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LADIES' FAMILY LIBRARY.

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LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

Boston Carter & Hendee.

THE  
BIOGRAPHIES  
OF  
LADY RUSSELL,  
AND  
MADAME GUYON.

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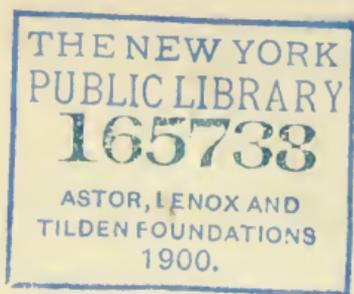
BY MRS CHILD,  
AUTHOR OF 'HOBOMOK,' 'THE MOTHER'S BOOK,' &c.

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L A D Y R U S S E L L .



## LADY RUSSELL.

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“ Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.”

*Proverbs xxxi. 29.*

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LADY RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY was the second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachel de Ruvigny, of an ancient Hugonot family in France. She was born in 1636; her mother died in her infancy; and her father afterward married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh, created Earl of Chichester. Lord Clarendon informs us that the Earl of Southampton was “ a very great man in all respects, and brought much reputation to the cause of Charles I. He owed no obligations to the court; on the contrary he had undergone some hardships from it; and as he kept aloof from all intercourse with it, he was considered one of the peers most attached to the cause of the people, and was much courted by the popular party. He had a great dislike of the high courses, which had been taken by the government, and a particular prejudice to the Earl of

Strafford for some exorbitant proceedings. But when he saw the popular tide setting so violently against the government, perverting, as he thought, even the course of justice, Lord Southampton reluctantly allowed himself to be attached to the court-party : he was first made privy-counsellor, and soon after gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king. He had previously refused to sign the protestation of both houses of Parliament ; and as they had voted that no man who refused his signature should be capable of any preferment in church or state, he was believed to have accepted these offices merely to show how little he regarded the advisers of such measures. He went with the king to York and to Nottingham, was with him at Edge-hill, and came and staid with him at Oxford to the end of the war, taking all opportunities to advance all motions towards peace. Although a person naturally loving his ease, and, allowing himself never less than ten hours' repose, yet during the conferences at Uxbridge, which lasted twenty days, he was never more than four hours in bed ;" so earnest was he to effect a union between king and parliament, as the only means of restoring tranquillity to his distracted country.

“ Violence on one side and obstinacy on the other rendered his efforts of no avail ; yet still the Earl of Southampton faithfully attended the daily diminishing court of the misguided Charles. After the king left Hampton Court, he remained sometime at Tichfield, in the Earl of Southampton's

house, and under the protection of his mother, the old Countess of Southampton." When Charles became a prisoner, in the power of his own provoked subjects, the Earl made every possible attempt to save him. He was one of the four faithful adherents who offered their own lives for the safety of the monarch, on the plea that they had been his counsellors, and therefore were alone worthy of punishment; and when at last the king's life was sacrificed to the liberty of the nation, he was one of those who asked and obtained permission to pay the last sad duty to his remains. After the execution of Charles I. he retired to his seat at Tichfield, and lived in great seclusion until the restoration of Charles II. All Cromwell's advances to friendship were promptly rejected; and "when the protector was near his house, upon the occasion of Richard Cromwell's marriage, and had intent to visit him, the Earl, upon private notice thereof, immediately hastened to remove to another house at a greater distance."

Burnet tells us that he made large remittances to Charles II. during his exile; he styles him "A fast friend to the public — the wise and virtuous Southampton, who deserved everything the King could give him." Such were the obligations, which the Stuarts owed to the family of Southampton! But princes are apt to think the honor of serving them a sufficient recompense for all sacrifices; and none so shamefully forgot claims upon their gratitude as the profligate and selfish sons of Charles I.

The tyranny and extravagance of Charles II. could not, of course, be pleasing to the firm but conscientious friend of his unfortunate father. Oldmixon says, "That right noble and virtuous peer, the Earl of Southampton, whose loyalty was not more exemplary than his love to his country, said to Chancellor Hyde, 'It is to *you* we owe all we either feel or fear; for if you had not possessed us in all your letters with such an opinion of Charles II. we would have taken care to have put it out of his power, either to do himself or us any mischief, which is likely to result from our trusting him so entirely.' "

At the restoration, the Earl of Southampton was made Lord High Treasurer; an office which he is said to have filled with great integrity and address. He died in 1667. The thoughtless and unfeeling king had been for some time desirous to snatch the treasurer's staff from his dying hand; for he was angry at one, who uniformly refused to pay court to his unprincipled mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland; and he felt ashamed to let such a man know the secrets of his political corruption.

"Of Lord Southampton's second marriage, one only, out of four daughters, survived him; she was first married to Joceline Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, and afterward to the Duke of Montague. As this daughter inherited her mother's estates, the whole of Lord Southampton's princely fortune was divided between the two surviving children of his first marriage, Elizabeth and

Rachel. The Lady Elizabeth married Edward Noel, son of Viscount Campden, afterward created Earl of Gainsborough. The Lady Rachel was first married to Francis Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry; and afterward to Lord William Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford." Her first marriage took place in 1653, when she was about seventeen years of age. According to the fashion of the day, this match was arranged by the parents; and perhaps Lady Russell's remark concerning such early unions was founded on her own experience: she says, "It is acceptance, rather than choosing, on either side."

We have no means of knowing how far Lady Vaughan's affections were concerned; but she was certainly a most exemplary wife; and by her blameless conduct, amiable temper, and cheerful disposition, gained the lasting attachment of all her husband's family. There is extant the copy of a letter written to her in 1655, when she was residing with Lord Vaughan, at his father's house in Wales,\* which shows in what estimation she was held, even at that early period of her life:

"DEAR MADAM, — There is not in the world so great a charm as goodness; and your ladyship

\* Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire. At a fire which happened there in 1729 many family papers were destroyed, among which we have probably to regret the means of becoming acquainted with many details of Lady Russell's early life.

is the greatest argument to prove it. All that know you are thereby forced to honor you, neither are you to thank them, because they cannot do otherwise. Madam, I am among that number, gladly and heartily I declare it, and I shall die in that number, because my observance of your virtue is inseparably annexed to it. I beseech you, madam, to pardon this scribbling, and present your noble husband with my most affectionate service ; and I shall in my prayers present you both to God, begging of him daily to increase your piety to Him, and your love to each other."

Little is known of Lord Vaughan's character and habits. The following letter to his lady from the same correspondent, evidently written in raillery, implies that he was of a dilatory disposition : " I beseech you not hereafter to hinder my Lord Vaughan from writing to me ; I am confident whatsoever excuse you make for him, he had a most eager desire to write this week. I know his lordship so well, that he cannot delay to make returns of civility. If it had been his custom to defer and put off to the last hour, I might believe your ladyship ; but in this particular, I must beg your ladyship's pardon. I was at Abscourt the last week, and found Mr Estcourt courting your aunt. She received his addresses with great satisfaction and content. I think, madam, under favor, you were not so kind to my Lord Vaughan."

In the year 1665, she became a mother ; but her

babe lived only to be baptised, and she had no other children by Lord Vaughan. In the autumn of that year, while the plague was raging in London, she again resided with the Earl of Carberry's family in Wales. A letter from her half-sister, Lady Percy, at this period, after expressing how much her company was desired by herself and the whole family, says, "I am glad for nobody's sake, but Lady Frances Vaughan's, that you are there; [*in Wales*] for I am sure she is sensible of her happiness in enjoying you."

In 1667, Lady Vaughan was a widow, living with her beloved and only sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, at Tichfield in Hampshire; which estate Lady Elizabeth, as the eldest daughter of Lord Southampton, inherited. His property at Stratton fell to the lot of Lady Vaughan.

It is not known precisely when her acquaintance with Mr Russell commenced. A letter from Lady Percy to Lady Vaughan, in 1667, leaves no doubt that he had then manifested an attachment for her half-sister. She says, "For his concern, I can say nothing more than that he professes a great desire, which I do not at all doubt, he, and everybody else, has, to gain one who is so desirable in all respects."

Mr Russell was then only a younger brother, and Lady Vaughan was an heiress, without children by her first marriage. In a worldly point of view, the advantages of such a connexion were almost entirely on his side; and this idea, accompanied by the diffidence which characterizes gen-

uine love, made him slow to interpret the lady's sentiments in his favor. But Lady Vaughan was her own mistress; and matters of interest could not long keep two such hearts as theirs strangers to each other. They were married about the end of the year 1669. She signed herself Lady Vaughan, till Mr Russell, by the death of his elder brother, succeeded to a title, when she assumed that of Lady Russell.

The birth of her eldest daughter, in 1674, was followed by that of another daughter in 1676; and her domestic happiness seems to have been completed by the birth of a son, in November, 1680.

In 1679, she experienced a severe affliction in the loss of her beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel. Devoted as Lady Russell was to her husband and children, her warm heart was not exclusive, even in these purest and happiest of human affections; and in her letters, many years after, we find her recurring to the memory of this sister with peculiar fondness.

“ Her letters to her husband, from 1672 to a twelvemonth before his death, are written at distant intervals. During the fourteen happy years of their union they were little apart. Their only moments of separation seem to have been some visits of duty to his father, when living entirely at Woburn Abbey; or during his elections for two successive parliaments; some short absences in London, on private or political business; and his attendance at Oxford during the only session of the parliament, so suddenly dismissed by Charles.

“ These letters are written with such a neglect of style, and often of grammar, as may disgust the admirers of well-turned periods, and they contain such frequent repetitions of homely tenderness, as may shock the sentimental readers of the present day. But they evince the enjoyment of a happiness, built on such rational foundations, and so truly appreciated by its possessors, as too seldom occurs in the history of the human heart. They are impressed too with the marks of a cheerful mind, a social spirit and every indication of a character prepared to enjoy the sunshine, or meet the storms of life.

“ Thus gifted, and thus situated, her tender and prophetic exhortations both to her lord and herself, to merit the continuance of such happiness, and to secure its perfect enjoyment by being prepared for its loss, are not less striking than his entire and absolute confidence in her character, and attachment to her society. It was thus, surely, that intellectual beings of different sexes were intended by their great Creator to go through the world together ; — thus united, not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in views, and in dispositions ; — each pursuing one common and noble end, their own improvement, and the happiness of those around them, by the different means appropriate to their sex and situation ; — mutually correcting, sustaining, and strengthening each other ; undegraded by all practices of tyranny on the one part, and of deceit on the other ; — each finding a candid but severe judge in the un-

derstanding, and a warm and partial advocate in the heart of their companion ; — secure of a refuge from the vexations, the follies, the misunderstandings, and the evils of the world, in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoyments of unlimited confidence, and unrestrained intimacy.”

“ The frequent mention made of the health, progress and amusements of the children, proves how much everything that concerned them occupied as well as interested their parents. Such details might be tedious to the reader, were it not consoling to trace the minute features of tenderness in characters, which afterward proved capable of the sternest exertion of human fortitude.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON,

Sept. 23, 1672.

“ If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, [deficiencies] will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do merit to so desirable a blessing ; but, my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honor, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to ; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments ? if not, a submis-

sion, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in: He knows best when we have had enough here; what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon them. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me if I dwell too long upon it; it is from my opinion, that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can, with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present; which I hope will be long; though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears; death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with? But I am immoderate in the length of my discourse, and consider this is to be a letter. To take myself off, and alter the subject, I will tell you that the news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York, that he was a married man; he was talking in the drawing room, when the French ambassador brought the letters in and told the news; the Duke turned about and said, 'Then I am a married man.' It proved to

be to the Princess of Modena ; she is to have 100,000 francs paid here ; and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before ; as much beauty, and greater youth than is necessary ; he sent his daughter, Lady Mary,\* word the same night, he had provided a play-fellow for her. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I hope Friday will bring the chiefest desire in the world by your  
R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON,

Feb. 10, 1675.

“ What reputation writing this may give me, the chamber being full of ladies, I know not, but I am sure to be ill in that heart (to whose person I send this) I dare not hazard ; and since he expects a letter from me, by neglect I shall make no omission, and without doubt the performance of it is a pleasanter thing than I have had sense of from the time we parted ; and all acts of obedience must be so to my dearest man, who, I trust in God, is well ; but ill entertained, I fear at Stratton, but what the good company repairs. The weather is here very ill, and the winds so high that I desire to hope you do not lie in our old chamber, being afraid when I think you do. Our little Fubs † is very well ; made her usual court to her grandfather just now,

\* She married the Prince of Orange ; they afterward came to the throne, under the title of William and Mary ; she was then eleven years old.

† Their little daughter.

who is a little melancholy for his horses ; but they are all sent to take the air at Kensington, or somewhere out of town. My Lord's gelding is dead, and more saddle-horses, and one coach-horse, I think.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I am, my best love, more than I can tell you, and as much as I ought,

“ Yours, R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON,

Feb. 11, 1675.

“ Every new promise of Mr Russell's unalterable kindness is a most unspeakable delight to my thoughts ; therefore I need use no more words to tell you how welcome your letter was to me ; but how much welcomer Monday will be, I hope you do imagine.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Our girl is as you left her, I bless the mercy of God for it. I have silently retired to my little dressing-room for this performance, the next being full of company at cards. I am engaged with Northumberland ;\* but at nothing, nor to nothing upon earth entirely, but to my dear Mr Russell ; his I am with the most passionate affection.

R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM TICHFIELD TO LONDON,

August 22, 1675. Sunday Night.

“ I write this to my dear Mr Russell, because I

\* Lady Percy, her half sister.

love to be busied in either speaking of him or to him ; but the pretence I take is lest that I wrote yesterday should miscarry ; so this may again inform you at London, that your coach shall be at Harford Bridge (if God permit) upon Thursday night to wait your coming ; and on Saturday I hope to be at Stratton, and my sister also. This day she resolved it, so her coach will bring us all, as I think to contrive it, or at least with the help of the chariot and cart-horses ; but I think to send you the coach, to save sending six horses for it, for a pair will bring the chariot. It is an inexpressible joy to consider, I shall see the person in the world I most and only long to be with, before another week is past ; I should condemn my sense of this expected happiness as weak and pitiful, if I could tell it to you. No, my best life, I can say little, but think all you can, and you cannot think too much : my heart makes it all good. I perfectly know my infinite obligations to Mr Russell ; and in it is the delight of her life, who is as much yours as you desire she should be.

R. VAUGHAN."

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON,

Aug. 24, 1696.

"You bid me write on Thursday, but civility obliged me to that to answer yours, so that this is to show my obedience to your orders, and a little indulgence to my own self ; since I do love to talk any way with Mr Russell, though he does

abuse poor me sometimes. You had like to have vexed me bravely by Jack Vaughan's letter ; I was putting that up in my pocket to read two or three days after, at leisure ; I saw you had opened it, but as it was going up, finding one in it, it came in my mind, if he should have put in one, it might be for a trick, how it would vex me ! so broke your seal. and was very happy by doing so. Oh, my best life, how long I think it since we were together ! I can forgive you if you do not do so, upon condition you do not stay too long away. Your coach, by the grace of God, shall be at Bagshot on Wednesday night ; and on Thursday will, I hope, bring my wishes to me. I know nothing there is to give you notice of from hence. The joiners will end their work to-day in the new room. There is no coping bricks till Monday ; nor till you come to her, no entire satisfaction in the heart of your affectionate

R. VAUGHAN."

## FROM LONDON TO WOBURN,

April 12, 1677.

" I have staid till past eight that I might have as much intelligence as I knew how to get. Spencer promised to be here this evening, but I find him not in my chamber, where I expected him at my coming home ; for I have spent the afternoon with my sister Allington,\* and by all our travels could not improve my knowledge, as I extremely desired

\* Lord Russell's sister, married to Lord Allington.

to do, that I might entertain your dear self the better by this letter ; else could be content to be as ignorant to-morrow morning as I was this ; for all my ends and designs in this world are to be as useful and acceptable to my dear Mr Russell as I can, to deserve better, if I could, that dear and real kindness I faithfully believe his goodness suffers me to enjoy. My cousin Spencer has just come. The inclosed papers I copied from one Lord Allington gave me last night ; it is the King's message to the House yesterday. This day the debate held till four o'clock ; and the result of it is, you have ordered a second address to thank his Majesty for taking into consideration your first,\* and to desire he would, if he please, pursue what in that they desired ; and that they might not be wanting, they have added a clause (if the King accepts of it) to the money-bill, that gives him credit to use two hundred thousand of that money toward new alliances ; promising, if he do see cause to lay it out, to replace it him again. This, as Sir Hugh Cholmondelay says, is not pleasing at court : expectations were much higher. The Lords have not agreed with the Commons. The House was in a

\* The first address was for entering into an alliance with Holland against France for the preservation of the Netherlands. The second was to the same purpose ; when it was presented, the 25th of May following, it produced a sharp reprimand from the French-loving monarch, for prescribing what alliances he was to make, and produced an adjournment of the House.

way of agreeing, and the Speaker pressed it; till, after three hours debate, he told them suddenly he had mistook the thing, that he knew the House nice upon money-matters, and the Lords had only a negative in money-concerns; and this seemed an affirmative, so put it to the question; but would not divide the House, though if they had, the ayes would have carried it, it is believed. Tomorrow at two is a conference with the Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Your girls very well. Miss Rachel has prattled a long story; but Watkins \* calls for my letter, so I must omit it. She says, papa has sent for her to *Wobee*, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more: but boiled oysters call, so my story must rest. She will send no duty; she is positive in it. I present you all any creature can pay: I owe you as much.

R. VAUGHAN.”

On the 14th of March, 1678, the House of Commons had resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the state of the nation. Charles the Second had no legitimate children, and his brother James, Duke of York, the next heir to the crown, was a bigoted Catholic; hence a large party wished to exclude him from the succession. The motion for the above-mentioned Committee was made by Lord Russell, in the following words: “I move that we may go into a committee of the whole

\* The house-steward.

House, to consider of the sad and deplorable condition we are in, and the apprehensions we are under of popery and a standing army, and that we may consider of some way to save ourselves from ruin." The Court made great exertions to resist these proceedings.

The following letter from Lady Russell may have been to dissuade her Lord from making a motion so very offensive to the King and the Duke; or perhaps it was some step of a still more decided nature, concerning which he took her advice. The note was preserved by him, and indorsed as being received while the House of Commons was sitting; which seems to prove that it made some impression upon him:

"My sister Allington being here tells me she overheard you tell her Lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House: this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least today.

R. RUSSELL."

"MARCH the — 1677—8, }  
While the House was sitting." }

FROM LONDON TO BASING.

February, 1679.

"I was very sorry to read anything under your hand, written so late as I had one brought me to

Montague House; but I heard yesterday morning, by a servant of my Lord Marquis, you got well to Teddington, so I hope you did to Basing, and our poor Stratton, and will by Saturday night to the creature of the world that loves you best. I have lived so retired, since you went, as the severest and jealous husband, could enjoin a wife; so that I am not fitted to entertain you with passages in the town, knowing no more how the world goes than an Italian lady, they say, usually does. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Our small ones are as you left them, I praise God; miss writes and lays the letters by, that papa may admire them when he comes: it is a moment more wished for than to be expressed by all the eloquence I am mistress of, yet you know how much that is; but my dear abuser I love more than my life, and am entirely his  
R. RUSSELL."

The following letter, written at this time, is among the very few extant from Lord Russell to his wife:

Basing, Feb. 8th, 1678-9.

"I am stole from a great many gentlemen into the drawing-room at Basing, for a moment, to tell my dearest I have thought of her being here the last time, and wished for her a thousand times; but in vain, alas! for I am just going now to Stratton, and want the chariot, and my dearest dear in it. I hope to be with you on Saturday. We have had a very troublesome journey of it, and insignificant enough, by the fairness and excess of civility of

somebody : but more of that when I see you. I long for the time, and am, more than you can imagine, your

RUSSELL.

“ I am troubled at the weather for our own selves, but much more for my sister. Pray God it may have no ill effect upon her, and that we may have a happy meeting on Saturday. I am Miss’s humble servant.”

FROM LONDON TO LORD RUSSELL AT WOBURN ABBEY.

Feb. 15th, 1679.

“ At dinner at Lord Shaftesbury’s I received your letter, and found nothing in it that hindered my offering it him to read ; he did so at the table, and some part of it to the company. I wish the day\* over, but fear it is so likely to be a troublesome one, that I shall not see you so soon as my last desired; yet if it may be, I wish for it ; the main reason is, to discourse something of that affair my uncle Ruvigny was on Sunday so long with me about. It is urged, and your Lordship is thought a necessary person to advise with about it.† Your tasks are like to be difficult in town and country : I pray God direct your judgment in all your actions. I saw Sir Ieveril at Lord Shaftesbury’s who told him my Lord Russell was a greater man than he, for he was but one knight, and Lord Russell would be

\* The elections were then pending.

† Perhaps this refers to the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the throne.

two.\* Sir Ieveril answered, if it were in his power he should be a hundred. This is but one of many fine things I heard to-day, yet my heart thinks abundantly more due to my man. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* My love, I am in pain till Tuesday is past, because I am sure you have a great deal. I am, to the last minute of my life, your most obedient wife, R. RUSSELL."

## FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

1680.

"My thoughts being ever best pleased when I, in some kind or other, entertain myself with the dearest of men, you may be sure I do most willingly prepare this for Mr Chandler. If I do hear tomorrow from you, it will be a great pleasure to know you got well to Stratton, though I fear for you every day, knowing you will frisk out abroad.

\* \* \* \* \* A lady out of the city told me it was certain there was before the Mayor yesterday examinations of some apprentices concerning a new plot, and that five did take their oaths it was to put the Lords\* out of the Tower, and burn them and the Duchess of Portsmouth† together.

\* During the parliament elections, Lord Russell was returned both for Bedfordshire and Hampshire.

† Four nobleman confined in the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in the pretended plot of the Papists to murder the king.

‡ The favorite mistress of Charles I. much disliked by the people, because she was supposed to use her influence to attach the king to the French interest.

This is the latest design I hear of. If any other discoveries be made between this and Tuesday night, I hope I shall not fail to be your informer, and after that, that you will be quickly mine again : I long for it truly, my dear. Miss says she means to write herself, so I have no messages. I am so well pleased to be alone, and scribbling, that I never consider the matter. Pardon, my dear love, (as you have a thousand other failings,) all the nonsense of this, and accept the passionate kind intentions of yours  
 R. RUSSELL."

## FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

June 12, 1680.

„ My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet ; may you live to do so one fifty years more ; and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time ; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats ; they are both well, and your great one's letter she hopes came to you. \*

\* \* \* \* \* I hope your letter will bring no worse news than I send, your girls and your wife being as well as my best love left them, I praise God. Little Kate makes her journey often to papa, but the other keeps her cares in her breast. \* \* \* \*

\* \* I wish your business so soon des-

patched, that I will not take more of your time than is just necessary to tell you, you have a loving creature of your  
 R. RUSSELL."

## FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

1680.

"These are the pleasing moments, in absence, my dearest blessing, either to read something from you or be writing something to you; yet I never do it but I am touched with a sensible regret, that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is much more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you; but it is not my talent; and so I hope not a necessary signification of the truth of it; at least not thought so by you. I hear you had the opportunity of making your court handsomely at Bagshot,\* if you had had the grace to have taken the good fortune offered.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Aug. 24th, 1680.

"Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my soul. It is my great care (or ought to be so) so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or be in some measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other. This very hot weather does incommode me, but otherwise I am very well, and

\* The Duke of York was then residing there.

both your girls. Your letter was cherished as it deserved, and so, I make no doubt was hers,\* which she took very ill I should suspect she was directed in, as truly I thought she was, the fancy was so pretty. My sister and Lady Inchiquin are coming, so that I must leave a better diversion for a worse, but my thoughts often return where all my delight is. I am yours entirely,

R. RUSSELL."

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

6th September, 1630,

"My girls and I being just risen from dinner, Miss Rachel followed me into my chamber, and seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to write to her papa. 'So will I,' said she; 'and while you write, I will think what I have to say;' and truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me she had done; so I set down her words; and she is hard at the business, as I am not, one would conclude by the pertinence of this beginning: but my dear man has taken me for better and worse in all conditions, and knows my soul to him; so expressions are but a pleasure to myself, not him, who believes better things of me than my ill rhetoric will induce him to by my words. To this minute I am not one jot wiser as to intelligemce, (whatever other improvements my study has made me,) but I hope the afternoon's conversation will better me

\* Their eldest little girl.

that way. Lady Shaftesbury sends me word if her lord continues as well as he was this morning, I shall see her; and my sister was visiting yesterday. I will suck the honey from them all if they will be communicative. Your birds came safe to feast us tomorrow.

I am yours, my dear love,

R. RUSSELL."

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Sept. 17th, 1680.

"These moments of true pleasure, I proposed at the opening of your letter; were hugely disappointed; first, when I found less than one, would despatch in the reading of it; and secondly, yet more, that I could not prolong my delight as usual, by reflections on those expressions, I receive as the joy of my unworthy life, which can never be miserable in any accident of it, whilst my affectionate heart can think you mine, as I do now. But your head-ache over night, and a dinner at Bedford next day, gives me more than ordinary longings for a new report of your health, in this crazy time.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dispose, I beseech you, of my duty and service and all other ways, as you please, in all particulars, of your ever faithful, obedient, passionately affectionate wife,

R. RUSSELL."

"Mrs Cellier\* stood this day in the pillory, but

\* Mrs Cellier was a nurse, of the Roman Catholic religion. A woman of some cleverness, but of very bad character.

her head was not put in the hole, but defended one side of her head, as a kind of battledore did the other, which she held in her hand. All the stones that were thrown within reach, she took up and put in her pocket."

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

During the sitting of Parliament, 1680. }  
Stratton, Thursday night. }

" Sending your victuals by the higler, I take the same opportunity to let my dearest know I have his by-coach, and do humbly and heartily praise God for the refreshing news of his being well: yet you do not in words tell me if you are very well; and your going to the House tells no more than that you are not very ill. If your nose bleeds as it did, pray let me beg of you to give yourself time to bleed in the arm. My heart, be assured mine is not easy, till I am where you are; therefore send us a coach as soon as you can; it shall find us ready as whenever it comes, if God bless us to be well. I wrote more fully to this purpose in the morning, only I am willing to hint it again, in case of its miscarriage. I have sent up one maid this day, and on Monday all follow. It seems to me the ladies at Petworth [*the residence of her half-sister, Lady Percy*] are as particular to the Marquis as they

She had been charged with being concerned in the Popish plot, but was acquitted. Being afterward convicted of the publication of a libel, called *Malice Defeated*, she was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and fined a thousand pounds.

were to the Duke before ; but the wondrous things he tells, I may aim at, but shall never guess, nor care to do it ; or anything else but to move towards London, and meet my better life, as I wish to see him, well and mine, as I am his, and so to be to an old age ; but above all, praying for hearts and minds fitly disposed to submit to the wise and merciful dispensations of the great God. From the sharpest trials good Lord preserve us, if it may be. I guess my Lord\* will soon be in town ; pray present my duty to him. Our girls are very well : we were altogether at the farm-house this day. Pray keep good hours.

Believe me your obedient wife,

R. RUSSELL."

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Feb. 1680. Tuesday Night.

" Since you resolve not to be here till Thursday, this may come time enough to tell you we are all well ; and I will say little more, guessing this as likely to miss of coming to your hands, as to be read by you, since I hope you lie at Dunstable tomorrow. I shall defer answering any particular of your last till we meet, and then I shall fail, I doubt, of my part in some ; but it will be by my incapacity, who can never be what I should or would to my best and dearest life ; but I will ever submit. \*

\* \* \* \* \* I am in a little haste, and am content to be so, because I think

\* The Earl of Bedford, Lord Russell's father.

what I have said is to no purpose : but I defy Lord Russell to wish for Thursday with more joy and passion ; and will make him own he has a thousand times less reason to do so than has his

R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

About Feb. 1681.

