, dressed like a priest, came out of the school door and walked over toward Bonaparte. He smiled as he saw the intense look on the boy's face, and the rough plan sketched before him on the snow. He came up to the boy and stood looking down at him.

"Well, my young Spartan," said he, "what are you planning now? Some new way to save the town from siege?"

The boy glanced up at his teacher, and a little smile parted his thin lips. "No, Monsieur Pichegru, I was considering how we might drive the French troops out of Corsica."

"From Corsica!" exclaimed the master. "Corsica belongs to France, and you are a French cadet." The boy shook his head solemnly. "Corsica should be free," he answered. "We are more Italian than French. I hate your barbarous words, my tongue trips over them. If I had my way no Frenchman would be left in the island." "Then it's well you don't have your way, Bonaparte," said Monsieur Pichegru, laughing.

Suddenly the boy's brow clouded and his eyes grew serious. "You think I shan't have my way then? You don't know me, no one knows me. Wait until I grow up—then you shall see."

The master was used to this boy's strange fancies, and now he simply shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well, we'll wait and see, but you must learn to curb your temper if you ever expect to do great things in the world."

"Why?" said the boy. "Must a general curb his temper?

It's his part to give orders, not to take them, and that, sir, is the part I mean to play."

Again the master shrugged his shoulders, and the same quizzical smile his face always wore when watching this boy lighted his eyes.

"At least we are agreed on one thing, Bonaparte; we both of us know the most glorious profession in the world is that of the soldier. Ah, that I might some day be a captain of artillery!"

"Why not?" said the boy. "Isn't all of Europe one big camp? Can't any man rise who has strength to draw a sword? Believe me, Monsieur Pichegru, if you really want to be a captain you shall be one."

The master glanced at the boy, and then looked quickly away. "You are a strange lad, my little Spartan," said he. "I don't think I ever knew a boy quite like you."

The teacher moved away and the boy continued making his drawings with the pointed stick.

By the time the afternoon had ended the square fort of snow was finished. It was by far the finest fortification the boys of Brienne had ever built. It had four bastions and a rampart three and one-half feet long. Water was poured over the top and sides so that ice might form, and it looked like a very difficult place to take. When he considered it finished Bonaparte ordered the boys to quit work, and taking up a book he had thrown on the ground before him he started to stroll up and down by the farther wall of the parade. He was fond of walking here, book in hand, studying some military treatise, and, though only a boy, he had gained the power of shutting out all thoughts except those of his study.

Some of the boys had put together a rough sort of skyrocket, and now brought it out from the house to light it in the playground. One boy touched a match to the fuse and the others leaped back out of reach. There was a loud explosion, and the firework, failing to shoot off as was intended, simply

fizzled in a shower of sparks near the feet of the boy by the wall. He glanced up, looked at the flames and then at the circle of boys beyond.

In an instant he had seized his stick and was among them, hitting the boys over their heads and calling them all the names he could think of, beside himself in a sudden storm of passion because he had been disturbed. They fled before his attack like leaves before a whirlwind. In a few moments he had cleared the playground. Then he threw down the stick and picked up his book again.

A few minutes later Monsieur Pichegru, who had been told of the explosion, came over to him.

"You must not lose your temper in that way, my boy," said he. "Some day you will learn to regret it."

"Why?" said the Corsican lad. "I was studying here, I was reading how great Hannibal crossed the Alps, and that pack of fools broke in upon me. I will not be disturbed." "You'll teach them to hate you," said the master, trying to argue the boy out of his ill temper.

"No, I'll teach them to do as I want, or let me alone when I wish it. That's all I ask of them, to be let alone." The master, shaking his head, thought that the boy would soon have his way, for day by day he grew more solitary and his playmates' fear of him increased.

The teachers at the school and also some of the servants saw the fort on the playground that afternoon, and the news of it sped through the town. According to report it was very different from the snow forts the boys usually built, much more ingenious and complicated, and along military lines. As a result the next morning many of the townspeople came to see the fortifications and examined them with great interest while the boys were indoors at study.

When they were free in the afternoon the battle began, one party of the boys leading the attack from the streets of the town, the other under Bonaparte defending the bastions and

rampart. Attack and defense were well handled. The boys had already learned many military tactics and they thoroughly enjoyed this mimic warfare, but the Corsican lad was much too clever for his adversaries. He was continually inventing new schemes to surprise his opponents, now sending out a party of skirmishers to attack them in the rear or on the flanks, again luring them into a direct assault upon the rampart, and then leading his soldiers up and over the ice walls to scatter the enemy down the street. By sunset there was no doubt as to which was the victor. The flag, which was the prize of battle, was formally awarded to the boys who had held the fort.

There was no doubt that young Napoleon Bonaparte knew how to lead others. He had shown that ability to an amazing degree ever since he had first entered the school of Brienne when he was only nine years old. The boys at Brienne were all being trained to be soldiers, and they were all brought up in strict military discipline which would have been irksome to many a boy. The young Corsican, however, liked it and seemed to thrive on it.

Some of the rules of the school were curious. Until they were twelve years old the boys had to keep their hair cut short, after that they were allowed to wear a pigtail, but could powder their hair only on Sundays and Saints' Days. Each boy had a separate room which was much like a cell, containing a hard bed with only a rug for covering. The boys had to stay in school for six years, and they were never allowed to leave on any pretense whatever. During the long vacation which lasted from September fifteenth to November second they had only one lesson a day and had plenty of time for outdoor sports. Everything possible was done to fire their ardor for military life. They were encouraged to read the lives of great men, especially Plutarch's "Lives," and those historical plays which deal with great French scenes. History and geography were the chief studies, and after those two, mathematics. In all of

these branches Bonaparte took great delight.

Singularly enough the school, although designed to train boys for warriors, was entirely under the charge of an order of Friars. Neither teachers nor boys could help but admit Napoleon's great strength of character. When the Abbe in charge organized the school into companies of cadets the command of one company was given to this boy. He ruled those under him with a rod of iron, and finally the boys who were the commanders of the other companies decided to hold a court-martial.

Bonaparte was brought before them and charged with being unworthy to command his schoolfellows because he disdained them and had no real regard for them. Arguments attacking him were made by various boys, but when it came to Napoleon's turn to defend himself he refused, on the ground that whether he were commander or not made little difference to him. The court-martial thereupon decided to degrade him from his rank and a formal sentence was read aloud to him. He seemed very little concerned, and took his place with the other privates without any show of ill feeling. For almost the first time the boys felt a sort of affection for him because he bore his humiliation so well.

Unlike most boys he really seemed to care very little whether he was popular or not; all he asked was a chance to learn the art of warfare. He was happiest when he was left alone to study history. Plutarch's "Lives" was his favorite book, and his favorite nation among the ancient peoples was that of Sparta, because he admired the Spartans' stern sense of heroism and hoped to copy them. That was the reason Monsieur Pichegru had given him the nickname of "The Spartan," and the name stuck to him for years.

The Corsican boy's first desire was to be a sailor. He hoped he might be sent to the southern coast of France where he would be near his own beloved island home. It so happened, however, that one of the French military instructors

came to Brienne after Napoleon had been there about five years, and immediately took an interest in the boy. A little later he, with four others, was chosen to enter a famous military school in Paris as what were known as "gentlemen cadets." The report that was sent to Paris respecting Bonaparte stated that he was domineering, imperious, and obstinate, but in spite of these qualities he was chosen because of his great ability in mathematics and the art of warfare.

The military school of Paris was one of the sights of the French capital. Famous visitors were always taken there, and the cadets were intended to form the flower of the French army. Only a few of the boys who were at the schools in the provinces were chosen to come to Paris, and those who were chosen were put through a rigid course of study and of physical drill in preparation for service in the army. Most of the boys were sons of the nobility and were accustomed to bully their less distinguished comrades.

When Bonaparte had been in Paris a very short time he had his first fight with such a boy. He was quite able to hold his own, but all that first year he was continually set upon by the Parisians who loved to taunt him with being a little Corsican and to make ridiculous nicknames out of his two long names. He lost something of his reserve, because he liked the military side of the Paris school much better than the church atmosphere at Brienne.

Nothing made him so indignant as to hear his native land spoken of slurringly, and there were many of his comrades who took a special delight in doing this. The boys would draw caricatures of him standing with his hands behind his back in his favorite attitude, his brows frowning, and his eyes thoughtful, and underneath would write "Bonaparte planning to rescue Corsica from the hands of the French." Whenever he had a chance he spoke bitterly of the injustice of a great people oppressing such a tiny island as his.

Finally some of his words came to the ears of the general

in charge of the school. He sent at once for the boy and said to him, "Sir, you are a scholar of the King, you must learn to remember this and to moderate your love of Corsica, which after all forms part of France." Bonaparte was wiser than to make any answer, he simply saluted and withdrew. But he paid no heed to the advice, and one day shortly afterward he again spoke to a priest of the unjust treatment of Corsica. The latter waited until the boy came to him at the confessional and then rebuked him on this subject. Bonaparte ran back through the church crying loud enough for all those present to hear him, "I didn't come in here to talk about Corsica, and that priest has no right to lecture me on such a subject!"

The priest as well as the others in charge soon learned that it was useless to try to change this boy's views, or indeed to keep him from expressing them when he had a chance. They were learning, just as Monsieur Pichegru and the friars at Brienne had learned, that he would have his own way in spite of all opposition.

When he was sixteen Napoleon and his best friend, a boy named Desmazis, were ordered to join the regiment of La Fère which was then quartered in the south of France. Napoleon was glad of this change which brought him nearer to his island home, and he also felt that he would now learn something of actual warfare. The two boys were taken to their regiment in charge of an officer who stayed with them from the time they left Paris until the carriage set them down at the garrison town. The regiment of La Fère was one of the best in the French army, and the boy immediately took a great liking to everything connected with it. He found the officers well educated and anxious to help him. He declared the blue uniform with red facings to be the most beautiful uniform in the world.

He had to work hard, still studying mathematics, chemistry, and the laws of fortification, mounting guard with the other subalterns, and looking after his own company of men. He seemed very young to be put in charge of grown soldiers,

but his great ability had brought about this extraordinarily rapid promotion. He had a room in a boarding-house kept by an old maid, but took his meals at the Inn of the Three Pigeons. Now that he was an officer he began to be more interested in making a good appearance before people. He took dancing lessons and suddenly blossomed out into much popularity among the garrison. Older people could not help but see his great strength of character, and time and again it was predicted that he would rise high in the army.

He had not been long with his regiment when he was given leave of absence to visit his family in Corsica. His father had died, but his mother was living, with a number of children. All of them looked to Napoleon for help. When he reached his home, although he was only seventeen, he was hailed as a great man. Not only his own family, but all the neighbors and townspeople spoke of him with pride, and expected that he would do a great deal for their island.

He still had the same passion for that rocky land, and spent hours wandering through the grottoes by the seashore, or in the dense olive woods, or lying under a favorite oak tree reading history and dreaming of his future. The open life of the fields and the pleasures of the farm appealed strongly to him, but he knew that there was more active work for him to do in the world, and so, after a short stay, he went back to the main land.

It was not long before great events took place in France. The people arose against their king and the first gusts of the French Revolution blew him from his throne.

The young Napoleon was a great lover of liberty; he wished it for Corsica and he wished it for the French people. It seemed at first as though the island might be able to win its independence, owing to the disorder in France, and the Bonapartes sided with the conspirators who were working toward this end. But the young lieutenant attended strictly to his own business. He watched the rapid march of events from

a distance, and when he went to Paris he was careful not to ally himself too closely with any particular party. Finally the Republic was proclaimed, and Napoleon saw that there would be an immediate chance for fighting. He had complained as a boy that the trouble with the officers was that they had not had a real taste of battle. He hoped to be able to learn his profession on the actual field.

At a time like this when every one doubted his neighbor, and no one knew how long the present government would last, one quality of the young lieutenant, his steadfast sticking to duty, made him conspicuous. Whoever might rule the country he stuck to his work of drilling the men under him, and step by step he advanced until he became lieutenant-colonel. Finally his great chance came.

The city of Toulon on the Mediterranean rebelled against the Convention, which had in turn become the governing power of France, and surrendered itself to the English. French troops were sent to the city, and at the very beginning of the fighting the commander of the artillery was wounded by a ball in the shoulder. Napoleon was next in rank and took his place. The siege lasted for days, and the young commander was obliged to exercise all his ingenuity to hold his position before the English lines. It was like a repetition of the old fight of the Brienne school yard, only now Bonaparte led the attacking forces, and he found this a more difficult task than to defend his own iced ramparts.

There was also trouble with some of the officers, and one of them ordered Napoleon to place his guns in a certain line of attack. The Corsican youth refused, declaring that he would not serve under a man who was wanting in the simplest principles of warfare. The commander was indignant, but all his friends said to him, "You had better let that young man alone, he knows more about this than you. If his plan succeeds the glory will all be yours; if he fails the blame will be his." The officer took the advice and told young "Captain

Cannon," as he called Napoleon, that he might have his own way, but that he should answer for the success of his plan with his head.

"Very well," said the youth, "I'm quite satisfied with that arrangement."

The siege lasted a long time, and then it was finally decided to carry the town by a grand assault. All possible forces were brought to the attack, and at last Toulon was taken. The young lieutenant-colonel distinguished himself greatly in this his first real battle.

His horse was shot under him, and he was wounded with a bayonet thrust in the thigh; but he kept his men in place, and finally advancing they succeeded in covering both the town and the fleet in the sea. When the fighting was over the general in command wrote to Paris: "I have no words to describe the merit of Bonaparte; much science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery. This is but a feeble sketch of this rare officer, and it is for you, ministers, to consecrate him to the glory of the Republic."

Such was the young Napoleon at twenty-three. Almost immediately he was made general of brigade, and was looked upon as one of the coming defenders of the French Republic.

He went to Paris, was loaded with honors, and given post after post in the service of his country. For a time he proved a great defender of his people, for a time he served the Republic as no other man could; but when defense was no longer needed he could not sheathe his sword, he had to use it for attack whether the cause were just or not. As he won victory after victory and tasted power he discarded even the Republic that had made him, and placed himself upon the throne as Emperor.

That same love of power which had made him was also his undoing. He could not rest content with what he had. As he had predicted to Monsieur Pichegru that afternoon at Brienne he would have his own way, and very much as he had

treated his schoolfellows there he later grew to treat the nations of Europe. As a result they, like his playfellows, combined against him, and sent him down finally among the privates.

Napoleon Bonaparte

1769-1821

The island of Corsica had been coming through troubled times, and there was still a feeling of war in the air on the 15th of August 1769, when the little Napoleon was born at Ajaccio.

The stars looked down on many a ruined home, on many a battle-field only now beginning to show itself green instead of red, and they looked down too upon the little child, in whose tiny helpless hands were the threads of fate that were to lead to many a wider battlefield, dyed with even a deeper red.

Charles Bonaparte, the father of the little Napoleon, had fought well for the liberty of his country, and it was only when he saw that the struggle was a hopeless one that he laid down his arms and accepted the French as rulers of Corsica. He was a handsome, courtly man and belonged to the old nobility, and his wife Letizia was of noble family also. She was indeed well fitted to be the wife of a soldier and the mother of one of the greatest leaders of men the world has ever known.

No hardships kept Letizia from following her husband through all the wars of that unhappy time, and when the last battle was fought and lost, she escaped with him, and carrying the eldest boy Joseph in her arms, struggled through brush-wood and open country, waded through rivers and climbed hills, until they reached a safe place of refuge, always cheerful and uncomplaining. It was but a short time after those weary days that her second son, Napoleon, was born. Madame Mire, as she was called, loved her children with all her heart, and

Napoleon's love for his mother was one of the beautiful things in his life, but she was extremely severe and brought her sons up most strictly. Many a sound whipping did she give them, and Napoleon especially received even more than his share at her hands. Joseph was a quiet kindly child, and both he and little Lucien were easily managed, but Napoleon was always a disturber of the peace, always wanting his own way and ready to fight for it, caring not a jot whether the person he fought with was thrice his size and double his age.

With such a child as this, Madame Mire had naturally no idea of sparing the rod. Even when Napoleon was almost grown up she whipped him soundly one day. He had called his grandmother "an old witch," which had made his mother very angry, and knowing he would be punished for it, he kept out of her way all day. But there was no escape, for in the evening when he was dressing for dinner, she quietly came into his room, and the thrashing she gave him was none the lighter for being so long delayed.

In the large bare room, with its whitewashed walls, which was set apart for the children's playroom, Napoleon played his own purposeful games by himself, and seldom would join his brothers. He was the true son of a soldier, and loved to march up and down beating his drum or charging with his wooden sabre. The walls were covered with his drawings of soldiers, ranged in battle array, and woe betide anyone who scribbled over them.

This warlike spirit might ill have suited the gentle nuns who were Napoleon's first teachers, but the child was as much interested in his games and was a great favourite with his teachers. "The little mathematician" was what they called him, as they soon discovered he had a genius for numbers.

Napoleon had little idea what a mathematician meant. The nuns might call him that if they liked, but he himself knew very well that he was going to be a soldier and nothing else. Already he began to prepare himself, and every morning

when he started for school he changed his piece of white bread, which was given him for lunch, for a piece of coarse brown bread, which was what the soldiers ate.

"I must grow accustomed to soldiers' fare," he said very wisely.

As he grew older the big playroom became too noisy a place for work, and so a little shed was built for him behind the house where he could learn his lessons and work out his sums in peace. All else was forgotten as he made his calculations and thought his big thoughts, and he would walk about with his head in the clouds and his stockings hanging over his heels, while the other children mocked at him for his foolishness and untidiness. But their jeers made not the slightest impression upon him, only if he was once roused to anger they quickly repented of their mirth.

Fear was something which was quite unknown to Napoleon, and when he was only eight years old he mounted a young spirited horse and rode off before anyone could prevent him, to the dismay of the whole family, who never expected to see him alive again. But he thoroughly enjoyed his ride, and when he pulled up at a distant farm he quickly made friends with the farmer, and before he left begged to be allowed to go over the mill. He examined each part of the machinery and then asked:

"How much corn can the mill grind in an hour?"

The miller told him. and Napoleon considered for a moment and then calculated exactly how much it would grind in a day and in a week.

"If that child lives." said the farmer when he took him back to his mother, "he will make a mark in the world."

For a short time Joseph and Napoleon went together to a school kept by the Abbé Recco, and there lessons were arranged on a plan that entirely suited Napoleon's tastes. The boys sat on forms, facing each other, in two companies, the one called Romans and the other Carthaginians. On the wall

above were hung warlike trophies, wooden swords and shields, banners and battle-axes, and these were carried off as spoils of war by the form that excelled in their lessons.

Joseph being the elder was put in the Roman form, and Napoleon was obliged to be a Carthaginian, which did not please him at all. He wished to be a Roman and as usual he got his own way, persuading his good-natured brother to change with him. After that the Carthaginians had a very hard struggle to keep their shields and weapons, for the young Roman swept everything before him and was satisfied with nothing short of complete victory.

When Napoleon was nine and Joseph ten, their father decided that the one should be a priest and the other a soldier, and having a good deal of interest with Marbœuf, the French Governor of Corsica, it was no difficult matter to arrange that Napoleon should enter one of the Royal Military Schools of France, and that Joseph should be trained at the College of Autun.

So Charles Bonaparte and his two boys left Ajaccio in the winter of 1778, just before Christmas, and journeyed to France, where the boys were both left at Autun under the care of the Abbé de Chardon, as it was necessary that Napoleon should learn French before he entered the Military School.

Those were unhappy days for Napoleon, though worse were yet to come, when he should be parted from Joseph and be utterly alone, a stranger in a strange land. He missed his home, his own room, his garden, and above all the sunshine of his beloved Corsica. French was a foreign tongue to him so he talked but little, and he was only driven to speech when anyone mentioned Corsica, and then he fired up and declared that the French would never have conquered his island had they not been ten to one.

No one cared very much for the gloomy, silent boy, with his foreign tongue, his olive complexion and piercing eyes,

and the big forehead that could look so lowering. The boys were half afraid of him, he had such a passionate temper and did not seem to care to make friends. He had no difficulty with his lessons, for he was extremely quick and never needed to be told anything twice over. When his master taught some new fact, Napoleon listened with eyes and mouth open, but when the same fact was repeated he paid no attention whatever.

"You are not attending," his master said sharply one day.

"Sir," replied Napoleon, "I know that already."

When the time came for him to say good-bye to his brother and start for the Military School, Joseph burst into tears at the parting, but Napoleon never lost his self-control. Only one big tear squeezed its way out, and ran slowly down his cheek, and that he brushed hastily away. One of the masters who was standing near, watching the brothers, turned and laid his hand on Joseph's arm.

"Your brother has shed only one tear," he said, "but that shows his sorrow at leaving you as much as all yours."

The Royal Military School at Brienne to which Napoleon was sent had been originally a monastery, and was now kept by monks of the order of the Minims. About fifty boys of the poor nobility were educated there at the King's expense, and about the same number were received as ordinary pupils. Napoleon's poverty being as easy to prove as his nobility, he was entered as one of the King's scholars.

The boys had each a separate room, or cell, in which was a water-jug and basin, and a bed with one blanket for covering. In these cells they were locked up at nights, and their days were spent in the classrooms or gardens. They never went home for their holidays, and never left school from the day they entered until their school-days came to an end. Until they were twelve years old their hair was kept short, but after that it was allowed to grow into a pigtail, although powder was only allowed on Sundays and saints' days.