“ From the opinion I have, that Lord Russell is a very sincere personage, I am very well pleased with all the parts of his letter, that he came in good time to his inn, and had really such kind reflections as he tells me of. I hope we shall enjoy those dozen years he speaks of, and cannot forbear wishing to double them : as one pleasure passes, I doubt not, but we shall find new ones ; our nursery will help to furnish us ; it is in good order I thank God. Your father came this morning, and gave me the report of Devonshire elections. \*

\* \* \* \* \* Your own

story of theives, and so many as we hear of every day, makes me very desirous of your being at poor Southampton House\* again, in the arms of your

R. RUSSELL.”

\* It was situated on the north side of Bloomsbury Square then called Southampton Square, London. Lord and Lady Russell usually passed the winters at Southampton House, and the summers at Stratton. After their death, their residence in London descended to their grandson, and received the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by the Duke of Bedford in 1800.

## FROM LONDON TO OXFORD.

March, 1681.

“ I hope my dearest did not interpret amiss any action of mine, from seven o'clock Thursday night, to nine on Friday morning ; I am certain I had sufficient punishment for the ill conduct I used, of the short time then left us to spend together, without so terrible an addition : besides, I was really sorry I could not scribble as you told me you designed I should, not only that I might please myself with remembering I had done you some little service at parting, but possibly I might have prevailed for the laying by a smart word or so, which will now pass current, unless you will oblige a wife, after eleven years, by making such a sacrifice to her now and then, upon occasions offered. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

The report of our nursery, I humbly praise God, is very good. Master\* improves really, I think, every day. Sure he is a goodly child : the more I see of others, the better he appears : I hope God will give him life and virtue. Misses and their mamma walked yesterday to see their cousin Allington,† Miss Kate wished to see him ; so I gratified her little person.

Yours only entirely,

R. RUSSELL.

“ Look to your pockets : a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and then witnesses to swear.” ‡

\* Her infant son.

† A new-born son of Lady Allington's.

‡ The caution here given conveys a vivid idea of the suspicion and insecurity of the times.

## FROM LONDON TO OXFORD.

March, 1681.

“I cannot express to my dearest, how pleasant to me the sight of his hand is: yet I readily excuse the seeing of it, when he cannot perform it at a seasonable hour, or that he is pressed with more weighty affairs, so that I may be assured he will let me know if he be not well. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

“The children are all well. I think this is sufficient for one time from your obediently affectionate wife.  
R. RUSSELL.”

“My duty to papa.”\*

## FROM STRATTON TO FRIMLEY.

1681.

“A messenger, bringing things from Alsford this morning, gives me the opportunity of sending this by the post. If he will leave it at Frimley, it will let you know we are all well; if he does not, it may let such know it as do not care, but satisfy no one's curiosity in any other point; for having said thus much, I am ready to conclude with this one secret, first, that as thy precious self is the most endearing husband, I believe, in the world, so am I the most grateful wife, and my heart most gladly passionate in its returns. Now you have all for this time, from your  
R. RUSSELL.

“Boy is asleep, girls singing a-bed.”

\* These last words are written by the child.

## FROM STRATTON TO FRIMLEY.

1681.

“ It is so much pleasure to me to write to you, when I shall see you so soon after, that I cannot deny myself the entertainment. My head will lie the easier on my pillow, where I am just going to lay it down, as soon as I have scribbled this side of paper. All has been well here, since you, our best life, went. I need not tell you I received your letter ; Will Wright coming shows it : nor I need less say anything to acquaint your dear self the joys it brought with it, from the expressions in it to poor unworthy me : some alloys possibly I found, but I defer that matter till Friday, when I hope once more to be blessed with the sight of what I love best. Good night, dearest life : love your

R. RUSSELL.”

## FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

20th Sept. 1681.

“ To see anybody preparing, and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not endure to suffer their going, without saying something to my best life ; though it is a kind of anticipating my joy when we shall meet to allow myself so much before the time : but I confess I feel a great deal, that, though I left London with reluctance, (as it is easy to persuade men that a woman does,) yet that I am not like to leave Stratton with greater. They will tell you how well I got hither, and how

well I found our dear treasure here : your boy will please you ; you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you ; for as soon as I alighted, he followed, calling papa ; but, I suppose, it is the word he has most command of ; so was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were fine in remembrance of the happy 29th of September ;\* and we drank your health, after a red-deer pie ; and at night, your girls and I supped on sack-posset : nay, master would have his room ; and for haste burnt his fingers in the posset ; but he does but rub his hands for it. It is the most glorious weather here that ever was seen. The coach shall meet you at the cabbage-garden ; be there by eight o'clock, or a little after ; though I guess you can hardly be there so soon, day breaks so late ; and indeed the mornings are so misty, it is not wholesome to be in the air so early. I do propose going to my neighbor Worsley today. I would fain be telling my heart more things — anything to be in a kind of talk with him ; but, I believe, Spencer stays for my despatch : he was willing to go early ; but this was to be the delight of this morning, and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy pillow at my back ; where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more, I trust in His mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies or ill-wishers. Love, and be willing to be loved by

R. RUSSELL."

\* Lord Russell's birth-day.

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON,

20th Oct, 1631.

“The hopes I have, my dearest life, that this will be the concluding epistle, for this time, makes me undertake it with more cheerfulness than my others. We are very busy in preparing, and full of expectation to see a coach come for us.”

After some remarks about conveying the hawks, dogs, &c, to town, she proceeds :

“I hope you will tell us your mind about these things tomorrow, if you can think of anything but parliamentary affairs. I pray God direct all your consultations there ; and, my dearest dear, you guess my mind. A word to the wise. I never longed more earnestly to be with you, for whom I have a thousand kind and grateful thoughts. You know of whom I learned this expression. If I could have found one more fit to speak the passion of my soul, I should send it you with joy ; but I submit with great content to imitate, but never shall attain to any equality, except that of sincerity : and I will ever be (by God’s grace) what I ought, and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife,

R. RUSSELL.”

“Miss sends me word she is well, and hopes to see Papa quickly ; so does one more.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON,

Nov. 1631. Monday, 10 o’clock.

“I have felt one true delight this morning already, being just come from our nurseries, and now

am preparing for another ; these being my true moments of pleasure, till the presence of my dearest life is before my eyes again : how I long for it, I will not go about to tell you ; nor how I take your abusing me about my perfections : you should leave those things for your brother to say, when occasion serves. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Yours entirely,  
R. RUSSELL.

“ Miss brings me her mite ; but there has been almost wet eyes about it, she thinks it so ill done.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON,

Nov. 22d, 1681.

“ As often as you are absent, we are taught, by experience, who gives life to this house and family ; but we dodge on in a dull way, as well as we can. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* I have just come from our little Master : he is very well ; so I left him, and saw your girls a-lacing. Miss Kate says, sure papa is upon the road. I wish for Wednesday, that I may know if I am to hope he will be so this week. \*

\* \* \* \* \* One remembrance more, my best life ; be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove. So farewell, for this time,  
Yours, R. RUSSELL.”

The following letter from Lord Russell to his wife is dated,

November 26, 1681.

“ I suppose you received mine of Thursday. I

hope this will be the last time, for this bout, of troubling you in this kind ; for, on Thursday, God willing, I intend to set out to go to my dearest dear's embraces, which, upon my word, I value now as much as I did ten, eleven, or twelve years ago, and more than any the town can afford, now you are out of it. On Monday we intend to be at Westminster, to be bail for my Lord Shaftesbury, in case it be demanded ; and I hear the Lieutenant of the Tower has order to bring him Lord Howard,\* Wilmore, and Whitaker ; so that it is concluded they will be released, although some talk as if they would bring fresh matter ; but I do not believe it. It is thought by some of your friends, where we dined together when you were in town, that the fair man was the person most troubled at Thursday's business ; and really by his looks, and what he said to day in my hearing, one would have thought so. If the coach can conveniently come to Hertford Bridge on Tuesday, let it : else Will Wright will ride upon great Dun, and lead little one.

“ I come, just now, from eating oysters with your sister, which shall be all my supper ; and I hope to get to bed earlier than I have been able to do hitherto. My father is not come to town. Farewell, my dearest : kiss my little children from me ; and believe me to be, as entirely as I am, yours, and only yours  
RUSSELL.”

\* Imprisoned on the suspicion of having contrived a treasonable pamphlet.



which they had received much kindness during the administration of Cromwell ; and perhaps, in their inmost hearts they could never forgive the English nation for having beheaded their father. It was natural that the licentious Charles, so far as he cared for any religion, should prefer that, which by half an hour's ceremony on his death-bed, offered to absolve all the errors of a most sinful life ; he was, however, too coldly selfish to endanger his throne by an avowal of sentiments so distasteful to his subjects. The Duke of York, on the contrary, made no concealment of his bigoted attachment to the Church of Rome ; and when we reflect how hard that church struggled to regain its former despotic power, by means of its able and most effective instruments, the Jesuits, we cannot be surprised at the universal alarm, which prevailed among the English Protestants.

It has already been mentioned that Lord Russell zealously favored the bill to exclude James from succession to the throne. But Charles was obstinately bent upon supporting his brother's claims ; and, what was still worse, the indolent monarch allowed him to possess great influence, which was generally exerted in favor of the most unjust and tyrannical measures. Waller remarked that " Charles, in spite to the parliament, who had determined the Duke should not succeed him, was resolved that he should reign even in his lifetime."

In this state of things, discontent was universal ; and there seemed to be no redress for the people,

unless they could gain it by strong and determined resistance. A council of six was formed to consult upon what measures were necessary to be taken to check the despotic proceedings of Charles and his brother.

“ This council consisted of the Duke of Monmouth (the King’s natural son) Lord Russell — Lord Essex — Lord Howard — Algernon Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester — and John Hambden, grandson of the great parliamentary leader. The members of this council differed extremely in their views. Sidney was passionate for a republic. Essex had embraced the same project. Monmouth entertained hopes of obtaining the crown for himself. Russell and Hambden were much attached to the ancient constitution, and intended only the exclusion of the Duke of York, and the redress of grievances.”

But it unfortunately happened that while these gentlemen were concerting schemes to restrain the abuse of kingly power, an inferior, and more violent order of malcontents, among whom were some of the old officers of Cromwell’s army, were holding meetings, in which they openly talked of assassinating the king and the duke, under the familiar appellation of *lopping*. Lord Shaftesbury, a rash man, whom the disaffected were in the habit of regarding as their leader, employed these men as his tools, unknown to Russell and his friends; it seems, indeed, that Lord Shaftesbury formed the only link between two plots totally dissimilar in their characters, and in the motives which originat-

ed them. Lord Russell accompanied the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Grey one evening to the house of a wine-merchant, in whom they confided; they expected to meet Lord Shaftesbury and some of their friends; but finding no one, except two of the desperate characters above-mentioned, they were displeased with the company, and entered into no conversation; Lord Russell merely stopped to taste some wines he wished to purchase, and they departed. The designs of these violent men were betrayed by the treachery of one of their confidants. Lord Shaftesbury, the only one who had countenanced them, went into Holland, where he died. The virtuous Lord Russell would have been at any time shocked with schemes of blood; but the brief interview with Lord Shaftesbury's creatures, at the wine-merchant's, proved of fatal consequence to him. These men became witnesses against him; but for that circumstance, he might have escaped the utmost malice of the crown, as did his friend Hambden. Being in the company of these conspirators was construed into a proof of knowing and sharing all their designs. Lord Russell was arrested; and the seizure of his associates soon followed. The dastardly and unprincipled Lord Howard confessed all he knew, in order to save his own miserable life. It was proved that Lord Russell, Essex, Hambden, &c, intended resistance to the government, in some form or other, at some indefinite time. All, who from fear, or the love of reward, were friends to the Duke of York, were

anxious to represent the two plots as one and the same; hence Lord Russell and his friends were charged with projected insurrection and intent to take the king's life.

The Duke of Monmouth absconded; although his royal father came very near ensnaring him by that insidious policy, which always characterized his dealings with mankind.\*

Sidney was beheaded; rejoicing to the last that he died in "the good old cause of republicanism." Lord Howard was the only evidence against Hambden, and the statute required two witnesses: the crown-lawyers were therefore unable to make out a case of high-treason; but they managed to obtain a sentence against him for misdemeanor, and fined him the enormous sum of forty thousand pounds. Lord Essex was at his house in the country, when he heard that his friend Lord Russell was arrested. He made no attempt to escape; and when it was urged upon him, he replied that he would not do it, lest his flight should be construed into an evidence of guilt, and thus do an injury to Lord Russell's cause; "My own life is not worth saving," said he, "if by so doing, I bring his into danger."

\* The king had a most affectionate interview with the Duchess of Monmouth, advising her to conceal her husband in her own apartment, which he sacredly promised should not be searched. The Duke being informed of this, said, "I will not trust him." The event proved that his suspicions were right; for the apartment of the Duchess was the first place searched.

He was committed to the Tower ; and on the very morning of Lord Russell's trial he was found with his throat cut, said to be done by his own hand ; a circumstance of which the court made great use to the prejudice of Lord Russell. Even Hume, whose feelings are always on the tory side, acknowledges that a most unjustifiable use was made of this incident. Considering the tenderness Lord Essex had expressed toward Lord Russell's cause, suspicions very naturally arose that he did not die by his own hand. The King and the Duke of York had made a visit to the Tower that morning, under pretence of inspecting the ordnance. Two children, a boy and girl, from ten to twelve years old, heard a great noise from his window, and affirmed, that they saw a hand throw out a bloody razor. The boy afterward contradicted his statement, in open court ; but his father had an office in the custom-house, of which the King could deprive him. The girl always stood firmly to her story. On the other hand, it was said that Lord Essex was subject to very deep fits of melancholy ; that he had been heard to vindicate suicide ; that among other things, which he had ordered to be sent from his house, he had called for a penknife and a razor ; and the surgeons declared that his throat was cut in such a manner that he must have done it himself. The real truth can never be known in this world ; and historians and readers will judge of the transaction according to their opinions of the Duke of York.

From the manner in which Lord Russell was

taken up, it seemed as if the Court, always crooked and cowardly in its proceedings, were willing to connive at his escape. Burnet tells us that the day before Lord Russell was arrested, a messenger was observed many hours waiting near his door — “A measure that was taken in so open and careless a manner (the back door of his house not being watched) as led to the suspicion that it was intended to frighten him away.” Had Lord Russell fallen into this snare, it would have saved them from the odium of his death, and would have given them a fine opportunity to blacken his character. But he, conscious of no other political opinions than those which he had long and openly avowed in parliament — refused to avail himself of this insidious measure; and his “faithful, obedient, and most affectionate wife” was tempted by no unworthy weakness to advise him to a course of conduct inconsistent with his innocence and honor.

Lord Russell would not attempt to leave the house while the messenger from the council was pacing before his door, although he was ignorant of what, and by whom, he was accused. His lady was sent to obtain information and consult his friends; with what anxiety the task was performed, we can well imagine. Lord Russell was so well aware of the virulence of his enemies, that from the moment of his arrest, he began to prepare his mind for death. But this conviction occasioned no despondency in him, nor did it prevent her from using every honorable endeavor to save his precious

life. During the fortnight that elapsed between his commitment to the tower, and his trial, she was diligently employed in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and in adopting every measure of precaution. She accompanied him to Court on the day of his trial; on which occasion, the crowd was so great, that the counsel complained of not having room to stand. When Lord Russell requested to have a person to take notes of the trial for him, the Chief Justice said, "Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please." To which Lord Russell replied. "My wife is here to do it." As he spoke, the excellent daughter of the virtuous Southampton rose up and stood by his side. At this sight, a thrill of anguish ran through the crowded audience. Her father's services, her husband's unsuspected patriotism, the excellence of his private life, and their known domestic happiness, all combined to give her a peculiar claim upon public sympathy. It is much to be regretted that history does not inform us how she supported herself through that fatal day, nor how she received the tidings of the death of Lord Essex, which was suddenly brought into court, and which she was aware would have a material influence on her husband's destiny. We only know that she so commanded her feelings, as neither to disturb the court, nor distract the attention of her husband.

Lord Russell was not mistaken in what he had to expect from the violence of his unprincipled en-

emies. The lawyers, desirous of paying court to the royal brothers, resorted to subtle evasions. The prisoner's strict adherence to truth would not allow him to deny that he had assisted in plans of resistance to the king's despotic measures; false charges were artfully mixed up with true ones, and he was not allowed to point out the difference between them. At one time, he intended to make a full confession of all he had done and all he had thought; but his counsel suggested that use might be made of his disclosures to endanger his friends; and Lord Russell was not a man to save himself by sacrificing others. He therefore simply pleaded not guilty to any designs upon the king's person, and threw himself upon the laws of his country, which no doubt would have saved him, if justice had been allowed to have its course. But even Lord Russell's virtues were turned against him; it being said that the great estimation in which he was held made him dangerous. The jury was picked out with great care, and consisted entirely of men strongly prejudiced in favor of the king and his brother. Some objections were made to this jury, but they were over-ruled. It was thought that Chief-Justice Pemberton did not state the matter with sufficient eagerness against the noble prisoner, and he was soon after turned out of his office. Sergeant Jeffries, afterward the detestable Judge Jeffries, made an insolent speech full of fury and indecent invectives; and in his address to the jury he turned the untimely fate of Essex into a proof of

his consciousness of the conspiracy. This brutal wretch was soon after appointed Chief Justice, and afterward Lord Chancellor. His life was divided between drunken riots and judicial murders. His name ought to be handed down to the everlasting execration of posterity, in common with all other judges, English or American, who allow personal enmity, or political prejudice, to influence their decisions. There is but one crime equal to thus poisoning the fountain of justice ; and that was committed by the priest, who administered death to his enemy in the form of the holy sacrament.

Lord Russell's behavior during his trial was calm and dignified. He expected to die, and was not disappointed when the jury brought in a verdict against him.

The following extract from the *London Gem* for 1831, is historically true in facts, though some of the details are imagined. The editor may be blamed, for inserting it in the midst of a well-authenticated biography ; but the heart becomes so painfully interested in the lovely and most excellent Lady Russell, that we are eager to supply the deficiencies of history, and to imagine just what she said, and how she looked, during those agonizing scenes, which would have broken her heart had not love been stronger than death.

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“At last, her task was finished : quietly she laid down her pen ; her eyes and her hand were weary, and her heart was sick almost unto death : she had heard the

conviction, and the condemnation of her husband; but not a sob not a sound had escaped her lips: she had come prepared to hear, and, with God's help, to sustain the worst, without uttering a word that might agitate her beloved husband, or shake his grave and manly composure. When she rose up to accompany him from court, every eye was turned toward them; and several of the kind and compassionate wept aloud: but the Lady Russell was enabled to depart with the same sweet and modest self-possession; still her husband's nearest, dearest companion. When they reached his prison, she gave way to no wild and passionate bursts of grief; but, repressing every murmur, she sat down, and began to discuss with him all and every possible means of honorably saving his life. He had a settled conviction that every exertion would be in vain, and secretly gave himself to prepare for inevitable death; but, to please and satisfy her, he entered into all her plans; at least consulted with her upon them; and, at her request particularly, drew up a petition to the Duke of York; which however proved utterly fruitless: the Duke of York being his determined and relentless enemy.

“ Still the Lady Russell was unwearied, and resolved that nothing should daunt her. To the king she determined to go in person, and to plead at his feet for her husband's life.

“ When she reached Whitehall, she could not choose but remember with what different feelings she had before ascended the staircase, and passed along the stately galleries of the beautiful palace. She thought of the first time she entered those walls; she thought of her light heart, her girlish curiosity, when those around her, and she herself had been loved and wel-

comed visiters to the royal presence. Fearful that an audience might be refused her, if her name or errand were told before-hand to the King, she had come with a very private equipage, her servants wearing a plain livery. She had before requested one of the lords in waiting, to whom she was well known, and in whose noble and friendly spirit she could place full confidence, to give her an opportunity of seeing the king, and to announce her merely as a gentlewoman of condition, who had solicited an interview; and she now besought him so earnestly to allow her to be admitted into the ante-room to the chamber, where the king was then sitting, that, after some decided refusals, and much hesitation, he at last permitted her to follow him. In a few minutes she was left alone in that ante-chamber; for *it happened that a little page, who had been waiting there, was called away for a short time as she and Lord —— entered.*

“She soon distinguished the king’s voice from the room within, for its tones were loud and sonorous; and the latch of the door, though pulled to, had not caught, so that the door stood partly open: ‘Who is it would see us, did you say?’ The Lady Russell drew near, and bent her ear that she might not lose a word. ‘A gentlewoman of condition has demanded a private interview with your majesty.’

“The words were hardly spoken when a light, yet loud laugh rung through the chamber, and a woman’s voice cried out, in tones of raillery, ‘You are a dangerous messenger, my lord; there may be peril to the king’s heart in such an interview.’ Pshaw, pshaw,’ interrupted the king, half joining in the laugh, and speaking in a tone of heavy merriment: ‘tell me this lady’s age; is she young or old, for much depends

on that?' 'She is a young and noble matron,' was the quiet, grave reply. 'But how does she call herself?' was the continued inquiry, in the same jocular voice. 'She bade me say a gentlewoman of condition.' 'Sir,' said the king impatiently, 'no trifling, if you please! — What is the woman's name? — Do you know her name?' 'I cannot tell your majesty an untruth,' replied the nobleman; 'I *do* know her name.' 'Why then do you not declare it!' 'Because, sire, I was forbidden by the lady to do so, and as a gentleman of honor —' — 'As a gentleman of honor, you may be bound to your gentlewoman of condition, and may keep silence as far as she is concerned; but as I am also a party concerned, allow me to decline the favor of this interview with your gentlewoman of condition: I have seen mysterious affairs enough of late, and there may be danger in this interview.' 'I would stake my life, sire, there is none,' said the nobleman; 'and I will go beyond my commission, and disclose a name unsullied and pure, and lovely to the ear, being made so by her who bears it: the blameless, but unhappy Lady Russell, is the gentlewoman that has sought an audience with your majesty.' 'Oh! I cannot see her,' cried the king, raising his voice; 'I forbid you to admit her to my presence. Remember, sir, I am positive. Much as I pity the Lady Russell, I cannot see her: why should unnecessary pain be given to her and to myself? Tell her this from me.' 'Alas, sire, I dread to deliver so disheartening a message from your gracious majesty, she is already in so woful a plight. I know not what her hopes may be of urging her suit with success; but I know she did hope to hear a refusal, if she must have one, given from no other lips than yours: even now she waits anxiously, fondly hoping that your majesty will

see her.' Here again the female voice was heard; kind and almost coaxing were its tones:—'Do see her—do admit her—poor unhappy lady! my heart bleeds for her—you may be stern to men, but you would never let a woman beg in vain.' 'It is to save a woman's feelings,' replied the king, in a softer voice than he had yet spoken: 'Do not urge me—you know that his life cannot be spared—you know it is impossible. Dismiss the lady at once, my lord, with the assurance of my regret. You said that she was waiting,—where did you leave her?' 'She waits in the ante-room to this very chamber.' 'So near, sirrah!' exclaimed the king; 'thou hast taken a most unwarrantable liberty.' 'She begged that I would let her follow me,' said the nobleman; 'and her importunity was so great and sudden, that she prevailed against my calmer judgment.' 'Let there be no mistake continued in,' cried the king, 'and weary me no longer with your explanations. Dismiss the lady instantly.'

"The Lady Russell had heard all that had been spoken; had hung breathless on every word; and her heart had sunk within her, when she found how firmly the king seemed opposed to showing any mercy to her husband. She had blessed the woman, whose voice pleaded so kindly for her, though she guessed, and guessed rightly, that she was blessing the frail Louise de Querouaille, then Duchess of Portsmouth.

"She heard the receding steps of the lord in waiting, and felt that in another moment her opportunity would be gone. She did not stop to think or hesitate, but threw open the door, and advanced quietly and meekly to the very centre of the chamber.

"The room, which Lady Russell entered, was of

large dimensions, and furnished rather with splendid luxuriousness than elegance. The windows opened into a balcony, filled with orange trees in full blossom, and the atmosphere of the chamber was richly scented with the delicious perfume of the flowers: the walls were hung alternately with some of Lely's beautiful but wanton portraits, and with broad pier-glasses, and the profusion of gilding with which the sculptured frames and cornices, the tables, the couches and seats of various descriptions, were enriched, dazzled and fatigued the gaze. Upon and underneath one table, amid piles of music, lay several kinds of lutes and other musical instruments. On another, an ivory casket of jewels stood open, glowing and blazing in a flood of sunshine. Before a broad slab of the richest green marble, opposite one of the looking-glasses, sat Louise de Querouaille, on a low ottoman. She had been reading aloud to the idle monarch, and her book, — a loose French romance,—lay upon the table, the place kept open by a bracelet of large pearls. Very near her the king was carelessly reclining upon a sofa covered with cushions of Genoa velvet: his attention had been divided between listening to the French romance, and listlessly looking over a collection of Oliver's exquisitely painted miniatures, some of which lay on the sofa beside him, others on the marble table. Into this chamber a pure and modest matron had entered, to plead for the life of one of the most noble and upright gentlemen of the land; had she much chance of success with *such* a ruler? 'I am prepared,' said the Lady Russell, as she kneeled before the king, 'to bear, though not to brave, your majesty's just anger. My coming thus uncalled into your presence is an intrusion, an impertinence, which the king may not per-

chance forgive ; but I make my appeal not to the king, but to the gentleman before whom I kneel.' Charles, who had sat astonished rather than angry at the unexpected appearance of the lady, rose up at these words, and, tenderly raising her, led her to a seat with that gallant courtesousness in which he was excelled by no one in his day. 'My boldness is very great,' she continued ; 'but grief makes me forget all difference of station : I am alive only to the power conferred upon your majesty's high station by the Almighty and most merciful of kings. Forgive a wife, once a very happy wife, if she implores you to use that power in its most blessed exercise of mercy. Think that on the breath of your lips it depends whether the whole future course of a life, long so supremely happy, shall be gloom and wretchedness to the grave. But let me not take so selfish a part as to plead only for my own happiness. Do justice to an upright, honest subject ; or if you deem him faulty, (and who is not ?) do not visit a fault with that dreadful doom that you would give to wickedness and crime. Nay, for yourself, for your own good interest, do not let them rob you of a servant whose fellow may not easily be found, one who shall serve your majesty with more true faithfulness than many that have been more forward in their words.'

"The king listened with attention, with well-bred and courteous attention : and then expressed, with soft and well-bred excuses, his deep regret that it was impossible, beyond his power, as one bound to consider the welfare of the state, to accede to her entreaties : and as he spoke, the Lady Russell could not help contrasting the artful softness of his voice and manner with the rough, but far more honest, refusal she had heard when waiting in the ante-room.

“Charles ceased speaking ; and the Lady Russell, who had continued seated all the time she spoke, and who had spoken with modest and reverent dignity of manner, still sat calm, sad, and motionless, perplexed and silenced by his cold, easy self-possession.

“‘There is then no hope?’ she at length exclaimed. The monarch met the melancholy gaze of her soft eyes, as she asked the hopeless question, and the few words in which he replied were intended to destroy all hope ; yet they were spoken in the same smooth, courteous tone.