Napoleon, though he was short, had broad shoulders and carried himself well, and he must have looked very soldierly in the school uniform—a blue coat with red facings and white metal buttons engraved with the arms of the college, blue waistcoat faced with white, and breeches also of blue.

For a long time he was no more a favourite here than he had been at Autun, and he lived a lonely life, going about with a sullen, gloomy look and forbidding air. Like all the other boys he had a garden of his own, but Napoleon's garden was never gay with flowers or open to the playing of games. The first thing he did was to fence it round with a palisade, and then to plant trees in it, so that he could hide himself and be alone, dreaming his dreams and reading his books. If anyone ever ventured inside that palisade, he seldom cared to do so twice.

Lonely and homesick, Napoleon's great comfort was in his books, and he loved to read the stories of great men, and plan how he also would some day climb the ladder of fame. He read and re-read Plutarch's Lives, and that was his favourite book of all. The boys laughed at his foreign name and curious ways, and called him "the Spartan," but it was little Napoleon cared for their jeers. Some day he would make them respect the name he bore. He had no great affection for his masters, any more than for the boys, but he had a wonderful memory for any kindness shown to him and a very grateful heart, and this was shown in after years when his hands were full of golden favours and he gave freely to all those people of Brienne. To the priest who had prepared him for his first communion he gave a pension and wrote a very grateful letter.

"I have not forgotten that it is to your virtuous example, and to your wise precepts that I owe the high position that I have reached," he wrote. "Without religion, no happiness, no success is possible. I recommend myself to your prayers."

But whether he went on his way alone, or was occasionally helped and encouraged by his masters, it made but little

difference to Napoleon during those school-days, for his whole heart was full of the one idea of being a soldier, and learning all that a soldier should know. Mathematics, history, and geography he loved, but Latin he never would learn. It could never be of any use to a soldier, he said.

The unfriendly feeling between Napoleon and his companions grew stronger and stronger until at last a climax was reached. The school had been divided into companies of cadets, with a commander at the head of each company, and the command of one of these companies was given to Napoleon. The other commanders, on learning this, were determined it should not be allowed, so they held a court-martial and agreed that Napoleon should be degraded from his rank as he was not fit to command comrades with whom he refused to be friends.

The sentence was read with all due military solemnity to Napoleon, and the boys expected a terrific attack of temper, but instead the little degraded officer bore himself with such humble dignity and submitted so patiently that the boys liked him better than they had ever done before, and gradually he became a great favourite.

That winter was a very severe one, and the boys' respect and admiration for Napoleon grew stronger when he built for them a splendid snow fortress which was a perfect marvel of skill and strength. He organised the defence and attack, drilled his soldiers and encouraged the enemy. The solitary sullen boy was like a different being, and became the hero of the hour. His will was law, and he could do as he liked with his schoolboy army. So famous was that snow fortress that the people from the village and the country round about came to see it and to watch the fight and advise the young commander.

Into Napoleon's heart had come the joy of knowing that he could make others feel his will, and sway them as he would.

It was the first faint gleam from the dawning star of his

fortunes which was to rise higher and higher until it shone with a brilliance such as the world has seldom seen.

It was his first victory, a happy innocent triumph, and it was his first battle-field, but the field was white.

Cuvier
and the Animals of the Past
1769 – 1832

The kingdom of science may be likened to a meadow full of children at play. One child plucks flowers, another gathers the pebbles that lie on the shores of the little brook, a third watches the waves bearing away the bits of moss from the woods beyond, and a fourth listens to the songs of the birds, or gazes at the clouds floating in the blue sky far above him.

If a child were asked why he plucked flowers instead of listening to the voices of the birds, he could not tell, and if his companion were ordered to throw away his pebbles and gather the drifting moss, he would only stare in wonder.

And so it is in the great world of nature when, instead of children at play, we find earnest men giving all their energies of mind and soul to some special calling.

To one it seems best to count the flowers of the field, to another to number the stars of heaven, a third studies the hidden forces of nature, and a fourth can find satisfaction only in the presence of that life which so closely resembles his own.

And if the botanist were asked why he did not choose astronomy as his calling, he could not tell, and if the physicist were compelled to turn zoologist it would seem to him as if the study had lost its charm.

And the progress of science corresponds to these individual tastes and exertions. One age is distinguished for one thing, and another for another, and it would be as difficult to find a reason for this as to know why still another period will be marked by widely different characteristics.

Thus we find that in the beginning of the eighteenth century, scientists were engrossed by the study of the secret forces of nature—light, heat, electricity, and chemistry—and the mysterious laws of plant life: studies which in another hundred years were destined to bear a golden harvest for science.

By the latter part of the eighteenth century the point of view had shifted a little, and other subjects began to occupy scientists; the question of the antiquity of the earth, its formation, and the connection between the past and the present began to be studied by one class of minds though another class was still working at the problems of the hidden forces of natures, and among the new subjects of study we find paleontology—the study of the remains of the plants and animals which lived in remote ages; these remains are called fossils, and their study has thrown much light on the subject of the earth's formation, and the development of life.

Chief among the students of nature who gave themselves to this study we find George Léopold Chretien Frédéric Dagobert Cuvier, who was born in the village of Montbéliard, in France, August 23, 1769.

Montbéliard is beautifully situated on the River Allar, with a background of wooded hills, and in the midst of sunny slopes with choice vineyards.

On the rocky heights above the village stand the two ancient castles which were the pride of Montbéliard in the feudal days, and everywhere throughout the valley bloom the roses and wild flowers that give the place one of its brightest charms.

It is not strange that amid such congenial surroundings the little Cuvier early showed a great love for nature, and the influence of his mother, who was his first teacher, aided him in forming those habits of keen observation and diligent study which served him so well in after-life.

He was a delicate child, and much of his mother's time was given to the care of his health; but still the little lad had

learned to read by the time he was four years old, and in his walks and excursions around Montbéliard he saw much that added to the small store of knowledge, which he gained daily at the little school he attended. When school-hours were over, and the out-door exercise of the day had ended, then came the little drawing-lessons from his mother, which trained his eye and strengthened his memory, and led him to notice accurately all things around him.

The shape of the clouds that hung over the low hills, the grouping of the shrubs in the home garden, the outlines of the old chateaux on the heights above, and the interlacing branches of the leafless trees in winter, all played their part in the training of the bright young eyes that looked so eagerly out on the world and found everything in it interesting.

Every new object was at once made a subject for drawing; and even this did not satisfy the child, who often cut out little pasteboard models of anything that pleased him, and delighted in reproducing whatever seemed difficult or mysterious to his companions.

This faculty was shown at a very early age, for when only six years old he astonished his friends by his explanation of the tricks of a juggler who was passing through the village, and whose various marvels of sleight of hand were easily understood by Cuvier, who produced them in pasteboard, and explained their mysteries away in the most satisfactory manner.

At ten years of age Cuvier entered the Gymnasium, or high school, of Montbéliard, where he soon became known as a diligent pupil in history and mathematics, never tiring of the latter and able, by means of his well-trained memory, to make even the driest facts of history easy learning.

Here his love for drawing still continued, and he delighted in making tiny maps of the places about which they were studying, and giving them to his companions, while the new subjects that were constantly being brought into his lessons

all served to excite his imagination and develop still further his power of illustration.

At this time, too, his fondness for reading increased to such an extent that his mother had frequently to take his books away from him and force him to seek recreation. And although this always seemed hard at first, year, a half-hour after he had been sent out, no on would have recognized the pale little student in the merry lad whose laugh and shout rang loudest and longest. For whatever came to the boy he put his whole soul into; whether it was learning long lists of the names of dead kings and statesmen, or training a company of boys in military tactics, or rambling through the woods and fields in company with his mother, it was sure to engage his deepest attention at the time, and he would become so absorbed that it seemed impossible to imagine that he could every be interested in anything else.

It was while a pupil at the Gymnasium that Cuvier first showed his great love for the study of nature. Wandering one day in the school-library, he came across a copy of the works of the Swedish physician Gesner, and from that moment a new world was open to the studious boy.

Nothing hereafter seemed of any importance as compared with the delights of natural history, and long hours were spent in poring over the fascinating pages; and as about the same time the works of the celebrated naturalist Buffon fell into his hands, the first impression was deepened, and he became still more eager after the knowledge that had grown so interesting.

He read and reread the glowing descriptions, copying them out from the printed page, and coloring them with paint, or pieces of silk; and so diligent was he in studying, both from books and nature, that by the time he was twelve years old he was as familiar with birds and quadrupeds as any first-class naturalist.

Cuvier's fine scholarship at the Gymnasium could not tail to bring him into notice, and at fourteen he was appointed a

student in the University of Stuttgart by Duke Charles of Würtemberg, who had taken such a fancy to him that he offered to pay his expenses.

This offer was gratefully accepted, and soon after the young student set out for his new home; the journey was made in a carriage and occupied three days, which were rendered intolerable to Cuvier by his traveling companions, who spoke German incessantly, of which he understood not a word, and this circumstance, added to the homesickness which beset him, made such an impression upon him that he used to say in after-years that he could never think of the time without a shudder.

But life assumed a pleasanter aspect when he was once settled in the university for his new teachers at once recognized his unusual talents and placed him in the classes that would best develop them.

And Cuvier's progress did not disappoint their faith. Before he had been at the university a year he took the prize for German, and his advancement in his other studies proved equally satisfactory.

Natural history still kept its old charm for him, and he found that his new home furnished rare advantages for the study of his favorite subject. In the libraries he found editions of the works of Linnæus and other naturalists, which he read over and over again, comparing their descriptions with the world of nature around him, and frequently illustration the printed page with his pencil.

But delightful as he found his favorite authors, there was a pleasure even greater in rambling over the surrounding country and discovering its resources, and, as usual, he turned these excursions to the most practical uses. Every leaf and flower held for him a deep meaning, and so ardent was he in making collections that his herbarium soon became famous through the university, his specimens of plants including many that had hitherto not been known to exist near

Stuttgart. His drawings of insects and birds exceeded in number and excellence any that had ever been made before by the students, and he kept constantly in his room numbers of living insects, feeding them and watching their habits with the most patient interest, never tiring of the wonderful study, and learning daily new facts about their curious life that proved of great advantage to him later on.

And thus his student life at Stuttgart passed pleasantly and profitably for three years. Honors and prizes were showered upon him, and the foundations laid for the earnest and fruitful life-work that he was soon to undertake.

At the end of the third year it became necessary for Cuvier to earn his own living, and he accepted the position of tutor to the son of a gentleman living at Caen in Normandy. This step seemed a very unwise one to his university friends, who prophesied gloomily that the drudgery of teaching would soon crush out any higher aspirations, for Stuttgart was proud of her young prodigy and desirous of seeing him in some position that would enable him to continue his studies.

But circumstances and place made very little difference to the young naturalist, and Normandy furnished him with the same material for study that Würtemberg had offered. The world of nature was still around him, and the sound of the waves dashing against the coast became as great an inspiration as had been the groves and fields around Stuttgart. He at once turned his attention to the study of marine animals, and ha the necessary books been at hand his pursuit of this branch of natural history would soon have yielded the most satisfactory results; but away from libraries, and with no one to give him needed information, he was obliged to leave this study incomplete.

He consoled himself somewhat by making drawings of a magnificent collection of Mediterranean fishes owned by a gentleman of Caen, and although he was debarred from entering into an exhaustive study of fishes, and the absence

of books proved a serious obstacle, yet it was while he was a tutor at Caen that Cuvier entered upon that particular branch of study that was destined to make him famous. Up to the latter part of the seventeenth century the attention of naturalists had been directed more particularly toward the study of plants, as these could be more easily procured, preserved with less expense, and needed smaller space for collections than any other object. Thus it happened that botany had profited more than any other branch of natural history by the works of illustrious naturalists, and was, comparatively speaking, far in advance of the others.

Linnæus and other investigators had studied animals with much painstaking interest, but their conclusions were far from being satisfactory, and later naturalists found great difficulty in reconciling new specimens with their assigned places in the accepted systems.

Linnæus and his followers divided the animal kingdom into six classes, founded principally upon the breathing and blood, the entire zoölogical arrangement resting upon observation alone.

But this method had so much in it that was objectionable, that from time to time new systems were dreamed of and naturalists were continually trying to solve the difficulty. But it was reserved for Cuvier to advance a new theory so startling, and yet so conclusive, that in a few years it commanded the admiration of the civilized world.

Examining one day some fossils that had been dug up near Fécamp, the thought came to him of comparing fossil with recent species, and this little circumstance led eventually to the establishment of that great system which was to superseded all others.

Filled with his new idea Cuvier at once proceeded to make the anatomical studies of the mollusks, and careful comparisons proved to him that a system based upon the internal structure of animals would solve all the difficulties

that had hitherto been considered insurmountable.

The results of his investigations were carefully written out, and although he apologized for his work by saying that it doubtless contained nothing that was not known to the naturalists of Paris who had the benefit of books and collections that were denied him, yet is was soon found that the manuscripts were full of new facts, and suggestions superior to any that had yet appeared.

It was the custom of Cuvier at this time to attend the meetings of a little society that had for its object the discussion of agricultural topics, and here he met M. Tessier, who had sought in Normandy safety from the horrors of the French Revolution. M. Tessier was an author on agricultural subjects, and displayed so much knowledge in his arguments that Cuvier recognized him, although he was living under an assumed name, and was supposed to be a surgeon in a regiment quartered near Caen. The fugitive was preparing to give himself up for lost upon his recognition; but Cuvier assured him that he would, on the contrary, only be the object of the greatest solicitude, and thus a friendship was begun which brought the most lasting benefits to the young tutor.

M. Tessier was astonished at this learning, and familiarity with comparative anatomy, and it was through his influence that Cuvier first became known to the savants of France. He wrote to his friends that Cuvier was "a violet hid in the grass," and that nothing could redound more to their credit than to draw him from his retreat and give the world the benefit of his unusual talents. In consequence of this interested Cuvier's merits were at once recognized by some of the most learned men in Europe; his articles on the mollusks were published in the leading scientific journals, and he speedily became known as on of whom great things might be expected. His new friends did not allow their interest to flag, and in 1795 he was called to Paris and given a professorship.

He now devoted himself more eagerly than ever to his

scientific pursuits, and carried the study of comparative anatomy far beyond any point that it had before reached, his work in this department never ceasing through his entire life.

Many other branches of knowledge commanded his attention and were enriched by his toil, but everything was made subservient to the great principle which he hoped to establish by means of comparative anatomy. Fossils were brought to him from all parts of the world, and he gave his days and nights to the task of comparing them with the bones of recent animals, and giving them their place in the series of beings.

His general plan was to take the best known living species, examine their bones, describe the countries they inhabit and the number of kinds, and then compare them with the bones found in the fossil state.

Many interesting discoveries were made in this connection, and Cuvier's investigations destroyed many of the illusions that had always hung around the subject. From the most ancient times there had been a popular belief in the finding of the tombs of giants, and in many places there were kept collections of enormous bones that were said to belong to the human species; and even in the time of Cuvier this belief, strengthened by the ever-present love of the marvelous, still held sway over people's minds and often gave rise to the most absurd stories. Giants' bones were continually being discovered in all places, and many cities counted them among their most interesting treasures. In Switzerland they claimed to have found relics of enormous giants that lived before the deluge, and in France, a sepulcher thirty feet long was discovered in scribed with the name of one of the kings of the Cimbri. The city of Lucerne had stamped on its coat-of-arms the figures of some giants, nineteen feet long, that had been accidentally found, and exaggerated accounts of the discovery of similar bones elsewhere were received with the most credulous wonder.

But Cuvier visited England, Holland, Germany, Italy, and other places where the supposed human fossils had been found, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the bones belonged to the elephants that had wandered over those countries in the pre-historic ages. And although the wonder-lovers were loath to give up their giants, there were obliged to accept such strong proof as Cuvier offered, and turn their attention to something else. Then came marvelous stories of the monster beasts of the New World, which was as yet almost an unknown country to naturalists, and its vast plains and immense forest were speedily peopled with gigantic quadrupeds frightful in appearance and combining the worst features of the elephant and rhinoceros.

But again Cuvier came forward and demonstrated that the fossil remains of the American mammoth and mastodon proved conclusively that the conditions for their existence no longer remained, and that their presence would be as foreign to the new world as that of the hippopotamus or zebra. Many only listened curiously to the se revelations, but the scientific world was delighted, and accepted with enthusiasm the words of the man who could thus recreate the ancient world and bring before their minds its mighty forests and endless plains, and bottomless marshes, with its gigantic inhabitants roving in peaceful bands, or fighting their fierce battles, unseen by human eye, and yet leaving such unimpeachable records behind that those long distant ages seemed almost as near as the days of some by-gone summer.

And to one ignorant of such subjects the conclusions reached could only seem marvelous, for how stupendous seemed that knowledge of the laws of organization which could reconstruct an entire animal from the fragments of bones scattered through the layers of the earth, and assign to it its place in history; reproduction again its long-vanished home, and describing it habits and even its tastes, till the dim past was filled with a long procession of living figures, each

distinct and interesting, and connected by indissoluble links with the present, from the might mammoth that tramped awkwardly through the wilderness, and the great winged birds that brooded in gigantic palms, or circled over somber northern plains, to the fleet-footed quadrupeds that now dart in and out through the sunlit paths of the forest, or the robins that sing in the white blossoms of the cherry-trees in the springtime.

The publication of the work on fossils at once led to world-wide fame, and it was immediately seen that Cuvier held the key to the mystery that had puzzled so many. For although it had previously been tried to make use of fossils in the study of geology, yet to Cuvier alone belongs the credit of developing the idea to an extent undreamed of by the originators, and of applying the same principle to the study of animals, and by combing zoölogy and anatomy found a system of classification that would rest upon incontrovertible principles.

He abandoned the Linnæan system, and divided the animal kingdom into four classes—vertebrates, or back-boned animals, articulates, or jointed animals, mollusks, or soft bodied animals, and radiates, or star-shaped animals—claiming that there existed in nature only four principal forms or general plans, according to which all animals were moulded. This whole animal kingdom was reviewed in support for this theory, his anatomical studies embracing every variety of species known, and the results were embodied in his great works on "Fossil Remains" and on the "Distribution of the Animal Kingdom."

His conclusions showed such minute investigation, careful research, and wide knowledge, that there could be no hesitation about the acceptance of his theory by the scientific world, and in a short time it had gained such favor as to supersede all others. The materials for the founding of the new system naturally included a wide range of study, and

Cuvier was the author of innumerable volumes embracing works on natural history.

He was, besides, appointed to various positions of honor in the Government from time to time, and was charged with many offices relating to educational matters, and held important places of trust during the unsettled years that followed the days of '93.

His early manhood was passed during the terrible struggle of the First Revolution; he lived under Louis XVI., the Directory, Napoleon, Louis XVIII., the Second Revolution, Charles X., and was made a peer of France by Louis Philippe, but through all these changes he kept the great purpose of his life steadily in view, and never wavered in his determination to place zoölogy upon a firmer foundation than he had found it.

That his efforts were deservedly crowned with success was the greatest satisfaction of his life, and he felt amply rewarded for all his unwearied toil by the assurance that he had brought to the world a gift by means of which science was brought to the threshold of a new epoch, more brilliant than any it had yet seen.

Agassiz
and the Story of the Animal Kingdom
1807–1874

The records of civilized nations can hardly point to a time when man had not yet learned to tame and bend to his will the beasts which seemed only created for his use. And the great value of these four-footed slaves soon became so apparent that the entire wealth of families and tribes was often counted by the number of oxen, camels, sheep, horses and elephants which were owned; these animals were also used as the medium of trade, and in agricultural countries, where the inhabitants had few and simple wants, it often happened that gold and silver money was quite unknown, and wheat and barley were exchanged for sheep and oxen, just as now the same products are brought to market and sold for so much coin.

The animal kingdom thus occupied a very important place, and the chief who could count his camels and horses by the hundred was the one who received the greatest honors, and could hold easy dominion over his less wealthy neighbors.

Very early, too, we find that men learned to put a different and greater value on animals than that granted by the mere power of possession, for in many countries they were worshipped as gods, and received divine honors; and even those which were not actually regarded as deities, were in many cases held sacred, from the great reverence which was paid to life.

Thus many animals not used for food, such as cats, dogs, crocodiles, and serpents, were looked upon as sacred to

certain divinities, and it was considered an ominous sign to kill one of these, even by accident, while he who should so disregard custom as to be willfully guilty of the death of one was regarded with the greatest horror.

In Egypt this superstition arose largely from the popular belief that the soul of man after death entered the body of some animal as a punishment for the sins committed in life, and the study of medicine was hindered by the abhorrence attached to one who dared to aid his studies by the dissection of a dead animal; but in many cases, as in India to-day, the dislike to slay an animal, needlessly, arose from the awe and mystery which were attached to life, which the mystics of all European and Asiatic nations invested with the utmost sacredness.

For many centuries man was content to know that certain animals could be put to certain uses, and were called by certain names, and let his interest cease at that point.

But later, when Greek civilization and learning had combined to invest all knowledge with priceless value, the animal kingdom began to be looked upon as an interesting study, and Aristotle, whose genius left no branch of knowledge unimproved, may be said to have founded the science of zoölogy when he incorporated among his other works an account of all the animals known to the ancients, and made some attempt at classification and description.

In this work Aristotle sums up such a vast number of statements in regard to the resemblances and differences of animals, their anatomy and the functions of the various organs, that the modern naturalists have only had to follow the way he marked out to arrive at some of the most interesting discoveries in Zoology.

It is supposed that Aristotle was assisted in his zoölogical studies by the great number of strange animals that Alexander the Great had sent to him from Asia and Africa, for this monarch was justly proud of the genius of the famous

philosopher, and took pleasure in affording him every opportunity for displaying it.

Aristotle placed the backboned animals first in his order of classification, and distinguished between these and the white-blooded animals, which have no backbone, and are divided into rings or segments.

Although the student who now reads the works of Aristotle will find many statements that are absurd and false, they do not detract from the genius of the man who first conceived the possibility of arranging the different families of the animal kingdom so that they might be intelligently studied, and it has been suggested by an eminent modern authority that the errors in Aristotle's treatise may have arisen from the fact that the students who listened to his lectures incorrectly reported his notes, and that it is these notes which form the greater part of what is now known as Aristotle's treatise on animals.

Hippocrates, who died ten years before the birth of Aristotle, had taught that the practice of medicine could not be properly followed without a knowledge of the structure of the human body, and his studies in zoölogy first led to the foundation of the art of healing upon scientific principles. Many of his descriptions of the symptoms and developments of fevers and other diseases are found accurate to-day, and although his theories have for the greater part fallen into disuse, he will ever be remembered as one of the world's most progressive thinkers, whose work it was to destroy the superstition that all disease resulted from the anger of some offended deity, and to found instead a belief based upon reason and experiment.

Aristotle's influence on thought was shown by the fact that when the great library of Alexandria was founded, there were gardens, menageries, and dissecting rooms especially devoted to the study of zoölogy; and if the results of that period of investigation had not been lost it is probably that

many of the modern discoveries in zoölogy would be but the finding again of well-known truths.

After the decline of the Greeks the Arabs became prominent as cultivators of literature, the arts and science. Taking for their motto: "He dies not who gives his life to science," these careful students stored up the priceless treasures of Greek learning, and at time when the nations of Europe were sunk in ignorance and superstition, kept alive the spirit of scientific inquiry and preserved for posterity much of the wisdom of the ancient world.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the study of zoölogy received a fresh impetus from the works of Gesner, a Swiss physician and professor of Natural History at the University of Zurich.

Gesner published a valuable work on animals in which he received the old authorities, contributed many important facts in regard to living species, and gave illustrations of many fossils.

The link between the past and present was formed by the work of Gesner, for modern zoölogy dates from that time; and although nearly a century passed before the appearance of another eminent naturalist, yet the work went slowly on, and the interest in zoölogy kept steadily increasing, so that by the end of the seventeenth century it was possible to indicate a very decided advance in that study.

Harvey had discovered the circulation of the blood, and given the world the benefit of his wonderful anatomical discoveries which revolutionized the study of medicine; Ray had published his classification of the animal kingdom, the scientific merit of which has won him immortal renown; and the use of the microscope had led to the knowledge of those minute forms of animal life which had hitherto escaped observation, and to an acquaintance with the anatomy of insects.

Thus the beginning of the eighteenth century found the world in a state of expectancy in regard to the natural

sciences, and the work of Réaumur, who was born early in the century, gave evidence that the time was fruitful in original thinkers.

Réaumur's labors were confined almost entirely to zoölogy, though his experiments in chemistry, wherein he discovered the art of tinning iron, and made several contributions toward the manufacture of iron and steel and porcelain, were of great service in the mechanic's arts.

His work in zoölogy consisted of a most exhaustive study of insects. He describes their habits and anatomy, and was the first zoölogist to bring their instincts into notice. The work was published in six volumes, and has been a valuable source of information to succeeding entomologists.

Linnæus' work on zoölogy was of great value, as his method of classification enabled students to easily place any animal in its proper order and family, and Buffon, another zoölogist of the eighteenth century, gave to the world a popular illustrated work on the animal kingdom which will ever be remembered as being the inspiration of more than one eminent naturalist.

Buffon's work was not distinguished for the careful exactness which belongs to other writers, but his glowing descriptions, and animated style gave his volumes a peculiar value. Zoölogy from that time ceased to be regarded as the province of the learned, for Buffon had shown that it could be a source of amusement and instruction to the most unscientific; and we have only to call up the picture of Linnæus and Cuvier sitting in a college library and poring over the fascinating pages of this author to realize the important influence exercised by Buffon in the history of zoölogy.

Still another zoölogist of the eighteenth century was a Lamarck, a French author, who, although he did not begin the study of zoölogy until after he was fifty years old, is regarded as one of the greatest authorities by the student of to-day.

Lamarck's principal work was devoted to the study of invertebrates, or animals which have no backbone, and he raised this branch of zoölogy to a very important place. He was the first master to insist upon a thorough acquaintance with the lower forms of life as a preliminary study to the higher forms, and so minute and exact were his studies of the lower animals that his works have become the text-books for all time.

Lamarck was among the few zoölogists who taught that the lower animals were first formed, and that the vertebrates or back-boned animals are of much later origin, a view that has been confirmed by the discoveries in zoölogy, and by the greatest modern naturalists.

And thus the study of zoölogy was led on step by step, one naturalist making a discovery and another using it as a basis for a new ground-work of belief, until the nineteenth century found the scientific world possessed of a tolerably clear idea of the resources of the animal kingdom, and its history from the earliest times. And then the story was taken up again by others interested in the great wonder-book of nature, and thus we find that time cannot interrupt, but only make more complete, the work of those who give their lives to science. Among the worthy successors of Linnæus, Lamarck, and Cuvier may be counted Louis Agassiz, whose name is familiar wherever the student of science is found.

Agassiz was born at Motier, in Switzerland, in 1807, exactly one hundred years after the birth of Linnæus, and his early life very closely resembled that of the illustrious child of the North. Like Linnæus, his childhood was passed in a quiet country parsonage, situated on the borders of a lake, and embracing a view of a region of such picturesque beauty, that it could not fail to impress itself upon the mind of the child.

The home-life of the parsonage was very simple, and the children of the family were early taught to regard only those things as valuable which were independent of wealth, and

their childish pleasures were all such as could be found in any of the unpretentious little homes that surrounded them.

Unlike many of the great naturalists who only took up their special work late in life, Agassiz may be said to have begun his life-work in his early childhood, though he himself was unconscious of it.

For, like Linnæus and Cuvier, his first impressions of nature were received form the games and employments of his country home; and in his boyish taste for collecting nests, eggs, birds, and other pet animals, and in the little aquarium, supplied with specimens from the lake, could be traced the small beginnings of his scientific career.

Thus the love of nature, and the finding out of her secrets, began with the boy's first consciousness, and in all his out-of-door sports he was laying up stores of valuable information. To him, as to all country children, the different seasons of the year brought each its offering of gifts and laid them at his feet; and from the first spring blossom to the fall of the snow all nature seemed a harmonious whole, and the wide earth but a treasure-house where one might gather largess at his will. And as the years passed, Agassiz learned more and more of the great forces which linked him with the world of nature around him, and began to understand the sympathy which the genuine naturalist feels for all forms of life.

Besides these lessons, learned in the fields and woods and by the shores of the lake, where nature herself was the teacher, Agassiz had a few simple tasks out of books, his father and mother being his teachers, and, up to his tenth year, he received no instruction outside of his home.

But a boy so intelligent and observing as Agassiz could not fail to learn many things not included in his daily hours of study, and the home-life of Motier, which was in many respects very primitive, furnished the boy many a self-imposed but not the less instructive task.

From the shoemaker who came twice a year to fit the

family out with boots and shoes, the boy learned how to make a tiny pair of shoes for his sister's dolls, from the tailor, who was a guest in the house while making the spring and winter outfits, he learned to fashion a suit of clothes, and when the cooper arrived to put the barrels and hogsheads in order for the vintage, he found an apt pupil in the boy to whom nothing seemed uninteresting, and who gained, in these childish amusements, much of that training of the eye and hand which were invaluable to him later on when dexterity and delicacy of touch were so necessary to his scientific pursuits.

And the times of seed-sowing and harvest and vintage, when all the members of the family took an unusual interest in the farming affairs, were also made to contribute their share toward the education of the future naturalist, who learned many practical, useful lessons about growing plants at a time when the learning seemed only childish pastime.

The vintage was the great annual holiday season, when almost the entire population gave themselves up to the business of gathering the grapes and making the wine, and the merry-making attendant upon such a festival. Here all ages and classes met together, the very old and the very young being alike able to give their share of work and fun, and it was amid such scenes that Agassiz early learned to sympathize with the tastes and interests of everyday-life, and imbibed that generous love for humanity which was such a distinguishing trait of his character.

When he was ten years old Agassiz left home to attend school at Bienne, twenty miles away, where he remained five years, coming home only for the vacations.

They were years full of pleasure to the boy, who developed a great taste for study, and made a lasting impression upon his mind; for long before their close he had learned the great lesson for all scientists, to love knowledge for its own sake, and not merely as the means to an end.

During this time his taste for natural history was

confirmed, and the little collections he had made at Motier gave place to others more in keeping with his ambitions. He did not have the benefit of a teacher in these pursuits, and the pages of manuscript filled with notes were written on a plan entirely his own. He made at first no attempt at classification, being content to give all the plants and animals for which he knew Latin names, with the design of extending the list gradually until it should include the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Although this design may seem childish enough, it yet shows the birth of the true scientific spirit, which begins with inquiry into the familiar, and never ceases until the unknown has been explored as widely as possible.

And although Agassiz's attempts at studying natural history were at this time so desultory, and included only general observations on the appearance and habits of the specimens, they yet were fruitful in laying the foundations for those accurate studies from nature which distinguished the work of this naturalist.

Meadow, field, forest, and stream were haunted by the boy, who thought no living thing uninteresting, and his room was gradually turned into a small museum of natural history. Birds, insects, and fishes were collected with great care, and their modes of life so carefully studied that the knowledge thus gained became a storehouse of useful facts when Agassiz became interested in the graver problems of natural history. He raised caterpillars form the eggs and studied with minute care the different kinds, describing their habits and differences of diet, and the length of time passed in the chrysalis state, and accurately noting the characteristics of the great variety of butterflies and moths, with which he soon became familiar.

The songs of the birds, their twitterings, scolding, changes of position, habits, and instincts were all as well understood by the boy-naturalist as the voices of his friends; and in his

autobiography he says that what he knew of the habits of the fresh-water fishes of Central Europe was almost entirely learned at that time, it being a matter of great surprise to him when he became acquainted with the works of the principal authorities on fishes, to find how little they knew of their habits and life, things which Agassiz himself had been familiar with since boyhood.

The parents of Agassiz had intended that he should leave school at fifteen, and enter commercial life, for they had never associated any serious meaning with the boy's love for natural history, and the years passed at Bienne seemed a sufficient preparation for a life to be spent at the desk of a man of business. But Agassiz's love for study had grown to such proportions by the time it became necessary for him to leave Bienne that he begged for two years more of student life, and although this called for some self-denial on the part of the parents, who had only a limited income to depend upon, the wish was cheerfully granted, and the boy was allowed to enter the college of Lausanne.

And this step, whose importance no one then conjectured, was in reality the turning-point of the boy's life. Here he heard his first lectures on zoölogy, based upon the teachings of Cuvier and Lamarck, and learned the great importance of system and classifications, and that the greatest authorities could differ in regard to the name and place of the various classes. The view of Cuvier in the "Règne Animal," and of Lamarck in his work on the invertebrate animals, all showed conclusively the importance of anatomy in the study of zoölogy, as their conclusions were drawn chiefly from observations on the structure of the animals, and depended little on other points. Agassiz was thus led to see the great value of anatomy, and his interest in this subject was at once awakened.

Lausanne possessed the only collection of animals in that part of the country, and Agassiz's newly awakened interest

was stimulated by the sight of so many specimens hitherto unknown to him; he visited the museum as often as possible, observing and comparing the different varieties with his usual intelligence, and, no longer content with this superficial way of study, ardently began to long to understand the internal structure, so that he might be led to the scientific way of classification.

In this respect he was fortunate in having an uncle at Lausanne, who was a physician, and who lent a willing ear to Agassiz's intelligent questioning. And it was through the influence of this relative that all thoughts of a commercial life for Agassiz were finally abandoned, and he was allowed, when seventeen years of age, to enter the university of Zurich as a student of medicine.

Here Agassiz's real scientific training began, as, for the first time, he came under the instruction of men who were studying nature from her own book, and did not depend utterly on the teachings of others; and this originality was of the greatest benefit to Agassiz at this time.

He entered upon his medical studies with the greatest zest, being delighted with the idea of taking a profession so closely allied to his favorite pursuit of natural history, and as his teachers lent their aid and encouragement, whenever it was possible, his life at Zurich promised to partake more of the nature of a holiday than of a serious working time. His anatomical studies were especially interesting, as in that department he felt that he was not only fitting himself for his work as a physician, but that he was put in the way of following out the suggestions contained in the works of Cuvier and Lamarck, and entering upon a wider field of scientific inquiry than he had been before able to work in.

The first lectures he heard in anatomy roused such an interest that he could think of nothing else, and in speaking of this time afterward he said that he could see nothing but skeletons, and could find no pleasure out of the dissecting-

room. With his customary zeal he at once began to make a collection of bones and skulls, dissecting all the animals he could find, and, as was the case at Bienne, turning his rooms into a small menagerie.

A large pine-tree in the corner of the room became the home of scores of birds which flew about the head of the young naturalist while he was busy arranging his collections, and the streams and lakes furnished specimens for a new aquarium, while shells, minerals, and living pets of all kinds, showed that Agassiz had in nowise changed his tastes from those which distinguished him as a child.

A private library at Zurich, to which Agassiz had access, held some valuable works on natural history, and here the young student spent many an hour copying the text and illustrations in his note-books, as he could not afford to buy the necessary text-books. Two volumes of Lamarck's "Invertebrate Animals" were copied at this time, and although this plan of study might appear unnecessarily hard, yet it after all served a good purpose, as it made Agassiz depend less on text-books and more on observation and original research, a thing which could not fail to have a beneficial effect on one who was destined to become distinguished as an independent thinker.

During his two years' stay at Zurich, Agassiz was diligent in his application to the study of medicine, but the love of natural history was gaining greater sway over him year by year, and the books and reports of those naturalists who had enjoyed foreign travel took such hold of his fancy that he, too, became possessed of an ardent desire to travel and study the wonders of nature for himself.

It is not surprising, therefore, that at the end of two years, he persuaded himself and his friends that it was absolutely necessary for him to enter the University of Heidelberg for the purpose of pursuing his medical studies to the best advantage, for there he knew he should find some of the most

distinguished naturalists of Europe.

The life at Heidelberg was but a continuation of that passed at Zurich, with the exception that soon after his arrival at his new quarters Agassiz made the acquaintance of a young man who was, like himself, very deeply interested in natural history, and who became his intimate friend almost from the first moment of meeting.

The two friends were together constantly, and studied zoölogy in the fields, woods, streams, fish-markets and museums, each benefiting the other by his experience and advice; for although Agassiz had by this time become familiar with a large part of the animal kingdom his friend Braun was the better botanist of the two, and thus they were able to derive mutual benefits from each other's company. When not abroad botanizing and zoölogizing they spent much of the time in their rooms, where, while one prepared specimens, arranged collections, or dissected cats, dogs, fishes, and butterflies, the other read aloud from some work on anatomy or physiology. His intercourse with Braun proved of the greatest service to Agassiz, who, from that time, ceased to regard the study of living animals as of paramount importance, and began to take a wider view of the aims and ambitions of the naturalist.

The work of Cuvier, and other specialists on fossils, also attracted his attention about this time, and in fact the experience of Agassiz at Heidelberg serviced to so deepen his perception of his own peculiar powers as to make him dream more and more of becoming a naturalist to the exclusion of everything else.

After a year and a half spent at Heidelberg Braun determined to enter the university of Munich, and Agassiz accompanied him. Munich was rich in the presence of several teachers and travelers of distinction, and Agassiz at once felt the inspiration of the new influence. His medical studies grew irksome to him, and his studies in natural history occupied

nearly his entire attention, while his visits to the rooms of two of his new friends who had traveled in Brazil, and brought home a fine collection of fishes, awoke anew that love of travel which is the ever-present impulse of the true naturalist.

But travel was impossible at this time, and Agassiz was somewhat comforted for the deprivation, by a proposition from one of his traveled friends to describe the fishes brought back from Brazil. This was work of a character highly suited to the wishes of the young student, and he set about it with enthusiasm, keeping it a secret from his parents as he wished to surprise them with an evidence that his taste for natural history and distaste for Medicine might, after all, lead to some practical end.

Agassiz worked on the Brazilian fishes with an earnestness that well repaid the trust reposed in him, and the first volume appeared in the autumn of 1828, when the editor was in his twenty-second year. The work was well received by all European naturalists, who felt that it furnished a necessary link in ichthyological history, and Agassiz received from Cuvier a letter of warm appreciation of its merits, and the promise to incorporate it into his new edition of the "Règne Animal."

This success so encouraged him that he decided to undertake another work somewhat similar in character, and he therefore began his work on the fishes of Switzerland and Germany.

During his preparation of the "Brazilian Fishes," Agassiz was buoyed up by the hope that he might be included in the list of those who were about to start on scientific tours, hoping either to join Humboldt's expedition to Asia, or a similar excursion to South America under the direction of another naturalist.

He therefore undertook a regular course of training as a preparation for the journey, learning blacksmithing, carpentering, practicing sword and sabre exercises, and taking long

walks day after day, loaded down with bags of plants and minerals. This course, he thought, would fit him to endure the disadvantages of travel through uncivilized countries, and it was a bitter disappointment to him to find that he could obtain no place as assistant to any one contemplating foreign travel.

However, he still kept on the path he had marked out for himself, and as a fine opportunity presented itself for studying the collection of fossil fishes in the museum of Munich, he at once undertook the preparation of a work on that subject. It was a fine chance for the young naturalist to show what he could do, as fossil fishes had up to that time received little attention, and it was Agassiz's own originality and vigor of thought that suggested the choice of this topic.

He employed two artists to help him in the work which progressed rapidly in spite of the fact that the author was at the same time engaged on his Fresh-Water Fishes of Central Europe, and hard at work studying for his diploma.

In the spring of 1830, Agassiz received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, being in his twenty-third year, and at the end of the same year left Munich for Switzerland, where he remained for a year working on the fossil fishes and fresh-water fishes, and practicing medicine as often as opportunity offered. But he was restless for the larger life to be found in the scientific circles of a great city, and in the autumn of 1831 started for Paris, though not without a certain dread of the future, as his financial prospects were anything but cheering.

But his scientific life in his new home was so inspiring that it repaid all the loss he suffered in personal deprivations. Humboldt and Cuvier received him with the greatest kindness, and the museum at Paris offered inexhaustible resources in the prosecution of his work on the fossil fishes. In this work Agassiz's aim was to determine to what geological period the different specimens belonged, and to trace the connection between the fishes of the past ages and those of the present

time.

This was not an easy task, as in many cases it was impossible to obtain enough of the skeleton to distinguish the specimen without great difficulty. But Agassiz was undeterred by this circumstance. A tooth, a scale, or a spine served him as a guide into this wide field of research, and from these trifles his patient energy would reconstruct the entire skeleton, and bring back to life again, as it were, the dead animal which the long centuries had carve din stone. The importance of this work, which would service the twofold purpose of explaining the development of the different classes of fishes, and the succession of the layers of rock, as told by their presence or absence, was well understood by Agassiz, and it was a matter of great seriousness to him that his limited means should stand in the way of carrying on his studies to the best advantage.

During the year he spent in Paris he received a generous loan from Humboldt, whose high appreciation of Agassiz's talent never diminished, but Agassiz felt more and more the impossibility of depending upon chance for a livelihood, and in 1832 accepted a professorship at Neuchatel. His work on fossil fishes occupied him ten years, during which time he visited England, Germany, and France, for the purpose of studying the fossils in the various museums.

The publication of the first volume in 1833 at once placed Agassiz among the greatest living naturalists, and was received with the most distinguished favor by all the scientific societies of Europe.

In this work Agassiz made the very important discovery that the natural succession of the different classes of fishes, as regarded their development, also corresponded with the succession of the geological epochs, as marked out by the recent studies in geology.

While this work was in progress Agassiz also made some very interesting studies on the nature of the action of glaciers.

Up to this time the theory about those great fields of moving ice had been based upon the convulsionist theories of the older geologists, and the presence of vast ice fields, and great boulders, in places where there seemed no apparent reason for their existence, was explained by supposing that nature worked by fits and starts, and that there could be no other way of accounting for her actions.

But from the year 1836 to 1846 Agassiz visited all the glaciers of Europe, and studied them with the greatest care. In these excursions he was accompanied by other men of science, who gave him help in special ways, and he was thus able to make the most thorough study of glacial action. One member made a microscopic study of the red snow, and the animal life it contained, another studied the flowers, another the temperature of the interior of the glaciers, and another the deposits or débris left by this slow movement.