“She rose up, but she did not go ; still she remained standing where she rose up, calm, bewildered, her lips unclosed, her eyes cast down, as if unwilling to depart, yet too stupefied by grief and disappointment to know what to say ; too abashed, indeed, by his polite indifference to know how to act. At last she roused herself ; and as she lifted up her head, a clearness and brightness came into her eyes, and over her brow, and over her whole countenance. ‘I must not, will not go abashed and confounded,’ she thought within herself ; ‘I must not lose this last, this very last opportunity, I can ever have of saving him.’ ‘Bear with my importunity,’ she said, with a feminine sweetness, which, notwithstanding the deep dejection that hung on every look and every word, was inexpressibly fascinating ; ‘bear with me, and do not bid me rise, till I have been heard :’ and she again threw herself at the feet of the king. ‘At least let me speak in my own name, let me urge my own claims to your gracious mercy. As the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, your long-tried servant, your royal father’s faithful and favored friend, I humbly ask for pity and for mercy ; forget not your friend and your father’s friend. Alas, sire, you are not one to whom affliction is unknown ; your heart

is not hardened, I am sure it cannot be, against such calamities as mine are likely to be very soon. You have known,' she added, raising her clasped hands, and her meek and innocent face, over which the tears flowed fast; 'you have known one, whose loved and honored head was cruelly laid low; you have seen something of what a widow and a mother suffers in such a desolate estate as mine will be, I fear, too soon. No, no! you do not misunderstand me — you know well of whom I speak. Imagine what your royal mother would have felt, had she kneeled, as I do now, to one who could have saved the life of her beloved and noble husband; and pity — pray, pray, pity me! — What not one word — one kind, pitying word!' She turned her eyes, as one who looks for help on either side; and her glance fell upon the frail, but kind-hearted Louise de Querouaille, who sat weeping and sobbing with unaffected feeling. The Lady Russell rose from her knees, and went to her; — 'Madam,' she said entreatingly, 'they say you have much influence with the king: I am sure you have a kind heart; come and beg that for pity's sake he will hear me.' The Duchess of Portsmouth did not refuse — she came forward. *Just then a side-door was gently opened, and the Duke of York entered the apartment.* He stopped, and stared at all present with a look of apparent astonishment: for a moment his eye met that of the king; but he said not a word, walked to the farther end of the room, laid on the table a packet of papers, which he carried in his hand, and seemed to occupy himself busily with them. The Lady Russell felt, that if ever there had been a hope of success for her, there was now none. The king was still as courteous, and as smooth in speech, as before, though a little more commanding in his manner. The

Duchess of Portsmouth was still careless to hide her weeping, and kneeling in her tears before the king, she implored for Lord Russell's pardon; and she herself, the wretched, heart-stricken wife redoubled her entreaties; nay, at last she ceased to ask for pardon, (seeing that her prayer was utterly in vain) and begged but for a respite of six weeks for her condemned husband. She turned to the Duke of York: — coldly and civilly he begged to decline offering any interference. The only words he spoke were those by which he replied to the Lady Russell; and he would have seemed to her entirely occupied with his papers, had she not once or twice observed his eye fixed with a calm and penetrating glance upon his royal brother. At last, the king grew weary; his dark brow lowered heavily, and his strongly marked and saturnine features assumed an expression not commonly harsh and unpleasant — ‘What!’ said he angrily, and almost brutally, ‘shall I grant that man six weeks, who, if he had it in his power, would not have granted me six hours!’

“The poor, insulted lady spoke not another word of intreaty. She arose at once, and with a grave, meek sorrow, at once dignified and sweetly humble, she departed. The Lady Russell went forth from the palace, convinced in her own mind that her husband's life would not be spared; and more at peace than she had been for many days, she could scarcely understand how with such a settled conviction she could be calm. But she began to see the gracious design of him to whom she prayed so constantly, to prepare her for her heaviest trial by the strong supports and consolations of his grace. She entered her husband's cell, with a firm step and an untroubled countenance, and told him

herself, and at once, with a voice that faltered only when she began to speak, that according to his expectation, her errand to Whitehall had been utterly useless."

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All other possible measures were used to save Lord Russell. The Earl of Bedford, his father, offered the Duchess of Portsmouth the enormous sum of one hundred thousand pounds, if she would procure his pardon; but notwithstanding her notorious love of money, she either did not dare to move in the case, or her exertions were rendered unavailing by some influence even stronger than hers. Lord Cavendish, a talented, high-spirited, though dissipated nobleman, was, both personally and politically, a warm friend to Lord Russell. He generously offered to manage his escape, and to stay in prison for him, while he should go away in his clothes; but Lord Russell would not listen to such a proposition. The Duke of Monmouth likewise sent word, that if it would do him any service, he would come in and run fortunes with him; Lord Russell replied that it could be no advantage to him to have his friends die with him.

Oldmixon informs us that Lord Cavendish likewise proposed that a chosen party of horse should attack the guard as the coach passed, on the way to the place of execution, by the street turning into Smithfield, while another party did the same on

the Old Bailey-side, to take Lord Russell out, and mounting him on a horse, make off with him ; a design which the people would have most cordially facilitated. But Lord Russell would by no means consent that his friends should risk their lives to save his. He had submitted his case to the decision of the laws, and he was resolved to abide the penalty.

Doctors Burnet and Tillotson, in hopes of saving his life, tried to prevail upon him to acknowledge to the king that subjects had, in no case whatever, a right to resist the throne. Lord Russell replied, "Upon such an hypothesis I see no difference between our government and the Turkish. I can have no conceptions of a limited monarchy, which has not a right to defend its own limitations ; and my conscience will not permit me to say otherwise to the king." His heroic wife approved of this answer. She never wished to save his life by any base compliance, or by the abjuration of the noble truths for which he was persecuted ; she shared in his steady adherence to his principles, as she shared in his sufferings for them. All the concession she had ever asked him to make, was to write to the Duke of York, promising if his life were spared, to live beyond sea, and never again mingle with English politics ; he took the step to satisfy her, though he himself had no hope.

The Marquis de Rouvigny, the maternal uncle of Lady Russell, had a good deal of influence with Louis the Fourteenth, and it is said that he prevailed upon

that monarch to write a letter to Charles the Second, in favor of Lord Russell. When Charles heard that Rouvigny was coming over with this letter, he said, "I cannot prevent the Marquis from coming here ; but Lord Russell's head shall be struck off before he arrives."

Doctor Burnet was with Lord Russell every day in prison, and accompanied him to the scaffold ; and he has given some very interesting details of what occurred during the last moments of his life. He says : " All the while he expressed a very Christian temper, without sharpness or resentment, vanity or affectation. His whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. Upon some occasions, as at table, or when his friends came to see him, he was decently cheerful. I was by him when the sheriffs came to show him the warrant for his execution. He read it with indifference ; and when they were gone, he told me, it was not decent to be merry with such a matter, otherwise he was near telling Rich, (who though he was now of the other side, yet had been a member of the House of Commons, and had voted for the exclusion of the Duke of York) that they should never sit together in the House any more to vote for the Bill of Exclusion. The day before his death he fell a bleeding at the nose : upon that he said to me pleasantly, ' I shall not now let blood to divert this : that will be done tomorrow.' At night it rained hard ; and he said, ' such a rain tomorrow will spoil a great show, which was a dull thing in a rainy day.' He said

the sins of his youth lay heavy upon his mind : but he hoped God had forgiven them, for he was sure he had forsaken them, and for many years he had walked before God with a sincere heart : if in his public actings he had committed errors, they were only the errors of his understanding ; for he had no private ends nor ill designs of his own in them : he was still of opinion that the King was limited by law, and that, when he broke through those limits, his subjects might defend themselves, and restrain him : he thought a violent death was a very desirable way of ending one's life : it was only the being exposed to be a little gazed at, and to suffer the pain of one minute, which he was confident, was not equal to the pain of drawing a tooth. He said he felt none of those transports that some good people felt ; but he had a full calm in his mind, no palpitation of heart, nor trembling at the thoughts of death. He was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to be now over his country ; but he hoped his death would do more service than his life could have done. He thought it was necessary for him to leave a paper behind him at his death ; and because he had not been accustomed to draw such papers, he desired me to give him a scheme of the heads fit to be spoken to, and of the order in which they should be laid ; which I did. And he was for three days employed for some time in the morning to write out his speech. He ordered four copies to be made of it, all which he signed ; and gave the original with three of the

copies to his lady, and kept the other to give to the sheriffs on the scaffold. He writ it with great care: and the passages that were tender he writ in papers apart, and showed them to his lady, and to myself, before he writ them out fair. He was very easy when this was ended. He also writ a letter to the king, in which he asked pardon for everything he had said and done contrary to his duty, protesting he was innocent as to all designs against his person and government, and that his heart was ever devoted to that, which he thought was his true interest. He added, that though he thought he had met with hard measure, yet he forgave all concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest; and ended, hoping that his majesty's displeasure at him would cease with his own life, and that no part of it should fall on his wife and children.

“On the Tuesday before Lord Russell's execution, after dinner, when his lady was gone, he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and said the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do, for he said she would hardly be able to bear it; the concern about preserving him filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her. On Thursday, while my lady was gone to try to gain a respite till Monday,\* he said, he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; but when

\* Even this small boon was denied her.

he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, that we left nothing undone that could have given any probable hopes, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing him as when he spake of her; sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse.

“The day before his death, he received the sacrament from Tillotson with much devotion. And I preached two short sermons to him, which he heard with great affection. And we were shut up until toward evening. Then Lady Russell brought him his little children that he might take leave of them; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. Some few of his friends likewise came to bid him farewell. He spoke to his children in a way suited to their age, and with a good measure of cheerfulness, and took leave of his friends in a calm manner as surprised them all. Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. As soon as she was gone, he said to me, ‘Now the bitterness of death is past;’ for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. He ran out into a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him—and said, what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined

to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him; but her carriage in this extremity was beyond all. He was glad she and her children were to lose nothing by his death; and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes; which I heard her do.

“ He went into his chamber about midnight: and I staid all night in the outer room. He went not to bed till about two in the morning: and was fast asleep till four, when, according to his order, we called him. He was quickly dressed, but would lose no time in shaving: for he said he was not concerned in his good looks that day. He went into his chamber six or seven times in the morning, and prayed by himself, and then came out to Tillotson and me: he drunk a little tea and some sherry. He wound up his watch, and said, ‘ Now I have done with time, and am going to eternity.’ He asked me what he should give the executioner; I told him ten guineas: he said with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his own head cut off. When the sheriffs called him about ten o'clock, Lord Cavendish was waiting below to take leave of him. They embraced very tenderly. Lord Russell, after he had left him, upon a sudden

thought came back to him, and pressed him earnestly to apply himself more to religion; and told him what great comfort and support he felt from it now in his extremity.

“Tillotson and I went in the coach with him to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted: he was touched with a tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. In passing, he looked toward Southampton-House; the tear started in his eye, but he instantly wiped it away. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said, he hoped to sing better very soon. Observing the great crowds of people, he said, ‘I hope I shall soon see a much better assembly.’ When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it four or five times. Then he turned to the sheriff and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any designs against the king’s life, or government: he prayed God would preserve both, and the protestant religion. He wished all protestants might love one another, and not make way for popery by their animosities. After he had delivered the papers he prayed by himself: then Tillotson prayed with him. After that he prayed again by himself; and then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance: and it was cut off at two strokes.”

Of Lady Russell we know nothing during this melancholy scene. But who cannot imagine her

feelings, till the heart aches with the painfulness of sympathy? While there was anything to do for him — while there was a shadow of hope — there was something to support her fortitude; but when she had looked on him for the last time — when she returned to her desolate home, where she was never more to welcome him, — there to count the wretched minutes that should elapse before the fatal stroke was given — Oh God! what but thine infinite mercy could have supported her through that mortal agony!

Lord Russell was beheaded on Saturday, July 21st, 1683. He died as he had lived: the firm friend of truth, of the Protestant religion, and of the liberties of his country. His firmness in refusing to make any retraction of sentiments, which his conscience approved, is the strongest evidence of that integrity and virtue, which gave him so much influence in his own time, and have forever consecrated his name to posterity. In private life he was unexceptionable. His benevolence never kept pace with his income; and the greatest satisfaction he took in the prospect of inheriting large estates was, that they would increase his power of doing good.—He was not beheaded on Tower-Hill, (the common place of execution for men of high rank) but in Lincoln's-inn-fields, in order that the populace might be humbled by the sight of their favorite leader carried through the city, to the place of execution. This plan, like most others of a similar kind, produced an effect totally different

from what was intended. Perhaps the death of Lord Russell, followed by that of his friend Sidney, tended more than any other single event, to bring about the Revolution, which not long after forever freed England from the insupportable tyranny of the Stuarts. Oldmixon informs us that the Duke of York descended so low in his revenge, as to desire that this innocent nobleman might be executed before his own door in Bloomsbury-Square: an insult the king himself would not consent to.

“The substance of the paper Lord Russell gave the sheriff, was, first a profession of his religion, and of his sincerity in it: that he was of the church of England; but wished all would unite together against the common enemy: that churchmen would be less severe, and dissenters less scrupulous. He owned he had a great deal against popery, which he looked on as an idolatrous and bloody religion: but that, though he was at all times ready to venture his life for his religion or his country, yet that would never have carried him to a black or wicked design. No man ever had the impudence to move to him anything with relation to the king’s life; he prayed heartily for him that in his person and government he might be happy both in this world and the next. He owned he had been earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way in his opinion to secure both the king’s life and the protestant religion; and to that he imputed his present sufferings: but he forgave all concerned in them; and charged

his friends not to think of revenge. He thought his sentence was hard : killing by forms of law was the worst sort of murder." At the close, he says, " Since my sentence, I have had few thoughts but preparatory ones for death ; yet the importunity of my friends, and particularly *the best and dearest wife in the world*, prevailed with me to sign petitions for my life, to which I was ever averse ; for (I thank God) though in all respects I have lived the happiest and contentedest man in the world (for now very near fourteen years) yet I am so willing to leave all, that it was not without difficulty that I did anything for the saving of my life, that was begging ; but I was willing to let my friends see what power they had over me, and that I was not obstinate nor sullen, but would do anything that an honest man could do for their satisfaction, which was the only motive that swayed or had any weight with me.

"And now to sum up all, as I had not any design against the king's life, or the life of any man whatsoever, so I never was in any contrivance of altering the government. What the heats, passions, and vanities of other men have occasioned, I ought not to be responsible for, nor could I help them, though I now suffer for them. But the will of the Lord be done, into whose hands I commend my spirit ! and trust that Thou, O most merciful Father, hast forgiven all my transgressions, the sins of my youth, and all the errors of my past life, and that Thou wilt not lay my secret sins and ignorances to my charge, but will graciously support me

during that small time of life now before me, and assist me in my last moments, and not leave me then to be disordered by fear, or any other temptations, but make the light of thy countenance to shine upon me ? Thou art my sun and my shield, and as thou supportest me by thy grace, so I hope thou wilt hereafter crown me with glory, and receive me into the fellowship of angels and saints, in that blessed inheritance purchased for me by my most merciful Redeemer, who is, I trust, at thy right hand, preparing a place for me, and is ready to receive me ; into whose hands I commend my spirit !”

The speech of Lord Russell to the sheriffs, and the paper he delivered to them at the place of execution are still preserved at Woburn-Abbey, in letters of gold. The speech was so soon printed, that it was selling about the streets an hour after Lord Russell's death. The King and the Duke of York were extremely angry. Doctor Burnet was accused of advising and assisting in it, and was called before the king to answer for himself. At the command of the monarch, he read to him a journal containing a minute account of all that had passed between him and Lord Russell, which he had written at the request of Lady Russell. The light in which this presented the noble-minded victim was quite as displeasing to the Court as the paper delivered to the sheriffs had been ; and Doctor Burnet was universally considered as a ruined man.

Lady Russell, in these first days of her despon-

dency was aroused to address a letter to the king, to repel the attack made upon her husband's memory, by thus denying the authenticity of the papers he left. In this letter she does full justice to Doctor Burnet's conduct and sentiments.

LADY RUSSELL'S LETTER TO CHARLES II.

Indorsed by her, " My letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death."

" May it please your Majesty, — I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. 'Tis a great addition to my sorrows, to hear your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriffs at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest that I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him, can likewise aver. And sure 'tis an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words as we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave farther to avow to your Majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your Majesty on Sunday night,\* to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true; as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, showed him-

\* The Journal.

self a loyal subject to your Majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own, what was not properly and expressly so. And if, after the loss in such a manner of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your Majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which when I was so importunate to speak with your Majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities, (and your Majesty in your greatest posts) and one that is not conscious of having ever done anything to offend you (before.) I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign.

Who am with all humility,

May it please your Majesty," &c.

Not long after this, Doctor Burnet was discharged from preaching the Thursday lecture at St Clement's, for a sermon on the words—"Save me

from the lion's mouth, thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns :” This was thought of dangerous construction, because the lion and unicorn supported the king's escutcheon ; so timid a thing is tyranny ! He was soon after dismissed from being preacher of the Rolls. On the accession of James the Second, he deemed it safe to leave England ; during his reign he resided in Holland, enjoying the friendship and confidence of the Prince and Princess of Orange, who afterward came to the English throne. Violent pamphlets against Lord Russell, full of bloody charges, were published by those hirelings, of whom plenty may be found in every age and country, always ready to bow down and worship the reigning powers. But although Lady Russell's gentle heart was almost crushed under its weight of misery, she was ever a faithful guardian of her husband's fame ; and we find her using the utmost diligence to have all false charges publicly refuted. The course of public events assisted her affectionate endeavors to transmit his name to posterity in unclouded lustre. During a temporary reconciliation between Charles and his son, Duke of Monmouth, the Duke solemnly averred that all Lord Russell had stated was strictly true, and that in losing him, the king lost the best subject he ever had. Other circumstances tended to prove that pretended plots had been fabricated, and that even what was true had been much exaggerated. In consequence of these things, Charles is said to have expressed some regret at the severe measures that had been taken.

In one point of view it must have been a great consolation to Lady Russell to have her husband's innocence so fully proved, and so universally believed; but in another point of view, it must have aggravated her "raging sorrow," to feel that had he but lived a little longer, he might have avoided the dreadful fate, which cut him off in the strength of his days.

Her own pathetic letters will best express the deep and abiding sorrow of this meekly-resigned, and most celestial woman.

LADY RUSSELL TO DOCTOR FITZWILLIAM.\*

Woburn-Abbey, Sept. 30, 1683.

[*About two months after Lord Russell's death.*]

"I need not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrow, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter, and excellent prayer. I endeavor to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions, or worthiness toward receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just

\* He had been chaplain in her father's family.

cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend ; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose ? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine. But alas ! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts as of a future condition\* — but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts: I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with ; all these things are irksome to me now ; the day unwelcome, and the night so too ; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be ; yet all this is that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort ; when I see my children before me, I remember the plea-

\* Some words are lost in this sentence.

sure *he* took in them ; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger ? Oh, if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be so dejected ; for I will not injure myself to say I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No ; I most willingly forsake this world — this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business than to rid my soul of sin ; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests ; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it. And when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good Doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints : but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted,

But very faithful servant,

R. RUSSELL."

DOCTOR BURNET TO LADY RUSSELL.

February 2, 1684.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* "I can truly say the vast veneration I have for your ladyship, both upon his account to whom you were so dear, and on your

own, which increaseth with every letter I receive from you, makes me impatient if anything occur that might be matter of censure.\* I know you act by worthy and noble principles, and you have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop out of my hand when I begin to write to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain. I am confident God has not bestowed such talents on you, and taken such pains, both by kind and severe providences, to distinguish you from most other women in the world, but on a design to make you an instrument of much good ; and I am very glad you intend to employ so much of your own time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess ; for as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirits. I long so much to see your ladyship, and those about you, in this employment, that I hope you will pardon me, if I beg leave to come down and wait on you, when the Master of the Rolls goes out of town ; for since it was not thought fit that I should go on with the Thursday's lecture, I am master of my own time during the weeks of the vacation ; and I will esteem that which I hope to pass at Woburn as the best of them. I will not touch in all this letter

\* This refers to some advice about a matter not explained, probably something which he feared would offend the government.

your deep and ever green and tender wound. I believe the touching of it in the softest manner, gives more pain than all I can say about it can mitigate; and therefore, I shall say no more of it, but that it comes in as large a part of my best thoughts that God would give you such an inward sense of his love, and of the wisdom and kindness of his providence, and of the blessed state to which he has raised that dearest part of yourself, and whither the rest will follow in due time, that all these things may swallow up the bitter sense of the terrible stroke you lie under, and may possess you with these true and solid joys that are the only proper cure for such a wound. But I will dwell no longer on so dismal a subject, for I am afraid you dwell too much on it.

\* \* \* \* \* Now the business of the printer\* is at an end, and considering how it was managed, it has dwindled to a very small fine, which one may well say was either too much or too little. The true design of the prosecution was to find me in it, and so the printer was tampered with much to name the author." \* \* \* \*

Mr Hoskins, a lawyer, on whose good-sense and discretion Lady Russell had great reliance, thus writes to her: "I am much pleased to hear your ladyship so resolved to follow your business. Your ladyship will require less help than most

\* The printer was convicted of printing a libel, called Lord Russell's Speech, and, having made his submission, was fined only 20 marks.

others, and are so much valued, that there is nobody of worth but will be glad to serve you. Nothing but your sorrows can hinder you doing all that is to be done ; and give me leave, madam, as often as it comes in my way, to mind your ladyship, that the hopes your dear lord had, that you would bear his loss with magnanimity, and nothing would be wanting to his children, loosened all the hold this world had of him."

Having been some time at Woburn-Abbey with her, in March, 1684, the same gentleman, after treating of business says, "I wish I could find your ladyship had a little more overcome your mighty grief; to see how it had wasted your body, how heavy it lay upon your mind, and how hardly you struggled with it, made me melancholy all the time I was at Woburn. \* \* \* \* \*

At all times and places I shall sadly reflect on your ladyship, and pray that God would comfort you, and lift up your drooping spirit."

In the April following, after some details about her affairs, he writes, "I do indeed wish well to your ladyship's affairs, but what most concerns me is, to see you so overwhelmed with grief. I should not doubt their good success were you not so much oppressed with that : it pities me to see how hard you struggle with it, and how doubtful it is which will overcome. Continue, good madam, to do your utmost ; the more you strive, the more God will help. All the little service that I have done, or can do, your ladyship, are not worth half the no-

tice you take of them. There cannot be a greater pleasure in the world than serving a person I so much value, both on your own account, and upon his of whom you were so deplorably bereft."

But as Lady Russell had never been selfish in prosperity, neither would she be selfish in sorrow. In the midst of her affecting struggles with her, "mighty grief," she neglected no immediate duty either to the memory of her lord, to her own children, or the children of her beloved sister. By the condemnation of Lord Russell for treason, the trust of Lady Elizabeth Noel's children devolved upon the King. In a letter concerning the resettlement of her sister's trust, Mr Hoskins says — "I cannot but very much approve the great care you have of my Lady Elizabeth Noel's children, answerable to your near relation and great friendship."

LADY RUSSELL TO DOCTOR FITZWILLIAM.

"'Tis above a fortnight, I believe, good Doctor, since I received your comforting letter; and 'tis displeasing to me that I am but now sitting down to tell you so; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the oppressions I feel; however, 'tis my lot, and a part of my duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me. That remembrance makes me do

my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, such as I am now about : if in the multitude of those sorrows, that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, (though, alas! such are but momentary) 'tis by casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep ; or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with. \*

\* \* \* You deal with me, sir, just as I would be dealt withal ; and 'tis possible I feel the more smart from my raging griefs, because I would not take them off, but upon fit considerations : 'tis easiest to our natures to have our deep wounds gently handled ; yet as most profitable, I would yield, nay, desire, to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design it, they may not fester. 'Tis possible I grasp at too much of this kind, for a spirit so broke by affliction : I am so jealous that time, or necessity (the ordinary abater of all violent passions) nay, even employment, or company of such friends as I have left, should do that which my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief, as I can ever hope for, a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer ; and to gain such a victory over myself, that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear

object of my desires, which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live; that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part which is incumbent on me, in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait, till he have pity on me, humbly imploring, that by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himself; then I shall be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such spiritual blessings, who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections; which are surely increased by the subtle malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantage upon my present weak and wasted spirits; assaulting me with divers temptations, as when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room: when I am less afflicted, then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other; that if either greater persuasions had been used, he had gone away: or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living; (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrow :) so

that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts."

## LADY RUSSELL TO DOCTOR FITZWILLIAM.

Woburn Abbey, April 20, 1684.

\* \* \* \* \* "The future part of my life will not I expect pass as I would just choose : sense has been long enough gratified ; indeed so long, I know not how to live by faith ; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain, from whence all flows : while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet ; but I am undone, irrevocably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect ; every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition : but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will (I verily believe) do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I

have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run on too greedily upon this subject: indeed it is very hard upon me to restrain it, especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist toward my relief any way in their power. \*

\* \* \* \* \* I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Stratton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: but I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me! Nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it prove requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is settling, and indeed giving up the trust, my dear lord had from my best sister. Fain would I see that performed as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them. I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. If I do go, I take my sister Margaret, and I believe Lady Shaftesbury will meet me there. This I choose, as thinking some persons being there to whom I would ob-

serve some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blest by the good prayers of others for me, they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation. Your ever mournful, but ever faithful friend to serve you, R. RUSSELL."

The "obligation" of going to Stratton was delayed by the sickness and death of the heart-stricken mother of Lord Russell,\* the Countess of Bedford, who died at Woburn, on the 16th of May, and after the performance of the melancholy duties attendant upon this event it was again postponed on account of the illness of her little son. After the recovery of the child, she indulged herself in visiting the tomb, which contained the remains of her husband, at Chenies in Buckinghamshire. At this period, she thus writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam.

Woburn-Abbey, June, 1684.

\* \* \* \* \* "God has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them — the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill; and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession

\* The lovely Lady Anne Carr, daughter of the Earl of Somerset by the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex.

of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my laboring, weary mind, with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavors to do that part toward them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted. And which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come, here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit, (that is, the case that holds it.) It is a satisfaction to me you did not disprove of what I did in it, as some do that it seems have heard of it, though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself. Doctor, I had considered; I went not to seek the living among the dead; I knew I should not see him any more, wherever I went; and I had made a covenant with myself not to break out in unreasonable, fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society; there I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time; I hope to wait without impatience. As for the information you require, it is not in my power to be punctual. I reckon my first and chief business is my attendance on these children, that

is, their persons; and till I see the boy in full strength, I dare not leave him, though but for one fortnight. I had fixed on the 20th of May to go to Stratton, and from that time to this, good Lady Shaftesbury has been a constant expectation to be summoned to meet me there; but Lady Bedford's death, and then the child, has kept me in this place. He has three teeth to cut, and till they be, I am apt to think he will hardly recover full strength: it may be in a week, it may be not in a month, as the wise folks say. So you see my uncertainties. As soon as I am fixed, you shall be sure to know it." \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Instead of her intended journey to Stratton, Lady Russell removed from Woburn, the latter part of June, to Totteridge in Hertfordshire, for a change of air for her boy, and to be nearer the London physicians. She carried her elder daughter with her, leaving the younger at Woburn, with her grandfather. A letter from the old Earl, at this period, shows how much she was beloved by her husband's family; and her affectionate heart seems to have reciprocated all their kindness; some years afterward, being consulted concerning a projected marriage with Mr Edward Russell, she writes, "I can pronounce it the easiest family to converse or live with that I have ever known, or could observe."

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF BEDFORD TO LADY  
RUSSELL.

Woburn, this 7th July, 1634.

“DEAREST DAUGHTER, — There is nothing in this world can come so welcome to me, as to hear of increase of hopes; that God Almighty will be so infinitely good and gracious unto me, as to give unto my fervent prayers that dear child, which if it be his good will and pleasure to grant to so unworthy a creature as I am, I shall look upon it all the days of my life as the greatest temporal blessing can be bestowed upon me, and that will supply and make up in a great measure the other great afflictions and crosses he has been pleased to lay upon me. Dear daughter, I look upon it as a good sign the holding up of his head, that the humor is gone, which I believe was the cause of the hanging down of his head. I pray Christ Jesus to give us such a blessing unto the means, that I may have every day more and more hopes of seeing that day of rejoicing, in enjoying your company and his here again, which is the constant and fervent prayer of my soul unto my gracious God.