The geologists of all countries had long been puzzled over the presence of boulders, fossils, and the quantity of loose unstratified material called drift, which were scattered over various places, where their appearance did not correspond with the geological formation of the rocks, and Agassiz's bold theory of glacial action, which explained these phenomena on simple and reasonable grounds, was received with unmistakable satisfaction and admiration.

Agassiz laid aside the theory of sudden convulsions of nature, and claimed that the glacial phenomena could be explained upon principles more in harmony with the ordinary workings of nature; and his ten years' study of glaciers only confirmed a conclusion to which he had been led early in his investigations.

According to this theory, the whole of the northern continent was once covered with ice which extended from the North Pole to the boundaries of Central Europe and Asia. Before this ice period the whole of that region had been covered with a luxuriant vegetation and was inhabited by the

great animals which are now found only in the torrid zone. Elephants, hippopotami, and enormous flesh-eating animals wandered through the vast forests, and the rivers which flowed into the Arctic Ocean were the haunts of fishes and waterfowl, now only to be found in the streams of the tropics.

This condition of things existed for long ages, during which the earth was covered with verdure from the equator to the uttermost north, and the teeming life of the tropics extended to the polar regions. Then, by degrees, the whole aspect of nature changed, and from some unknown source, cold succeeded heat, and death came to take the place of life. Lakes, seas, and rivers were frozen, and the myriad living creatures they contained were changed to inanimate forms; over the vast plains stretched a great mantle of ice, which touched the flowers, shrubs, and trees, as if by magic, and turned them to stone, while the huge beasts, wandering through the forests, or basking in the sunlight of the northern shores, were overtaken by the same dreadful fate, which spread a shroud over the living face of nature and turned a scene of beauty to ruin and desolation.

Ages after this catastrophe, the sun's beams melted the ice and snow, which slowly began their retreat toward the north, and the ice-fields and glaciers of Central Europe along remain to remind the student of nature that the story they tell was a living reality, and not the fanciful imagining of the poet or romancer.

The acceptance of this theory accounted for the presence in the Siberian rivers of those remains of gigantic animals whose counterparts are now to be found only in the tropics, and explained the appearance of fossils, boulders, and other deposits in places where their presence had been hitherto unexplainable. And although it was elaborated during the years when Agassiz was busy upon zoölogical studies of the gravest importance, it lacked nothing of that conciseness, vigor, and attention to detail which distinguished all the work

of this master, who considered every part of creation of equal interest and found zoölogy and geology alike but the means of reading more clearly the great design of the universe.

In 1846 Agassiz came to the United States on a visit, having for its object the pursuit of his scientific studies. At this time, when his face was world-wide, his theories were nowhere received with greater enthusiasm than in America, and it was a matter for no surprise that two years after his landing in the New World he was offered the chair of Natural History in Harvard University.

From that time his scientific work was confined to the continent and islands of America, and his many journeys, having for their object the study of zoölogy and geology, were all made in the interests of science in connection with those studies in the New World.

Agassiz's most important contribution to science after his settlement in America was his report upon the Florida Reefs, a strip of rocks fringing the southern coast of Florida, which had long puzzled the American naturalists, who had so far been unable to agree as to their geological formation. The Coast Survey of the United States was particularly anxious to have the question of their formation settled, both from a practical point of view in regard to navigation, and for scientific reasons, and Agassiz was asked to make an exploration of that region in the interests of the Government.

Agassiz accepted the commission with great eagerness, and made an exhaustive study of the reefs, arriving at the conclusion that these fringes of rocks, which were separated by deep channels, were not a freak of nature, but that the whole peninsula of Florida had been formed by successive circles of these coral reefs, the everglades being only filled up channels, and that the soft soil, now so shifting and uncertain, would in time present the firm appearance indicated by the older portions.

The report was valuable to the Coast Survey, as it

determined the nature of the soil, and indicated what localities might be available as offering stable foundations for lighthouses, signal stations, and the like.

The life of Agassiz from the time of his coming to America was one of ceaseless activity, and his lectures at Cambridge and in Charleston, S. C., where he resided for some time, formed only a small part of his work. His contributions to science were of the greatest value, and during the first fifteen years of his residence in the United States his essays on the geographical and geological distributions of animals; on the natural history of the United States; on the glacial phenomena of Maine, and kindred subjects, served to advance in a marked degree the sciences of geology and zoölogy, which were still in a process of formation, while the establishment of several scientific schools, which have since attained to eminence, were likewise attributable to the same master-mind.

In 1865 Agassiz made a journey to Brazil, having the twofold object of obtaining a needed rest from his usual work, and of making collections for the Museum of Natural History; and this expedition was fruitful in scientific interest.

He remained in Brazil something over a year, and was able to make a most satisfactory collection of Brazilian fishes, bringing away with him two thousand specimens obtained from the Amazon and its tributary streams and lakes. It was also a great source of pleasure to Agassiz to find, in the Brazilian tropics, evidences of the great ice-period, which proved to him that the glaciers had once covered that region, where now the rays of the sun are so powerful as to endanger life.

In 1871 Agassiz started out on another expedition, having for its object the study of the animals of the sea, for which purpose it was proposed to dredge the coast-waters down the Atlantic and up the Pacific as far as San Francisco. This work was especially attractive to Agassiz, as he believed that the study of the deep-sea animals would reveal many of the

missing links between the fossil world and living species; and, beside this, he also expected to find evidences that the glacial phenomena, familiar to the northern hemisphere, were also to be found in the southern, and thus add a stronger proof that his glacial theory was correct.

The active work of the expedition began as soon as the Gulf Stream was reached, with the study of the Sargassum, or fields of drifting seaweed, which abound in those regions, and which was filled with minute forms of life. Agassiz was able to make a very satisfactory study of the Sargassum, and this good beginning was followed up by dredgings in the Barbadoes, which revealed some living sponges, so much like the fossils he had previously studied that Agassiz felt that his theories of deep-sea dredging were already bringing him a golden harvest.

On the coast of Montevideo Agassiz found strong evidences of glacial action, and on the coast of the Argentine Republic many interesting fossils were obtained from the huge boulders which were scattered everywhere; while the geological formation of the coast of the Straits of Magellan gave still further evidence of the truth of his favorite theory in regard to glaciers. Here he found a moraine composed of boulders, pebbles, and gravel, polished and grooved, and bearing all the signs of glacial action, while the ice- and snow-fields glittering upon the slopes of the mountains could only remind him of the glaciers of the Alps, thus proving to Agassiz that the ice period had extended over the southern as well as the northern continents, coming in both cases from the poles and retreating eventually in the same directions. Agassiz studied the glacier regions of the south for several weeks, and then the vessel proceeded on her way to new fields of investigation.

A trip was made to the Galapagos Islands, interesting to naturalists because of their recent origin and their peculiar varieties of plants and animals, some of which are different

from any known in other parts of the world; and here Agassiz made some important studies on the formation of volcanic islands, of which this group formed an instance.

The voyage was then continued up the Pacific, the original plan to proceed to San Francisco being carried out by their reaching that city in August, 1872, having accomplished very nearly all that they set out to do. This was Agassiz's last scientific excursion; and, after his return to Cambridge, he busied himself with plans for a School of Natural History to be established somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts, and which was to be in operation in the summer, for the benefit of pupils and teachers from all over the country; an important plan, as it has resulted in the founding of various summer schools which have greatly advanced the study of science.

Lectures, essays, and study filled up another year, and in December, 1873, the work of the great student came to a close, and he passed away from earth leaving behind him the fruits of a well-spent life in which selfish aims and enjoyments had no share, and which was of inestimable value to science.

Agassiz
A Swiss Boy and His Wanderings
1807–1874

One May, over a hundred years ago, there was born in a low cottage, in the Swiss village of Motier, a baby boy who was given the long name of Jean Louis Rudolphe Agassiz. This name did not burden the child, however. He was a lusty, rollicking baby — an out-of-doors boy from the very first; and, no doubt, he knew much better how to coo than how to cry. His parents, who spoke French, might have nicknamed him "Le soleil" or "Le bonheur" — French names for sunshine and for happiness; but they called him simply Louis.

The manse where Louis lived, for his father was a clergyman, was very pleasant. There was a vineyard, an orchard, and a garden, and, behind the house, a great stone basin made Louis' first aquarium — a home for fish. Very near, too, was the beautiful Lake Morat — a swimming-pool in summer and a skating-rink in winter; and seemingly near was Mont Vully, vine-clad or snow-clad with the seasons' change.

Until Louis was ten years old, he had no other teachers but his parents, his own good little brain, and

"Mother Nature." He had no special love for study; but he loved everything that was alive. He loved the blossoms that spangled the moist Swiss meadows — the glistening buttercups, and crowding blue-bells, and scores of other frail flowers blowing nameless in the valley. And yet, much as he loved flowers, he loved animals still more. He and his younger brother, Auguste, had all kinds of pets — "birds, field-mice, hares, rabbits, and guinea-pigs." He described his own room

as a "little menagerie." He "searched the neighboring woods and meadows for birds," and raised caterpillars and "fresh beautiful butterflies." Besides this, there was the aquarium in the big stone basin. Like some other boys, Louis and Auguste needed nothing to catch fish with but their active hands, and they usually cornered their fish between the rocks while they were in bathing.

One might think from this story that these brothers had one unbroken life of play; but they were learning many useful things. It was a curious custom in Switzerland, at that time, for the cooper to come just before grape-gathering season, to fit up the wine-cellar with barrels and hogsheads; for the tailor to come to make clothes; and for the shoemaker to call three times a year at all the Swiss homes, and practically shoe the entire family. These visits were events in the home life, and Louis, with a child's instinct for imitation, made the most of them, watched closely, and then tried to do the same things — till he could make a tiny barrel, perfectly water-tight, could tailor well, and could make a fine pair of shoes for his little sister's doll. And so he learned many things which he could not learn from books.

Naturally willing though he was to work with his small hands, Louis Agassiz, a Swiss boy in every fiber, had breathed in from the Swiss mountains a love of freedom — of the wisest kind of freedom — which no cooper's or tailor's or shoemaker's bench could make him forget, and he was by no means easy to confine or to control. Growing up as he did, with an immense admiration for the daring Swiss guides, he probably dreamed, sometimes, that he himself would be a mountain-climber. He did not mind danger, and he did not mind cold. He felt almost as much at home on his skates as in his shoes; — and, one winter day, he gave his good mother a fright that she did not soon forget That morning, Monsieur Agassiz, the boys' father, had gone to a fair, on the other side of Lake Morat, expecting to return home that afternoon. A

little before noon, while Louis and Auguste were skating, Louis proposed that they should cross the lake, join their father at the fair, and have the fun of a ride back. In time for dinner, the other boys of the village came home and told Madam Agassiz where her two children were. A little worried, naturally, by the news of this scheme, the mother hurried upstairs to search the lake, and this picture greeted her: — lying on his stomach across a wide crack in the shining ice was Louis, making a kind of bridge of his young body for his little brother Auguste to crawl safely across. Vou may believe that Madam Agassiz lost no time in sending a worionan, who was a "swift skater", after the boys; and they were overtaken just in the enthusiastic heat of their enterprise, and ignominiously brought back, hungry and tired, with no fair, and no ride home with Father.

This is only one story of Louis and Auguste as playmates; but it is easy to imagine that, sharing as they did their pleasures and their disappointments, they were fast friends, and it was hard for both boys when, for the first time, they were separated. Twenty miles from Motier, at a town called Bienne, there was a "college for boys," and Louis was sent there alone when he was ten years old. A year later, though, Auguste joined him, and again the brothers worked and played together, and looked forward eagerly to each vacation, when they would walk home, starting on their long journey a good deal earlier than the sun started on his. We can imagine them yodeling in joyous Swiss fashion for a large part of the way and mingling their voices with the "rush of Mountain streams" and the goat-bells tinkling from the mist-wrapped hills.

Louis stayed at Bienne four years, till he was fourteen, and then for two years more went farther away still, to a more advanced school — the college at Lausaime. During all this time, his interest had grown in the very things that interested him as a little boy; he had a passion for natural history.

Though he studied all his books with considerable faithfulness, he only loved the books on science. In his room, some forty birds flew about, a pine-tree in the comer for their only home. In his heart was a kind of hunger to search, to experiment, and to discover, and there was a vague but persistent longing to write. His practical father, however, gentle but firm, did not encourage him in this: Louis must fit himself for some definite work that would insure him a steady income. Accordingly, after much thought, the boy decided to be a physician, and, with that aim, went first to a medical school at Zurich, then to the University of Heidelberg, and finally to Munich, where he won his degree of Doctor of Medicine.

I have called this story of Louis Agassiz' life "A Swiss Boy and His Wanderings" because, as Longfellow said, the Swiss boy "wandered away and away with Nature, the dear old Nurse," to many cities and to many lands; though his purpose was as fixed as the poles. To search and find the truth was, he believed, "the glory of Life" and, because nature is the source of truth, with nature he spent his youth and manhood, giving what he found to the world through his teaching and through his books.

When a boy goes to college, he has at least two things to consider: his parents' aims and his own; and very often he and his parents do not agree. This was true of Agassiz. He yearned to search the mysteries of nature; but he was constantly and necessarily reminded by letters from home that the supply of money for his education was limited and that he must settle down to something practical. And so, Agassiz' student life gives us two separate pictures: the picture of the boy himself, away from home, and the picture of the people at home thinking about the boy.

If we had been with Agassiz at college, we should have found that, though he had infinite patience with a microscope — so real a longing to understand the sciences that he was:

"Content to spy a sullen egg for weeks,
The enigma of creation to surprise" —

though he had this eagerness for knowledge, Agassiz' heart and body were almost as active as his head; he had kept his boyish love of fun and of adventure. At Heidelberg, he met a young man, named Alexander Braun, who loved plants as much as Agassiz loved animals; and a deep friendship sprang up between them, to last as long as they lived. He and Braun were roommates at Heidelberg, and doubtless often went swimming together in the Neckar, after lectures. Carl Schimper, a special friend of Braim's, went with them on their long trips for specimens, and he and Braun taught Agassiz many things about botany, while Agassiz taught them zoology; for he could "recognize the birds from far off by their song, and could give a name to every fish in the sea."

It was delightful that these three friends, though they were separated for a little while after leaving Heidelberg, could join each other again at the University of Munich. Alexander Braun, in a letter to his father, gives us a little glimpse of their life: "Under Agassiz' new style of housekeeping, the coffee is made in a machine which is devoted during the day to the soaking of all sorts of creatures for skeletons, and in the evening again to the brewing of our tea." Schimper and Braun shared Agassiz' studio, and "the couch, the seats, and the floor were covered with their specimens as well as his." A stranger coming in, could hardly have told who the fellows were, for they went by such nicknames as "Molluscus," "Cyprinus," and "Rhubarb." Their whole life here, notwithstanding their hard work, was full of happy informality, for, though men in brains, they were boys at heart. Once, on hearing some piece of good news, Agassiz actually "rolled himself in the snow for joy"; and, though such youthful capers were by no means usual, he always loved exercise of all kinds. He was a "powerful gymnast and an

expert fencer." He despised the "closet student." To his natural robustness, his Swiss boyhood had added a fine store of vitality. He loved to walk and climb and did "not fear forced marches"; to get specimens for botany or geology he sometimes walked thirty or thirty-five miles a day "for eight days in succession," carrying on his back "a heavy bag loaded with plants and minerals." In his letter home, Agassiz described all this life vividly and honestly, for he knew that his parents were his best friends. He realized, however, that his course was long and expensive, and so he wrote also of the practical side: reminded them that he was doing his best to economize; that he had earned his own microscope by writing; and that soon a book on Brazilian fish would be out, written by their "Louis," adding: would not that be "as good as to see his prescription at the apothecary's?"

Agassiz' father, though a clergyman, was not without a sense of humor. His "Louis" — most lovable of sons — seemed to him like a dreamer, with "a mania for rushing full-gallop into the future." "If it is absolutely essential to your happiness," wrote the father, "that you break the ice of the two poles in order to find the hairs of a mammoth, or that you should dry your shirt in the sun of the tropics, at least wait till your trunk is packed and your passports are signed." When, the course ended and the medical degree won, Louis finally wrote that he would come home to practise, bringing with him all his scientific instruments, an immense collection, and a painter to illustrate his books, the news threw the family into real consternation. Just at that time, there was excitement enough at home. Cedle Agassiz, for whose doll the little Louis had made shoes, was now grown up, and the next winter she was to be married. That summer, the house would be overrun "with a brigade of dress-makers, seamstresses, lace-makers, and milliners." Monsieur Agassiz said that he had put up a "big nail in the garret on which to hang his own bands and surplice." Where could Louis stow "his fossils, all

his scientific outfit," and a painter? Yet, somehow, the family made room for him, painter and all, and for one year he practised medicine. Then, he wandered away again, to Paris this time, to continue his studies in natural history, for he was unable to give up his great life-plan.

In Paris, Agassiz knew that there was a man who could give him what he wanted or help him to get it for himself. While he was there, however, satisfied and absorbed, studying and receiving inspiration from the great Cuvier, letters came from home urging him to take up teaching as a profession. With this in view, he returned to Switzerland, to the beautiful town of Neuchatel, and accepted a position as teacher of natural history. He was now a man, with a man's responsibilities; his student days ended nominally, but really ended only by his death. From then on, his large life seemed to divide itself, naturally, into three parts: his life as a traveler and student; his teaching life; and the life of his heart (or home and friends); and even then, to try to tell his story is almost like trying to carry the ocean in a pail. It included the widest wanderings: up many dangerous mountains to study glaciers; years spent in America lecturing at Harvard, and, with Mrs, Agassiz, teaching in a girls' school in Cambridge; three short visits to England to study fossil fish; a year of teaching in Charleston, South Carolina; summers by the sea in a pleasant vine-covered cottage at Nahant; a trip in the United States Coast Survey steamer to the Florida reefs; a long journey to Brazil for his health; a voyage in the Hassler, round South America to the Pacific, for deep-sea dredging; one summer more at home, spent mostly with his mother in the shady garden of the Swiss manse; and, at last, a summer —

> "On the Isle of Penikese
> Ringed about by sapphire seas."

And there was never a journey — there was, perhaps,

never a day — in which the great scientist did not learn something new. He was always a boy at heart — nature was his big, beautiful book — and he must read it as long as his eyes could see, for there would not be time to read it all.

Of the subjects in this book, he loved best glaciers and fish. Wherever he went, he found traces of moraines — "polished surfaces, furrows, and scratches," and all the other autographs which a world of ice leaves to be read by a world of men. As far as experiments went, however, no country offered him a better opportunity than his own Switzerland, and there he first worked among the white peaks that had encircled his childhood.

To discover how glaciers moved, he and one or two scientific friends, with wise, brave guides, built a rude hut on the Aar glacier. The projecting top and side of a huge boulder made a wall and roof, and a large blanket curtained off a sleeping-room big enough for six. In September 1841, they had bored holes in the ice in a straight line from one side of the glacier to the other, and in these they had planted a row of stakes, to find out which moved faster — the sides or the middle of this river of ice. The following July, when they returned to the old station, they found these stakes no longer in a straight line, but almost in the shape of a crescent, proving, for the first time, that the glacier moved faster in the middle than on the sides.

This experiment, though it took almost a year for its result, was much less exciting than the one in which Agassiz studied the condition of the ice at the base of a crevasse; and I might here add, that in all his Alpine wanderings, his eyes having been strained by microscopic work, the glitter of the sun on the unbroken "white world" was terribly painful. He did not seem to notice pain, however, nor to falter in steep or slippery climbing; he was often, of course, tied to his friends for safety; his mountain tramps as a college lad had fitted him to bear fatigue; and the same daring; that prompted him to

bridge an ice-crack for Auguste, when they were boys, made him unhesitatingly attempt this new feat.

Over a glacial crevasse he had a strong tripod built, and "seated upon a board firmly attached by ropes, he was let down into the well, his friend Escher lying flat on the edge of a precipice to direct the descent and listen for any warning cry." Agassiz, absorbed in watching the "blue bands in the glittering walls," did not realize how deep he had gone till he felt his feet plunged into ice-cold water. Even then, at the signal of danger, it was no easy task for his friends to draw him up, one hundred and twenty-five feet, with pointed icicles on the sides threatening to spear his head.

All this time, interested as he was in the mountains and their glaciers, Agassiz never forgot the sea with its fish. Perhaps he was answering a thousand questions which had puzzled him as a boy, beside the old stone basin in Motier. At any rate, he was learning many new things. At the seashore at Nahant and Penikese, the best aquariums were the natural, still pools, regularly deepened by the tides and pleasantly shaded by the rocks. Here were whole families of starfish, crawling crabs, and scrambling lobsters, sea-urchins with their spines, and lovely clusters of anemones that made the pool a garden of pink and purple flowers. Agassiz often went out in his dory for large fish. When he was on the Hassler and the cruise of the United States Survey, the deck of the vessel was a fine laboratory. He learned more there "in a day than in months from books or dried specimens." No trip, however, seems to have given him more delight than the journey to Brazil. He went there worn out with overwork, and found himself rested by the romance and novelty of a tropical country. And when he left his Cambridge home, it was with a merry, rhymed send-off from his jovial friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Heaven keep him warm and hearty.

Both him and all his party!
From the sun that broils and smites,
From the centipede that bites.
From the hail-storm and the thunder,
From the vampire and the condor.
God bless the great Professor,
And the land his proud possessors-
Bless him now and evermore!"