\* \* \* \* \*

So hoping to hear of some comfortable tidings by the bearer of that dear little one, being full of prayers and fears for him and you, I rest with all the kindness in the world, which I am sure I shall do to my last breath.

Your most affectionate Father

and Friend to command,

BEDFORD.

“ My dear love and blessing to my dear boy and Mrs Rachel. I am much cheered with Mrs Katarine’s company: she is often with me, and looks very well.”

## LADY RUSSELL TO DOCTOR FITZWILLIAM.

Totteridge, August 3, 1684.

“ The last letter I writ to you, good Doctor, was upon the 21st July;\* and I find yours dated the 25th; so I conclude you had not read mine. If you have not, yours is the kinder, since I find you had entertained a memory of that return of time my sufferings in this sad and dismal year began; and which indeed I could not pass but with some more than usual solemnity; yet I hope I took the best arts I could to convert my anguish into advantages, and force away fróm my thoughts those terrible representations they would raise (at such times especially) upon me: but I was so large in my discourse then, that it being possible it may have lighted into your hands before this does, I will not be ever repeating either my own sad story, or my own weak behaviour under it; but rather speak to the question you would be answered in, when I design for Stratton or whether not at all? Truly, I cannot tell you which; since I move but as I am convinced is best in reference to my boy, at present, with the care of his sister, the only worldly business in this perishing world. You

\* Lord Russell was arrested June 26th, tried July 13th, and beheaded July 21st, 1683.

hear why I come hither, and soon will will know I wanted the auxiliaries you took care to send me : sure I did so ; but it hath pleased the Author of all mercies to give me some glimpse and ray of his compassions in this dark day of my calamity, the child being exceedingly better ; and I trust no secret murmur or discontent at what I have felt, and must still do, shall provoke my God to repeat those threatenings of making yet more bitter that cup I have drank so deeply out of ; but as a quiet submission is required under all the various methods of Divine Providence, I trust I shall be so supported, that though unfit thoughts may haunt me, they shall not break in importunately upon me ; nor will I break off that bandage time will lay over my wound. To them that seek the Lord, his mercies are renewed every morning : with all my strength to him I will seek ; and though he kill me I will trust in him ; my hopes are not of this world : I can never more recover pleasure here ; but more durable joys I shall obtain, if I persevere to the end of a short life.” \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

A project of going to Stratton in September was again put off by the proposed removal of the Court to Winchester, where Charles occasionally resided in autumn, for the convenience of field-sports. The near neighborhood of Stratton would have made a residence there, at such a time, peculiarly unpleasant to the widowed Lady Russell. In September, she returned to Woburn-Abbey ; and

soon after, she writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam, "I have resolved to try that desolate habitation of mine at London this winter. The doctor agrees it is the best place for my boy ; and I have no argument to balance that ; nor could I take the resolution to see London till that was urged : but, by God's permission, I will see how I can endure that place, in thought a place of terror to me ; but I know if sorrow had not another root, that will vanish in a few days. As soon as I had formed, or rather submitted to this advice, I hastened hither upon it, that Lord Bedford might have some weeks' comfort in the child before I took him from him."

In November, she again writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam, from Woburn-Abbey. "I have, you find, sir, lingered out my time ; and I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to, was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life, I could have laid down mine to have continued. 'Twas, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadow will not sink me."

The death of Charles, the accession of the Duke of York, under the title of James the Second, the new rebellion of Monmouth, his failure and final execution, were events that must have been painfully interesting to Lady Russell ; whose

susceptible heart had from time to time been wounded by the execution of her husband's friends, and the fines levied upon all who attempted to justify his memory. She thus writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam.

Southampton-House. July 17, 1635.

\* \* \* \* \* "Never could you have more seasonably fed me with such discourses, than in these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, Doctor, 'tis the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it, then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done;\* and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire, that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think I have in the least offended thee, O my God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Je-

\* She probably alludes to the execution of the Duke of Monmouth.

sus : that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectation of my soul, I may go through honor and dishonor, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still enjoy in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold ; I hope youth will struggle and overcome : they are the children of one whose least concerns touch me to the quick ;\* their mother was a delicious friend ; sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself ; yet how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so ! But I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me." \* \* \*

The following reflections, which she makes upon Monmouth's insurrection, no doubt give a faithful view of her husband's character, and of the circumstances in which he was involved. " I take this late wild attempt to be a new project, not depending on, or linked in the least to, any former design ; if there was any real one, which I am satisfied was not, no more than (my own lord confessed) talk, and it is possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to supposed evils might

\* Of her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Noel.

be sought, how it could be found. But as I was saying, if all this late attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my lord must have lain under would have been great ; and some circumstances, I do confess, must have made his part a hard one. So that from deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed, God only knows. From the frailty of the will I should have feared but little evil ; for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such principles that were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's ; for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into anything considerable upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know, he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings, and therefore most probably must have set loose from them. But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced, from the time his life was taken away to this. On the other hand, having, I trust, a reasonable ground of hope, he has found those mercies, that he died with a cheerful persuasion he should, there is no reason to mourn my loss, when that soul I loved so well, lives in felicities, and shall do so to all eternity."

The rapid strides of James the Second toward the subversion of the religion and constitution of England were not unmarked by Lady Russell. Her letters show that she took a strong interest in the political news of the day, though always with a

reference to him whose memory she faithfully treasured in her heart. Speaking of the depraved times, she says, "The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow, and not of joy, that so good a man is safe landed on the happy shore of a blessed eternity. Doubtless he is at rest; though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity. I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions while I possessed him. All relish now is gone. \* \* \* \* \*

I endeavor to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say, with the man in the gospel, 'I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' "

Lady Russell was detained in London much longer than she intended or wished. Her uncle, M. de Rouvigny, had come from France to solicit James the Second for the removal of the attainder of Lord Russell from his children; he brought with him his wife and niece; and the young lady was unfortunately seized with the small-pox and died. Lady Russell at the earnest entreaties of her uncle, immediately conveyed her children to their grandfather's, at Bedford-House, in the Strand, and afterward saw the little tribe safely lodged in Woburn-Abbey. She writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam, "I returned myself to Bedford-House, to take my

last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous, tender a friend as ever any body had.\* To my uncle and aunt their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary. She died (as most do) as she had lived; a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her; ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country, where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it.† What a glorious thing, Doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety, or her prudence. Yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you."

Among the MSS. at Woburn-Abbey are preserved copies, in Lady Russell's hand-writing, of two letters from the Marquis de Rouvigny to the King, and notes of several conversations with his ministers, Hyde and Godolphin, upon the subject of removing the attainder from Lord Russell's children. This was promised from time to time with the insincerity that characterized the court. Among these papers is one indorsed by Lady Russell,

"Some discourses upon a visit from the Lord Treasurer [Hyde] to me.

\* The Marquis de Rouvigny.

† The Hugonots were then cruelly persecuted in France.

“The Lord Treasurer told me that my uncle had seemed to have set the effecting it much on his heart, and with the greatest kindness to me imaginable. I told my lord I believed it, and indeed the friendship was so surprising, his lordship knew very well the world imputed his coming to England to some other cause, or at least thought he had been earnestly invited to it; for the last, I positively affirmed he had not been, but as to the first, it was too deep for me to judge of. \* \* \*

At the same time, I am sure nothing can be done *for* me now, that can diminish, or *to* me, that can augment what I feel. \* \* \* I do assure your lordship I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great, than to see them so. I will do what I can they may deserve to be so, and then quietly wait what will follow. That I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much as can be due to man, that if my son lives, he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had had a mother less ignorant, or less negligent, he had not then been compelled to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have.”

After her uncle's return to France, she rejoined her children at Woburn-Abbey. The last of November, 1685, she writes, “I believe it may be near Christmas before my Lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed with him about it, nor how long he desires our company;

so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not ; he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniences be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world, and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of your obliged servant,

R. RUSSELL."

In January, 1686, Lord Delamere was tried for partaking in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and was acquitted. This circumstance painfully reminded Lady Russell of her husband's harder fate. Speaking of this event, she says, "I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials into the same sour humor that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness ; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs ; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here : for which I hope my punishment will end with life."

“The revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Louis the Fourteenth, and the cruelties exercised against the Protestants produced a great sensation in England, and tended to hasten the downfall of James the Second. Lady Russell, speaking of Louis, says, “I cannot choose but think myself less miserable than this poor king; so truly miserable by debasing, as he does, the dignity of human nature. Near two millions of souls made of the same clay as himself, have felt the rigors of that savage man. It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers, and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another. The husband to prison, or the galley. These are amazing providences! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers.”

In these troublesome times, the Marquis de Rouvigny, as an especial favor, obtained from Louis the Fourteenth, permission to remove with his family to England, where he died. His son entered the service of William and Mary, though he forfeited his French estates by it; he was by them created Earl of Galway. Mr Evelyn, in his Diary, mentions that he assisted at a French sermon, in Greenwich church, to a congregation of above a hundred French refugees, of which M. de Rouvigny was the chief, and for whom he had obtained the use of the Parish church, after the English service was over.

The mother of Lady Russell was a Hugonot;

and with other virtuous and noble principles instilled by her father, she received from him sentiments of great toleration with regard to religion. Clarendon thinks it necessary to make a slight apology for the Earl of Southampton's liberality in this respect. He says, "He was a man of exemplary virtue and piety, and very regular in his devotions: yet he was not generally believed by the bishops to have an affection keen enough for the government of the church; because he was willing and desirous that something more might have been done to gratify the Presbyterians than they thought just."

His daughter evinced the same kind regard for the religious opinions and feelings of others. In writing to Doctor Fitzwilliam to procure a chaplain for her family, she says, "I approve the Church of England—the best church and the best offices and services in it upon the face of the earth that we know of. But I covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all that cannot think as he does. I would have him of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably and without giving offence, to such as have the freedom of my family, though these are not of our church; I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions."

Lady Russell, with her usual good-sense and kind feeling, resolved to employ one of the refugees to instruct her son, then nearly six years old, in the French language. She says, "Here are many

scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows. By taking a Frenchman I shall do a charity, and profit the child also." The doating grandfather objected to the plan, lest the boy's health should be injured by study; but Lady Russell, though a very devoted mother, was not a weakly indulgent one; and she overcame Lord Bedford's scruples by the assurance that the child should not be urged beyond his strength. Through his whole life she watched over the education and character of her son with the most scrupulous attention; alike regardless of her own anxieties, and her own indulgence.

Acting under the influence of the same blessed spirit, which never allowed her to be selfish, in joy or in sorrow, we find her, in case of sickness in Lady Montague's\* family, taking charge of her children: she says, "My own sad trials making me know how mean a comforter I can be, I think my best service is to take care of her two children, who are both well now, and I hope God will be pleased to keep them so."

When her advice and assistance was asked concerning making a proposal of marriage to one of her sister's (Lady Noel) daughters, she writes, "I have done it, though I wish choice had been made of any other person than myself, who desiring to know the world no more, am utterly unfit for the management of anything in it; but must, as I can, engage in such necessary offices to my children,

\* Formerly Lady Percy.

as I cannot be dispensed from, nor desire to be, since it is an eternal obligation upon me, to the memory of a husband, to whom and to his, I have dedicated the few and sad remainder of my days."

Time seems to have wrought but little change in her deep, unostentatious sorrow. In July, 1686, she thus writes: "On Tuesday my sister Allington designs to be here; I am sorry it happens to be just on that day, since I affect nothing that is particular or singular; but as yet, I have not seen any body besides my children on that day, being the 13th of July; nor does it seem decent for me to do it, almost when I remember the sad scene I saw and attended at all that day, and the miserable accidents of it, as the unfortunate end of Lord Essex, to me so fatal, if the Duchess of Portsmouth told me true; that they said the jury could not have condemned my lord, if my Lord Essex had not died as he did. But I will do as I can: I hope she will not misconstrue what I shall do. I am sure I will never fail to her (by God's grace) because I know how tenderly *he* loved her; though I am apt to think now, she returned it not in love to a degree I once thought she had for him, and that sure he merited from her. But we are not always loved most by those we love best." A few days after, she writes, "It is the 21st completes my three years of true sorrow, which should be turned rather into joy; as you have laid it before me with reasons strongly maintained and rarely illustrated. Sure he is one of those has gained by a dismissal

from longer attendance here : while he lived his being pleased made me so too, and so it should do still ; and then my soul should be full of joy ; I should be easy and cheerful, but it is sad and heavy ; so little we distinguish how and why we love ; to me it argues a prodigious fondness of one's self. \* \* \* \* This comfort I think I have in my afflictions, that I can say, ' unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble.' ' The rising from the dead is a glorious contemplation ! nothing raises a drooping spirit like it.'

In June, 1687, Lady Russell made her long-intended visit to Stratton. She describes herself as " indeed brimfull with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived regularly here before. The poor children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and them ; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible ; and I could not but be content with it in my own mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family ; though after that I would cherish a cheerful temper in them, with all the industry I can ; for sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit."

On the 25th of June, she writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam, " Seasonably enough your letter comes to

me, this being the eve of the sad day that ushered in the great calamity of my life; the same day my dear lord was carried from his house, I entertained the sad assurance of quickly after losing the sight of him forever in this world; what the manner of it will be in the next is dark and unknown to us; it is enough that we shall be happy eternally. My house is full of company; tomorrow being Sunday, I propose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unjustifiable passions; but having given some hours to privacy in the morning, live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial; for all these sad years past I have dispensed with the seeing any body, or till late at night; sometimes I could not avoid that, without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like best to give up to reflection; the day my lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world."

On the mournful 21st of July, the same year, she again writes to Doctor Fitzwilliam, "I must observe to you how kindly Providence (I will imitate you, and not call it chance) disposes of your letters to my hands. I read yours of July 11th on the 20th, the eve of that day — I will not suffer my hand to write fatal, because the blow struck on it was that which gave eternal rest to my beloved friend. I do not contend on these days with frail nature, but keep her as innocent as I can. What you stated to me is just; I had made him my idol,

though I did not know it ; loved man too much, and God too little : yet my constant prayer was not to do so ; but not enough fervent I doubt. I will turn the object of my love all I can upon his loved children ; and if I may be directed and blessed in their education, what is it I have to ask in relation to this perishing world for myself ? It is joy and peace in believing that I covet, having nothing to fear but sin."

In this year, Lord Cavendish (now Earl of Devonshire) the generous and active friend of Lord Russell, proposed a union of the families by the marriage of his son with Lady Russell's eldest daughter. As the parties were very young, and large estates were to be settled on both sides, the arrangements cost the parents some trouble. Lady Russell writes, "I am in a great and constant hurry, from my careful endeavors to do my duty to my child, and to my friend, sister Margaret Russell,\* which, by God's grace, I intend to do as cordially as to my children. I meet with many difficulties in both ; yet in my girl's there is no stop but such as the former settlements caused, which will hinder a conclusion till he is sixteen. I trust if I perfect this great work, my careful endeavors will prosper ; only the Almighty knows what the event shall be ; but sure it is a glimmering of light I did not look for in my dark day. I do often repeat in my thoughts, the children of the just shall be blessed :

\* Lord Strafford had proposed for her ; the marriage did not take place.

I am persuaded their father was such ; and if my heart deceive me not, I intend the being so, and humbly bless God for it."

In another letter, speaking of the occupation given her by her daughter's proposed marriage, she says, " I would fain be delivered from them, conclude my affairs, and so put some period to that inroad methinks I make in my intended manner of living upon earth. But I hope my duty will always prevail over the strongest inclination I have. I believe to assist my yet helpless children is my business, which makes me take many dinners abroad, and do of that nature many things, the performance of which is hard enough to a heavy and weary mind, but yet I bless God for it."

The arrangements were at last satisfactorily completed. In 1688, the " little Fubs," mentioned in Lady Russell's charming *love-letters*, became Lady Cavendish, afterward Duchess of Devonshire. By a melancholy coincidence, the marriage took place on the 21st of June, a circumstance which Lady Russell would gladly have avoided, had she ever in her whole life allowed herself to be selfish ; but the Lord Devonshire, having other engagements, was in haste, and she raised no objections. After this wedding she writes, " As early as my mournful heart can, I will pass over those sad days, which at the return of the year, will, let me struggle all I can, set more lively than at other times, sad objects before my sight : but the reviving hope of that immortal life my dear friend is

already possessed of, is my best support. This very solemnity has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force, making me too tender; though in retirement they are pleasant: and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure, if departed souls know what we do, he approves of what I have done, and it is a reward upon his children for his patience, and so entire submission during his sufferings. \* \*

\* \* \* There is a sort of secret delight in the privacy of one of those mournful days; I think, besides a better reason, one is, that I do not tie myself up as I do on other days: for God knows my eyes are ever ready to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart, which I shall carry to the grave, that quiet bed of rest. \* \* \*

That I have not sunk under the pressure, has been I hope in mercy, that I might be better fitted for my eternal state; and form the children of a loved husband, before I go hence. With these thoughts I can be hugely content to live; though God only knows how I may acquit myself, and what help I may be to my young creatures; I mean well toward them, if I know my heart." In August the young bridegroom went abroad upon his travels, and Lady Cavendish remained with her mother. Doctor Tillotson had at first feared an abatement in Lady Russell's esteem, on account of the unworthy concessions he had advised her husband to make; but his first interview after Lord Russell's death occasioned a perfect renewal of friend-

ship, and he continued to correspond with her during her life. In a letter on the subject of her daughter's marriage, he says, "I pray God to preserve my Lord Cavendish in his travels from the hazards of all kinds to which he is likely to be exposed, and to return him to you and to his excellent lady, greatly improved in all true, noble, and virtuous qualities. My mind doth presage much happiness to you in him; I earnestly wish it."

The "hazards" to which Doctor Tillotson alludes, were, in part, political. There is a spirit in the English people, which will not long endure any gross violation of their liberties. William, Prince of Orange, was urged to come over to free the kingdom from the bigotry and intolerance of his father-in-law. James was as cowardly in adversity as he had been insolent in power. Notwithstanding the untiring malice with which he had persecuted Lord Russell, he dared to apply to the Earl of Bedford for assistance. The afflicted monarch is said to have addressed him thus: "My Lord, you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service." The aged Earl replied, "Ah, sir, I am old and feeble; I can do you but little service; *I once had a son*, that could have assisted you; but he is no more." James was so much struck with this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes.

When Dykevelt, Minister Plenipotentiary from the States of Holland, arrived in England, he was sent, by the express order of the Prince and Prin-

cess of Orange, to Lady Russell, to condole with her on her loss, and assure her of the lively interest they took in it, both as having a great and just regard for the two families to which she belonged, and as considering her lord's death a great blow to the Protestant religion; assuring her at the same time, there was nothing in their power, they were not ready to do, either for herself or her son. The ambassador declared that he did not deliver this message in his private capacity; but that he was charged with it as a public minister. The Princess of Orange, in a letter to Lady Russell, says, "If you knew the esteem I have for you, you would be persuaded your letters could not be too troublesome; and since you will make me believe it is some satisfaction to you, I shall desire you to continue, for I assure you I am extreme glad to contribute any way to that. I hope this match of your daughter's will afford you all the joy and comfort you can desire. I do not question but you have made a very good choice; and since I wish so well to my Lord Devonshire, I cannot but be glad it is his son, believing you will have taught your daughter, after your own example, to be so good a wife, that Lord Cavendish cannot choose but be very happy with her. I assure you I wish it with all my heart, and if that could contribute anything to your content, you may be sure of as much as it is possible for you to have; and not only my wishes, but upon all occasions I shall be

glad to show more than by words, the esteem I have for you. MARIE."

HAGUE, FEBRUARY 13, 1688.

Two whole months elapsed between the landing of the Prince of Orange and the final departure of King James; a period of great difficulty and danger to those actively concerned in politics. Lady Russell evidently watched with anxiety for the clearing away of the storm; but her letters are extremely guarded in their expressions. She removed with Lord Bedford, from Woburn to London, in season to witness the peaceable settlement of the new government. She thus speaks of this important event: "Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it more than a dream; yet it is real, and so amazing a reality of mercy, as ought to melt our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him, who is the dispenser of all providences."

The young Lady Cavendish was present with her mother-in-law, the Countess of Devonshire, at the proclamation of William and Mary, and accompanied her to their first drawing-room in the evening of the same day. The following extracts are taken from a letter in which she describes the scene: "My Lord Halifax made the Prince and Princess a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the lords to accept of the crown. The Prince answered him in a few words, and the Princess made curtsies. They say, when they

named her father's faults, she looked down as if she was troubled. The Speaker of the House of Commons showed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. I was at the sight, and, you may imagine, very much pleased to see them proclaimed, in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There was wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble — they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to Court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand, and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles almost in every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess."

One of the first acts of William and Mary was the reversal of Lord Russell's attainder. In the preamble to the bill, his execution is declared a

*murder.* In 1689, the House of Commons appointed a committee to examine who were the advisers and promoters of Lord Russell's murder. These proceedings awakened the inconsolable widow to a thousand painful recollections, and no doubt gave rise to bitter regret that he could no longer be benefited by the royal predilections in his favor.

Her half-sister, Lady Montague, thus writes to her: "I am very sorry, my dear sister, to find by yours that your thoughts have been so much disturbed with what I thought ought to have some contrary effect. It is very true what is once taken from us, in that nature, can never be returned; all that remains of comfort (according to *my* temper) is a bringing to punishment those who were so wickedly and unjustly the cause of it. I confess it was a great satisfaction to me to hear that was the public care; it being so much to the honor, as well as what was in justice due to your dead lord, that I do not doubt, when your sad thoughts will give you leave to recollect, you will find comfort. I heartily pray God you may, and that you may never have the addition of any other loss."

Could worldly distinctions have effaced her sorrow, Lady Russell would have grieved no longer. Honors were showered upon the families of Bedford and Devonshire; and her own individual character obtained a degree of respect and consideration rarely bestowed upon woman. Doctor Tilotson applied to her for advice concerning his

acceptance of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which had been offered him by King William Doctor Fitzwilliam likewise consulted with her concerning his conscientious resignation of preferment under the new government; and the following letter, from the Duchess of Marlborough, shows how much deference was paid to her opinion:—“ Regard for the public welfare carried me to advise the Princess to acquiesce in giving King William the crown. However, as I was fearful about everything the princess did, while she was thought to be advised by me, I could not satisfy my own mind till I had consulted with several persons of undisputed wisdom and integrity, and particularly with the Lady Russell of Southampton House and Doctor Tillotson, (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). I found them all unanimous in the expediency of the settlement proposed.”

The high opinion the new sovereigns were known to entertain of Lady Russell, produced numerous applications for her patronage and interest. She made very moderate use of this power, as might have been expected from her delicate mind. Addressing Queen Mary in favor of one of Lord Carberry's family, she says, “ It is a sensible trouble to me when I do importune your Majesty, yet I do sometimes submit, because I would not be quite useless to such as hope for some benefit by my means, and I desire to do what good I can.”

For those who had loved the character, or vindicated the memory of her deceased husband, she

exerted herself with the utmost earnestness and perseverance.

The following among several letters from the Queen proves how kindly her requests were received.

“ I am sorry my Lady Russell knows me so little, or judges so wrong of the kindness I have for her, to think she needs make an excuse for writing to me. I shall never think it a trouble to hear from you, and should be very glad to do what you desire ; but as I was wholly unacquainted with the place, and believe there is no great haste in the filling it, so I left all who spoke to me liberty to write for themselves ; so that the King may have disposed of it before I can let him know your desire ; I am persuaded he will be as willing to please you in it as I am myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing as many others do ; that I lead at present (beside the pain I am continually in for the king) it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither easy nor pleasant ; but I see one is not ever to live for one’s self ! I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought, till I lost it ; but I must be content with what it pleases God ; and this year I have reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news of which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we have some ill to expect from other places.       \*       \*       \*       \*       \* ”

\* \* The King continues, God be praised, very well ; and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle well over.

“ I have heard nothing all this while of your petition; which I am sorry for ; wishing for any occasion to show how really I am, and always shall be, Your very affectionate friend,

MARIE R.”

WHITEHALL, JULY, 1691.

Lady Russell had now frequent opportunities of retaliating upon those who had persecuted her husband, or turned a deaf ear to her supplications in the days of her great distress. But her character, with all its strong powers of endurance, had the perfect mildness of a dove. Even in the first outpourings of her anguish, we find no mixture of bitterness toward her enemies. We even find her expressing a hope that God would bless King James, because he allowed a contribution to be taken for the French Protestants. And when Lady Sunderland, wife of the principal minister and adviser of Charles the Second, at the time of Lord Russell's execution, applied to his sorrowing widow for her good offices with the reigning powers, she answers in the kindest manner imaginable, saying she “ pitied her sorrows and heartily wished her ease.” An expression in one of her letters must have touched the feelings of Lady Sunderland ; she says, “ So unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart

misgives me when I aim at anything of that kind any more."

She thus writes to Lord Halifax, when he was in affliction, alluding to her own misfortunes, and to his ineffectual exertions to assist her at the most mournful period of her life: "For my part, I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that, to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, 'Why should we complain that is taken back which was but lent to us, and lent us for a time, we know;' and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for anything unnatural. It is insincere, and I dare say they did dissemble, and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with almighty power; but yet, if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad. The Christian religion alone, believe me, my lord, has the power to make the spirit easy under any great calamity. Nothing less than the hope of being again made happy, can satisfy the mind. I am sure I owe it more, than I could have done to the world, if all the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me. And I do sincerely desire your lordship may experience the truth of my opinion. If I could form a better wish for your lordship, your willingness to have made me less miserable than I am, if your power had been equal to your will, engages me to make it; that alone would have bound me, though my

own unworthiness and ill-fortune had let you have forgot me ever after my sad lot. But since you would not do so, it must forever deserve particular acknowledgment from," &c.

In the midst of prosperity, we find Lady Russell recurring with mournful tenderness to the treasure she had lost. In a letter to Doctor Fitzwilliam, *July 21, 1689*, she says, "It was an entire affection which was between us; and no time I believe can waste my sorrow. All I desire is to make it innocent. For the late circumstances in my family, I would have assisted to my power for the procuring thereof, but for any sensible joy at these outward things I feel none: I think I should if I live to see him a worthy man." In 1690 she writes to Doctor Burnet, then Bishop of Salisbury, upon the occasion of the death of her half-sister Lady Montague, and of her nephew, the Earl of Gainsborough. She says, "The one was a just and sincere man, the only son of a sister and friend I loved with too much passion; the other was my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly. After above forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments, as are at present embittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when anything below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be the matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days

upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low : the world does not want me nor I want that ; my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that in some measure kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for me, who look no higher than a quiet submission to my lot, and such pleasures in educating the young folks as surmounts the cares that it will afford."

Lady Russell's health had not sunk under her mental sufferings ; she gratefully acknowledges a freedom from bodily pain, "to a degree I almost never knew ; not so much as a strong fit of headache have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently." But she now began to feel the approaches of infirmity, particularly in a rapidly increasing weakness of sight. In 1689 she complained a good deal of her difficulty in seeing. It has been reported that she wept herself blind ; but this was not the case ; the disease in her eyes was a cataract, from which she obtained relief by couching, in 1694. When unable to read, she still continued to write. She seems to have endured the prospect of blindness with the same patient magnanimity, that had ever distinguished her ; expressing thanks to God that he had so long enabled her to enjoy the blessing of

eye-sight. She writes, "While I can see at all, I must do a little more than I can when God sees it best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance, which I esteem exceeding profitable and pleasant." — Her letters to her son-in-law, Lord Cavendish, breathe her usual spirit of kindness, good-sense, and piety. In a letter directed to him at Brussels, she says, "Finding you are going farther from us, I must tell you how concernedly my prayers and best wishes attend you. Your return would be a time of more sensible content to me, and yet if I were to dispose of your person, what you are doing should be my choice for you; for to live well in the world, it is for certain most necessary to know the world well. We are under the same protection in all places where we can be. It is very true the circumstances of our beings do sometimes require our better diligence and watch over ourselves, than at other times; and it is now going to be so with your lordship: you are launching into the ocean; if you steer wisely, you secure a calm for your whole life; you will discern the vanity of all the pomps and glories of this world; how little intrinsic good there is in the enjoyment! and how uncertain it is how long we shall enjoy that good there is in them! And by observation, you will be made sensible how much below the dignity of human nature it is to gain one's point, let the matter be what it will, by any mean, or insincere way. Having proved all, I

hope you will choose the best, and take under your care the whole compass of virtue and religion." At another time she writes, "I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons,\* very near and dear to me, had not made me utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. \* \* \* \* \*

The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world, without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended, before we think we have gone half way; and that a happy eternity depends upon our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation. Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long."