Agassiz encountered most of the dangers that Holmes prophesied— and more, too; but they brought him interest rather than fear. He loved the tangled forest, the brilliant flowers, and fine fruits. For him black slaves sang and danced their fandangoes. He saw many lazy alligators lying still as logs in the "glassy waters", and heard the harsh cries of monkeys, that jump and swing in the trees. He and his party slept in hammocks in huts with mud floors and walls, rats scampering around and bats rustling overhead. Sometimes, several Indian children slept in the same room with Agassiz' gentle wife, and once a pig took breakfast with them in the morning. Mrs. Agassiz accepted everything very naturally, even to the snake which, after gliding by night from her husband's pocket, wriggled out of her shoe just as she was going to put it on. She enjoyed the trip, like the best of sports, and has published an interesting account of their travels. As they journeyed, they of course collected animals, both to "preserve" and to pet; and on the way down the Amazon, the deck held quite a menagerie; parrots, monkeys, deer, and one lazy little sloth, hanging as sloths do, upside down, and making every one laugh by his perpetual sleepiness.

Though the world will perhaps remember Agassiz best as an explorer and scientist, many of his dearest friends will think of him as a teacher. Teaching was his business during those twenty-seven years, when his real home was in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and his teaching life meant much

to him, for, with characteristic simplicity he signed his will "Louis Agassis - Teacher." Whether his pupils were young or old, rich or poor, brilliant or stupid, he taught them freely and gladly— "His purse and knowledge all men's like the sea." He talked with farmers of their cattle, praised the fishermen's big fish, chummed it with the quarrymen and with the Indians of Brazil, gaining from all of them what they had learned just by living, and giving to all what he had learned by research. In the lecture-rooms at Harvard and in the school for young girls, his teaching was almost a chalk-talk. His attempts as a child to make small barrels and shoes, and his years of college practice in drawing, had fitted him to stand before his classes, and, with one sweep, draw a perfect egg, or, in a few lines, picture a starfish, or the beautiful mystery of resurrection from chrysalis to butterfly. Best of all, Agassiz loved to teach; "the things he spoke of never grew old to him"; and his lectures had added charm because, in spite of hours of practise, there was always a little touch of French in his good English. To the last, and to the delight of his hearers, he pronounced development — devil-ope-ment

When he was in charge of laboratory-work, instead of giving his pupils help, he forced them to make their own discoveries from actual specimens. After fifteen years of teaching, he said: "My greatest success is that I have educated five observers." One student, at least, who was closeted for hours alone with a dead, blear-eyed fish will hardly forget his "lesson in looking."

"Take this fish," said Agassiz, "and look at it; by and by I will ask you what you have seen." With, that, he plunged his big hand to the bottom of a huge jar of fish preserved in alcohol and drew out a specimen, dripping and none too fragrant. "Keep your fish in the tray, and moisten it often with alcohol, but be sure to put back the stopper of the jar each time." He shot a kind glance down into the would-be scientist's disheartened face, turned his broad back and was gone.

In about ten minutes the young student, to quote his own words, "had seen all that could be seen in that fish," and, ready for further enlightenment, set off in search of his teacher; but he had left the museum! Two hours and a half draped by; still no professor. "Sloppy" and loathsome, the fish waited dumbly in its tray. In despair, the student "turned it over and around; looked it in the face — ghastly: from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at a three quarters' view — just as ghastly." Time did not sweeten its fragrance nor reveal its secrets; neither the glazed eyes nor settled jaw would tell anything of its creation. An early lunch offered relief. Back into the stale, yellow alcohol went the fish and out into the fresh air and sunlight went the boy. Being a boy, sick as he thought himself, he could still eat, and eat heartily.

When he returned, he found that Professor Agassiz had been there and gone and would not be back for several hours. "Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish," says the student, "and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it." Magnifying glasses and all other instruments were forbidden. "My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish; it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me — I would draw the fish."

Just then Professor Agassiz beamed in: "That is right; a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to see that you kept your specimen wet and your bottle corked." Then, after a pause, "Well — what is it like?"

The young man began to recite his discoveries, describing the head, the lips, the eyes, the fins, the tail. He thought he had seen a good deal. But when he stopped he was met with eyes full of disappointment.

"You haven't looked very carefully. You haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself. Look

again, look again!" And once more the broad back disappeared.

For three days this search-training continued. Agassiz glancing in now and then, kind and wistful, but always patiently silent in the hope that the boy would make his own discoveries. "Look, look, look!" he repeated again and again. But when, at last, the young student falteringly suggested "symmetrical sides and paired organs," the teacher's enthusiastic yes was well worth waiting for.

Of all Agassiz' dear schools, none was dearer to him than his out-of-doors school on the island of Penikese in Buzzard's Bay. The lecture-room was an old bam near the sea. The wide doors stood "broadly open to the blue sky and fresh fields"; and the swallows which had built in the old rafters flew in and out, making the "air glad with wings." We can imagine Agassiz standing there, big and genial and earnest, and, like Whittier, we almost hear him say:

> "We have come in search of truth;
> As with fingers of the blind.
> We are groping here to find
> What it is that bides beneath
> Blight and bloom and birth and death."

Then the great scientist who had never lost his simple, childlike faith, but believed that, even by searching, men could not alone find out God, asked his pupils and teachers to join him in a short, silent prayer for God's companionship. And every one felt this prayer, though there was no sound on the island but the call of birds and the voice of the lapsing sea.

It is impossible to tell how his pupils loved him. He drew them all to him by his warmth, his sympathy, his hearty love of fun. Lowell has beautifully said: "His magic was not far to seek — he was so human!" When he gave up his girls' school in Cambridge, his pupils tried to show their love by giving him

a purse of over four thousand dollars. He always had many birthday surprises: serenades in his own Swiss tongue; German student-songs to recall his happy days at Heidelberg; and, from friends, not students, one celebration that touched him deeply. It was at the Saturday Club, on his fiftieth birthday, and he was sitting, as usual, at the head of the table —

"Ample and ruddy
As he our fireside were, our light and heat"

There were fourteen at dinner, among them. Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Sumner — and Longfellow— who presided at the other end of the table. None of them ever forgot that night: how Longfellow rose, cheeks and eyes glowing, and face young in spite of its wreath of white hair, and read in his "modest, musical" voice "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz"; and how, plunged as the great scientist was into a thousand memories of childhood, the tears rolled down his cheeks at the lines:

"And the mother at home says, 'Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark.
And my boy does not return!'"

Agassiz lived sixteen years after this happy birthday, loving and being loved. Even his faults seemed to endear him to us. He was hopelessly unbusiness-like— said he had "no time to make money"; but this trait came from a nature really too large and too earnest He was wasteful of his health, turning abruptly from weeks of mountain-climbing, to months indoors with a microscope; but he forgot himself in love for his work. Like his family and friends, we excuse and forget these little faults, in memory of his great charm and nobility. His children will remember him as working in a comer, a pleasant smile on his face, while they entertained their guests with

music and dancing; his friends will remember him as tall and broad-shouldered, with "the strong step of a mountaineer," "a boyish twinkle in his eye," a big contagious laugh, and a general air of joyousness. Longfellow came back from one of his trips to Europe loaded with messages like these: "Give my love to Agasstz. Give him the blessing of an old man"; "I have known a great many men that I like; but I love Agassiz"; and, "What a set of men you have in Cambridge…why, there is Agassiz — he counts for three." The Cambridge people used to say that one had "less need of an overcoat in passing Agassiz' house."

Much as his friends loved and watched him, however, they could not keep him always; they could not save him from overwork. "Remember that work kills!" was Cuvier's last warning; Humboldt wrote: "Take care of your eyes, they are ours."

And now, in 1869, at the first bad attack "affecting speech and motion," his doctors ordered him "not to think," "Nobody can ever know," Agassiz exclaimed, "the torture I endure in trying to stop thinking!" and again: "My museum! My museum! always uppermost, by day and by night, in health and in sickness, always — always!"

A second stroke of paralysis, the 6nal break, came in 1873, the winter after Agassiz founded the school at Penikese. His friend, Lowell, far off in Florence, picked up the paper one December morning, and was carelessly scanning the news when, suddenly, three small words blurred his sight — "Agassiz is dead!" No one can tell how Lowell felt so well as he, himself, in his beautiful poem, "Agassiz" — vivid in its picture of the two friends walking back from Boston to Cambridge arm in arm, stopping on Harvard Bridge, each to find his own message in the dark water, and at last ringing out their good-nights.

"'Good-night!' again; and now, with cheated ear

I half hear his who mine shall never hear."

Agassiz is buried in Mount Auburn, where later were borne his friends Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell. Pine-trees from the old home surround the Swiss boy's green grave, and keep the place fragrant and musical on windy days; and the stone, a big boulder from the Aar glacier, reminds us of the Swiss man who once built there his little hut, tramped sturdily over the snow, and even danced and sang in the free air.

Rosa Bonheur
A Girl Who Had Animal Friends That You and I May See
1822 – 1899

Some people think that poor children cannot have any fun, but yon and I know that this is not true at all. No doubt, yon could name many poor children who are happy most of the time. This is because there are so many fine things in the world that do not have to be paid for with money. Some children know how to make use of these fine things.

That is the way it was with Rosa Bonheur the little French girl.

Rosa Bonheur lived in a city called Bordeaux, for awhile. Her father was an artist and the people of Bordeaux did not have enough money to buy many of his pictures. For this reason Rosa's father was very poor and Rosa did not have many of the toys that other girls had.

But Rosa did not care about this, for she had many good times. She was happy when she could play in the woods or meadows where she gathered beautiful flowers. And she always had some pet animal at home, whom she loved as dearly as any child ever loved a toy. Sometimes it was a rabbit, other times it was a squirrel, or a stray kitten that had come to her back door. There was always some animal in Rosa's garden, and she could not feel poor with so many friends about her.

Rosa made good use of her animal pets, too. She liked to make pictures of her animal friends. When she was only four years old she would take her father's brush and make daubs with it. If you were to have seen these daubs of paint you

would not have known what they were meant to be, but Rosa knew. "A squirrel," she would say, or "A rabbit." These were Rosa's favorite pets at that time, and Rosa liked to think that she had made pictures of them.

Rosa and her three brothers were very happy in Bordeaux, but the time came when Rosa's father had to move the whole family to Paris. This was because Paris was a larger city and Mr. Bonheur thought that he might be able to sell more pictures there.

The Bonheurs did not have a fine home in Paris. There was no garden and there were no fields about the house. Their home was up six flights of stairs and was not large nor even cozy. Some children would have been unhappy in such a poor home, and Rosa was a little unhappy at first, but this did not last long. Rosa had not been in Paris many weeks before someone gave her a beautiful sheep with long silky wool.

It may be that Rosa's father and mother did not want their little girl to keep the pet because there was so little room for it. But they gave their consent at last, for the woolly sheep spent two years with Rosa.

It must have seemed strange to the woolly sheep to have to lie on the floor of a house. Perhaps he would not have liked it very well if Rosa had made him lie there all the time. Rosa knew that the sheep liked to be near the ground where he could smell the sweet grass and nibble a bit now and then. Rosa could not carry him down the six flights of stairs herself, so she got her kindest brother to do so. There was a little grass in the back yard which the sheep nibbled with great pleasure until night came. Then Rosa's kindest brother always carried him back into the house again.

After awhile Rosa had other pets also. She had a pair of quails that walked about her bedroom, and she had some canary birds that had as pretty yellow feathers as you have ever seen.

Rosa did not like to see her beautiful birds shut up in a

cage all the time so she got her kindest brother to help her out again. This time he made a net which he fastened to the outer side of the window so that the birds could be safely let out of their cages.

Rosa loved her animal friends so dearly that she made up her mind to buy a farm when she grew up. On this farm she said she would have one of every kind of animal in the world.

Her father laughed at these plans, but Rosa did not laugh. She was only sorry that she could not buy the farm and the animals that very day.

Before Rosa was twelve years old, her mother died, and the three youngest children were sent to live with some cousins. Rosa was sent to a boarding-school.

Here Rosa did not do very well. She was growing to be so fond of drawing her pets that she could think of nothing else. Like Michael Angelo, she drew pictures on her books instead of studying them. Her Arithmetic papers were never 100, and her Spelling papers were very poor. But her Drawing lessons were very good indeed, and when there were prizes for good drawings they always went to Rosa.

In a short time Rosa's father took her out of school and sent her to a seamstress to learn how to sew. Rosa's father would never have done this if he had known how unhappy it was going to make his little girl.

Rosa did not like to sew at all, and she could not draw because she had a needle in her band instead of a pencil. She kept thinking of her pets at borne and wishing that she were there to draw their pictures.

Poor little Rosa! She pricked her fingers at almost every stitch and she became pale and sad.

At last Rosa's father came to visit bis little girl, and Rosa threw her arms about bis neck and begged him to take her home with him.

Rosa's father saw that she was beginning to look pale. He took Rosa home again and left her in bis studio while be went

about the city giving drawing lessons.

Oh how happy Rosa was now! She would take her father's brush and try to paint the things that he had painted. Sometimes she drew with a pencil or a piece of charcoal, or modelled the figure of an animal out of clay. From morning until night she drew and modelled.

Mr. Bonheur began at once to teach Rosa, and each day he became more and more amazed at her beautiful work.

If Rosa had been like her father she would have painted many different kinds of objects, but Bosa did not do this. Bosa liked to paint and draw animals best of all and spent most of her time with them.

One time she drew her pet goat and her father was so pleased with it he hardly knew what to say. Mr. Bonheur thought that this was the best drawing that his daughter had made, and told her about it.

Rosa was so glad to know that the picture of the pet she loved so well had pleased her father. She set to work at once to draw other pets until she had many good pictures.

One time Rosa Bonheur drew a picture of two rabbits eating carrots, and this was so good that some people asked her to let them hang it in the gallery where fine pictures were often hung.

Many people stopped to look at the picture of the rabbits while it hung in the gallery. If it had hung near enough to the floor the children would have surely tried to stroke the white coats of the pet rabbits for they looked so soft and furry. Many people were pleased to see so good a picture.

But Rosa Bonheur wanted to paint still better pictures so she kept on working harder and harder.

Rosa was too poor to pay for models. After she had painted all of her own pets she had to walk many miles into the country each day until she found an animal that she thought people would like to see in a picture.

There were some oxen plowing a field on the side of a hill,

one Spring morning. Rosa thought that they would make a very pretty picture, so she drew them.

You should have seen how real they looked in the picture! Some of the oxen were pulling harder than others. The ones that were nearest the plow were doing the most work, while the ones that were the farthest away, were not doing much at all. Rosa noticed this at once, and did not forget to tell about it in her picture.

Another time Rosa found an ass that had pulled a heavy load and had then been turned out into a field to rest awhile, and to eat some fresh grass.

Rosa painted the picture of this ass, and she made him look just as tired as he looked while standing in the grassy field. He looked stubborn, too. You would have a hard time getting him to work any more until he had rested.

One day, when Rosa Bonheur had grown to be a young woman, she made up her mind that she would try to paint a good horse picture. She set to work to study horses, and for eighteen months Rosa Bonheur visited horse fairs and horse markets. She studied her own horses, too, as well as those of her friends.

When she had finished studying, she could draw horses that surprised even the people who owned them and she knew a great deal about them. She could draw a horse that would prance about in such a way that you would almost want to step out of its path, for fear of being trodden upon. And when she drew a horse that was standing still, you would think that someone had just said "Whoa" to it.

When Rosa Bonheur had studied horses until she could draw them as well as this, she made a picture of a group of them. She called the picture THE HORSE FAIR and she made it two-thirds as large as real horses should be. It was so large that she had to stand on a step-ladder while painting some parts of it.

Oh how hard Rosa worked on this picture, and what a

wonderful picture it was! It was the best work that Rosa Bonheur had ever done, and people came from all over the country, to see it. Some men thought it so good that they offered to pay thousands of dollars for it!

This made Rosa Bonheur very happy indeed. But she was even more pleased to know that she could make pictures that looked just like the animals she loved so dearly.

Rosa Bonheur
The Tomboy from Bordeaux
1822 – 1899

"You think you have a daughter, my Sophia, but you are mistaken, for Rosalie is not a girl. She is just a boy in petticoats!"

Madame Bonheur looked up from her spinning with a smile that was tinged with sadness, for she knew her father spoke the truth, and it grieved her. But a musical laugh floated into the room just then, and her eyes turned lovingly toward the girl who was romping under the chestnut-trees.

"It seems that way," she replied, "and I often wish she were different. But she has a clear mind and a good heart, and I think will come out all right."

"Aye, aye, I hope so," the old man said, as he walked to the door and looked out at the sky against whose midsummer blue were painted the masts of a hundred ships. The Bonheurs lived not far from the Bordeaux docks, and between the trees might always be had a glimpse of the vessels anchored there; so he stood with a pleasant expression on his wrinkled face, listening to the calls of the men who were working among the boats.

Madame Bonheur went on with her household tasks, now turning from the spinning to tend the stew that simmered over the charcoal fire, or to turn the square of linen bleaching just outside the window, and wondering much, as she threw the creamy tow over the spindle, what made her Rosalie so different from other girls, always wanting to romp with boys instead of doing a stint of embroidery as a French maiden

should.

But out in the pleasant garden Rosalie was having a beautiful time. No thought of anything but the game of soldier they were playing was in her mind, for she was captain, and the fighters who followed her were her brother Auguste and a group of neighborhood children, charging and retreating against a fort — which wasn't a fort at all, but just a stone wall over which pale pink roses tumbled in a mass of bloom. They sallied and skirmished as if each one were a chevalier of France, and of course there was victory for the assaulting army. For no death-dealing guns thundered from that rampart, and it was easy to become a general or even a field-marshal through victories gained so quickly and easily. Perhaps many a battle might have been waged in that one short afternoon, but a call from the door sent military tactics out of the young commander's head. The neighborhood children scurried homeward, and with Auguste at her heels she scampered toward the house, leaving the wall and its roses to sleep in the sunshine as before.

"Your father is here, and he has something to tell you," the mother announced as they ran into the low-ceiled room. "See if you can guess what it is."

And the two climbed up on his chair, begging to be told all about it.

"I know!" Auguste exclaimed, as he clapped his small brown hands. "You're going to take us to the docks to see the boats."

He was always thinking of the harbor arid of the sturdy seamen who sang as they toiled there, and could imagine nothing more delightful than an hour along the quays.

But Rosalie shook her head.

She loved animals as few children loved them, and was not, like Auguste, wild about the boats and the sailors.

"Of course not!" she said merrily. "I think he means to get us another dog, or maybe a goat."

At which the father and mother both laughed.

"Neither of you has guessed rightly," the man spoke pleasantly. "I am going to Paris, and after a while will send for you, and we shall all be Parisians."

Auguste gave a scream of delight.

"Oh, I am so glad!" he cried. "There are hundreds of soldiers in Paris, and Emile, the tailor's son, told me that sometimes the river there is white with boats. I wish we might go to-day."

Rosalie did not seem so eager about it. Paris was very large, and many people there had no yards at all. There might not be room for the dogs and cats and pets she liked so much, and it seemed better to stay in Bordeaux. But if the city was to be their home, it would be well to learn something more about it. So she questioned in an earnest voice, "May I take my rabbits and Smoke and the five little cats?"

The mother smiled and shook her head.

"No, dear. But so many wonderful things are in the city that it will seem very fine to be there even without your pets."

Rosalie thought her mother very wise, and if she said a thing it must be so. Perhaps it would not be bad in Paris, after all. So she began to be quite excited about it, and watched eagerly while the small green trunk was packed. It seemed almost like a picnic, for she was too young to understand how hard it was for her father to leave Bordeaux, and that he was going away only because his income as a teacher in the southern town would not reach to cover all their needs, while in the city there was a chance of making more money.

Next day, they stood under the chestnut-trees and watched him go down the road and out of sight, the mother and Pepe, the grandfather, with tearful eyes, for they realized what struggle the coming days might hold for him. But Rosalie and Auguste were smiling. Their thoughts were that, some day, they, too, would drive away in the post-chaise to see the wonders of Paris, and perhaps, if the mother had not put them

to other things, would have talked about it the rest of the day. But there were lessons to be prepared. So they sat down under the trees with their reading-books. But Rosalie didn't study long. Almost before she realized what she was doing, she took out her slate and began to draw.

Grandfather Bonheur walked through the garden a little later, and by that time old Smoke, the gray house-cat, was copied on the red-framed slate.

"Ah, lass!" he exclaimed, as he looked at it. "If you put in the time drawing when you should be at your lessons, you will grow up an ignoramus."

Rosalie caught his hand with an impulsive caress.

"I forgot, Pepe!" she said. "I'll study."

And she turned again to her book while the old man walked on.

"The maid surely has a gift when it comes to using her pencil," he murmured as he went; "and if she'd get her lessons as well as she draws, she'd amount to something some day."

For little did he dream that her drawing was destined to cast undying honor on the Bonheur name.

A year passed, and the father sent for them to come to Paris. Then what excitement there was in the old house! Pepe, the grandfather, felt that he was too old to make new friends and learn city ways, so he decided to stay behind with some relatives. But he helped with the preparations, and stood by the stone gate calling good-by as they drove away. Madame Bonheur could not keep back the tears at the thought of leaving him, and the chestnut-trees, and the harbor, with its gray-masted boats, and Rosalie's lip quivered as she gave old Smoke a farewell hug. But Auguste was excited over the thought of the new life that was to begin for them in the city, and called back gaily in answer to the good-bys.