The return of Lord Cavendish from abroad, in 1691, separated her from her elder daughter. During his absence Lady Cavendish resided with her mother; she was now established with her husband at the house of the Earl of Devonshire. Lady Russell, ever minutely careful in all that related to her children's welfare, wrote a letter to the Mistress of the Robes to Queen Mary, recommending the young Lady Cavendish to her particular attention and advice, adding, "She is unex-

\* Lady Montague, and Lord Gainsborough.

perienced enough to want it, and never been till now from too fond a mother, I doubt."

In 1692, the Earl of Rutland proposed a marriage between his eldest son and Lord Russell's younger daughter. After allowing some time for the family to form an acquaintance with the young man, the marriage was concluded in the summer of the following year. Thus "little Kate," became Lady Roos, afterward Duchess of Rutland. The wedding festivities, when the bride and bridegroom arrived at their new home, are described by Sir James Forbes, in a letter to Lady Russell, as having been "exceeding magnificent;" and he says, "Their journey to Belvoir looked more like the progress of a king and queen through their country, than that of a bride and bridegroom going home to their father's house." Lady Russell excused herself from going with all the wedding company to Belvoir, because too much exertion greatly increased the pain in her eyes; but she soon followed the young couple thither. Doctor Burnet, in allusion to this marriage, says, "Your family is now the greatest in its three branches, that has been in England in our age." In answer to Doctor Fitzwilliam's congratulations, Lady Russell says, "I hope I have done my duty well to my daughters, and that they shall enjoy a lasting happiness; but above all, my prayer is, that the end of their faith may be the salvation of their souls; that they may be endued with such graces here, as may fit them for the glories of the state hereafter."

In May, 1694, the Earls of Bedford and Devonshire were advanced to the dignity of Dukes; Lord Bedford was likewise created Marquis of Tavistock. In the preamble to the patent the following are some of the reasons given for bestowing these high honors. "That this was not the least, that he was the father of Lord Russell, *the ornament of his age*, whose great merits it was not enough to transmit by history to posterity, but they (the King and Queen) were willing to record them in their royal patent, to remain in the family as a monument consecrated to his *consummate virtue*, whose name would never be forgot so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manners, greatness of mind, and a love of their country, constant even to death. Therefore, to solace his excellent father for so great a loss, to celebrate the memory of so noble a son, and to excite his worthy grandson, the heir of such mighty hopes, more cheerfully to emulate and follow the example of his illustrious father, they entailed this high dignity upon the Earl and his posterity."

The following anecdote illustrates Lady Russell's self-possession and equanimity of temper. Even in our own days few would have been so calm under such circumstances; and we must remember that, a century and a half ago, people were abundantly more superstitious.

"As I was reading in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, a hissing fire ran on the floor, and after a short time left some paper in a flame,

which with my foot I put into the chimney to prevent mischief ; then sat down in the dark to consider whence this event could come. I knew my doors and windows were fast, and there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney ; and that something should come down there, and strike my candle off the table in that strange manner, I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself with thinking to no purpose I rang my bell ; the servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged pardon for having by mistake given me a candle, with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport among the fellow-servants on a rejoicing day." Her ladyship bid him not to be troubled at the matter, for she had no other concern about it, than that of not finding out the cause.

While Lord Tavistock was as yet but thirteen years old, his mother received proposals from Sir Josiah Child, for marrying him to his grand-daughter, the Lady Henrietta Somerset, giving as a reason, " I desire so great a fortune as God's Providence has cast upon her may fall into the best and most pious noble family I know, for such I esteem my Lord Bedford's to be."\*

We are not informed why these proposals were not accepted. Two years afterward, Lady Russell contracted a marriage for her son with Miss How-

\* The Russell family have always been the friends of freedom. The present Lord John Russell, the great advocate for REFORM in the British Parliament, is a direct descendant of Lord William Russell.

land, another grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Child, in whose character and education she seems to have taken as much interest as she could have done in that of her own daughter. In a letter to the young lady's mother, speaking of some masters who had attended her, she writes, "Though I confess fashion, and those other accomplishments that are perhaps over-rated by the world, and that I esteem but as dross, and as a shadow in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body, as grace is to the mind, and I wish, and do more than that, for I pray constantly, she may be a perfect creature both in body and mind." The marriage had not taken place but a few months, and the young Lord Tavistock was still under the care of a private tutor, preparing for Oxford University, when, in October, 1695, Lady Russell was urged to consent that he should stand as member for Parliament; to make the proposal more flattering, permission was asked to drop the newly-acquired title of Marquis of Tavistock on the day of election, and present him to the county under the popular and beloved appellation of Lord Russell. The young nobleman was but fifteen years of age; and his judicious mother at once decided that such a premature entry into public life would be likely to ruin his character and happiness.

During Lord Tavistock's stay at the University, Lady Russell occasionally resided there, for the purpose of maintaining the entire and confidential

friendship, which had ever existed between her and her son. At the age of seventeen, the young heir to so many honors and so much wealth was sent abroad, to perfect his education. His aged grandfather parted from him with extreme reluctance, though he seems to have entirely approved the arrangements made by Lady Russell; indeed, in the boy's infancy she had said, "I shall always take my Lord Bedford along with me in everything that concerns the child."

Lord Tavistock's numerous letters to his mother are said to give a favorable opinion of the young man's desire to inform himself, and to profit by foreign society; and above all, of his affection, deference, and unlimited confidence in his mother. Her letters to him, while abroad, are not preserved.

Lady Russell seems to have entertained some fears of his love for play, before he left England; for in a letter from the Hague he assures her she has no grounds, and never shall have, for such anxiety. But a young man so much flattered, and the heir of such a princely income, must have been more than human had he not been guilty of some of the follies incident to his age and situation. We accordingly find that he made expensive presents without the knowledge of his governor, and lost very considerable sums at play. In his difficulties he appeals directly to his mother's indulgence. He says, "If your ladyship did but know a little part of the grief I suffer, I am sure you would forgive me; and if I did not think you

would, I could not bear it." After owning that he was living at great expense, he tells her, — "But then it is certain that the honors I have received here (at Rome) are so very extraordinary, that the expense could not be less. It is undoubtedly much for the honor of the family : as for myself, I think I deserve nothing, since I am capable of afflicting your ladyship. \* \* \* \*

\* If you did but know my thoughts, and half the trouble that I am in, I am certain your ladyship would grant what I desire. I will yet come home to be a comfort to your ladyship, and make you easy ; and so follow, in some things, I hope, at least, the steps of my good father."

Lady Russell did not, however, know of the amount of her son's losses at play till he returned to England in the year 1699. The sum was so considerable as to oblige her to apply to the Earl of Bedford to assist her as a security in raising the money. The considerate manner in which she addresses the old man, and speaks of the errors of the young, in her letter on this subject, is a sufficient reason for the affectionate confidence placed in her by both.

In the year 1700 the Earl of Bedford died ; and Lord Tavistock succeeded to his title and estates. Her letter to her son a few years after this event, shows how clearly she perceived his true interests, and how much more she cared for his advancement in holiness than for all the fleeting dignities of this transient life.

LADY RUSSELL TO HER SON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Stratton, July, 1706.

“When I take my pen to write this, I am, by the goodness and mercy of God, in a moderate and easy state of health — a blessing I have thankfully felt through the course of a long life, which, (with a much greater help,) the contemplation of a more durable state, has maintained and upheld me through varieties of providences and conditions of life. But all the delights and sorrows of this mixed state must end; and I feel the decays that attend old age creep so fast upon me, that, although I may yet get over some more years, however, I ought to make it my frequent meditation, that the day is near, when this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, and my immortal spirit be received into that place of purity, where no unclean thing can enter; there to sing eternal praises to the great Creator of all things. With the Psalmist, I believe, ‘at his right hand are pleasures forevermore:’ and what is good and of eternal duration, must be joyful above what we can conceive; as what is evil and of like duration, must be despairingly miserable. And now, my dear child, I pray, I beseech you, I conjure you, my loved son, consider what there is of felicity in this world, that can compensate the hazard of losing an everlasting easy being; and then deliberately weigh, whether or no the delights and gratifications of a vicious or idle course of life are such, that a wise or thoughtful man would choose or

submit to. Again, fancy its enjoyments at the height imagination can propose or suggest (which yet rarely or never happens, or if it does, as a vapor soon vanishes); but let us grant it could, and last fourscore years, is this more than the quickest thought to [eternity? Oh, my child, fix on that word, eternity! Old Hobbs, with all his fancied strength of reason, could never endure to rest or stay upon that thought, but ran from it to some miserable amusement. I remember to have read of some man, who, reading in the Bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground; the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word eternity, which so struck upon his mind, that he, from a bad liver, became a most holy man. Certainly, nothing beside the belief of reward and punishment can make a man truly happy in this life, at his death, and after death. Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last — peace in the evening of each day, peace in the day of death, and peace after death. For my own part, I apprehend, I should not much care (if free from pain) what my portion in this world was, if a life to continue, perhaps one year, or twenty, or eighty; but then to be dust, not to know or be known any more, — this is a thought has something of horror in it to me, and always had; and would make me careless, if it were to be long or short: but to live, to die, to live again, has a joy in it; and how inexpressible is that joy, if we secure an humble hope

to live ever happily ; and this we may do, if we take care to live agreeably to our rational faculties, which also best secures health, strength and peace of mind, the greatest blessings on earth. Believe the Word of God, the Holy Scriptures, the promises and threats contained in them : and what most obstructs our doing so, I am persuaded is fear of punishment. Look up to the firmament and and down to the deep, how can any doubt a divine power ? Then why an infidel in the world ? And if not such, who then would hazard a future state, for the pleasure of sin a few days ? No wise man, and, indeed, no man that lives and would deserve to see good days ; for the laws of God are grateful. In his Gospel, the terrors of his majesty are laid aside, and he speaks in the still, soft voice of his Son incarnate, the fountain and spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, and love, and hope should dwell. The idolatrous heathen performed their worship with trouble and terror ; but a Christian, and a good liver, with a merry heart and lightsome spirit : for examine and consider well, where is the hardship of a virtuous life ? (when we have moderated our irregular habits and passions, and subdued them to the obedience of reason and religion.) We are free to all the innocent gratifications and delights of life ; and we may lawfully, nay, further, I say, we ought, to rejoice in this beautiful world, and all the conveniences and provisions, even for pleasure,

we find in it; and which, in much goodness, is afforded us to sweeten and allay the labors and troubles incident to this mortal state, nay, inseparable, I believe, by disappointments, cross-accidents, bad health, unkind return for good deeds, mistakes even among friends, and, what is most touching, death of friends. But in the worst of these calamities, the thought of a happy eternity does not alone support but also revive the spirit of man; and he goeth forth to his labor with inward comfort, till the evening of his day, (that is, his life on earth) and, with the Psalmist cries out, 'I will consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou shouldst so regard him? Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory.' Here is matter of praise and gladness. 'The fool,' as the Psalmist expresses it, 'hath said in his heart there is no God.' Or let us consider the man, who is content to own an invisible power, yet tries to believe, that when man has done living on this earth, he lives no more; but I would ask, if any of these unhappy creatures are fully persuaded, or that there does not remain in those men, at times (as in sickness, or sober thoughtfulness,) some suspicion or doubt, that it may be, other than they try to think. And although they may, to shun such a thought, or be rid of such a contemplation, run away from it to some unprofitable diversion, or, perhaps, suffer

themselves to be rallied out of such a thought, so destructive to the way they walk in ; yet, to be sure, that man does not feel the peace and tranquillity he does, who believes a future state, and is a good man. For although this good man, when his mind may be clouded with some calamity very grievous to him, or the disorder of vapors to a melancholy temper, I say, if he is tempted to some suspicion, than it is possible it may be other than he believes, (pray observe) such a surmise or thought, nay, the belief, cannot drive him to any horror ; he fears no evil, because he is a good man, and with his life all sorrow ends too ; therefore, it is not to be denied, he is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavors to keep God's laws. First, his mind is in peace and tranquillity ; he walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right : secondly, he is secure God is his friend, that Infinite Being ; and he has said, ' Come unto me ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy : ' but guilt is certainly a heavy load ; it sinks and damps the spirits. ' A wounded spirit who can bear ! ' and the evil subtle spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair ; but godliness makes a cheerful heart. Now, O man ! let not past errors discourage : who lives and sins not ? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner ; but full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they will cease from doing evil and learn to do well, pray for grace to repent, and endeavor, with that measure which

will be given, if sincerely asked for; for at what time soever a sinner repents (but observe, this is no license to sin, because at any time we may repent,) for that day we may not live to see; and so like the fool in the parable, our lamps be untrimmed when we are called upon. Remember, that to forsake vice is the beginning of virtue: and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind and a cheerful spirit. He (the virtuous man) rejoiceth with a friend in the good things he enjoys; bears not the reproaches of any; no evil spirit can approach to hurt him here, or accuse him in the great day of the Lord, when every soul shall be judged according as they have done good or evil. O blessed state! fit for life, fit for death! In this good state I wish and pray for all mankind; but most particularly, and with all the ardor I am capable of, for those I have brought into the world, and those dear to them. Thus are my fervent and frequent prayers directed, — that you may die the death of the righteous, and to this end, that Almighty God would endue you all with spiritual wisdom, to discern what is pleasing in his sight.”

Now that Lady Russell saw her beloved son established in all the honors of his family, happy in the wife she had chosen for him, and the father of several children, it seemed as if her sorrows were well nigh over. But she was doomed to suffer yet more in her strongest affections. Neither inoculation nor vaccine were known in those times; the Duke of Bedford caught the small-pox naturally,

and died May 26, 1711, in the 31st year of his age. He left three sons and two daughters. His wife was obliged to fly from him, for the safety of her children ; but his aged mother was at his bed-side, soothing his last moments, and pointing his thoughts to heaven. A short time after this afflictive event, she thus writes to her cousin Rouvigny, Earl of Galway.

“ Alas ! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement ; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should. I did not know the greatness of my love to his person, till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure, with time, relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the goodness, which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace, to rest contented with what his unerring Providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts ; towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained that he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me, and my

double kindness to his wife, and so died away. there seemed no reluctance to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loath to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers; I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman,

R. RUSSELL."

FROM BISHOP BURNET TO LADY RUSSELL.

Salisbury, May 30, 1711.

"I cannot keep myself from writing, though I cannot tell how to express the deep sense I have of this new heavy stroke, with which God is trying your faith and patience. To lose the only son of such a father, who was become so truly his son in all respects, is, indeed, anew opening a deep wound, which God had, by many special providences, for several years, been binding up and healing. But now you will see whether you can truly say, 'not my will, but thy will be done.' For God's sake, do not abandon yourself once more into a deep, inconsolable melancholy: rouse up the spirit God has given you, and say, 'The Lord has given, the Lord has taken; blessed be the name of the Lord.' When God took his blessed father, he was left as a branch to spring up in his stead: now God has taken him; but the branches are left in whom he is to live again. Remember you are now much older than when you suffered

yourself to sink so much under a great, though a just load. You cannot now stand under what you bore then : and you do not know but that, as God has helped you in so eminent a manner to do your duty to your own children, he may yet have a great deal for you to do to your children's children ; and therefore study to compose your spirits into a resignation to the holy will of God, and see what remains for you yet to be done, before your course is finished. I could not help giving this vent to that true and hearty concern I have in everything that touches you in so tender a part. I can do no more but follow this with my most earnest prayers to the God of all comfort, for you and all yours, more particularly for the sweet remnants of him, whom God has taken to himself.

I am, beyond all expression, madam," &c.

Lady Russell was destined to survive nearly all whom she had loved most dearly. In the November following, her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, after having been the mother of nine children, died in child-bed. No letters from her mother, concerning this event, are preserved. But even at this advanced age, and tried as she had been with so many and recent afflictions, Lady Russell gave another remarkable proof of her power of commanding her own feelings for the good of others. Her elder daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was at the same time in a situation similar to that which had cost her sister's life.

When she anxiously inquired concerning the health of the Duchess of Rutland, her strong-hearted mother, anxious to avoid the consequences that might result from her hearing the tidings too suddenly, calmly replied, 'I have seen your sister out of her bed today,'—when, in fact she was in her coffin.

Within a very few months after the death of Lady Russell's daughter, the Duke of Rutland married again. This circumstance must have been painful to the sensitive mother; but like all other trials, it only served to bring out new beauties in a character, that seems to have been as nearly perfect as our nature is capable of being. The following letter shows how indulgent she was to the feelings and weaknesses of others.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

"MY LORD, — I have been for some weeks often resolved, and as soon unresolved, if I would or would not engage upon a subject I cannot speak to without some emotion, but I cannot suffer your being a stranger to any that very near concerns me. Yet before I could dispose myself to do it, concluded the article not a secret to you, such care having by one side been taken, as to let it be a visiting day affair, whether or not the Duke of Rutland had not fixed a second choice? Perhaps as proper to call it the first; for when marriages are so very early, it is accepting rather than choosing, on either side. But Lord Rutland, to the end of

my good child's life, has so well approved of the choice, in all and every respect, and now that she is no more, has, with very deliberate consideration, as soon as he composed his mind to think, first taken care to inquire, and be truly informed what powers he had to do for his children ; and then, by the strictest rules of justice and impartial kindness, settled every younger child's portion, by adding to what they had before. As it is to me the most solid instance of his respect and love he can now give to her memory, and being, I believe it, done with an honest sincerity, and true value of her, and all her virtues, I conceive it would be wrong in me to take offence at some circumstances the censorious part of the town will be sure to do, and refine upon for the sake of talk. I miss the hearing by seeing few, and not answering questions.

“ The first notice I had of his intention was by Mr Charlton, and I really believed that was as soon as he had given himself his own consent. He told me he found him under great unquietness, when he acquainted him with his thoughts, who said, he was under all the anxieties a man could feel how to break it to me, though it was then but a thought of his own, yet so much he would not conceal from me. Mr Charlton undertook to tell me, and I did as soon resolve to let it pass, as easy between him and me, as I could, by bidding Mr Charlton let him know I would begin to him. I did so, which put us both in some disorder, but I believe he took, as I meant it, kindly. A decency in time was all I expected.”

In 1718, she writes, "My very long acquaintance, Lady Essex, is no longer of this world; but not to be lamented in relation to herself, being certainly sincerely devout, in those points we ought to make our biggest care." Lady Russell was now eightytwo years old; and many of her cotemporaries, as well as many a one whose course had begun long after hers, had gone away rapidly, one after another, and left her almost alone in this vale of tears. Yet we find her to the last, keeping up a constant and affectionate intercourse with her daughter, her grandchildren, her nieces, and her friends. She was interested in their happiness, sympathized with their sorrows, and her advice was always sought for, when difficulties of any kind arose. Indeed the conscientious Lady Russell seems herself to have been the only one in the world who ever discovered that she had any faults.

The following charges against herself were found among her papers.

"Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord! in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud not enduring to slights and neglects, subject to envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry with, and without cause too often; and by it may have grieved those that desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from

my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naught heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants. I heartily lament my sin. But, alas! in my most dear husband's troubles, seeking help from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future comfort and consolation — the more faulty in me, having three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself both then, and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only son, in 1711.

“If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy let it not be imputed as sin in me! His death was a piercing sorrow to me, yet thou hast supported me, Lord! even in a very old age, and freer from bodily pain and sickness than most feel — I desire thankfully to recollect. Alas! from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did, and ready to take or seek cause to be absent at the public ones. Even after a sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well. Yet, at the same time, ready to give ear to reports, and possibly to malicious ones, and telling my mother-in-law to please her. At seventeen years of age was married; continued too

often being absent at the public prayers, taking very slight causes to be so, liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town, as the Park, visiting, plays, and trifling away my precious time. At our return to London, I can recollect that I would choose upon a Sunday to go to church at Lord B.'s, where the sermon would be short, a great dinner, and after, worldly talk ; when at my father's the sermon was longer, and discourse more edifying. And too much after the same way, I much fear, at my several returns to Wales and England. In the year 1665, was brought to bed of my first child ; with him too indulging I fear to get strength soon, and spend my time as before, much with my loved sisters ; I doubt not heedful, or not enough so, my servants went to church, if I did, or did not go myself.

“ Some time after in London, and then with my father's wife at Tunbridge, and after with her at Bath, gave too much of my time to carelessly indulging in idleness. At Bath too well contented to follow the common way of passing the time in diversion, and thinking but little what was serious. considering more health of body than that of my soul. Forgive my heaviness and sloth in spirituals, for Christ Jesus' sake.

“ After this, I must still accuse myself that sometimes in Wales, and other times in England, my care in good has not suited to my duty, not with the active and devout heart and mind I should in the evening have praised thee, my God, for the

mercies of the past day, and recollected my evil doings, or omissions of doing good in my power. Not in the morning carefully fixing my will and purpose to pass the day pleasing in thy sight, and giving good example to man, particularly such as under my care ; more especially after my second marriage, forgetting by whose blessing I was so happy, consuming too much time with him." \* \*

[*The end wanting.*]

Lady Russell, after a few days' illness, during which she was attended by the Duchess of Devonshire, died September 29th, 1723, in her 87th year. She survived her beloved husband forty years — a weary pilgrimage for one whose heart was ever with him. Blessed be God, we believe in a heavenly home, where her pure and quiet spirit has gone to enjoy an eternal union.

“ In the history of her country, her name will ever be embalmed with her lord's, while passive courage, devoted tenderness, and unblemished purity, are honored in one sex, or public patriotism, private virtues, and unshaken principles, revered in the other.”

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## NOTE.

## LIST OF BOOKS REFERRED TO.

Lady Russell's Letters, from originals belonging to the Duke of Devonshire ; with some account of her Life.

Lady Russell's Letters, from originals in the possession of the Duke of Bedford ; with minutes of Lord Russell's Trial.

Hume's History of England.

Burnet's History of his Own Times.

La Biographie Universelle.

MADAME GUYON.



## MADAME GUYON.

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“This is the whole of wisdom, through indifference to this world to attain a heavenly kingdom.”

*Thomas a Kempis.*

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JEANNE BOUVIER DE LA MOTTE GUYON was born at Montargis in France, in April, 1648. The purity of her life, the peculiarity of her opinions, and the severe trials she was called to encounter, all combine to give her a decided claim upon our notice. She was the daughter of Claude Bouvier, Lord de la Motte Vergonville. She often speaks of the piety of her father; who she says inherited a high respect for religion from “ancestors, that reckoned almost as many saints as persons in their pedigree.” She was educated in the strict discipline of the Catholic church, in which she remained to the day of her death, although she embraced the doctrines of that famous sect of mystics, called Quietists.

Jeanne Bouvier de la Motte remained apparently dead several hours after her birth. She says “Were I to tell how long it was before I gave any

signs of life, it would appear incredible." Her father was a firm believer in all the tenets of the church of Rome ; and he was in very great distress that his babe should have died before a priest could be summoned to baptize her. She herself considered this external rite of so much importance, that she exclaims, " Oh, my God ! had I died then, I had perhaps never known, or loved thee ; and this heart, created for thee alone, might have been separated from thee forever."

Mademoiselle Bouvier de la Motte had not the happiness of being beloved by her mother, who lavished all her care and fondness upon a favorite son. The poor little girl was much neglected, and left to the care of servants. The Duchess of Montbason, an intimate friend of her father, was at that time residing at a convent of Benedictine nuns, and being much interested in the forlorn child, she begged that she might be placed under her care. It is impossible to calculate the effect, which the mother's unnatural conduct had on the future destiny of her child ; the influence of the nuns at this period of her life, unquestionably inspired her with that devout and somewhat wild enthusiasm of character, which she retained to the end of her life. Even then all her conversation was of religion, and she loved to be at church, and dressed like a little nun. The following anecdote, by herself, will serve to show the nature of the impressions she received at this time, and the means taken to strengthen them. " One

day I imagined the frightful notions that had been given me of hell were only designed to intimidate me, because I was active and gay ; but that night I saw in my dreams so vivid a picture of hell that I never afterward forgot it. My place was shown me there, which made me weep bitterly. Soon after this dream, I wanted to go to confession ; and being such a little child, the mistress of the boarders went with me. She was very much surprised to hear me accuse myself to the priest of having entertained thoughts contrary to the faith of the church. The confessor, smiling, asked me what they were. I told him I had doubted of hell ; but I now doubted no longer. After confession, I felt such an inexpressible fervor, that I strongly desired to suffer martyrdom. The good girls of the house, wishing to see how far my enthusiasm would carry me, bade me prepare myself for it. I then prayed to God with great ardor ; which being both new and delightful was a proof of his love ; it gave me fresh courage, and made me more eagerly desire death, that I might go to see my God. As soon as I had knelt upon the cloth spread out for me, a great cutlass was raised above my head. On seeing this, I cried out I was not at liberty to die without my father's consent. They said I was not fitted to be a martyr, and that I only made this excuse to free myself from it. It was indeed true, and it afterward afflicted me much. My consolation forsook me ; something reproached me that I wanted courage to go to Heaven."

I know not whether it was owing to the secluded life of this singular child, or whether the devout fancies of the nuns had too exciting an effect upon her active imagination, — but her health declined rapidly; and her frequent indispositions made it necessary that she should return to her father's house. Her mother treated her with customary indifference, and she was left almost entirely to the guidance of domestics. Her facile character took its coloring from those about her; and though she says she is not aware of committing any *sins* at this time, except saying smart things to amuse people, she was exposed to a multitude of dangers, and contracted many bad habits. Her father, finding her one day engaged in a noisy play with some rude children in the street, was much affected; without saying a word to any one, he took his neglected daughter by the hand, and led her to the Convent of the Ursulines. In this house she had two half sisters; (for her parents had both been married, before they were married to each other) her half sister, by her father's side, was a pious, judicious girl, who spared no pains in teaching her everything suited to her age and situation; and the rapid progress of her intelligent little pupil seems to have amply rewarded her care.

Her father was extremely attached to her, and often sent for her to visit him. One day, she found the Queen of England at his house.\* She

\* This was before the Restoration. Charles and his brother James were then unmarried. Was this the widow of Charles the First?

says, "I was then near eight years of age. My father told the Queen's confessor, that if he wanted a little amusement, he might entertain himself with me, and propound some questions to me. He tried me with several very difficult ones, to which I returned such correct answers, that he carried me to the Queen, and said to her, 'Your Majesty must have some diversion with this child.' She also tried me; and being well pleased with my lively answers, and my manners, she demanded me of my father with no small importunity, assuring him that she would take particular care of me, designing me for maid of honor to the princess. But my father resisted so far as to disoblige her. Doubtless it was God who caused this refusal, and thereby turned off the stroke which might have probably intercepted my salvation; for being so weak as I was, how should I have withstood the temptations and distractions of a court?"

"I went back to the Ursulines, where my good sister continued her affection. But as she was not the mistress of the boarders, and as I was obliged sometimes to go along with them, I contracted bad habits; I became addicted to lying, peevishness and indevotion, passing whole days without thinking of God; though he watched continually over me, as the sequel will manifest. I did not remain long under the power of such vicious habits; for my sister's care recovered me. I loved much to hear of God, was not weary at church, loved to pray, had tenderness for the poor, and a natural

dislike for persons whose doctrine was judged unsound, having sucked in with my milk, the purity of the faith; and God has always continued to me that grace, in the midst of my greatest infidelities.

“ There was at the end of the garden a little chapel, dedicated to the child Jesus. Thither I betook myself for devotion; and, for some time carrying my breakfast there every morning, hid it all behind his image; for I was so much a child, that I thought I made a considerable sacrifice in depriving myself of it. Being also delicate in the choice of my food, I wished to mortify myself; but found self-love still too prevalent to submit to such mortification. After this, when they were cleaning out the chapel, they found behind the image what I had left there, and presently guessed that it was I, as they had seen me every day going thither: and God, who lets nothing pass without a recompense, rewarded me for this little infantine devotion.

“ One day, my companions, who were large girls, to divert themselves, went to dance over a deep pit, which served as a sink to carry off the filth from the kitchen. It was deep, and covered with boards for fear of accident. When they retired, I wanted to imitate them; but the boards broke under me, and I fell into the frightful gutter, yet hanging by a little piece of timber, in such a manner, that I was plunged in the filth, without being stifled with it: a figure of the inward state which I had to undergo, when in the horrible pit, which I was una-

ble of myself to get out of. But God, in his goodness, preserved me in each, and brought me out of them; defiled indeed for a time, but not destroyed! I was at the gates of death, yet death was not permitted to have any power over me. What support had the little stick been, on which I rested, if the adorable hand of God had not at this critical juncture sustained me? But for that, undoubtedly it had soon broken. I cried out with all my might. The boarders, who saw me fall, instead of running to my help, went to alarm the sisters of the house. These sisters, concluding I was killed, ran to church to apprise my sister, who was then at prayers. She immediately prayed for me, and (after having invoked the blessed Virgin) came to me much frightened: but was not a little surprised, when she saw me, in the mire and filth, seated as on an easy chair. She admired that goodness of God, which had supported me in such a miraculous manner."

The idea of being *rewarded* for her childish but touching devotion to the image of the infant Jesus, seems very strange in one whose religious views were so remarkably interior as Madame Guyon's at the time she wrote her own memoir; but who can forget first impressions, or entirely conquer the prejudices instilled in childhood? We must remember that this singular woman was educated in the bosom of the Catholic church, which, while it maintained many pure and blessed doctrines, had become extremely external in its promises, as well as its ceremonies.

Mademoiselle Bouvier de la Motte remained some time at the convent of the Ursulines, very happy in the instructions and care of her good sister. This season of tranquil enjoyment was interrupted by the jealousy of the other half-sister, who tried by misplaced and excessive fondness to wean the child's affections from her more judicious relative; and finding that she could not destroy an influence, of which she had become extremely envious, she resorted to threats and severity. The child, unable to withstand her tyranny, was afraid to speak to her kind sister, who readily forgave the apparent ingratitude, which originated in fear of punishment. Her father being informed of this unpleasant state of things, again took her home. She was then about ten years old. After this she was placed for nearly a year at a convent of Dominican nuns. Here she had the chicken-pox, and was most of the time in her chamber with no companion but her Bible.

When she again returned home, she suffered sadly under the tyranny of her spoiled and selfish brother, who lorded it over her upon all occasions, and was sure to be supported by his blindly indulgent mother. The domestic, who used to dress her took advantage of her neglected state, and used to beat her, if she did not turn her head quite as quick as she was ordered. This unnatural state of things led almost unavoidably to habits of deception and peevishness, especially in a disposition so remarkably ductile, and so easily influenced by

surrounding circumstances. She tells us that, at this period each day redoubled her faults.

Her father, being frequently out of the house, was not aware how much she suffered; and too much of fear seems to have mingled with her love for him, to admit of perfect confidence. Her mother was often teasing him with complaints to which he made no other reply, than "There are twelve hours in the day; she will grow wiser."

When she completed her eleventh year she was sent to the convent of the Ursulines to partake of her first communion. Easily won by the mildness of her good sister, she returned to her quiet habits and religious inclinations. But the other sister again became jealous; and her influence again had a tendency to wean her from good feelings and pious resolutions.

Throughout the life of Madame Guyon we see this same pliability of character, which, however lovely in its proper place, becomes under some circumstances an absolute fault.

As she grew taller, and became unusually beautiful, her mother's vanity was aroused to take some interest in her. She had particular pride in dressing her, and introducing her into company. Early marriages are very common in France; and as she appeared older than she really was, she had several suitors before she was twelve years old. During these temptations, she seems to have maintained a powerful struggle between her worldly inclinations and what she conceived to be her religious duty.

A visit from a pious cousin, who was going to Cochin China with the idea of converting the inhabitants to the faith of his church, had a great effect upon her. She happened to be taking a walk at the time, and missed of seeing him; but when they told her of his sanctity and his zeal, she wept continually. Early in the morning, she went to her confessor, in great distress, saying, "My father, help me in my salvation. Alas! am I the only person in our family to be lost?"

In this trait we detect a renewal of her desire for martyrdom, which had been so early taught her in the convent. She says, "I immediately applied myself to every part of my duty. I made a general confession with great compunction of heart. I frankly confessed all that I knew with torrents of tears. I became so changed, that I was scarce to be known. I would not for ever so much have made the least voluntary slip; and they found not any matter for absolution when I confessed. I discovered the very smallest faults: and God did me the favor to enable me to conquer myself in many things. There were left only some remains of passion, which gave me some trouble to conquer: but as soon as I had, by means thereof, given any displeasure even to the domestics, I begged their pardon, in order to subdue at the same time my anger and my pride; for anger is the daughter of pride. A person truly humbled suffers not anything to put him in a rage. As it is pride which dies the last

in the soul, so it is passion which is last destroyed in the outward conduct."

" I followed my religious exercises. I shut myself up all the day to read and to pray. I gave all I had to the poor, I taught them the catechism ; and when my parents dined abroad, I made them eat with me, and served them with great respect. I read the works of St Francis de Sales and the life of Madame de Chantal. There I found that she made prayers. I begged of my confessor to teach me to make them ; and as he did not, I tried to make them myself as well as I could ; but without any success, as I then thought ; for I could imagine nothing, and yet persuaded myself, that prayer could not be made without forming to myself certain ideas, and reasoning much. This difficulty gave me no small trouble, and that for a long time. I was nevertheless very assiduous therein, and prayed earnestly to God to give me the gift of prayer. All that I saw written in the life of Madame de Chantal charmed me ; and I was so much a child, that I thought I ought to do everything I saw in it. All the vows she had made, I made also ; as that, of ever aiming at the highest perfection, and of doing the will of God in everything. I was not yet twelve years of age : nevertheless I took the discipline according to my strength."

The *discipline* to which she alludes, was probably voluntary scourging, and other bodily austeri-

ties not unfrequently practised by enthusiasts in the church of Rome. She had at this time a vehement desire to become a nun. She often stole away from her father's house to the convent of the Visitation, begging them to receive her. Although the nuns desired her admission not only from regard to her religious zeal, but as a temporal advantage, they did not dare to encourage it in the absence of her father; whose love they knew would place an obstacle in the way of her wishes. Having in vain entreated her mother to exert her influence, before her father's return, Mademoiselle de la Motte resolved to act upon the Jesuitical maxim, that wrong actions may be done for a good purpose; she wrote a letter in her mother's hand-writing, beseeching the nuns to receive her, and stated that illness prevented her from accompanying her daughter. As the ladies of the convent knew her mother's hand-writing, this stratagem did not succeed.

Her father, immediately after his return became violently ill; and her mother was at the same time seriously indisposed. Her assiduous kindness at this time affected her father's heart very deeply. She does not tell us whether she urged him to consent to her becoming a nun; but at all former times it had grieved him to hear the subject mentioned; and after his illness, it is probable that it would have been still less pleasant to him.

We are led to suspect that her own mind at this time wandered from the holy vocation. A very

accomplished young gentlemen wished to marry her; and her father made no other objection than his near relationship, which he feared would make it difficult to obtain a dispensation from the church. This young man was in the habit of reading a certain portion of the church-service every day; and with great simplicity she informs us she left off her habit of prayer for the sake of reading with him; telling her confessor that she had not time for both, and that of the two, she thought it better to discontinue prayer. Her confessor did not trouble himself about the matter, and gave his consent. She says, "This was to me the first inlet of evils. As soon as I left prayer, I became cold toward God; my old faults revived, with a prodigious addition of vanity. The love I began to have for myself extinguished in me the love of God. I tried to keep up some share of the spirit of piety by seeking out the little shepherdesses, to instruct them in their religious duties; but not being nourished by prayer, my interest in this soon decayed. I became more quick-tempered than I had ever been. I was frequently guilty of lying; I felt my heart corrupt and vain; the spark of divine grace was almost extinguished in me, and I fell into a state of indifference and indevotion; though I still kept up the outside appearance with a good deal of care; and the habit I was in, of being at church with modesty, made me appear better than I was. Vanity, which had been excluded out of my heart, now resumed its seat there. I began to pass a

good deal of my time before a looking-glass. I found so much pleasure in viewing myself in it, that I thought others were in the right who practised the same. Instead of making use of this exterior, which God had given me, as a means of loving him the more, it became to me only the means of a vain complacency. All seemed to me to look beautiful in my person, but I saw not that it covered a polluted soul. This rendered me so vain, that I doubt whether any ever exceeded me therein.

“The high esteem I had for myself, made me find faults in every one else of my own sex. I had no eyes but to see my own good qualities, and to discover the defects of others. I hid from myself my own faults, or if I remarked any, yet to me they appeared little, in comparison of others. I excused and even figured them to myself as perfections. Every idea I had of others and of myself was false. I loved reading to excess, particularly romances; spending great part of the night as well as the day, therein. I was uneasy till I got to the end of them; and then had an insatiable desire for more of the like kind to read. Those books are strange inventions to destroy youth: for if they caused no other hurt than the loss of time, is not that too much? I was not, however, restrained, but rather encouraged to read them, under the fallacious pretext, that they taught one to speak well.”

While she was in these states of mind, her parents went to reside at Paris. Her youth, beauty,

intelligence, and wealth, attracted attention, and she was immediately surrounded with temptations. She received many advantageous offers of marriage, which her parents, for various reasons, did not see fit to accept. She says, "God did not permit them to succeed, because he was unwilling to have me lost; for had I married any of these persons, my vanity and pride would have had a wider circle to extend in."

Her parents, at last, decided for her, in a manner, that did not at all suit her inclination; but she looks upon this cross, and all others, as blessings intended for her spiritual good. It was one form in which her desire for martyrdom was gratified. In January, 1664, she married M. Jacques Guyon, whose father had amassed a large fortune by the enterprise of the Canal of Briare. At this time she was not quite sixteen years of age, and he was thirtyeight. He was subject to the gout, tyrannical, peevish, and jealous; and like most people who have recently acquired wealth, he valued it highly, and expended it with caution.

Young ladies in France had at that time so little free agency in matters of this sort, that Mademoiselle Bouvier de la Motte actually signed the marriage articles without being informed what they were. She caused masses to be said all the time, after she was betrothed, in hopes of knowing what was the will of God. Neither her worldly nor her religious feelings were gratified by this important event. Men of higher rank, and of great personal

beauty, had proposed for her ; and she blushed to compare the lover her parents had accepted with those she might have married. The recollection of her former desire of being a nun came pouring upon her. When her friends called to congratulate her upon her marriage, she wept bitterly, and exclaimed, “ Oh, why did they not let me take the veil ? Why am I not a nun ! ”

These melancholy presentiments were verified by experience. Her wedded home was for her a house of mourning. Her husband’s mother resided with them ; and she appears to have been a very parsimonious, passionate, narrow-minded woman. She soon conceived an aversion to her noble, and probably somewhat lavish daughter-in-law. We do not know how much cause she had for this prejudice ; for *she* has not written her memoirs to inform us of her actions, or her motives ; all that we know of her we learn from Madame Guyon, who appears to write with artlessness and candor. The poor bride, according to her own account, was scolded from morning to night. The elegance and politeness to which she had been accustomed in her father’s mansion, were considered as an affectation of superiority ; and when she went out, the footman had orders to bring an account of everything she did. Her husband being ill with the gout, she gave up all innocent diversions to attend to him ; for which service she was generally rewarded by petulant complaints, and angry speeches. Her mother related to her mother-in-law what

a troublesome child she had been, while at the same time she took a prejudice against her husband, and complained that she was weaned from her own family. Even her father at one time became cold toward her; for not knowing the tyrannical restrictions under which she was kept, he blamed her for not spending more of her time with him; and during all this, the poor young wife was too much afraid of her husband and her mother-in-law, to confide her troubles even to her father. I think here was enough to satisfy the most earnest desire of martyrdom in a girl of sixteen.

Her husband forbade her to leave his mother's room without permission; and in her presence she was so afraid to speak, that she often did not know what she was saying. People who called to see her, observed to each other, "Is this the young lady so famous for her wit? Why, she cannot say two words. She is a fine image."

Madame Guyon says, "Such heavy blows so impaired the vivacity of my nature, that I became *like a lamb that is shearing*. I prayed to the Lord to assist me, and he was my refuge. As my age differed from theirs, (for my husband was twentytwo years older than myself) I saw well that there was no probability of changing their humors, which were fortified with years: I found that whatever I said was offensive, even things which others would have been pleased with. I knew not how to act. One day, weighed down with grief, about six months after I was married, being alone, I took a

knife to cut out my tongue, in order not to be obliged to speak to persons, who only made me speak to have fresh matter of rage against me. This extravagant operation I had effected, if God had not stopped me short, and made me see my folly. I prayed continually ; I partook the communion ; I wished even to become dumb, so simple and ignorant was I. Though I have had my share of crosses, I never found any so difficult to support, as that of perpetual contrariety, without relaxation ; of doing all one can to please, without ever succeeding therein, but even still offending by the very means designed to oblige ; and being kept with such persons, in a most severe confinement, from morning till night, without daring to quit them. I have found that great crosses overwhelm, and stifle all anger at once. But such a continual contrariety irritates and stirs up a sourness at the heart. It has such a strange effect, that it requires the utmost violence and self-restraint not to break out into vexation and rage."

" I prayed for patience with great earnestness ; but some sallies of my natural quickness escaped me, and overcame my resolution of being silent. This was doubtless permitted, lest my self-love should be nourished with the idea of my own patience. A momentary slip of this sort caused me months of humiliation and sorrow, and proved the occasion of new crosses.

" During the first year of my marriage, I did not make a right use of my afflictions. I stood in

such fear of my husband and my mother-in-law, that I sometimes resorted to deception to screen me from their anger. My vanity still continued. When in the streets I sometimes set aside my veil, and drew the gloves from my hands. I could not hear a beautiful woman praised without finding some fault with her, or artfully causing some disparaging remark."

The good sister, whose affectionate instructions had such a salutary effect upon her in her early life, died two months before this unhappy marriage; and she was thus deprived of her advice and consolation. Repeated pecuniary losses served still more to irritate M. Guyon's temper; and at every fresh calamity, his mother would say to his wife, "We were always prosperous before we knew you; all our trouble began when you came into the house."

Not long after her marriage, her mother died, and left nearly all the fortune, of which she had a right to dispose, to her favorite son. This was a new source of bitterness: M. Guyon was angry that his wife did not receive a larger share; and she was continually reproached for a circumstance, over which she had not the least control.

An existence so hopeless, and so full of trouble, drove Madame Guyon to the only true and lasting source of consolation. Her whole soul became absorbed in religion. While she was seeking for the right way, her mind was very powerfully impressed by a conversation between her cousin, who

had returned from Cochin China, and a very pious woman, whom we are led to suppose was a Quietist. Their spiritual language was something new to her. She began to think she had placed too much reliance on outward observances. After much perplexity and distress, she sought advice from a priest, whom her father recommended to her for the remarkable sanctity of his life, and the spirituality of his views. She told him of her darkness and doubts. He replied, "It is, madam, because you seek *without* what you have *within*. Seek God in your *heart*, and you will find him." She says, "These few words brought to my soul what I had been seeking for years. Oh, my Lord! thou wast in my heart, and demanded only the turning of my mind inward, to make me feel thy presence. Thou wast so near, while I ran hither and thither seeking thee, and yet found thee not. It was for want of understanding the words, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo, here, or Lo there; for the kingdom of God is within you.'"

"Nothing was more easy to me now than to practise prayer. Hours passed away like moments, while I could hardly do anything else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and of possession; wherein the taste of God was so great, so pure, unblended and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the powers of the soul into a profound recollection, without act or discourse. For I had now

no sight but of Jesus Christ alone. All else was excluded, in order to love with the greater extent, without any selfish motives or reasons for loving.

“ Such was the prayer that was given me at once, which is far above ecstasies, transports, and visions. All these gifts are more subject to the illusion or transformation of the adversary.

“ It is of such that St Paul speaks, when he says, that *Satan transforms himself into an angel of light*, which is generally the case with such as are fond of visions, and lay a stress on them ; because they are apt to convey a vanity to the soul, or at least to hinder it from humbly attending on God alone.

“ Ecstasies arise from a sensible relish, and may be termed a spiritual sensuality, wherein the soul letting itself go too far, by reason of the sweetness it finds in them, falls imperceptibly into a state of decay. The crafty enemy presents such kinds of interior elevations and raptures, for baits to betray the soul ; to render it sensual, to fill it with vanity and self-love, to fix its esteem and attention on the gifts of God, and to hinder it from following Jesus Christ in the way of renunciation, and of death to all things but him only.

“ But the immediate word of God never deceives. It is incapable of any error. It is Jesus Christ himself, the word which is never one moment mute or unfruitful ; it never ceases in the centre of the soul, when disposed for the hearing of it. It is efficacious in that soul in which it is received, and

in communicating itself through that to other souls, to make them fruitful to eternal life ; Christ himself becoming the life of such souls."

She now avoided going into company, ceased to curl her hair, and seldom allowed herself to look in the glass ; suffering her maid to dress her just as she pleased. Her only pleasure was to be alone and pray. This state of mind exasperated her family. Her calmness and resignation probably appeared to them like a contempt of their power, or an affectation of sanctity superior to their own. She says, "The treatment of my husband and mother-in-law, however rigorous and insulting, I now bore in silence, which was not difficult for me ; because the greatness of my interior occupation, and what passed within, rendered me insensible to all the rest ; yet there were times when I was left to myself ; and then I could not refrain from tears, when they fell violently on me. I did the lowest offices for them, to humble myself ; preventing such as had been used to do them ; yet all this did not win their favor. When they were in a rage, though I could not find that I had given them any occasion for it, yet I did not fail to beg their pardon, and even from the girl I have spoken of. I had a good deal of pain to surmount myself, as to the last ; because she became the more insolent for it ; reproaching me with things which ought to have made her blush, and to have covered her with shame. As she saw that I contradicted and resisted her no more in anything, she proceeded to treat

me still worse : and when I asked her pardon, for the very offences which she had given me, she triumphed, saying, 'I knew very well I was in the right.' Her arrogance rose to that height, that I would not have treated the meanest servant, or vassal, as she treated me.

"One day, as she was dressing me, she pulled me very roughly, and spoke to me very insolently. I said to her, 'It is not on my own account that I am willing to answer you ; for what you do to me gives me no pain ; but lest you should act thus before persons to whom it would give offence : moreover as I am your mistress, God is certainly offended therewith.' She left me that moment, and ran like a mad woman to meet my husband, telling him, 'she would stay no longer, I treated her so ill, and that I hated her for the care she took of him in his indispositions, wanting her not to do any service for him.' As my husband was very hasty, he took fire at these words. I finished the dressing of myself alone, since she had left me, and durst not call another girl ; for she would not suffer another girl to come near me. All on a sudden, I saw my husband coming like a lion. Whatever fury he had at any time before against me, was not equal to this. He vented his rage against me, by the most abusive language ; he did not strike me, but in his rage threw his crutch at me, which fell very near, without touching me. The girl in the meantime came in. At the sight of her, his rage redoubled. I kept near to God during the whole time, in pro-

found silence, as a victim disposed to suffer whatever he would permit. My husband at length ordered me to beg her pardon, which I readily did, and thereby appeased him. I went presently into my closet, where I no sooner was, than my divine Director impelled me to go out, and make this girl a present, to recompense her for the cross which she had caused me ; which I did. She was a little astonished, but her heart was too hard to be gained.

“ I often acted thus, for she frequently gave me such opportunities. She had a singular dexterity in attending the sick ; for this reason, (as my husband was very seldom in health,) he had a very great regard for her, and would suffer none but her to touch him. Moreover, she was so artful, that before him she affected an extraordinary respect for me : but when he was not present, if I said a word to her, though with the greatest mildness, if she heard him coming, she cried out with all her might, that she was unhappy ; and acted the distressed in such a manner, that without informing himself of the truth, he was irritated against me, as was my mother-in-law too.

“ The violence I did to my proud and hasty nature was so great, that I could hold out no longer. I was quite spent with it. It seemed sometimes as if I was inwardly rent, and I have often fallen sick with the struggle. She did not forbear exclaiming against me, even before persons of distinction, who came to see me. If I was silent, she took offence at that yet more, and said, ‘ I despised her.’ She

cried me down, and made complaints of me to every body; but all this redounded to my honor and her own disgrace: my reputation was so well established, on account of my exterior modesty, my devotion, and the great acts of charity which I did, that nothing could shake it."

Her husband complained of her devotion, saying, "You love God so much, that you no longer love me." The world ridiculed her, and many whimsical stories were told at her expense. "It could not bear that a woman, who was scarce twenty years of age, should thus make war against it and overcome." No wonder that people, who did not understand her, thought her insane; for she says when compelled to go into company, her soul was often so much engaged within, that she could not speak, or even hear what was said to her. Her husband and mother-in-law tried to hinder her from praying. She says, "The method they took to effect it, was, to watch me from morning to night. I durst not go out from my mother-in-law's chamber, or from my husband's bed-side. Sometimes I carried my work to the window, under a pretence of seeing better, in order to relieve myself with some moments' repose; but they came to watch me very closely, to see if I did not pray instead of working. When my husband and mother-in-law played at cards, if I did but turn towards the fire, they watched to see if I continued my work or shut my eyes; if they observed that I closed them, they would be in a fury against me

for several hours : but what is most strange, when my husband went abroad, having some days of health, he would not allow me to pray in his absence. He marked my work, and sometimes, after he had just gone out, returning immediately, if he found me in my closet, he would be in a rage. In vain I said to him, ‘ Surely, sir, what matters it what I do when you are absent, if I be assiduous in attending you when you are present ? ’ That would not satisfy him ; he insisted upon it that I should no more pray in his absence than in his presence.

“ I believe there is hardly a torment equal to that of being ardently drawn to retirement, and not having it in our power to be retired. But, oh my God, the war they raised, to hinder me from loving thee, did but augment my love ; and while they were striving to prevent my addresses to thee, thou drewest me into an inexpressible silence ; and the more they labored to separate me from thee, the more closely didst thou unite me to thyself : the flame of thy love was kindled, and increased, by everything that was done to extinguish it.

“ Often through compliance I played at piquet with my husband, and at such times was even more interiorly attracted than if I had been at church. I was scarce able to contain the fire which burned in my soul, which had all the fervor of what men call love, but nothing of its impetuosity ; for the more ardent, the more peaceable it was. This fire gained strength from everything

that was done to suppress it: and the spirit of prayer was nourished and increased from their contrivances and endeavors to disallow me any time for practising it. I loved, without considering of a motive or reason for loving; for nothing passed in my head, but much in the innermost of my soul. I thought not about any recompense, gift, or favor, which he could bestow, or I receive. He himself was the only object which attracted my heart. I could not contemplate his attributes. I knew nothing else, but to *love* and to *suffer*. Oh, ignorance, more truly learned than any science of the doctors; since it taught me so well Jesus Christ crucified, and brought me to be in love with his holy cross. I could then have wished to die, in order to be inseparably united to him who so powerfully attracted my heart. As all this passed in the will, the imagination and the understanding being absorbed in it, in a union of enjoyment, I knew not what to say, having never read or heard of such a state as I experienced."

This happy state of mind did not continue without interruption; in the path of regeneration she passed through night as well as day, and winter followed where the summer had been. Her old temptations returned with renewed strength; they were sometimes victorious in the struggle, and left her to mourn in bitterness the triumph of self-love over religion. While in these dark states of mind, her husband, enjoying a brief respite from his almost continual illness, proposed a journey to Or-

leans and Tourraine. She says, "In this journey, my vanity made its last blaze. I received abundance of visits and applauses. But how clearly did I perceive the folly of men, who are so taken with vain beauty ! I disliked the passion, yet not that in myself which caused it ; though I sometimes ardently desired to be delivered from it. The continual combat of nature and grace cost me no small affliction. Nature was pleased with public applause ; but grace made me dread it. What augmented the temptation was, that they esteemed in me virtue, joined with youth and beauty ; not knowing that all the virtue was only in God, and his protection, and all the weakness in myself.

"I went in search of confessors, to accuse myself of my failings, and to bewail my backslidings : But they were utterly insensible of my difficulties. They esteemed what God condemned. They treated as a virtue, what appeared to me detestable in thy sight. Far from measuring my faults by thy graces, they only considered what I was, in comparison with what I might have been : hence, instead of blaming me, they only flattered my pride, and justified me in what incurred thy rebuke ; or only treated as a slight fault what in me was highly displeasing to thee, from whom I had received such signal mercies.

"The heinousness of sins is not to be measured singly by their nature, but also by the state of the person who commits them ; as the least unfaithfulness in a spouse is more injurious to her husband,

than far greater ones in his domestics. I told them all the trouble I had been under, for not having entirely covered my neck; though it was covered much more than by other women of my age. They assured me that I was very modestly attired: and as my husband liked my dress, there could be nothing amiss in it. My inward director taught me quite the contrary; but I had not courage enough to follow him, and to dress myself differently from others. Beside, my vanity furnished me with pretences, seemingly just, for following the mode. Oh, if pastors knew what hurt they do in humoring female vanity, they would be more severe against it. Had I but found one, honest enough to deal plainly with me, I should not have gone on thus; no, not for a moment. But my vanity, siding with the declared opinion of others, induced me to think them in the right, and my own scruples to be mere fancy."

When she returned from this journey, she found her eldest son and her little daughter were likely to die of the small pox. Her father urged her to escape the infection, by coming to his house with her second son. Her mother-in-law opposed her removal, and the physician agreed with her, in saying that if she were disposed to have the disease, she would be no safer at her father's, than at home. Madame Guyon looked upon this resistance as an order from heaven, and thought she ought to sacrifice herself to Divine Providence. She says, "I cannot express what nature suffered; for I was like

one who sees both certain death and an easy remedy, without being able to avoid the former, or try the latter. At length nature, finding there was no resource, consented to the sacrifice, which the spirit had already made. The disorder seized me, and gained ground fast. My whole body became like that of a leper. All who beheld me said they had never seen such a shocking spectacle. But my soul enjoyed a tranquillity not to be expressed. The hopes of gaining its liberty by the loss of that beauty, which had so frequently brought it under bondage, united me so closely to God, that I would not have changed my condition for that of the most happy prince in the world. I had often prayed that I might become ugly ; I was willing to be blind, and deaf, and dumb, for the love of God.

“ After my eldest son had in some degree recovered, he came into my chamber. His face, lately so fair and beautiful, had become like a coarse spot of earth, full of furrows. This gave me curiosity to look at myself in the glass. I felt shocked : God had ordered the sacrifice in all its reality.

“ They sent me pomatums to recover my complexion, and to fill up the hollows of the small-pox. I had seen wonderful effects from it upon others, and therefore at first had a mind to try them : But Love, jealous of his work, would not suffer it. There was a voice in my heart which said, ‘ If I would have had thee fair, I should have left thee as thou wert.’ I was therefore obliged to lay aside every remedy, and to go into the air, which made

the pitting worse, and to expose myself in the streets to the eyes of every one, when the redness of the small-pox was at the worst, in order to make my humiliation triumph, where I had exalted my pride.