"It is a shabby house," Raymond Bonheur said when he took them to their new home; "very dingy and dull-looking,

and not pretty like the one in Bordeaux. But we must stay here until I get to earning more. Then we can move to better quarters."

Rosalie agreed with him. It seemed very cold and dreary after the sunshine and clear skies of the southland, and she wanted to be back in the old harbor town, where finches held revel in the chestnut-trees, and roses ran riot over the brown wall. But after a while the strangeness of things interested her, and she forgot her homesickness.

A few days later, the father announced that he had a chance to send her to a school-master.

"His name is Monsieur Antin," he explained, "and he has only boys. But Rosalie gets along so well with them, that he says he will take her, and it will be good for her to be with Auguste."

Rosalie was delighted.

"I like that," she said. "Boys' games just suit me, for I love to play soldier and fight sham battles."

So to Monsieur Antin's school she went, and joined in the games with such a zest that she came to be known all along the street as "The Tomboy from Bordeaux." If there was a sham battle, she was in the lead, and, as it seemed quite silly for a soldier to be called Rosalie, her name was shortened to Rosa, by which she was known from that time forth.

Then came the revolution of 1830, with guns thundering almost at the Bonheur door. The Place de la Bastille was not far away, and while it was being stormed, Rosa narrowly escaped being the victim of a cannon discharge. Troubled days followed, and the family moved to a smaller and cheaper house, far from the home that had now grown very dear to them. Attendance at Monsieur Antin's school ended, and Rosa's only playmates were her brothers, Auguste and Isidore, and a little girl named Natalie. But her nickname followed to the new home, and she was still known as "The Tomboy from Bordeaux."

Several years passed, and she was now a big girl. She did very little studying, but a great deal of drawing and painting, sometimes earning a few sous coloring prints for a man who lived near by. The mother had died, and Monsieur Bonheur, himself a scholar, could not bear to think of his daughter growing up in ignorance. So once more she was sent to school, this time with about a hundred girls, to Madame Gilbert's Institute, where they were expected to become dignified and proper young ladies. But Rosa couldn't be dignified, no matter how hard she tried. Always she had been a tomboy, and if the old grandfather in Bordeaux could have seen her now, he would still have said that she was just a boy in petticoats.

Madame Gilbert was very dignified and very proper. When she stood up, she did it in just the right manner, and when she sat down, it was so correctly that the most careful person could not criticize. Her heart wasn't quite as big as Rosa's, and every animal about the place would run from the mistress at the call of the dark-haired tomboy. But that didn't seem to matter. Her mission was to make polished and proper Parisians, and she had little patience with a girl who wanted to be anything else. Even Rosa's love of animals and her delight in drawing them displeased the mistress, who scolded her for not making pictures of flowers, which was far more ladylike. But Rosa drew the things that were in her heart, and it was good for the world she did. Madame Gilbert, however, couldn't understand that, and kept wishing for a chance to send the tomboy home.

At last it came.

The girls were all out in the garden, and, as usual, Rosa was brimming over with good nature.

"Let's have a sham battle!" she called.

And immediately they were organized into a company.

Sticks of wood made splendid sabers, and as the young commander ordered a cavalry charge, they rushed with vim toward the rose garden.

But the battle was never finished. Madame Gilbert's shrill voice rang out just then, and Captain Rosa was ignominiously locked in a closet. Such an indignity was unheard of in a well-regulated school, and the next day her father came and took her home, having given up all hope of polishing her into a proper young lady.

But he remembered her mother's words, "She has a clear mind and a good heart, and must come out all right;" and, because he knew she loved drawing, was wise enough to let her work at it all she pleased, and fitted up a room for her studio. Sometimes she went to the Louvre to study the masterpieces there, for every gem in that great treasure-house was a delight to her. But the animal pictures appealed to her most strongly, and these she copied with wonderful skill. Sometimes on Sunday, with her father and his good friend, Justin Mathieu, the famous sculptor, she went far into the country, wandering off wherever she saw cattle or horses or sheep. They seemed to' sense her love of them and came near, always receiving a warm caress. The sculptor recognized her marvelous skill in portraying them, and urged her father to let her have as many pets as she could keep. So the room that was her workshop came to be a sort of Noah's ark, where rabbits, tame squirrels, ducks, and quail held revel, and canaries and finches flew in and out. Then some one gave her a goat, and, with her dogs and cats, she had a real menagerie.

But still she was the tomboy. She loved games as well as she loved painting, and perhaps because she played so hard is one reason why she painted so well.

"I want to study other animals," she said one day to her father; "cattle, instead of just the horses I see in the street and the little creatures I have here at home."

And Raymond Bonheur was perplexed. One does not see cattle in city streets, and they had no pennies to spare to pay board in the country. But Rosa found a way. She went where the animals were taken that were brought to Paris for the

markets, and here she made dozens of sketches which were afterwards transferred to canvas. Once a circus came to Paris, and when the owner heard of the girl who painted animals so wonderfully, he gave her permission to work in his menagerie as long as it stayed in the city, and there, day after day, she sketched the lions, tigers, and other creatures of foreign lands.

When one is busy, the time seems to go on wings, and, before she realized it, years had passed, and her work was known far and wide, and recognized as something very remarkable. Even Landseer, then the world's master-painter of animals, could not portray them in a more lifelike manner than the young Frenchwoman. They seemed ready to step from her canvases and move about the fields and roadsides, for she put love into her work, and infinite patience too. Years were spent over her marvelous "Horse Fair"; years, too, on its great companion piece, "Coming from the Fair," and every hour of the time was richly worth while, for they will gladden the hearts of beauty lovers for hundreds of years to come.

The old studio with its rabbits and birds and goat had been abandoned, for by this time Rosa's work was earning so much money that she could afford a great estate in the fresh, green country, and all the animals she wanted. So in the forest of Fontainebleau she made a home spot, where she lived and worked. Her fame spread to every land, and there was none too great to honor the tomboy from Bordeaux.

For tomboy she was still. She never grew too old to join in a game with children, or too far away from the sham battles and cavalry charges of her youth to refuse to organize a company. The girls from Madame Gilbert's school had become dignified and proper Parisian dames, who dressed beautifully and drove in the boulevards as dignified ladies do. But nobody ever heard of them. While, wherever beauty was loved, Rosa, who most of the time wore a denim jumper and short skirt, was known as a wonder-worker.

One day she was busy over a sketch, when her companion

rushed into the studio in great excitement, exclaiming: "Madame, the Empress is here!"

Rosa Bonheur had on her usual working attire, rather a queer costume in which to receive the Empress of France. But that mattered little to beautiful Eugenie. She knew of the glory the artist was winning for her land, and had come to give her homage.

"It is the Cross of the Legion of Honor," she said as she held up a glittering emblem. "You have won it, and deserve to wear it."

Tears came into Rosa's dark eyes. She knew that was the highest honor that could come to a child of France, and that the greatest ambition of the most illustrious men of many generations had been to win that guerdon.

So she went on, trying to be worthy of it, working hard and being happy because she was leading a good and useful life.

And, besides putting beauty into the world, her work accomplished other big things. Men grew kinder to animals because of her paintings, and in several cities they led to laws being passed to make easier the lives of dumb creatures.

So, although it does seem strange for a girl to fight sham battles and lead cavalry charges, there are worse things in the world than being a tomboy, if she has a clear mind and a good heart, like Rosa Bonheur.

Louis Pasteur

A Great Life-Saver

1822 – 1895

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" That cry in any country, in any street, is terrifying even today; but how much worse was the cry "Mad wolf!" seventy years ago through the nestling towns of the Jura Mountains! To anxious fathers and mothers looking into the faces of their little children, it brought agonizing pictures: the wildest of creatures abroad in the hills, with glittering eyes and foaming mouth, tearing on and on, and about to descend on their village and their little ones playing in the sun. Very gravely Monsieur and Madame Pasteur cautioned small Louis and his two sisters to stay in the tannery-yard close to the house. With big eyes full of reflected fear, the children listened and promised to obey. Their training in truth made them keep the promise. The fears were not groundless. Instead of the poor old wolf wearing himself out in the forest on trees and roots, he did come flying through the village; eight people in the neighborhood were bitten; and, for a long time, every one in the country round was in terror of that mad wolf.

Louis Pasteur had been a Christmas present to his father and mother and four-year-old sister, for he was born in 1822, only two days after Christmas, in the village of Dole. I suppose no other present was half so welcome.

Though his parents had little to give him but their love, the child soon found his own playthings. We can imagine him cramming frail blue-bells into his grimy little hands for his mother and finding a world of delight in the bits of bark lying

round the tannery-yard. Before long he began to feel proud of the good leather which his father made, and we can imagine him standing silently by while the ox or goat skins were unloaded from big carts, or the oak-bark was being ground for tanning. With a child's wonder he must have followed the long process from the scraping off of the hairy coats through the many soakings in the big pits, till, drained, dried, and oiled, there was a fine load of leather for the shoemaker. All this takes work and patience. It is sometimes a whole year before an ox-skin is ready to be made into a boot. In following this process, Louis's mind grew used to watching and waiting. The lessons of the tannery-yard were the beginnings of his training in science. They taught him to look for developments.

Besides this, he had regular lessons in the little school near-by. Not till he went to boarding-school, however, do we follow his education with any vivid interest

There was storm in the sky and gloom in his heart the day he left home for the big city school. Under the flood of rain, the horses pawed restlessly. They found it cold standing still so long while bags and trunks were hoisted to the top of the coach and while Louis and his friend, Jules Vercel, said a hundred good-byes to the same dear people. They were still shouting "Au revoir!" and waving hands buoyantly from under the tarpaulin, as the heavy wheels splashed away down the road. Buoyant they seemed, but their hearts were already swelling with homesickness. Through the mist, they said a silent farewell to the gray tower of Arbois Church. Then the hills dipped down and carried them rattling onward, bound for Paris.

But this homesickness was only a taste of the homesickness to come. Jules did not suffer as much as the younger boy, who, poor fellow, though he was fifteen, lay awake night after night in the far-away city saying to himself: '"How endless into watchful anguish night doth seem."'

The green trees of the tannery were far dearer to him than the glitter of Paris. We can well imagine that as the clocks chimed the hours he wondered if they were all asleep at home and if they dreamed that he was sleeping too. I suppose the moon and stars told him that they were shining down on them.

"If I could only get a whiff of the tannery-yard," he confided to Jules, "I feel I should be cured."

At last the head-master, Monsieur Barbet, after trying everything else, wrote a few plain facts to Louis' father.

And so, one November day, Louis Pasteur was sent for. "They are waiting for you," said a messenger, pointing to a little cafe on the comer. The much-puzzled boy went over to the cafe. There at the table, with his head in his hands, sat some one dearly familiar — his father.

"I have come to fetch you." There was no rebuke in the tanner's simple greeting. The love-longing had overwhelmed the knowledge-longing in his son's heart — that was all. The father needed no explanations.

Nevertheless, Louis' knowledge-longing was very strong, and he had no idea of giving up study. At Besançon, forty kilometers (less than twenty-five miles), from Arbois, was a college where there was plenty to learn and where he could be prepared for the "Ecole Normale" (normal school). Several times a year his father would go to Besançon to sell his leather. That the father would combine with this business a visit to his son, Louis knew well.

At school, the boy was so careful that people thought him slow. He slighted nothing. Absolute sureness, alone, could satisfy him, "Dear sisters," he would write home, "work hard, love each other. When one is accustomed to work, it is impossible to do without it; besides, everything in this world depends on that." In one of his letters he spoke of studying mathematics till he got a "pretty bad headache." "But those headaches never last long," he quickly added, not willing to

worry any one.

At nineteen he reentered the Barbet boarding-school in Paris. No longer a homesick boy, he had grown tall and self-reliant, and he soon proved himself so capable that he was asked to help with the teaching. By this means, his schooling cost him only one-third of the usual price. Outside of study or teaching hours, he and his great friend, Chappuis, had some good times. But Louis was always in danger of overworking. "You know how we worry about your health; you do work so immoderately," wrote his anxious father. "Are you not injuring your eyesight by so much night work?" Then that troubled father would appeal to Chappuis as a kind of caretaker: "Do tell Louis not to work so much; it is not good to strain one's brain," adding with affection: "Remain two good friends."

Miss Ida Tarbell gives a picture of Chappuis sitting beside him in the laboratory stubbornly determined to get him into the open air "until Pasteur, conquered, jerked off his apron, saying half angrily, half gratefully: 'Well, let us go for a walk.'"

In the Jura home, parents and sisters waited eagerly for Louis' thick letters, all packed with lovingness and the details of his happy work. The hopes of the whole family were centered in the boy at school. We can picture them gathering round to read his letters aloud, and then each one taking the dear sheets to re-read, alone, to understand them better. How worried they were during one long time of waiting: "Eighteen days! Louis has never kept us waiting so long! Can he be ill?"

"Don't overwork," was the father's anxious warning; "so many noble youths have sacrificed their health to the love of science — Think what a worry it is to me that I cannot be with you to look after you." Again, he wrote, after thanking Louis for his Christmas presents; "For my part, I should prefer a thousand times that this money should still be in your purse, and thence to a good restaurant, spent in some good meals that you might have enjoyed with your friends. There are not many parents, my dearest boy, who have to write such things

to their son."

And now the young man, whose father had taught him his alphabet, took a turn at teaching his father and his sister, Josephine. They established a private correspondence school — that little family. "The father would often sit up late at night over rules of grammar and problems in mathematics preparing answers to send to his boy in Paris." Among other helpful thills, Louis suggested a cheaper and quicker method of tanning skins; but the father did not adopt it. It was, as yet, unproved; the leather might not be so good or last so long, he argued; because he had always dealt honestly, the shoemakers trusted his goods. He would rather keep their trust than get rich. It is not hard to trace the strict honesty of Louis Pasteur, in all his scientiBc searchings, straight bade to his tanner father.

Among the young people of to-day it is the fashion to laugh at the fellow who studies hard. "Resistance to knowledge," as Professor Phelps puts it, is a fad. "Grind" is a term of contempt. The average boy quails before it. But the fellow who delights in study never grinds. A few, like Pasteur, have a real hunger for discovery. Pasteur carried that hunger with him when he entered the Ecole Normale. Here, to save time, his chemistry class did not experiment to get phosphorus; they were merely told how to get it; and many were satisfied to go no further. Pasteur, however, worked it out for himself: he bought bones, burnt them to ashes, and then "treated the ashes with sulphuric acid." We can imagine with what pride he wrote the label on his little bottle of home-made phosphorus. "This was his first scientific joy."

By a love for work that was almost a passion, Pasteur, so often called in the scorn of jealous rivals a "mere chemist," went on and on, from questioning lifeless, soulless crystals to waging war for man. His was a long line of interests, and they seem scattered and unrelated. That is because, whenever he found a need, he tried to meet that need with help. Crystals,

acids, the ferments of milk and alcohol, the best way to preserve wine and beer, the diseases of silk-worms, hens, goats, pigs, and sheep — cholera, fevers, and hydrophobia. All these seized his eager attention. Scientific zeal, patriotism, and love for service goaded him on to further discoveries. He will be lastingly remembered as the Conqueror of Disease.

The tanner's son, in the hidden village of Arbois — the boy who had been called "slow," who had left the Paris school because he was homesick, and had entered the Ecole Normale a little old for his class — through working and waiting had grown very great, great enough to be known by the common people. The vine-dressers, who tended their grapes on the sunny hills of France, they knew his name. Because Pasteur had found a way to keep vines healthy, they could sell their grape juice, and bring home the shining coins to buy blue ribbons for Annette and stout shoes for Pierre. Pasteur had kept their hearts glad and their homes comfortable, and had saved one of the great industries of France.

By and by the shepherds, the goatherds, and the swineherds, even the poultry-men, heard his name. "Perhaps," one would say, "he would know what has got into our sheep." Twenty had died out of a hundred, beginning to droop only a few hours beforehand.

"It may be Pasteur could cure my hens," a second would suggest, as he leaned over the poor staggering creatures that seemed to have fallen asleep while they were trying to walk.

How much the tanner's son could do who had begun life by "curing" leather! France was his own land, and the French his own people. In the sight of his eager patriotism, service done for the French was like service done for a big family. We hope that sometimes in the midst of his intensely practical discoveries he rejoiced that hundreds were happier because he had lived and because he had taught them how to get the best results from honest labor.

Of his many works there will be space, in this short sketch,

to emphasize only two: his conquest of the silk-worm disease, by which he saved one of the great industries of France; and his conquest of hydrophobia, by which he saved human life.

Pasteur had never seen a silk-worm when, urged by the French government, he attacked the epidemic that had raged among the silk-worms for fifteen years. But the boy, Pasteur, had known how much depended on the making of leather and it was easy for the man, Pasteur, as he journeyed into southern France, to see that the hopes of hundreds of families depended on successful silk-worm culture. What other use had those groves of mulberry-trees? With no silk to spin what would become of the mill-workers? Strange as it may sound, Pasteur was in a land where worms seemed more important than people. Three-year-old children understood that, whatever else happened, the fires that warmed the worms must not go out; and, since the worms are the dainty members of the family, everything that touched them must be perfectly dean. Silk-worms will not stay on dirty mulberry leaves. Pasteur, beginning with the tiny eggs, or "seeds" as they are called, used this sure method of protection. The moth, which dies anyway soon after her eggs are laid, was "crushed in a mortar and mixed with a little water; the mixture was examined with the microscope — and, if a germ of the disease was found, the eggs, between 300 and 700 from each moth, were immediately destroyed with everything belonging to them." It was the old, old law of the survival of the fittest.

Only the eggs from healthy moths are used for hatching, for, as some one has said, "from healthy moths healthy eggs were sure to spring, from healthy eggs, healthy worms; from healthy worms, fine cocoons," and of course from the best cocoons the best silk. Eggs are said to be "Pasteurized" when they are the eggs of a perfectly healthy moth. The word "Pasteurize" has worked into our dictionaries from Pasteur's great name and by it is meant that anything — milk, for instance, is pure, free from living germs, health-giving. It is

something for a man's name to stand in the dictionary, to the end of time, for health.

In Pasteur's five years' work to save the silk-worms, he had the satisfaction of seeing disease conquered. He wanted no higher pay. Creeping from millions of "seeds" came millions of worms, so tiny that at first the mulberry-leaf food had to be shredded. Soon, however, they were feeding away with a whispering noise, as if they were starved. Before long, from a moving mass of life, the separate worms showed themselves — great, grayish, velvety things as big as your little finger, fatter and fatter every day, and ravenously hungry. By and by they tried to stand on their tails in the feeding racks, and reared and stretched their necks as if asking to climb. Then it was time for little Gustave to bring bundles of brier brush — the silk-worms' ladders. And, at last, clinging to tiny branches, there

> "set to work millions of spinning worms
> That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk."

The "reels" spun by one worm are anywhere from a thousand feet to more than two miles long. In the light of Pasteur's cure, it is no wonder that, after years of failure, the silk-worm husking was a jubilee. The cocoons, "heaped in round fiat baskets, ready for market, were glorified, seemingly, into heaps of golden and silvern eggs by the afternoon sun." It was a time for feasting on delicious "home-made cheese, home-grown almonds and olives, and good home-made bread." We can easily imagine that during the laughter-filled feast, Marie dreamed of a fine new jacket and Babbette of a knot of bright ribbon, a lace fichu, and a bouquet of artificial flowers.

As for Pasteur, the restorer of all these smiles, it was enough to have brought such joy to unnumbered homes. To him, home had always been sacred. Some one once said: "If

you want a definition of happiness, visit the Huxley family." The same thing might have been said of the Pasteurs. Louis had known nothing but love in his father's low-roofed tannery; and he knew nothing but love in the other home which he and his wife had begun, in May 1849. Sorrows came. They came thick and fast. Three dear little girls were taken away from them, but the father and mother were strong in their belief that all would be again united. The deeper the happiness the deeper the loss, and the deeper the loss the deeper the seed of faith in another life. Pasteur was one of the great scientists who kept his solid old-fashioned religion, and bis comforting belief in immortality.

And, though he lost three children, a son and a daughter were left. Years later, after the son had entered the army, one bitter January day father, mother, and daughter set out to find him. In the dreadful reports of a hard fight, no news had come of their boy. Cruel suspense was almost as hard as certain sorrow. The same Jules Vercel who long ago had started with Louis Pasteur for boarding-school — Jules Vercel, now a man of fifty — was there to say good-bye to his old friend. He stood faithfully by as Pasteur helped his wife and daughter into a broken-down carriage — the only one left in the village — and set forth into the storm. Snow whirled through the air thick with flakes. It drifted the roads with great, white piles. For four days they journeyed, stopping wherever they could for the nights. Part of the way lay through a deep pine-forest, perfectly silent except when heavy masses of snow fell from the spreading boughs. By the time they reached Pontarlier, where they hoped to find their boy, the poor old carriage barely held together.

Madame Pasteur, with her face worn by cold, weariness, and fear, asked the first soldier she met for news of her son.

"All I can tell you" — try as the soldier did, the words fell with harsh hopelessness — "is that out of 1200 men in his batallion, only 300 are left."

But Madame Pasteur did not give up. While she was questioning another soldier, a third stepped up and said, "Sergeant Pasteur? Yes, he is alive; I slept by him last night at Chaffois. He has remained behind; he is ill. You might meet him on the road towards Chaffois."