“ My husband kept his bed almost all that time, and made good use of his indisposition. Only, as he now lost that which before had given him so much pleasure in viewing me, he grew much more susceptible of impressions against me. In consequence of this, the persons who spoke to my disadvantage, finding themselves now better hearkened to, spoke more boldly and more frequently. There was only thou, oh my God, who changed not for me. Thou didst redouble thy interior graces, in proportion as thou didst augment my exterior crosses.

“ My waiting-maid became every day more haughty: and as the devil incited her to torment me, seeing that her scoldings and outcries did not now trouble me, she thought, if she could hinder me from going to the communion, she should give me the greatest of all vexations. She was not mistaken, oh Divine Spouse of pure souls, since the only satisfaction of my life was to receive and to honor thee. As much as was in my power, I caused the churches to be well adorned. I gave everything, of the finest I had, to furnish them with ornaments, and contributed to the utmost extent of my abilities, to make them have silver plates and chalices. ‘ Oh, my Love,’ I cried, ‘ let me be thy

victim ! Spare nothing to annihilate me.' I felt an inexpressible longing to be more reduced, and to become, as it were, a Nothing.

“ This girl then knew my affection for the holy sacrament, where, when I could have liberty for it, I passed several hours on my knees.\* She took it into her head to watch me daily. When she discovered my going thither, she ran to tell my mother-in-law and my husband. There needed no more to chagrin them. Their invectives lasted the whole day. If a word escaped me in my own justification, it was enough to make them say, I was guilty of sacrilege, and to raise an outcry against all devotion. If I made them no answer at all, that still heightened their indignation, and made them say the most grating things they could devise. If I fell sick, which often happened, they took occasion to come to quarrel with me in my bed, saying, my communions and prayers were what made me sick ; as if there had been nothing else could make me ill, but my devotions to thee, oh my Lord.

“ She told me one day in her passion, that she was going to write to him, who she thought was my director, to get him to stop me from going to the communion ; for that he did not know me. And when I made her no answer, she cried out as loud as she could, ‘ that I treated her ill, and despised

\* The Catholic churches in France are commonly open, and the communion table laid out, so that persons have continually an opportunity of resorting there, and performing their devotions as in private.

her.' When I went out to go to prayers, (though I had taken care before to order everything about the house) she ran to tell my husband that I was going abroad, and had left nothing in order. When I returned home, rage fell on me in all its violence ; they would hear none of my reasons, but said, ' they were all a pack of lies.' My mother-in-law persuaded my husband, ' that I let everything go to wreck, and that if she did not take care, he would be ruined.' He believed it, and I bore all with patience, endeavoring as well as I could, to do my duty. What gave me the most trouble was the not knowing what course to take ; for when I ordered anything without her, she complained ' that I showed her no respect, that I did things of my own head, and they were done always the worse for it.' Then she would order them quite contrary : If I consulted her to know what, or how she would have anything to be done, she said, ' she must have the care and trouble of everything.'

" I had scarce any rest but what I found in the love of thy will, oh my God, and submission to thy orders, however rigorous they might be. They incessantly watched my words and actions to find occasion against me. They chid me all the day long, continually repeating, and harping over the same things, and that even before the footmen. How often have I made my meals on my tears, which were interpreted as the most criminal in the world !

" Yet if I happened to be for some days free

from the exterior cross, it was a most sensible distress to me, and indeed a punishment more difficult to bear than the severest trials. I then comprehended what St Teresa says, 'let me suffer or die.' For this absence of the cross was so grievous to me, that I languished with the ardency of desire for its return. — But no sooner was this earnest longing granted, and the blessed cross returned again, than strange as it may seem, it appeared so weighty and burdensome, as to be almost insupportable.

“ Though I loved my father extremely, and he loved me very tenderly, yet I never spoke to him of my sufferings. One of my relations, who loved me much, perceived the little moderation they used toward me. They spoke to me very roughly before him. He was highly displeased, and told my father of it; adding, that I should pass for a fool. Soon after, I went to see my father; who, contrary to his custom, sharply reprimanded me, 'for suffering them to treat me in such a manner, without saying anything in my own defence, adding, every one talked of me for it; that it looked as if I had neither sense nor spirit to vindicate myself.' I answered, 'If they remarked what my husband said to me, that was confusion enough for me, without my bringing any more of it on myself by replies; that if they did not remark it, I ought not to cause it to be observed, nor expose my husband's weakness; that remaining silent stopped all disputes; whereas I might cause them to be continued and increased, by my replies.'

My father answered, ' I did well ; and that I should continue to act as God should inspire me : ' and after that, he never spoke to me of it any more.

“ They were ever talking to me against my father, whom I most tenderly loved and respected: against my relations, and all such as I esteemed most. I felt this more keenly than all they could say against myself. I could not forbear defending them, and therein I did wrong ; as whatever I said served only to provoke them. If any complained of my father or relations, they were always in the right. If any, whom they had disliked before, spoke against them, they were presently approved of. If any showed friendship to me, such were not welcome. A relation, whom I greatly loved for her piety, coming to see me, they openly bid her be gone, or treated her in such a manner as obliged her to it, which gave me no small uneasiness. When any considerable person came, they would be speaking against me ; even to persons who knew me not, which surprised them : but when they saw me they pitied me.

“ I was so deeply engaged within, as often to forget things without ; yet not anything which was of consequence. My husband was hasty, and this inattention frequently irritated him. I walked into the garden, without observing anything there : and when my husband, who could not go thither, asked me about it, I knew not what to say ; at which he was angry. I went thither on purpose to remark everything, in order to tell him about them ; and

yet when there, did not think of looking at them. I went ten times one day, to see and bring him an account of them, and yet still forgot it. But when I did remember to look at them, I was much pleased ; yet it generally happened I was then asked nothing about them.

“ When they were telling any news, to mortify my curiosity, I used, under some pretext or other, to retire. When my husband afterward would be talking to me about it, I betrayed my ignorance of the matter, and then put him into a fresh fit of rage against me, which I would gladly have avoided being the occasion of. I was very desirous of doing my duty, and rendering everything agreeable to him, so far as it was in my power.

“ All my crosses would have seemed little, if I might have had liberty to pray, and to be alone. But I was obliged still to continue in their presence, under such a subjection as is scarcely conceivable. My husband looked on his watch, if at any time I had liberty allowed me for prayer, to see if I stayed above half an hour. If I exceeded it, he grew very uneasy. Sometimes I said to him, ‘ Grant me one hour to divert and employ myself as I have a mind.’ And though he would have granted it to me for other diversions, yet for prayer he would not. I confess, inexperience caused me much trouble, and I have often thereby given occasion for what they made me suffer : for ought I not to have looked on my captivity as an effect of the will of my God, to content myself therein, and to

make contentment my only desire and prayer? But I often fell back again into the anxiety of wishing to get time for prayer; which was not agreeable to my husband. It is true, those faults were more frequent in the beginning. Afterwards, I prayed to God in his own retreat, in the temple of my heart, and then I went out no more."

"The most sensible cross to me was the revolting of my own son against me, whom they inspired with so great a contempt for me, that I could not see him without causing me severe affliction. When I was in my chamber with some of my friends, they sent him to listen to what we said; and as he saw this pleased them, he invented a hundred things to tell them. If I caught him in a lie, as frequently I did, he would upbraid me, saying, 'My grandmother says, you have been a greater liar than I,' I answered him, 'Therefore I know the deformity of that vice, and how hard a thing it is to get the better of it: and for this reason I would not have you suffer the like.' He spoke very offensive things to me; and because he remarked the awe I stood in of his grandmother and his father, if in their absence I found fault with him for anything, he insultingly upbraided me, and said, 'That now I wanted to set up for his mistress, because they were not there.' All this they approved of, inasmuch as to strengthen him in his most perverse inclinations. One day, he went to see my father, and rashly began talking against me to him, as he was used to do to his grandmother. But there it did

not meet with the same reception. It affected my father to tears : he came to our house to desire he might be corrected for it. They promised it should be done, and yet never did it. I was greatly afraid of the consequences of so bad an education.

“ Another great cross was the difficulty I had in attending my husband. I knew he was displeased when I was not with him ; and yet when I was with him, he never expressed any pleasure in it, or anything I did. On the contrary, he only rejected with scorn whatever office I performed. He was so very uneasy with me about everything, that I sometimes trembled when I approached him. I could do nothing to his liking ; and when I did not attend him, he was angry. He had taken such a dislike to soups, that he could not bear the sight of them ; and those that offered them had so rough a reception, that neither his mother nor any of the domestics would carry them to him. There was none but myself, who did not refuse that office. I brought them to him, and let his anger pass : and then tried in some agreeable manner to prevail on him to take them. And when his passion increased, I waited with patience, after which I said to him, ‘ I had rather be reprimanded several times a day, than let you suffer by not bringing you what is proper.’ Sometimes he took them ; at other times pushed them back. But as he saw my perseverance, he would at length submit to take them.

“ When he was in good humor, and I was carry-

ing something agreeable to him, then my mother-in-law would snatch it out of my hands, and carry it herself. And as he thought I was not so careful and studious to please him, he would fly in a rage against me, and express great thankfulness to his mother. I silently suffered it all. I used all my skill and endeavors to gain my mother-in-law's favor by my assiduities, my presents, my services; but was not fortunate enough to succeed. How bitter and grievous, oh my God, would such a life be, were it not for thee? But thou hast sweetened and reconciled it to me. I had a few very short intervals from this severe and mortifying life; but these served only to make the reverses more keen and bitter."

Madame Guyon continues to repeat the petty domestic vexations which she every day encountered. In a worldly point of view, no doubt her family had some cause for the complaints they made; for such a state of perfect abstraction as she describes must have withdrawn her sympathy from those around her, and made her appear indifferent to them and to their interests. Perhaps, too, she gave to the church and the poor more liberally than her husband approved.

She says that her mother-in-law often told him that he would be ruined by his wife's charities. He ordered her to give in a written account of all she expended. She expresses much surprise that her accounts balanced exactly with what he was willing to give her, though she never included in them the sums she gave away. She probably

denied herself some unnecessary indulgences, and thus obtained what she calls "the treasury of Providence."

The great difficulty was, there was no union between Madame Guyon and her husband. What she thought duties appeared to him like grievous faults. His mother urged her to pray for the restoration of the wealth they had lost, as that would in her opinion be praying to some purpose; and she was much vexed when her daughter-in-law said she could not pollute her lips with a prayer for any of the dross of this earth. All who came to the house were obliged to listen to her invectives, and Madame Guyon, considering it to be her duty to bear the cross, never attempted to justify herself, even when left alone with the people who had heard her blamed.

The inflamed state of her eyes, after the small-pox had left her, made it necessary for her to go to Paris to consult physicians. Now that her beauty was gone, the gay metropolis was no longer a place to be dreaded for its temptations. She says its throngs only served to draw her into deeper recollection, and the noise of the streets only increased her inward prayer. While at the abbey of St Erasmus, during this visit, she was suddenly awaked at four o'clock in the morning, with a presentiment that her father was dead; and her love for him was so great, that her heart was filled with sorrow. She told the Abbess why it was that she was thus afflicted; on the evening of that day, a courier arrived to inform her that her beloved parent was

supposed to be dying. Madame Guyon, though weak and ill, travelled all night, through a forest, where the road was so bad that she was frequently obliged to get out of the carriage; she arrived, however, too late — her father was dead; and on account of the excessive heat had been immediately buried. She saw his face no more, not even in death. Feeble and fatigued as she was, she experienced a holy calm that almost amounted to joy. She says she felt ashamed not to give such indications of grief as were naturally expected from her. The inward and profound peace she enjoyed dawned on her countenance; and she felt that she could neither look nor talk as pious people sometimes think it salutary to do in such afflictions.

About two o'clock in the morning after her return from her journey, she was roused from sleep to hear that her little daughter was dead. She thus describes this singular child: "She was my only daughter, as dearly beloved as truly lovely. She had so many graces, both of body and mind, conferred on her, that one must have been insensible not to have loved her. She had an extraordinary share of love to God. Often was she found in corners at prayer. As soon as she perceived me at my devotions, she came and joined me; and if she discovered that I had been praying without her, she would weep bitterly, and cry, 'Ah, mamma, you pray but I don't.' When we were alone, if she saw my eyes closed, she would whisper, 'are you asleep?' and then cry out, 'ah no, you are praying

to our dear Jesus;' and dropping on her knees before me, she would begin to pray too. She was several times whipped by her grandmother, because she said, 'She would never have any other husband but our Lord;' yet she could never make her say otherwise. She was innocent and modest as a little angel; very dutiful and endearing, and withal very beautiful. Her father doated on her; and to me she was very dear, much more for the qualities of her mind than those of her lovely person. I looked upon her as my only consolation on earth: for she had as much affection for me, as her brother had aversion and contempt. She died of an unseasonable bleeding: but what shall I say? she died by the hands of Him who was pleased, for wise reasons, to strip me of all."

As her second son had died of the small-pox, none now remained but her eldest boy, who had proved to her a son of sorrow.

In the course of the following year she gave birth to another son. Before she recovered from her illness, she was severely afflicted by hearing of the death of the holy woman, who had first aroused in her mind a desire to see those things which are spiritually discerned; on this account she was in the habit of calling her *Mother Granger*. The loss of this holy friend was followed by a long period of darkness and despondency, as Madame Guyon herself expresses it, "her road was lonely and difficult, bounded by precipices, and entangled with thorns; and she who had always guided her was gone."

About this time an affair of worldly business caused Madame Guyon a good deal of perplexity. She says, "a certain person conceived so much malice against my husband, that he was determined to ruin him if possible. He found no other way to attempt it, but by entering into a private engagement with my brother; by which he obtained a power to demand, in the name of Monsieur, the king's brother, two hundred thousand livres, which he pretended to make appear that my brother and I owed him. My brother signed the processes, upon an assurance given him, that he should not pay anything. I think his youth engaged him in what he did not understand. This affair so chagrined my husband, that I have reason to believe it shortened his days. He was so angry with me, though I was innocent that he could not speak to me but in a fury. He would give me no light into the affair, and I did not know in what it consisted. In the height of his rage, he said he would not meddle in it, but give me up my portion, and let me live as I could; with many other things still more grating. On the other side, my brother would not stir in it, nor suffer it to be done. The day when the trial was to come on, after prayers, I felt myself strongly pressed to go to the judges. I was wonderfully assisted herein, even so as to discover and unravel all the turns and artifices of this affair, without knowing how I could have been able to do it. The first judge was so surprised to see the affair so very different from what he had

thought it before, that he himself exhorted me to go to the other judges, and especially to the intendant, who was just then going to court, and was quite misinformed about the matter. God enabled me to manifest the truth in so clear a light, and gave such power to my words, that the intendant thanked me for having so seasonably come to undeceive and set him to rights in the affair. Had I not done this, he assured me the cause had been lost. And as they saw the falsehood of every article, they would have condemned the plaintiff to the costs, if it had not been so great a prince, who lent his name to the officers that deceived him. But to save the honor of the prince, they ordered us to pay him fifty crowns. Hereby the two hundred thousand livres were reduced to only one hundred and fifty. My husband was exceedingly pleased at what I had done: but my brother appeared as outrageous against me, as if I had caused him some very great loss. Thus moderately, and at once, ended an affair, which had at first appeared so very weighty and alarming."

It pleased God to bless Madame Guyon with another daughter to supply the place of that sweet creature, who had so early gone to the world of spirits. Before she had recovered her strength, she was called to attend upon her dying husband. The poor invalid scarcely knew any intermission of agony. Gout, fever, and gravel succeeded each other. He seemed to bear bodily pain with pa-

tience, but those about him frequently incensed him against his wife, and led him to treat her harshly. Yet he seems to have had a kind of love for her : When she was ill, his distress knew no bounds ; and when he heard her blamed, he would sometimes fly into a violent passion with her accusers. Sometimes he even spoke kindly of the religious views, which had so much displeased him, and told her it was evident that God was ever with her. The last journey he was able to take, he insisted upon having none but her to accompany him ; and he one day said to her, " If they would not speak to me against you, I should be more easy, and you more happy."

Probably these few and rare indications of tenderness now came to Madame Guyon's memory with redoubled power. She was distressed that his mother tried to keep her from his bed-side. She seized an opportunity, when her mother-in-law was out of the way to kneel before him, and beg him to forgive her, if she had ever voluntarily done anything to displease him. He was much affected, and said, " It is I, who ought to ask your forgiveness. I did not deserve you." From that time, he loved to have her near him, and gave her much advice concerning what she had better do after his death.

He died on Magdalen's eve, 1676. Madame Guyon considered this as a remarkable coincidence, because it was the anniversary of what she regarded as her spiritual marriage with the Lord. Be-

ing much exhausted by her long attendance upon him, he had insisted that she should take some rest; and she was not with him at the last moment. When told that he had expired, she exclaimed, "Oh God, thou hast broken my bonds, and I will offer thee a sacrifice of praise!"

Her desire to give herself entirely up to religion no doubt prompted this speech; but had she really loved him, she never could, in any state of mind, have thus expressed herself.

Like many, who, in a common, but expressive phrase are called "*comfortable mourners*," she made up for the deficiency of her sorrow by the magnificence of his funeral. Her brother had always been estranged from her; and in settling her affairs, she had no one to whom to apply for advice or assistance. The income from her estate is said to have been above 40,000 livres per annum. She says, "I was ignorant of affairs: but God, who, independent of my natural understanding, had always made me fit for everything that pleased him, supplied me with such a perfect intelligence herein that I succeeded. I omitted not the least punctilio, and was surprised that in these matters I should know without ever having learned. I arranged all my papers, and regulated all my affairs, without the least assistance from any one. My husband had abundance of writings deposited in his hands. I took an exact inventory of them, and sent them severally to their owners, which without divine assistance, would have been very difficult

for me ; because my husband having been a long time sick, everything was in the greatest confusion. This gained me the reputation of a skilful woman, as well as another affair which had occurred.

“ A great number of persons, who had been at law for several years, applied to my husband to settle their affairs. Though it was not probably the business of a gentleman, yet they applied to him, because he had both understanding and probity ; and as he had a love for several of them, he consented. There were twenty actions, one upon another ; and in all twentytwo concerned, who could not put any end to their differences, by reason of new incidents continually falling out. My husband charged himself with getting lawyers to examine their papers, but died before he could make any procedure therein. After his death, I sent for them, to give them their papers : but they would not receive them, begging of me that I would accommodate them, and prevent their ruin. It appeared to me as ridiculous, as impossible, to undertake an affair of so great consequence, and which would require so long a discussion : nevertheless, relying on the strength and wisdom of God, I followed the movement he gave me, to consent thereto. I shut myself up about thirty days in my closet, for all these affairs, without ever going out, but to mass and to my meals. The arbitration was at length prepared, and they all signed it, without knowing what it contained. They were all so well satisfied therewith,

that they could not forbear publishing it everywhere. It was God alone who did those things; for when I had no more to do with those affairs, I knew nothing about them: and if I now hear any talk of such things, to me it sounds like Arabic.

“ My friends, and persons of the greatest distinction in the country, now came to advise me to remove from my mother-in-law: for though I never complained of her, every one knew her humor. I answered, that I should account it my place and duty to stay with her, if she would permit me. The view that was given me, was not to go from the cross. Wherefore I resolved neither to leave my mother-in-law, nor put away the girl I have spoken of.”

This turbulent domestic, having received an annuity for her services to M. Guyon, became more haughty and troublesome than ever. Indeed, a too liberal use of wine sometimes made her furious. Nothing but a love of martyrdom could have induced Madame Guyon to keep her. She says, “ I answered only with mildness and charity all her passionate invectives, giving her every possible mark of my affection. If any other maid came to wait on me, she would draw her back in a rage, crying out that I hated her, on account of the affection with which she had served my husband. When she had not a mind to come, I was obliged to serve myself; and when she did come, it was to chide and make a noise. When I was very unwell, as was often the case, this girl would appear

to be in despair. From hence I thought it was from thee, Oh Lord, that all this came upon me ; for without thy permission, she was scarcely capable of such unaccountable conduct. She seemed not sensible of any faults, but always to think herself in the right. All those, whom thou hast made use of to cause me to suffer, thought they were rendering service to thee in so doing."

These self-inflicted torments seem singular enough to us ; but in order to do Madame Guyon justice, we must remember that she was educated in a church that deemed self-scourging a penance for crime. The path of salvation appeared to her to lead only through the regions of sorrow and mortification. She kept the girl, because she thought her spirit needed a perpetual blister to sting it into passiveness. Even so wise a man as Pascal made his body uncomfortable, by wearing a rough hair-shirt, for the good of his soul.

Madame Guyon constantly complained that all the austerities she could practise did not satisfy her ardent desire for suffering. The instruments of torture tore her delicate frame without giving her pain enough, as she thought : she therefore attended closely upon the sick, and dressed loathsome wounds. In addition to the afflictions brought on her by her own choice, Madame Guyon was afflicted with a severe and lingering illness occasioned by watching four-and-twenty nights with her husband, before her strength was sufficiently renovated for such a task. At this time a strong desire

for rest and tranquillity led her to wish earnestly for the stillness of the cloister. But she says, "I was tied, by having two children given me so short a time before my husband's death. I saw Divine Wisdom in this ; for had my eldest son only remained, I should have placed him at college, and then have gone into the convent of the Benedictines ; and so stolen myself from the designs of God upon me."

She foresaw truly that her crosses would not fail, so long as her mother-in-law survived. The same system of petty annoyances was carried on from day to day. She likewise found powerful enemies among some of the priesthood. They preached publicly against her, as a person under a great delusion ; and her character was assailed with much virulence in private circles. She was often present when sermons were preached directly against her, as one who had formerly been a bright pattern, but had now become a scandal to the church. She says, "I thought abundantly worse of myself than the world could say of me. When any blamed me, I agreed to it as right and just. Nature sometimes rebelled, and tried to get out of such an abject condition, but could find no way. If I tried to make an outward appearance of righteousness by the practice of some good thing, my heart rebuked me as guilty of hypocrisy ; and God did not permit me to succeed."

During this period of outward and inward desolation, she tells us that some gentleman of rank and influence proposed to marry her. She appears

to have had a wonderful power of gaining the hearts of those who knew her, even after the small-pox had left but few remains of her former beauty. It is not difficult to account for this. Her figure was majestic, she had a persuasive eloquence of speech, and education had given her an easy gracefulness of manner, which must have been peculiarly fascinating, when combined with the quietude and placidity of her religious character. Those who have seen a thoroughly polite member of the society of Friends, can readily understand the winning influence that is produced, when the charms of the world and the spirit are united in one person. The bland expression of Madame Guyon's countenance was always remarked by strangers. They frequently observed to her friends, "One needs but look at her, to perceive that God is in her soul."

Lonely as she was, and surrounded by enemies, it is not wonderful that honorable offers of marriage should at times have proved a strong temptation to Madame Guyon. She however resisted the natural desire for protection and sympathy, which her rigid views led her to consider an unpardonable weakness.

She never spoke of her temptations, or her victories, on this subject; though her mother-in-law often said to her, "If you do not marry, it is because you can find nobody to have you." Her connexion with this vexatious relative was a never-ending series of difficulties and attempts at recon-

ciliation. Madame Guyon says, what is probably true, "I, perhaps, caused crosses to her without intending it, and she to me without knowing it."

Madame Guyon never suffered herself to forget her numerous trials for a while, by going into company, or joining in any amusements. One day, she was very near the Queen, whom she had never seen, and whom she had a great desire to see; but being unwilling to lose any opportunity for taking up the cross, she refused to look. She was extremely fond of music; but, for the same reason, would not ask any one to play, or sing. She reproaches herself for having sometimes followed the promptings of nature, by inquiring what people said against her.

Several months after she became a widow, she visited a nun in a state of melancholy pronounced to be insanity. By her conversation she drew her entirely out of this state, and restored her to health and cheerfulness. She says, "This was the beginning of the gift of discerning spirits, which I afterwards received more fully."

It is now necessary to introduce a person, who, though united to her merely by spiritual sympathy, is frequently mentioned in her memoir, and had considerable influence on her destiny.

Father la Combe was a Catholic priest, whose conversation was so agreeable to M. Guyon, that he had often sent for him. During these visits, the priest being struck with the holy expression of Madame Guyon's countenance, was led to talk with her

frequently upon religious subjects. The result was, that he became a convert to her views. After this period she occasionally speaks of letters from him, to herself and others, which proved to her a most wonderful sympathy in their religious states of mind, at different times, while they were at a great natural distance from each other. Her own mention of Father la Combe, in the succeeding pages, will give the reader all the information that is to be obtained concerning their acquaintance.

In 1680, it was suddenly impressed upon Madame Guyon's mind that she ought to go to Geneva, to erect an establishment for all such as should be willing truly to serve God, and give themselves up to him without reserve. This at first filled her with alarm; for Geneva was the great resort of the disciples of Calvin; and she feared that she was called upon to wander from the Catholic church into the paths of heresy. When she told the Bishop her design of forming such an establishment, he highly approved of it, and informed her that some new Catholics were going to establish themselves at Gex, and she could join them. She had dreamed that a woman came down from heaven, and told her she must go to Geneva; she therefore answered the Bishop, "My vocation is not for Gex; it is for Geneva." He told her that she might easily go from one place to the other. She looked upon this as a way opened by Divine Providence for making her journey less difficult. She wrote to Father la Combe to pray for her on Magdalen's Eve, conse-

crated to her imagination by being the anniversary of what she considered her spiritual marriage with the Lord. While at prayer, it was impressed upon her mind thrice over, "Ye shall both dwell in one and the same place." A prophecy which she thinks was afterward fulfilled, both in the inward and outward sense; they having been called to the same part of the country, and been united in the same religious experience, and the same persecutions.

With regard to her "vocation for Geneva," she gives the following account :

"I was obliged to go to Paris about some business.—Having entered into a church, that was very dark, I went up to the first confessor I found, whom I did not know, nor have ever seen since. I made a simple and short confession; but to the confessor himself I said not a word.—He surprised me much in saying, 'I know not who you are, whether maid, wife, or widow; but I feel a strong inward motion, to exhort you to do what the Lord has made known to you, that he requires of you. I have nothing else to say.' I answered him, 'Father, I am a widow who have little children. What else could God require of me, but to take due care of them in their education.' He replied, 'I know nothing about this. You know if God manifests to you that he requires something of you; there is nothing in the world which ought to hinder you from doing his will. One must leave children to do that.' This surprised me much. However, I told him nothing of what I felt for Ge-

neva. I disposed myself submissively to quit everything, if God required it of me. I did not look upon it a good I aspired to, or a virtue I hoped to acquire, or as anything extraordinary, or as an act that would merit some return on God's part; but only gave myself up to be led in the way of my duty, whatever it might be; feeling no distinction between my own will and the will of God in me.

“At my return from Paris, I left myself in the hands of God; resolved not to take any step, either to make the thing succeed or to hinder it, either to advance or retard it, but singly to move as he should be pleased to direct me. I had mysterious dreams, which portended nothing but crosses, persecutions, and afflictions. My heart submitted to whatever it should please God to ordain. I had one which was very significant.

“Being employed in some necessary work, I saw near me a little animal which appeared to be dead. This animal I took to be the envy of some persons, which seemed to have been dead for some time. I took it up, and as I saw it strove hard to bite me, and that it magnified to the view of the eye, I cast it away; but found thereupon that it filled my fingers with sharp-pointed prickles like needles. I came to one of my acquaintance to get him to take them out; but he pushed them deeper in, and left me so, till a charitable priest of great merit, (whose countenance is still present with me, though I have not yet seen him, but believe I shall before I die) took this animal up with a pair of pincers.