Chaffois? They had come right through it without knowing! It lay freezing miles behind them on the snow-banked road. But they could face again the stinging storm if their son was at the journey's end and in need. Barely had they started back when a cart labored by and from that cart some one muffled to the eyes peered into their carriages. And to that some one — to the fellow who felt a life-time away from home — was it a miracle, or only a fevered-hope — a beautiful delirious dream — that his own people had come to him in the storm! Too full of feeling to speak, the little family "embraced without a word." On that bitter January day they were suddenly filled with wonderful warmth. Monsieur Pasteur took his sick son to Geneva to recover. And, no doubt, as he shared his boy's joyful surprise, he remembered how long ago, another son had been surprised by another father: he was once more a homesick boy, entering, in wonder, a comer cafe, staring, in half-hope at a familiar head, and rejoicing in the welcome words, "I have come to fetch you." His father had taught him fatherliness and he knew how to bestow it on his worn out soldier-boy.

Meanwhile he fathered many, not his own. Returned to his work of healing, as he entered the Zoological garden of the Institute, the children would run to him, throw their arms around him, and bless him with their perfect trust And somehow the silver coins slipped very naturally out of his pockets into theirs.

"Pasteur is a man who would find advantage from living in a glass house," said Mr. G. M. Crawford. It is beautiful to have such a thing true. And if Pasteur had been in a glass house, through its transparent walls we might have seen that

he not only tucked shining presents into the children's pockets but patted their heads, clasped their hands, and kissed their tear-stained faces, though the tears were never there for long.

"My child, it is all over!" he would exclaim soothingly — "Mon enfant! Mon enfant!" It was hard for him to see even slight suffering, particularly in animals or children — he who had never had the "courage to kill a bird in hunting."

As his step was heard in the hospital, a halting step because he had had a paralytic stroke, the heads on the pillows turned toward him and the faces lighted with smiles of gratitude. It was worth the long hours spent in searching, the slow tests, the patient waiting; it was worth more than medals or degrees, this great love of thankful hearts. Pasteur had plenty of honors; but he counted them as words and ribbons. He was too great to think himself great. The world was the world, full of struggle and need and woe, and the most he could do in his full life was still very little.

Like Agassiz, he had a passion for scientific study and a great gift for teaching. His pupils came away filled with his love of truth; his unwillingness to state a fact unless proved and proved again. His teaching seemed like inspiration, and utterly tireless. It had been so patiently planned beforehand that all the patient preparation was concealed. It was like poured sunlight Nevertheless, he would never rob a student of the joy of discovery. As a lad, it had meant much to him to make his own phosphorus. "Where will you find a young man," he would ask, "whose curiosity and interest will not immediately be awakened when you put into his hands a potato, when from that potato he may produce sugar, from that sugar he may produce alcohol, from that alcohol ether, and vinegar? Where is he who will not be happy to tell his family in the evening that he has just been working out an electric telegraph? Such studies are seldom, if ever, forgotten." At the root of all his teaching lay the principle of

usefulness. It was repeated and repeated again to hundreds. "One man's life is useless if it is not useful to others." As he grew older and realized too fully that the years would not grant him time to solve all his problems, he looked to his pupils to cany on his work. In praise of their faithful persistence he would say: "I pointed the way; but I had only conceived hopes and you bring in solid realities." He craved honors for them far more than for himself. But to his list of saved lives we must add part of the credit of the lives saved by the pupils he had trained.

One of the greatest glories of a sincere teacher is the thought that there may have gone forth from his work or his personality numberless hidden influences. His influence is cumulative and eternal, whether good or bad. If his aims have been good, his influence has been good. And much that he can never have the comfort of knowing may be hidden, but living in other minds and hearts. This thought comforted Pasteur; "Our only consolation, as we feel our own strength failing us, is the consciousness that we may help those who come after us to do more and to do better than ourselves, fixing their eyes as they can on the great horizons of which we only had a glimpse." This idea he hugged for his own encouragement when, like Agassiz, he thought, "Oh, if I only had time!" In his "passion for work" and his faithfulness to teaching, he was very much like Agassiz; in his heroic struggle, under the warning hand of paralysis, he was more like Scott.

To all teachers who have known how it feels to be fretted by teasing little details, his willingness, to attend to little details stands as a strengthening example. It is an example to anyone who is nettled by the smallness of life's concerns — the gnats that swarm around our busy heads. Pasteur was not too great to look after the "catering; to ascertain what weight of meat per pupil is given at the Ecole Polytechnique; to order the courtyard strewn with sand; the dining-room door to be

repaired; and to look after the ventilation of the class-rooms." He was great enough to forget his greatness if little things needed his attention.

Let us see him, at last, however, not as a teacher but as a healer. To cure hydrophobia, before he could experiment on man, he had to experiment on animals. Let those who condemn it ask and answer the question: Is it better that a guinea-pig should suffer a little or that my only child should die? Pasteur never experimented without using chloroform, and, tender-hearted man that he was, he took the greatest care to save any animal from unnecessary suffering. Never had he shot an animal of any kind for sport. But when human life was at stake "Vivisection was a dreadful necessity." Even when he had multiplied his experiments, he said, half-fearfully; "I think my hand will tremble when I go on to mankind."

In Pasteur's life, the years 1885 and 1886 were marked by wonderful strides toward the conquest of hydrophobia. The terrible memory of the mad wolf of his childhood had never worn away. It came back to him in manhood with fresh horror when, one July morning, an Alsatian mother, poorly dressed and leading a nine-year-old boy by the hand, entered his laboratory. Little Joseph Meister could hardly walk, and his small hands were fearfully bitten. In a voice full of restrained suffering and with beseeching eyes Frau Meister begged Pasteur to save her child. "He was so small!" she sobbed. "When the dog flew at him, he knew no more than to stand still and cover his face with his hands. A man, passing, beat off the beast with an iron bar. But there was my Joseph! — Oh, the dreadful blood!"

"I am no doctor," answered the scientist humbly. "I am only trying to discover cures; but I shall do my best for little Joseph." As he spoke, he gently laid his hand on the child's fair head.

When Joseph found that the treatment was no more than

a pin prick, his dreary blue eyes began to shine again; he no longer dreaded the master's touch. Out in the sunny garden, among the rabbits, chickens, and guinea-pigs, he was very happy, and he generally slept more peacefully than the scientist, who tossed back and forth in the fear that the child would die.

But little Meister got well. And, furthermore, in his long stay at the laboratory he grew to be such a friend of "Dear Monsieur Pasteur" that he would run in from the garden, climb into his lap, and beg, with all kinds of childish pleadings, that some specially playful guinea-pig or pink-nosed rabbit might not be used for experiment. And little Meister had his way, like many other children who loved Pasteur as a father.

One beautiful day in the next October, six little shepherd-boys had ted their flocks to a green meadow glistening in the sunlight of the Jura Mountains. Here the juicy grass drew its richness from underground streams, and here the boys found flowery places to stretch out under the blue sky-roof and talk together in their soft French voices. From time to time they would move on to keep near their straying' sheep, while bees hummed their way into the flowers' hearts and turned the bright cups upside down with, the weight of their velvet bodies. The children's shepherd life was full of restful friendliness. Suddenly one of the boys, pointing to the road, shouted "Chien enragé! Chien enragé!" (Mad dog! Mad dog!) Fear raised his voice to a shriek. As the children scrambled to their feet, they saw a great creature turn, and tear towards them. Though they ran as fast as soft ground, wooden shoes, and fright would let them, that was not very fast. The dog came panting on. Then the oldest, a fourteen-year-old boy named Jupille, turned, to save the rest, and faced their maddened enemy, alone. With glazed eyes, and slimy turned-back lips, the dog was close upon him. Leaping into the air, he caught the boy's left hand between his gleaming teeth. Jupille's

mountain-training came in play. The hills had taught him strength and swiftness. In his brave tussle, he managed to throw the dog to the ground, kneel on his back, and with his right hand force the jaws apart to set his left hand free. Of course his right hand was terribly bitten too; but, at last, he got a grip on the animal's neck, and, calling to his little brother to bring him the whip, dropped in the fight, he fastened the dog's jaws tight with the lash. Then he worked with his wooden sabot till the heaving creature was so nearly dead that he could drag him to the brook and end his life.

White-faced, round-eyed, and trembling, the little huddle of shepherd boys drooped back to the village, all of them sure that Jupille would die, and all but Jupille feeling like murderers. (His life was the price of theirs.) But the Mayor, who had heard of Pasteur, sent the great scientist swift word.

Poor Pasteur! As yet his experimenting was too new; he was not ready to risk men. Little Joseph Meister, whom he had saved, had reached him only two days and a half after the attack. Jupille's wounds would be six days old. However, Jupille would have almost no pain (only a pin-prick a day), and it might mean life. The boy was sent for; and, not only, by patient watching, was he saved, but, through the recommendation of the fatherly Pasteur, received a prize for bravery.

Some of the great scientist's experiments were not successful. He had had a chance to treat Meister and Jupille within a week of the day they were bitten. Long postponed treatment was not so sure.

The next November, Louise Pelletier, a little girl of ten, was brought to him over a month after the mad dog's attack I Pasteur did all he could; but it was useless.

"I did so wish I could have saved your little one!" he said to the father and mother. Then, as he shut the door on their sorrow, the great man, himself, burst into tears. He had not explained his bitter disappointment in failure, or his own

affection for Louise, nor had he told them that their tittle girl was just the age of Jeanne — the first child given him and the first child taken away.

Although Pasteur had this sad failure, before long his fame was world-wide. By means of a public subscription, started by the New York Herald, four little Americans — children of poor laborers, were sent across the ocean to the wonderful healer. The mother of the youngest went with them. When her little boy, who was only five, felt the simple needle-prick, he asked, wonderingly, "Is this all we have come such a long journey for?" When, healthy and smiling, the four children came back to America, in answer to hundreds of questions about the "great man" they had no wonderful story. The treatment had been so easy!

But Pasteur had a story. On March 1, 1885, his doubts smothered by success, he could tell France that out of three hundred and fifty patients, only one had died — Louise Pelletier. The victory was wonderful, even taking into consideration that some of the dogs, reported as mad, may not have been so, and that some of the people, who were not treated by him, died, not of hydrophobia, but of fear. There were men in his time who tried to lessen his glory by these two arguments; but there were others who, during his lifetime and since then, have called him, for the lives he saved, the "Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century." Napoleon, with all his military genius, was not so great, because his business was to destroy life; Pasteur's was to save it. A certain map of the world is dotted all over with Pasteur Institutes for the cure of hydrophobia. And there is at least one man who would call the Nineteenth Century "The Age of Pasteur."

A few days after that great report of only one case lost in three hundred and fifty, the healer's own faith was again shaken. Nineteen Russians, who had been bitten by a mad wolf, arrived in Paris. Some of them were so mangled that they had to be carried at once to the hospital. Others walked

bravely along, their dark eyes gleaming — half afraid, half hopeful — under their big fur caps. They knew but one French word — Pasteur. As Livingstone first spoke to the Africans with eyes and heart, so Pasteur spoke to these Russians. The word Pity was written all over his face. "I'll do my best to save you, my poor fellows," was his unspoken speech.

Yet there were, as always, ready doubters who, "When three of the Russians died, began to attack Pasteur's whole method, apparently forgetting that it had taken a long time for the Russians to reach him, that they were terribly bitten, and that a mad wolf's bite is much worse than a mad dog's.

If ever any one was stimulated by obstacles it was Pasteur; but he removed obstacles for others. He made all healing free. No one was ever turned away. French, Belgians, Spanish, Portuguese, Russians, they came to him in daily crowds. Some came, as people will, just out of curiosity — just to see Pasteur — the stout little man with the short beard and black velvet smoking-cap and the great name. He was always hard at work. Till within a few months of the very end, his energy went hand in hand with self-forgetfulness. Break-downs threatened him constantly; but the saving of life — left sometimes to the power of man — was too close to the giving of life — in the power of God — for him to let one great chance slip. Even at the last, he kept his youthful enthusiasm — that pet word of his, meaning "an inward God." There are few things more divine than lives devoted to the hopes of others, whether they waver over sick worms, or sick sheep, or whether they hang on the life of a little child.

Vailery-Radot, in his beautiful story of Pasteur, gives a peaceful picture of the life-saver's last days. Though he could hardly walk or speak, his eyes were still bright, and, as he sat out of doors, "his grandchildren around him suggested young rose-trees climbing around the trunk of a dying oak." On September 28, 1895, he gave up his long battle. There was a great national funeral: a military band, "infantry, marines,

cavalry, artillery, and municipal guards…red-robed Judges and members of University faculties in orange, red, and crimson robes." It was all more showy than the tanner's son would have asked. His simple grave-stone better commemorates his simple start in life. Though his name will always mean intense energetic action, that plain stone speaks of well-earned rest:

"Ici Repose Pasteur"

Wilfred Grenfell
The Deep-Sea Doctor
1865 – 1940

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more,
Now, than flesh helps soul!"
--Browning.

When people meet Dr. Grenfell, the good doctor who braves the storms of the most dangerous of all sea-coasts and endures the hardships of arctic winters to care for the lonely fisherfolk of Labrador, they often ask, with pitying wonder:

"How do you manage it, Doctor, day in and day out through all the long months? It seems too much for any man to sacrifice himself as you do."

"Don't think for a moment that I'm a martyr," replies Dr. Grenfell, a bit impatiently, "Why, I have a jolly good time of it! There's nothing like a really good scrimmage to make a fellow sure that he's alive, and glad of it, I learned that in my football days, and Labrador gives even better chances to know the joy of winning out in a tingling good tussle."

Dr. Grenfell's face, with the warm color glowing through the tan, his clear, steady eyes, and erect, vigorous form, all testify to his keen zest in the adventure of life.

Ever since he could remember, he had, he told us, been in love with the thrill of strenuous action. When a small boy, he looked at the tiger-skin and other trophies of the hunt which his soldier uncles had sent from India, and dreamed of the time when he should learn the ways of the jungle at first hand.

He comes of a race of strong men. One uncle was a general who bore himself with distinguished gallantry in the Indian Mutiny at Lucknow when the little garrison of seventeen hundred men held the city for twelve weeks against a besieging force ten times as great. One of his father's ancestors was Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of the Revenge, who, desperately struggling to save his wounded men, fought with his one ship against the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-three. Perhaps you remember Tennyson's thrilling lines:

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"

How these lines sang in his memory! Is it any wonder that the lad who heard this story as one among many thrilling tales of his own people should have felt that life was a splendid adventure?

As a boy in his home at Parkgate, near Chester, England, he was early accustomed to strenuous days in the open. He knew the stretches of sand-banks—the famous "Sands of Dee"—with their deep, intersecting "gutters" where many curlews, mallards, and other water-birds sought hiding. In his rocking home-made boat he explored from end to end the estuary into which the River Dee flowed, now and again hailing a fishing-smack for a tow home, if evening fell too soon, and sharing with the crew their supper of boiled shrimps. He

seemed to know as by instinct the moods of the tides and storm-vexed waves, which little boats must learn to watch and circumvent. He became a lover, also, of wild nature—birds, animals, and plants—and of simple, vigorous men who lived rough, wholesome lives in the open.

Though he went from the boys' school at Parkgate to Marlborough College, and later to Oxford, he had at this time no hint of the splendid adventures that life offers in the realm of mental and spiritual activities. Rugby football, in which he did his share to uphold the credit of the university, certainly made the most vital part of this chapter of his life. It was not until he took up the study of medicine at the London Hospital that he began to appreciate the value of knowledge "because it enables one to do things."

There was one day of this study-time in London that made a change in the young doctor's whole life. Partly out of curiosity, he followed a crowd in the poorer part of the city, into a large tent, where a religious meeting was being held. In a moment he came to realize that his religion had been just a matter of believing as he was taught, of conducting himself as did those about him, and of going to church on Sunday. It seemed that here, however, were men to whom religion was as real and practical a thing as the rudder is to a boat. All at once he saw what it would mean to have a strong guiding power in one's life.

His mind seemed wonderfully set free. There were no longer conflicting aims, ideals, uncertainties, and misgivings. There was one purpose, one desire—to enter "the service that is perfect freedom," the service of the King of Kings. Life was indeed a glorious adventure, whose meaning was plain and whose end sure.

How he enjoyed his class of unruly boys from the slums! Most people would have considered them hopeless "toughs." He saw that they were just active boys, eager for life, who had been made what they were by unwholesome surroundings.

"All they need is to get hold of the rudder and to feel the breath of healthy living in their faces," he said. He fitted up one of his rooms with gymnasium material and taught the boys to box. He took them for outings into the country. When he saw the way they responded to this little chance for happy activity, he became one of the founders of the Lads' Brigades and Lads' Camps, which have done the same sort of good in England that the Boy Scouts organization has done in this country.

When he completed his medical course, the young doctor looked about for a field that would give chance for adventure and for service where a physician was really needed.

"I feel there is something for me besides hanging out my sign in a city where there are already doctors and to spare," he said.

"Why don't you see what can be done with a hospitalship among the North Sea fishermen?" said Sir Frederick Treves, who was a great surgeon and a master mariner as well.

When Dr. Grenfell heard about how sick and injured men suffered for lack of care when on their long fishing expeditions, he decided to fall in with this suggestion. He joined the staff of the Mission to Deep-sea Fishermen, and fitted out the first hospital-ship to the North Sea fisheries, which cruised about from the Bay of Biscay to Iceland, giving medical aid where it was often desperately needed. When this work was well established, and other volunteers offered to take it up, Dr. Grenfell sought a new world of adventure. Hearing of the forlorn condition of the English-speaking settlers and natives on the remote shores of wind-swept Labrador, he resolved to fit out a hospital-ship and bring them what help he could. So began in 1892 Dr. Grenfell's great work with his schooner Albert, in which he cruised about for three months and ministered to nine hundred patients, who, but for him, would have had no intelligent care.

Can you picture Labrador as something more than a pink

patch on the cold part of the map? That strip of coast northwest of Newfoundland is a land of sheer cliffs broken by deep fiords, like much of Norway. Rocky islands and hidden reefs make the shores dangerous to ships in the terrific gales that are of frequent occurrence. But this forbidding, wreck-strewn land of wild, jutting crags has a weird beauty of its own. Picture it in winter when the deep snow has effaced all inequalities of surface and the dark spruces alone stand out against the gleaming whiteness. The fiords and streams are bound in an icy silence which holds the sea itself in thrall. Think of the colors of the moonlight on the ice, and the flaming splendor of the northern lights. Then picture it when summer has unloosed the land from the frozen spell. Mosses, brilliant lichens, and bright berries cover the rocky ground, the evergreens stand in unrivaled freshness, and gleaming trout and salmon dart out of the water, where great icebergs go floating by like monster fragments of the crystal city of the frost giants, borne along now by the arctic current to tell the world about the victory of the sun over the powers of cold in the far North.

When Dr. Grenfell sailed about in the Albert that first summer, the people thought he was some strange, bighearted madman, who bore a charmed life. He seemed to know nothing and care nothing about foamy reefs, unfamiliar tides and currents, and treacherous winds. When it was impossible to put out in the schooner, he went in a whale-boat, which was worn out—honorably discharged from service after a single season. The people who guarded the lives of their water-craft with jealous care shook their heads. Truly, the man must be mad. His boat was capsized, swamped, blown on the rocks, and once driven out to sea by a gale that terrified the crew of the solidly built mail-boat. This time he was reported lost, but after a few days he appeared in the harbor of St. John's, face aglow, and eyes fairly snapping with the zest of the conflict.

"Sure, the Lord must kape an eye on that man," said an old skipper, devoutly.

It was often said of a gale on the Labrador coast, "That's a wind that'll bring Grenfell." The doctor, impatient of delays, and feeling the same exhilaration in a good stiff breeze that a lover of horses feels in managing a spirited thoroughbred, never failed to make use of a wind that might help send him on his way.

What sort of people are these to whom Dr. Grenfell ministers? They are, as you might think, simple, hardy men, in whom ceaseless struggle against bleak conditions of life has developed strength of character and capacity to endure. Besides the scattered groups of Eskimos in the north, who live by hunting seal and walrus, and the Indians who roam the interior in search of furs, there are some seven or eight thousand English-speaking inhabitants widely scattered along the coast. In summer as many as thirty thousand fishermen are drawn from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to share in the profit of the cod- and salmon-fisheries. All of these people were practically without medical care before Dr. Grenfell came. Can you imagine what this meant? This is the story of one fisherman in his own words:

"I had a poisoned finger. It rose up and got very bad. I did not know what to do, so I took a passage on a schooner and went to Halifax. It was nine months before I was able to get back, as there was no boat going back before the winter. It cost me seventy-five dollars, and my hand was the same as useless, as it was so long before it was treated."

Another told of having to wait nine days after "shooting his hand" before he could reach a doctor; and he had made the necessary journey in remarkably good time at that. He did not know if he ought to thank the doctor for saving his life when it was too late to save his hand. What can a poor fisherman do without a hand?

The chief sources of danger to these people who live by

the food of the sea are the uncertain winds and the treacherous ice-floes. When the ice begins to break in spring, the swift currents move great masses along with terrific force. Then woe betide the rash schooner that ventures into the path of these ice-rafts! For a moment she pushes her way among the floating "pans" or cakes of ice. All at once the terrible jam comes. The schooner is caught like a rat in a trap. The jaws of the ice monster never relax, while the timbers of the vessel crack and splinter and the solid deck-beams arch up, bow fashion, and snap like so many straws. Then, perhaps, the pressure changes. With a sudden shift of the wind a rift comes between the huge icemasses, and the sea swallows its prey.

It is a strange thing that but few of the fishermen know how to swim. "You see, we has enough o' the water without goin' to bother wi' it when we are ashore," one old skipper told the doctor in explanation.

The only means of rescue when one finds himself in the water is a line or a pole held by friends until a boat can be brought to the scene. Many stories might be told of the bravery of these people and their instant willingness to serve each other. Once a girl, who saw her brother fall through a hole in the ice, ran swiftly to the spot, while the men who were trying to reach the place with their boat shouted to her to go back. Stretching full length, however, on the gradually sinking ice, she held on to her brother till the boat forced its way to them.

Perhaps the most terrible experience that has come to the brave doctor was caused by the ice-floes. It was on Easter Sunday in 1908 when word came to the hospital that a boy was very ill in a little village sixty miles away. The doctor at once got his "komatik," or dog-sledge, in readiness and his splendid team of eight dogs, who had often carried him through many tight places. Brin, the leader, was the one who could be trusted to keep the trail when all signs and

landmarks were covered by snow and ice. There were also Doc, Spy, Jack, Sue, Jerry, Watch, and Moody—each no less beloved for his own strong points and faithful service.

It was while crossing an arm of the sea, a ten-mile run on salt-water ice, that the accident occurred. An unusually heavy sea had left great openings between enormous blocks or "pans" of ice a little to seaward. It seemed, however, that the doctor could be sure of a safe passage on an ice-bridge, that though rough, was firmly packed, while the stiff sea-breeze was making it stronger moment by moment through driving the floating pans toward the shore. But all at once there came a sudden change in the wind. It began to blow from the land, and in a moment the doctor realized that his ice-bridge had broken asunder and the portion on which he found himself was separated by a widening chasm from the rest. He was adrift on an ice-pan. It all happened so quickly that he was unable to do anything but cut the harness of the dogs to keep them from being tangled in the traces and dragged down after the sled. He found himself soaking wet, his sledge, with his extra clothing, gone, and only the remotest chance of being seen from the lonely shore and rescued. If only water had separated him from the bank, he might have tried swimming, but, for the most part, between the floating pans was "slob ice," that is, ice broken into tiny bits by the grinding together of the huge masses.

Night came, and with it such intense cold that he was obliged to sacrifice three of his dogs and clothe himself in their skins to keep from freezing, for coat, hat, and gloves had been lost in the first struggle to gain a place on the largest available "pan" of ice. Then, curled up among the remaining dogs, and so, somewhat protected from the bitter wind, he fell asleep.

When daylight came, he took off his gaily-colored shirt, which was a relic of his football days, and, with the leg bones of the slain dogs as a pole, constructed a flag of distress. The

warmth of the sun brought cheer; and so, even though his reason told him that there was but the smallest chance of being seen, he stood up and waved his flag steadily until too weary to make another move. Every time he sat down for a moment of rest, "Doc" came and licked his face and then went to the edge of the ice, as if to suggest it was high time to start.

At last Dr. Grenfell thought he saw the gleam of an oar. He could hardly believe his eyes, which were, indeed, almost snow-blinded, as his dark glasses had been lost with all his other things. Then—yes—surely there was the keel of a boat, and a man waving to him! In a moment came the blessed sound of a friendly voice.

Now that the struggle was over, he felt himself lifted into the boat as in a dream. In the same way he swallowed the hot tea which they had brought in a bottle. This is what one of the rescuers said, in telling about it afterward:

"When we got near un, it didn't seem like 't was the doctor. 'E looked so old an' 'is face such a queer color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un an' the dogs in th' boat. Th' first thing 'e said was how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un. Then 'e fretted about the b'y 'e was goin' to see, it bein' too late to reach un, and us to' un 'is life was worth more 'n the b'y, fur 'e could save others. But 'e still fretted."

They had an exciting time of it, reaching the shore. Sometimes they had to jump out and force the ice-pans apart; again, when the wind packed the blocks together too close, they had to drag the boat over.

When the bank was gained at last and the doctor dressed in the warm clothes that the fishermen wear, they got a sledge ready to take him to the hospital, where his frozen hands and feet could be treated. There, too, the next day the sick boy was brought, and his life saved.

Afterward, in telling of his experience, the thing which

moved the doctor most was the sacrifice of his dogs. In his hallway a bronze tablet was placed with this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF
THREE NOBLE DOGS
MOODY
WATCH
SPY
WHOSE LIVES WERE GIVEN
FOR MINE ON THE ICE
APRIL 21ST, 1908
WILFRED GRENFELL

In his old home in England his brother put up a similar tablet, adding these words, "Not one of them is forgotten before your Father which is in heaven."

Besides caring for the people himself, Dr. Grenfell won the interest of other workers—doctors, nurses, and teachers. Through his efforts, hospitals, schools, and orphan-asylums have been built. Of all the problems, however, with which this large-hearted, practical friend of the deep-sea fishermen has had to deal in his Labrador work, perhaps the chief was that of the dire poverty of the people. It seemed idle to try to cure men of ills which were the direct result of conditions under which they lived.

When the doctor began his work in 1892 he found that the poverty-stricken people were practically at the mercy of unprincipled, scheming storekeepers who charged two or three prices for flour, salt, and other necessaries of life.

The men, as a result, were always in debt, mortgaging their next summer's catch of fish long before the winter was over. To cure this evil, Grenfell opened cooperative stores, run solely for the benefit of the fishermen, and established industries that would give a chance of employment during the cold months. A grant of timberland was obtained from the

government and a lumber-mill opened. A schooner building yard, and a cooperage for making kegs and barrels to hold the fish exported, were next installed.

This made it possible to gather together the people, who were formerly widely scattered because dependent on food gained through hunting and trapping. This made it possible, too, to carry out plans for general improvement—schools for the children and some social life. Two small jails, no longer needed in this capacity, were converted into clubs, with libraries and games. Realizing the general need for healthful recreation, the doctor introduced rubber footballs, which might be used in the snow. The supply of imported articles could not keep pace with the demand, however. All along the coast, young and old joined in the game. Even the Eskimo women, with wee babies in their hoods, played with "their brown-faced boys and girls, using sealskin balls stuffed with dry grass.

Knowing that Labrador can never hope to do much in agriculture, as even the cabbages and potatoes frequently suffer through summer frosts, the doctor tried to add to the resources of the country by introducing a herd of reindeer from Lapland, together with three families of Lapps to teach the people how to care for them. Reindeer milk is rich and makes good cheese. Moreover, the supply of meat and leather they provide is helping to make up for the falling-off in the number of seals, due to unrestricted hunting. The transportation afforded by the reindeer is also important in a land where rapid transit consists of dog-sledges.

Dr. Grenfell has himself financed his various schemes, using, in addition to gifts from those whom he can interest, the entire income gained from his books and lectures. He keeps nothing for himself but the small salary as mission doctor to pay actual living expenses. All of the industrial enterprises—cooperative stores, sawmills, reindeer, fox-farms, are deeded to the Deep-Sea Mission, and become its

property as soon as they begin to be profitable.

Would you like to spend a day with Dr. Grenfell in summer, when he cruises about in his hospital-ship three or four thousand miles back and forth, from St. John's all along the Labrador coast? You would see what a wonderful pilot the doctor is as he faces the perils of hidden reefs, icebergs, fogs, and storms. You would see that he can doctor his ship, should it leak or the propeller go lame, as well as the numbers of people who come to him with every sort of ill from aching teeth to broken bones.

Perhaps, though, you might prefer a fine, crisp day in winter. Then you could drive forty or fifty miles in the komatik, getting off to run when you feel a bit stiff with the cold, especially if it happens to be uphill. You might be tempted to coast down the hills, but you find that dogs can't stand that any more than horses could, so you let down the "drug" (a piece of iron chain) to block the runners. There is no sound except the lone twitter of a venturesome tomtit who decided to risk the winter in a particularly thick spruce-tree. Sometimes you go bumpity-bump over fallen trees, with pitfalls between lightly covered with snow. Sometimes the dogs bound ahead eagerly over smooth ground where the only signs of the times are the occasional tracks of a rabbit, partridge, fox, or caribou. Then how you will enjoy the dinner of hot toasted pork cakes before the open fire, after the excitement of feeding the ravenous dogs with huge pieces of frozen seal-meat and seeing them burrow down under the snow for their night's sleep. If there is no pressing need of his services next morning, the doctor may take you skeeing, or show you how to catch trout through a hole in the ice.

Winter or summer, perhaps you might come to agree with Dr. Grenfell that one may have "a jolly good time" while doing a man's work in rough, out-of-the-way Labrador. You would, at any rate, have a chance to discover that life may be a splendid adventure.

Lucy Maud Montgomery
Author of the Anne of Green Gables Series
1874 – 1942

Many years ago, when I was still a child, I clipped from a current magazine a bit of verse, entitled "To the Fringed Gentian," and pasted it on the corner of the little portfolio on which I wrote my letters and school essays. Every time I opened the portfolio I read one of those verses over; it was the key-note of my every aim and ambition:

"Then whisper, blossom, in thy sleep
How I may upward climb
The Alpine path, so hard, so steep,
That leads to heights sublime;
How I may reach that far-off goal
Of true and honoured fame,
And write upon its shining scroll
A woman's humble name."

In June, 1902, I returned to Cavendish, where I remained unbrokenly for the next nine years. For the first two years after my return I wrote only short stories and serials as before. But I was beginning to think of writing a book. It had always been my hope and ambition to write one. But I never seemed able to make a beginning.

I have always hated beginning a story. When I get the first paragraph written I feet as though it were half done. The rest comes easily. To begin a book, therefore, seemed quite a stupendous task. Besides, I did not see just how I could get time for it. I could not afford to take the time from my regular

writing hours. And, in the end, I never deliberately sat down and said "Go to! Here are pens, paper, ink and plot. Let me write a book. It really all just "happened."

I had always kept a notebook in which I jotted down, as they occurred to me, ideas for plots, incidents, characters, and descriptions. In the spring of 1904 I was looking over this notebook in search of some idea for a short serial I wanted to write for a certain Sunday School paper. I found a faded entry, written many years before: "Elderly couple apply to orphan asylum for a boy. By mistake a girl is sent them." I thought this would do. I began to block out the chapters, devise, and select incidents and "brood up" my heroine. Anne—she was not so named of malice afore-thought, but flashed into my fancy already christened, even to the all important "e"—began to expand in such a fashion that she soon seemed very real to me and took possession of me to an unusual extent. She appealed to me, and I thought it rather a shame to waste her on an ephemeral little serial. Then the thought came, "Write a book. You have the central idea. All you need do is to spread it out over enough chapters to amount to a book."

The result was Anne of Green Gables. I wrote it in the evenings after my regular day's work was done, wrote most of it at the window of the little gable room which had been mine for many years. I began it, as I have said, in the spring of 1904. I finished it in the October of 1905.

Ever since my first book was published I have been persecuted by the question "Was so-and-so the original of such-and-such in your book.'" And behind my back they don't put it in the interrogative form, but in the affirmative. I know many people who have asserted that they are well acquainted with the "originals" of my characters. Now, for my own part, I have never, during all the years I have studied human nature, met one human being who could, as a whole, be put into a book without injuring it. Any artist knows that to paint exactly from life is to give a false impression of the

subject. Study from life he must, copying suitable heads or arms, appropriating bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncrasies, "making use of the real to perfect the ideal."

But the ideal, his ideal, must be behind and beyond it all. The writer must create his characters, or they will not be life-like.

With but one exception I have never drawn any of my book people from life. That exception was "Peg Bowen" in The Story Girl. And even then I painted the lily very freely. I have used real places in my books and many real incidents. But hitherto I have depended wholly on the creative power of my own imagination for my characters. Cavendish was "Avonlea" to a certain extent. "Lover's Lane" was a very beautiful lane through the woods on a neighbour's farm. It was a beloved haunt of mine from my earliest days. The "Shore Road" has a real existence, between Cavendish and Rustico. But the "White Way of Delight," "Wiltonmere," and "Violet Vale" were transplanted from the estates of my castles in Spain. "The Lake of Shining Waters" is generally supposed to be Cavendish Pond. This is not so. The pond I had in mind is the one at Park Corner, below Uncle John Campbell's house. But I suppose that a good many of the effects of light and shadow I had seen on the Cavendish pond figured unconsciously in my descriptions. Anne's habit of naming places was an old one of my own. I named all the pretty nooks and corners about the old farm. I had, I remember, a "Fairyland," a "Dreamland," a "Pussy-Willow Palace," a "No-Man's-Land," a "Queen's Bower," and many others. The "Dryads Bubble" was purely imaginary, but the "Old Log Bridge" was a real thing. It was formed by a single large tree that had blown down and lay across the brook. It had served as a bridge to the generation before my time, and was hollowed out like a shell by the tread of hundreds of passing feet. Earth had blown into the crevices, and ferns and grasses had found root and fringed it luxuriantly. Velvet moss covered its sides and

below was a deep, clear, sun-flecked stream.

Anne's Katie Maurice was mine. In our sitting-room there had always stood a big book-case used as a china cabinet. In each door was a large oval glass, dimly reflecting the room. When I was very small each of my reflections in these glass doors were "real folk" to my imagination. The one in the left-hand door was Katie Maurice, the one in the right, Lucy Gray. Why I named them thus I cannot say. Wordsworth's ballad had no connection with the latter, for I had never read it at that time. Indeed, I have no recollection of deliberately naming them at all. As far back as consciousness runs, Katie Maurice and Lucy Gray lived in the fairy room behind the bookcase. Katie Maurice was a little girl like myself, and I loved her dearly. I would stand before that door and prattle to Katie for hours, giving and receiving confidences. In especial, I liked to do this at twilight, when the fire had been lit and the room and its reflections were a glamour of light and shadow.

Lucy Gray was grown-up and a widow! I did not like her as well as Katie. She was always sad, and always had dismal stories of her troubles to relate to me; nevertheless, I visited her scrupulously in turn, lest her feelings should be hurt, because she was jealous of Katie, who also disliked her. All this sounds like the veriest nonsense, but I cannot describe how real it was to me. I never passed through the room without a wave of my hand to Katie in the glass door at the other end.

The notable incident of the liniment cake happened when I was teaching school in Bideford and boarding at the Methodist parsonage there. Its charming mistress flavoured a layer cake with anodyne liniment one day. Never shall I forget the taste of that cake and the fun we had over it, for the mistake was not discovered until teatime. A strange minister was there to tea that night. He ate every crumb of his piece of cake. What he thought of it we never discovered. Possibly

he imagined it was simply some new-fangled flavouring.

Many people have told me that they regretted Matthew's death in Green Gables. I regret it myself. If I had the book to write over again I would spare Matthew for several years. But when I wrote it I thought he must die, that there might be a necessity for self-sacrifice on Anne's part, so poor Matthew joined the long procession of ghosts that haunt my literary past.

Well, my book was finally written. The next thing was to find a publisher. I typewrote it myself, on my old second-hand typewriter that never made the capitals plain and wouldn't print "w" at all, and I sent it to a new American firm that had recently come to the front with several "best sellers." I thought I might stand a better chance with a new firm than with an old established one that had already a preferred list of writers. But the new firm very promptly sent it back. Next I sent it to one of the "old, established firms," and the old established firm sent it back. Then I sent it, in turn, to three "Betwixt-andbetween firms," and they all sent it back. Four of them returned it with a cold, printed note of rejection; one of them "damned with faint praise." They wrote that "Our readers report that they find some merit in your story, but not enough to warrant its acceptance."

That finished me. I put Anne away in an old hat-box in the clothes room, resolving that some day when I had time I would take her and reduce her to the original seven chapters of her first incarnation. In that case I was tolerably sure of getting thirty-five dollars for her at least, and perhaps even forty.

The manuscript lay in the hatbox until I came across it one winter day while rummaging. I began turning over the leaves, reading a bit here and there. It didn't seem so very bad. "I'll try once more," I thought. The result was that a couple of months later an entry appeared in my journal to the effect that my book had been accepted. After some natural

jubilation I wrote: "The book may or may not succeed. I wrote it for love, not money, but very often such books are the most successful, just as everything in the world that is born of true love has life in it, as nothing constructed for mercenary ends can ever have.

"Well, I've written my book! The dream dreamed years ago at that old brown desk in school has come true at last after years of toil and struggle. And the realization is sweet, almost as sweet as the dream."

When I wrote of the book succeeding or not succeeding, I had in mind only a very moderate success indeed, compared to that which it did attain. I never dreamed that it would appeal to young and old. I thought girls in their teens might like to read it, that was the only audience I hoped to reach. But men and women who are grandparents have written to tell me how they loved Anne, and boys at college have done the same. The very day on which these words are written has come a letter to me from an English lad of nineteen, totally unknown to me, who writes that he is leaving for "the front" and wants to tell me "before he goes" how much my books and especially Anne have meant to him. It is in such letters that a writer finds meet reward for all sacrifice and labor.

Well, Anne was accepted; but I had to wait yet another year before the book was published. Then on June 20th, 1908, I wrote in my journal:

"To-day has been, as Anne herself would say, 'an epoch in my life.' My book came to-day, 'spleet-new' from the publishers. I candidly confess that it was to me a proud and wonderful and thrilling moment. There, in my hand, lay the material realization of all the dreams and hopes and ambitions and struggles of my whole conscious existence—my first book. Not a great book, but mine, mine, mine, something which I had created."

I have received hundreds of letters from all over the world about Anne. Some odd dozen of them were addressed,

not to me, but to "Miss Anne Shirley, Green Gables, Avonlea, Prince Edward Island." They were written by little girls who had such a touching faith in the real flesh and blood existence of Anne that I always hated to destroy it. Some of my letters were decidedly amusing. One began impressingly, "My dear long-lost uncle," and the writer went on to claim me as Uncle Lionel, who seemed to have disappeared years ago. She wound up by entreating me to write to my "affectionate niece" and explain the reason of my long silence. Several people wrote me that their lives would make very interesting stories, and if I would write them and give them half the proceeds they would give me "the facts!" I answered only one of these letters, that of a young man who had enclosed stamps for a reply. In order to let him down as gently as possible, I told him that I was not in any need of material, as I had books already planned out which would require at least ten years to write. He wrote back that he had a great deal of patience and would cheerfully wait until ten years had expired; then he would write again. So, if my own invention gives out, I can always fall back on what that young man assured me was "a thrilling life-history!"

Green Gables has been translated into Swedish and Dutch. My copy of the Swedish edition always gives me the inestimable boon of a laugh. The cover design is a full length figure of Anne, wearing a sunbonnet, carrying the famous carpet-bag, and with hair that is literally of an intense scarlet!

With the publication of Green Gables my struggle was over. I have published six novels since then. Anne of Avonlea came out in 1909, followed in 1910 by Kilmeny of the Orchard. This latter story was really written several years before Green Gables, and ran as a serial in an American magazine, under another title. Therefore some sage reviewers amused me not a little by saying that the book showed "the insidious influence of popularity and success" in its style and plot!

The Story Girl was written in 1910 and published in 1911. It was the last book I wrote in my old home by the gable window where I had spent so many happy hours of creation. It is my own favourite among my books, the one that gave me the greatest pleasure to write, the one whose characters and landscape seem to me most real. All the children in the book are purely imaginary. The old "King Orchard" was a compound of our old orchard in Cavendish and the orchard at Park Corner. "Peg Bowen" was suggested by a half-witted, gypsy-like personage who roamed at large for many years over the Island and was the terror of my childhood. We children were always being threatened that if we were not good Peg would catch us. The threat did not make us good, it only made us miserable.

Poor Peg was really very harmless, when she was not teased or annoyed. If she were, she could be vicious and revengeful enough. In winter she lived in a little hut in the woods, but as soon as the spring came the lure of the open road proved too much for her, and she started on a tramp which lasted until the return of winter snows. She was known over most of the Island. She went bareheaded and barefooted, smoked a pipe, and told extraordinary tales of her adventures in various places. Occasionally she would come to church, stalking unconcernedly up the aisle to a prominent seat. She never put on hat or shoes on such occasions, but when she wanted to be especially grand she powdered face, arms and legs with flour!

As I have already said, the story of Nancy and Betty Sherman was founded on fact. The story of the captain of the Fanny is also literally true. The heroine is still living, or was a few years ago, and still retains much of the beauty which won the Captain's heart. "The Blue Chest of Rachel Ward" was another "ower-true tale." Rachel Ward was Eliza Montgomery, a cousin of my father's, who died in Toronto a few years ago. The blue chest was in the kitchen of Uncle John

Campbell's house at Park Corner from 1849 until her death. We children heard its story many a time and speculated and dreamed over its contents, as we sat on it to study our lessons or eat our bed-time snacks.

The "Alpine Path" has been climbed, after many years of toil and endeavor. It was not an easy ascent, but even in the struggle at its hardest there was a delight and a zest known only to those who aspire to the heights.

> "He ne'er is crowned
> With immortality, who fears to follow
> Where airy voices lead."

True, most true! We must follow our "airy voices," follow them through bitter suffering and discouragement.