As soon as he held it fast, those sharp prickles fell off, of themselves. Then I found that I easily entered into a place which before had seemed inaccessible. And though the mire was up to my girdle, in my way to a deserted church, I went over it without getting defiled. It will be easy to see in the sequel what this signified.

“Doubtless you will wonder that I, who make so little account of things extraordinary, relate dreams. I do it for two reasons ; first, out of fidelity, having promised to omit nothing of what should come into my mind ; secondly, because it is the method God makes use of to communicate himself to faithful souls, to give them foretokens of things to come, which concern them. Thus mysterious dreams are found in many places of the holy scriptures.”

As might naturally be expected, in a mind like hers, these mysterious impressions were obeyed. She resolved to go to Geneva ; and made the necessary arrangements in secret. Her mother-in-law at this time became very kind to her, and professed much affection, saying she had “great respect for her virtue.” Perhaps this was in consequence of her discovering the advantageous matrimonial offers that had been rejected ; or it might be that she had some suspicion of her design of leaving the country.

Madame Guyon’s love for her children was the greatest obstacle in the way of her project. Her little daughter she intended to take with her ; but

she was anxious about her younger son, fearing to leave him to the education of another. But she says "the laws of her sacred marriage compelled her to give up everything, and to follow her spouse whithersoever it was his pleasure to call her."

In July, 1681, she went off secretly, "in a state of strange renunciation, and in great simplicity; scarcely able to give a reason for quitting her family in such a manner."

The world in general blamed her severely, and her enemies raised the report that she had carried away her fortune to give to the relations of Father la Combe.

She took with her nine thousand livres. Six thousand she loaned to the new Catholics, who were to be established at Gex; this money was afterward paid to her children. The remaining three thousand she gave to the nuns who travelled with her; she even put her clothes into the common stock.

She reduced herself to such poverty, (she had always had a desire to take up the cross of poverty) that when a beggar by the way asked alms, she was obliged to give him her sleeve-buttons; to another she gave a plain gold ring, which she had worn in token of her spiritual marriage.

She had with her on this journey her little daughter, and two maid-servants. She tells the following anecdote of her child's behaviour while they were crossing the river in a boat:

• "It was surprising that, without adverting to

what she did, she could not forbear making crosses; employing a person to cut her bulrushes for that purpose. She then put round me, all over, above three hundred of them. I let her do it, and inwardly apprehended that it was not without its mystery. I felt an interior certainty that I was going to meet with crosses in abundance: and that this child was sowing the cross for me to reap it. Sister Garnier, who saw that they could not restrain her from covering me with crosses, said to me, 'What that child does appears to be mysterious;' and turning to the little girl, she said, 'give me some crosses too, my pretty girl;' 'No, she replied,' they are all for my dear mother;' but she gave her one to stop her importunity, then continued putting more on me: after which, she desired some river-flowers, which floated on the water, to be given to her; and braiding a garland, she put it on my head, and said to me, 'after the cross you shall be crowned.' I admired all this in silence, and offered myself up to the pure love of God, as a victim, free and willing to be sacrificed to him."

On the journey her daughter became very ill, and was worn away almost to a skeleton. The natural feelings of the mother returned with great power. She looked upon her child as a victim imprudently sacrificed by her.

The Catholic clergy are authorized, by the rules and practices of their church, to have a paternal power and care over each member of their flock. In this time of distress, the Bishop of Geneva

wrote to Father la Combe to go to them and offer all the consolation in his power. She says, "As soon as I saw that father, I was surprised to feel an interior grace, which I may call *communication*; and such as I had never had before with any person. It seemed to me that an influence of grace came from him to me, through the innermost of the soul; and returned from me to him, in such a manner that he felt the same effect. Like a tide of grace it caused a flux and reflux, flowing on into the divine and invisible ocean. This is a pure and holy union, which God alone operates, and which has still subsisted, and even increased between us. It is a union exempt from all weakness, and from all self-interest, which causes those, who are blessed with it, to rejoice in beholding themselves, as well as those beloved, loaded with crosses and afflictions; a union which has no need of the presence of the body; which at certain times absence makes not more absent, nor presence more present; a union unknown to all men but such as are come to experience it: nor can it ever be experienced but between such souls as are united to God. As I never before felt such a union of this kind with any one, it then appeared to me quite new, having never heard of the like. I had no doubt of its being from God; so far from turning the mind from him, it tended to draw it more deeply into him. It dissipated all my pains, and established me in the most profound peace."

Father la Combe advised her to place the child

under the care of the Ursulines at Tonon, and to separate from the new Catholics ; for he had long had an impression it was not the will of God that she should unite with them. This coincided with her own views ; she had from the first complained of great darkness and difficulty with regard to engaging with them.

She says, “ My favorite idea was to go directly to Geneva ; ‘ and to take some little room, without any noise, and without declaring myself at first : and as I knew how to make up all sorts of ointments, to heal wounds, and especially the king’s evil, of which there is abundance in that place, and for which I had a most certain cure, I hoped easily to insinuate myself by this way ; and with the charities which I should have done, to have won over many of the people.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I carried my little daughter to the Ursulines at Tonon. That poor child took a vast fondness for Father la Combe, saying, ‘ He is a good father, one from God.’ Here I found a hermit, whom they called Anselm. He was a person of the most extraordinary sanctity, that had appeared for some time. He was from Geneva ; and God had miraculously drawn him from thence, at twelve years of age. He had (with the permission of the cardinal, at that time Archbishop of Aix in Provence) at nineteen years of age taken the habit of hermit of St Augustine. He and another lived alone in a little hermitage, where they saw nobody but such

as came to visit their chapel. He had lived twelve years in this hermitage, never eating anything but pulse with salt, and sometimes oil. Three times a week he lived on bread and water. He never drank wine, and generally made but one meal in twentyfour hours. He wore for a shirt a coarse hair cloth, and lodged on the bare ground. He lived in a continual state of prayer, and in the greatest humility. God had done by him many signal miracles.

“ This good hermit had a great sense of the designs of God on Father la Combe and me. But God showed him at the same time that strange crosses were preparing for us both, and that we were both destined for the aid of souls. I did not find, as I expected, any fit place for my daughter at Tonon. In regard to her, I thought myself like Abraham when going to sacrifice his son.—Father la Combe, accosting me here, said, ‘ Welcome, daughter of Abraham!’ I found little encouragement to leave her there, and could still worse keep her with myself, because we had no room, and the little girls, whom they took to make Catholics, were all mixed with us, and had contracted such habits as were pernicious. To leave her there I thought not right. The language of the country, where scarce any one understood French, and the food, which she could not take, being so far different from ours, were great hardships. All my tenderness for her was awakened, and I looked on myself as her destroyer. I experienced what

Hagar suffered, when she put away her son Ishmael in the desert, that she might not be forced to see him perish. I thought if I had ventured to expose myself, I ought at least to have spared my daughter; as the loss of her education, and even her life appeared to me inevitable. Everything looked black in regard to her.

“I thought that, with her natural disposition and fine qualities, she might have shone and attracted admiration, if educated in France, and been likely to have such offers of marriage, as she could never hope to meet with in this poor country, in which, if she should recover, she would never be likely to be fit for anything. Here she could eat nothing of what was prepared for her. All her subsistence was only some spoonfuls of unpleasant and disagreeable broth, which I forced her to take against her will. I seemed like a second Abraham, holding the knife over her to destroy her. Our Lord would have me make a sacrifice to him, without any consolation; and plunged in sorrow, night was the time which gave vent to it. He made me see, on one side, the grief of her grandmother, if she should hear of her death, which she would impute to my taking the child away from her; and the great reproach it would be accounted among all the family. The gifts of nature she was endowed with, were now like pointed darts which pierced me. I believe that God so ordered it, to purify me from too human an attachment, which was still so ready to stick close to me. For after I returned

from the Ursulines at Tonon, they changed her manner of diet, and gave her what was suitable to her delicacy; whereby, in a short time she recovered.

“As soon as it was known in France, that I was gone, there was a general outcry. Those who attacked me with the most violence upon it, were the human spiritualists; Father de la Mothe\* wrote to me, that all persons of learning, of piety, the gown and the sword, united in censuring me. To alarm me still more, he informed me that my mother-in-law, with whom I had trusted my younger son, and my children’s substance, was fallen into a state of childhood. This however was very false.

“I answered all these thundering letters as the spirit dictated. My answers were thought very just, and were well relished; whereby those violent exclamations were soon changed into applauses. Father la Mothe appeared to change his censures into esteem; but it did not hold long. Self-interest threw him back again; being disappointed in his hopes of a pension, which he expected I would have settled on him. Also sister Garnier, whatever was her reason, changed and declared against me.

“Here I both ate and slept little. The food which was given us was rotten and full of worms, by reason of the great heat of the weather, and being

\* He was half brother to Madame Guyon, by the father’s side, and seems to have acted a very selfish and unkind part toward her.

kept too long; insomuch that what I should have formerly beheld with abhorrence now became my only nourishment; and yet everything was rendered easy to me. In God I found, with increase, everything which I had lost for him. That spirit, which I once thought I had lost in a strange stupidity, was restored to me with inconceivable advantages. I was astonished at myself. I found there was nothing which it was not fit for, or in which it did not succeed. Those who observed it said, 'I had a prodigious capacity.' Though I well knew that I had but a poor one; but that in God my spirit had received a quality which it never had before. I thought I experienced something of the state which the Apostles were in, after they had received the Holy Ghost. I knew, I comprehended, I understood, I was enabled to do everything requisite, I had every sort of good thing, and no want of anything. I remembered that fine passage of wisdom, *All good things came to me with her.* Wisdom of Sol. vii. 2. When Jesus Christ the eternal wisdom is formed in the soul, after the death of the first Adam, it finds in him all good things communicated to it.

“Some time after my arrival at Gex, the Bishop of Geneva came to see us. He was so clearly convinced, and so much affected, that he could not forbear expressing it. He opened his heart to me on what God required from him. He confessed to me his own deviations and infidelity. Every time, when I spoke to him, he entered into what I said,

and acknowledged it to be the truth ; as indeed it was the spirit of truth, which inspired me to speak to him, without which I should be only a mere simpleton. And yet as soon as persons who sought for pre-eminence, and could not suffer any good but what came from themselves, spoke to him, he was so weak, as to let himself be imposed on with impressions against the truth. This foible, with others, has hindered him from doing all the good, which otherwise he might have done in his diocese.

“ After I had spoken to him, he said, ‘ he had it in his mind to give me Father la Combe for director ; for that he was a man illuminated of God, who well understood the inward path, and had a singular gift of pacifying souls.’ These were his own words. Greatly was I rejoiced, when the Bishop appointed him ; seeing thereby his authority united with the grace, which already seemed to have given him to me, by union and effusion of supernatural life and love. The fatigues I had, and watchings with my daughter, threw me into a violent disorder, attended with exquisite pains. The physicians judged me in danger, and yet the sisters of the house quite neglected me ; especially her who had the care of the economy ; she was so penurious, that she did not give me what was necessary to sustain life. I had not a penny to help myself with, as I had reserved nothing to myself. And beside, they at times received all the money which was remitted me from France, which was very considerable. Thus I practised poverty, and was in

necessity even among those to whom I had given all.—They wrote to Father la Combe, desiring him to come to me, as I was so extremely ill. On hearing of my condition, he was so touched with compassion, as to walk on foot all night, it being eight leagues; in that, as in everything else, endeavored to imitate our Lord Jesus Christ.

“As soon as he entered the house, my pains abated; and when he had prayed and blessed me, laying his hand on my head, I was perfectly cured, to the great astonishment of my physicians, who were not willing to acknowledge the miracle; being not well pleased, as they knew that we were come on a religious motive, and their sentiments and profession were so opposite to ours. These sisters themselves advised me to go to my daughter, to take milk for a fortnight. Father la Combe returned with me. A violent storm arose on the lake, which made me very sick, and seemed likely to upset the boat. But the hand of Providence remarkably appeared in our favor; so much that it was taken notice of by the mariners and passengers, who looked upon Father la Combe as a saint. Thus we arrived at Tonon, where I found myself so perfectly recovered, that, instead of making and using the remedies I had proposed, I went into a retreat,\* and stayed there twelve days. Here I made vows of perpetual chastity, poverty, and obedience; to wit, readily to obey whatever I should

\* What the Catholics call a *retreat* is a voluntary and total seclusion from the world for a time.

believe to be the will of God, also to obey the church, and to honor Jesus Christ in such a manner as he pleased.

“I rose constantly at midnight, ever waking timely enough to do it : if I wound up my alarm-watch, then I used not to wake in time. I saw that God had the care of a father and a spouse over me. When I had any indisposition, and my body wanted rest, I did not awake, but at such times I felt even in my sleep a singular possession of God. Some years have passed, wherein I have had only a kind of half-sleep ; but my soul waked the more for God, as sleep seemed to steal from it every other attention. The Lord had made it known to many persons, that he designed me for a mother of a great people ; but a people simple and child-like. They took these intelligences in a literal sense, and thought it related to some institution or congregation ; but to me it appeared nothing else, than the persons whom it pleased God that I should afterwards win over to him, to whom I should serve as a mother, through his goodness : giving them the same union of affection for me as that of children for a parent, but a union much deeper and stronger : and giving me all that was necessary for them, to bring them to walk in the way by which he would lead them.

“After I finished my retreat with the Ursulines at Tonon, I returned through Geneva ; and having found no other means of conveyance, the French Resident lent me a horse. As I knew not how to

ride on horseback, I made some difficulty of doing it : but he having assured me that it was a very quiet horse, I ventured to mount him. There was a sort of smith, who, looking at me with a wild haggard look, struck the horse a blow on the back, just as I had got upon him, which made him give a leap. He threw me on the ground with such force that they thought I was killed. I fell on my temple. My cheek-bone was broken, and two of my teeth driven into my head. I was supported by an invisible hand : and in a little time I mounted as well as I could on another horse, and had a man by my side to keep me up.

“ My relations left me in peace at Gex, testifying their esteem for me : and as they had heard at Paris of my miraculous cure, it made a great noise there. Many persons in reputation for sanctity then wrote to me. I received letters from Mademoiselle De Lamoignon, and another young lady, who was so moved with my answer, that she sent me a hundred pistoles for our house, and let me know beside, ‘ that when we wanted money, I had only to write to her ; and that she would send me all I could desire.’ They talked in Paris of printing an account of the sacrifice I had made, and inserting in it the miracle of my sudden recovery. I do not know what prevented it : but such is the inconstancy of the creature, that this journey, which drew upon me at that time so much applause, has served for a pretext for the strange condemnation which has since passed upon me.

“ My near kinsfolks did not signify any eager desire for my return. The first thing they proposed to me, a month after my arrival at Gex, was not only to give up my guardianship, but to make over all my estate to my children, and to reserve an annuity to myself. This proposition, coming from those who regarded nothing but their own interest, to some might have appeared very displeasing : but it was in no wise so to me. I had no friend to advise with. I knew not any one, whom I could consult about the manner of executing the thing, as I was quite free and willing to do it. It appeared to me that I had now the means of accomplishing the extreme desire I had of being conformable to Jesus Christ, poor, naked, and stripped of all. They sent me an article to execute, which had been drawn under their inspection, and I accordingly signed it, not perceiving some clauses which were inserted therein. It expressed that, when my children should die, I should inherit nothing of my own estate, but it should devolve to my collateral kindred. There were many other things, which appeared to be equally to my disadvantage. Though what I had reserved to myself was sufficient to support me in this place, yet it was scarcely enough to do so in some others. I then gave up my estate with more joy, (being thereby conformed to Jesus Christ,) than they could have who obtained it from me. It is what I have never repented of, nor had any uneasiness about. What pleasure to lose all, and quit everything for

God! The love of poverty thus contracted, is the kingdom of tranquillity.

“ I forgot to mention, that towards the end of my miserable state of privation, when just ready to enter into newness of life, our Lord illuminated me so clearly to see that the exterior crosses came from him, that I could not harbor any resentment against the persons who procured me them. On the contrary, I felt the tenderness of compassion for them, and had more pain for those which I innocently caused to them, than for any which they had heaped upon me. I saw that these persons feared God too much to oppress me as they did, had they known it. I saw his hand in it, and I felt the pain which they suffered, through the contrariety of their humors. It is hard to conceive the tenderness which God gave me for them, and the desire which I have had to procure them every sort of advantage.

“ After the accident which befel me, of the fall from the horse, from which I soon wonderfully recovered, the devil began to declare himself more openly my enemy, to break loose and become more outrageous. One night, when I least thought of it, something very monstrous and frightful presented itself. It seemed a kind of face, which was seen by a glimmering bluish light. I know not whether the flame itself composed this horrible appearance, for it was so mixed and passed by so rapidly, that I had not time to examine it. My soul rested in its calm situation and assurance, and it appeared no more. As I rose at midnight to pray, I then

heard frightful noises in my chamber, and after I had lain down they were still worse ; my bed often shook for a quarter of an hour at a time, and the paper sashes were all burst. Every morning while this continued, they were found shattered and torn, yet I felt no fear. I rose and lighted my wax candle at a lamp which I kept in my chamber, because I had taken the office of sacristan, (or vestry nun) and the care of waking the sisters at the hour they were to rise, without having once failed in it for my indispositions ; ever being the first in all the observances : I made use of my little light to look all over the chamber, and at the sashes, at the very time the noise was strongest : as he saw that I was afraid of nothing, he left off all on a sudden, and attacked me no more in person : but he stirred up men against me, and that succeeded far better with him ; for he found them disposed to do what he prompted them to, zealously, inasmuch as they counted it a good thing to do me the worst of injuries.

“ One of the sisters, whom I had brought, a very beautiful girl, contracted an intimacy with an ecclesiastic, who had authority in this place. At first he inspired her with an aversion for me, being well assured that if she placed confidence in me, I should advise her not to suffer his visits so frequently. As she was about undertaking a religious retreat, the ecclesiastic was desirous to induce her to make it with them, in order to gain her entire confidence, which would have served as a cloak to

his frequent visits. The Bishop of Geneva had given Father la Combe for director to our house, and as he was going to cause retreats to be made, I desired her to wait for him. As I had gained some share in her esteem, she submitted thereto even against her inclination, which was to have made it under this ecclesiastic. I began to talk to her on the subject of inward prayer, and drew her into the practice of this duty. Our Lord gave such a blessing thereto, that this girl, (one of good parts) gave herself to God in right earnest, and with her whole heart : and the retreat completely won her over. She then became more reserved, and on her guard, towards this ecclesiastic, which exceedingly vexed him. It enraged him both against Father la Combe and me. This proved the source of the persecutions, which afterwards befel me. The noise in my chamber ended as that commenced.

“ This ecclesiastic began to talk privately of me, with much contempt. I knew it, but took no notice. There came a certain friar to see him, who mortally hated Father la Combe, on account of his regularity. These combined together to force me to quit the house, and to become masters of it themselves. All the means they could devise they studied for that purpose.

“ I had two maids of my own with me to serve me : yet as the community had need of one of them for their cook, and the other to attend the door, and other occasions, I gave them up, not thinking but they

would allow them to serve me sometimes, and assist me in things I was not able to do myself; for besides this, I let them still receive all my income, they having had already my first half of this year's annuity; and yet they would not permit either of my maid-servants to do anything for me. By my office of sacristan, I was obliged to sweep the church, which was large, and they would not let any one help me in it. I have several times fainted away over the broom, and have been forced to rest myself in little corners, quite spent. This obliged me to beg them, that they would suffer it sometimes to be swept by some of the lusty country girls which were there, new Catholics, which at last they had the charity to consent to. But what most embarrassed me was, that I never had washed, and was now obliged to wash all the vestry linen. I took one of my maids to help me, because in attempting it by myself, I had done up the linen most awkwardly. But these sisters pulled her by the arms out of my chamber, telling her she should do her own business. I let it quietly pass, without making any objection to it. The other good sister, the girl I just mentioned, grew more and more fervent, by the practice of prayer, in her dedication of herself to the Lord, and more and more tender in her sympathy with me, which irritated this ecclesiastic; insomuch that, after all his impotent attempts here, he went off to Annecy, in order to sow discord, and to effect more mischief to Father la Combe."

The Bishop of Geneva was displeased at the

number of proselytes she gained, saying she won everybody to herself; and he wished she was out of his diocese.

Finding herself unhappy at Gex, and in declining health, Madame Guyon retired to the convent of the Ursulines, where she had placed her daughter. The Bishop of Geneva became very angry with Father la Combe, because he thought he did not use his influence to induce her to remain at Gex, and devote all the donations she received to the establishment of new Catholics. The most scandalous stories were soon circulated concerning Father la Combe and Madame Guyon, which appear to have distressed him much more than they did her.

The sisterhood at Gex, angry at her departure, left no stratagem untried to prejudice the Ursulines against her, as a heretic, an enthusiast, and one guilty of very scandalous things. Her little daughter became very ill of the small-pox and the purples, and it was thought she would die. Father la Combe came and prayed with her, and blessed her, and she immediately recovered. She repeats an event which happened at this time, in order to show her entire trust in Providence.

“ I had sent for a pretty considerable bundle of things from Paris for my daughter. I heard they were lost on the lake, and could learn no further tidings about them.

“ But I gave myself no trouble, I always thought they would be found. The man who had taken

the charge of them, made a search after them a whole month, in all the environs, without hearing any news about them. At the end of three months, they were brought to me, having been found in the house of a poor man, who had not opened them, nor knew who brought them thither. Once, I had sent for all the money which was to serve me a whole year; the person who had been to receive cash for the bill of exchange, having put that money in two bags on horseback, forgot that it was there, and gave the horse to a little boy to lead. The money fell from the horse in the middle of the market at Geneva. That instant I arrived, coming on the other side; and having alighted from my litter, the first thing I found was my money, in walking over it: what was surprising, a great throng was in this place, and not one had perceived it. Many such things have attended me."

"Often, during my husband's lifetime when I have been going out to prayers, the weather was so cloudy, that the girl I took with me, said, 'I could not go; or if I did, I should be soaked with the rain.' I answered her with my usual confidence, 'God will assist us.' I generally reached the chapel without being wet: but when I had arrived there, the rain fell excessively. During several years that I have acted in this manner, I have never been deceived when I confided in God. When I was in town, and could find nobody up to be seen, I was surprised that there came to me priests, to ask me if I was willing to receive the communion, and

that if I were, they would give it to me. I had no mind to refuse, oh my Lord, the opportunity which thou thyself offeredst me ; for I had no doubt of its being thee who inspired them to propose it. Before I had contrived to get divine service at the chapel, I have often suddenly awaked with a strong impulse to go to prayers. My maid would say to me, ‘ But, madam, you are going to tire yourself in vain. There will be no service there.’ For that chapel was not yet regularly served : however I went full of faith ; and at my arrival have found them just ready to begin. If I could particularly enumerate the remarkable providences, which were hereupon given in my favor, there would be enough to fill up whole volumes.

“ When I was at our country house, before the chapel was built, I retired for prayer to woods and caverns. How many times, here, has God preserved me from dangerous and venomous beasts ! Sometimes, at unawares, I kneeled upon serpents, which were there in great plenty ; and they fled away, without doing me any harm. Once I happened to be alone in a little wood, wherein was a mad bull. I had an antipathy for these animals, and they for me, to such a degree as to single me out among several persons, and run after me. Every one cried out for fear ; but, without offering me the least hurt, he betook himself to flight. If I could recount all the providences of God, in my favor, it would appear wonderful : they were indeed so frequent and so continual, that I could not but be astonished at them.”

While with the Ursulines, she had an impulse to write ; and though she knew not what to say, and had not one idea to begin with, when she took her pen the matter flowed copiously, nay, impetuously. She speaks of it, as a divine impulse, hard to contain or bear. More worldly writers than Madame Guyon have taken pen in hand in utter despair of knowing what to write, and have, like her, been urged onward by a sudden and overflowing inspiration, for which the fingers could not move too rapidly. Indeed, I apprehend every person, who writes eloquently, has experienced this sensation of being propelled by a power out of himself, that would not always come and go at his bidding.

The book which Madame Guyon wrote at this time was a treatise on the interior path of faith, under the comparison of torrents and rivers : it is called *The Torrents*.

There was a girl in the convent over whose mind Madame Guyon obtained great power. This girl fell grievously ill. One day, Madame Guyon felt moved to say to her, " Arise from thy bed and be no longer sick ! " She rose, and was cured. The sisterhood attributed her disorder to the vapors — not so Madame Guyon. She says, " It was then I learned what it was to command by the the Word, and to obey by the Word. It was Jesus Christ in me, equally commanding and obeying."

" Miracles require the consent, or at least that there be no opposition, of the party on whom they are to be wrought. Our blessed Lord asked those

good people whom he healed, 'Are ye *willing* to be healed?'

"I have at sundry times experienced, and felt in myself, how much God respects the freedom of man, and even demands his free concurrence; for when I said, 'Be healed,' or, 'Be free from your troubles;' if such persons acquiesced therein, the Word was efficacious, and they were healed. If they doubted, or resisted, though under fair pretexts, as saying, 'I shall be healed when it pleases God, I will not be healed till he wills it;' or, in the way of despair, 'I cannot be healed, I will not quit my condition;' then the word had no effect. I felt in myself, that the Divine virtue retired in me."

During her residence among the Ursulines, Madame Guyon had a lingering illness, in which she suffered extreme agony, and was brought to the very edge of the grave.

The simplicity and patient trust, which she enjoyed at this time, she calls "a state of childhood."

She says, "I was obliged to continue to tell my thoughts, or write them, to Father la Combe, and to help him according to the light which was given me. I was often so weak that I could not lift up my head to take nourishment; and when God required me to write to him, either to help and encourage him, or to lay before him what was made known to me, I had strength given me to do it. When my letters were finished, I found myself in the same weakness. Our Lord had given us both

to understand that he would unite us by faith and by the cross. Ours, then, has been a union of the cross, in every respect, as well by what I have made him suffer, as by what I have suffered for him. Thus it was reciprocal, and much stronger than I am able to express. The sufferings which I have had on his account, were such as reduced me sometimes to extremity, and continued for several years : for though I have been much more of my time far from him, than near him, that did not relieve my suffering, which lasted till he was perfectly emptied of self, and to the very point of submission which God required of him. This operation made him suffer pains so much the more intense, as the designs of God upon him were the greater. He has occasioned me great pains when I was near a hundred leagues from him. I felt his disposition. If he were faithful in letting *self* be destroyed, I was in a state of peace and enlargement ; if he were unfaithful, in reflection, or hesitation, I suffered till that was passed over. He had no need to write me an account of his state, for I knew it ; but when he did write, it proved to be such as I had felt it. My heart had in it, as it were, a counterpart, or an echo, which told it all the dispositions which he was in. In short, to bear a soul, however distant the person may be, in all its different dispositions, and to suffer for all its resistances, is a thing very strange and mysterious.”

“ I cannot express the mercies which God shewed me in the time of this indisposition, and the pro-

found views of the future which he gave me. I saw the devil in great wrath going to excite a violent persecution against prayer, and against the persons drawn into that holy exercise. I wrote an account of all this to Father la Combe ; and if he has not burned the letters, they will still serve as proofs of the truth hereof. The devil durst not attack myself ; he feared me too much. I was to him like a thunderbolt. I then comprehended what power a soul has, which is entirely annihilated. Our Lord then let me see all that has come to pass since that time, as my letters clearly manifest.

“ As I was thinking in myself what so great a dependence was, and so pure and intimate a union, I saw twice in a dream Jesus Christ, an infant of admirable beauty ; and it seemed to me that he very closely united us, saying, ‘ It is I who unite thee to myself, and am willing that we both be one.’ Another time he bade me see Father la Combe, who then kept himself at some distance from me through infidelity ; and, with great goodness he brought him back again, willing to help me in a state of childhood, as I helped him in the state of death. He had very great charity for me. Treating me as a real child, he often said to me, ‘ When I am with you, I seem to myself as if I were with a little child.’ I was frequently reduced to extremity, and seemed on the point of death. I had, as it were, its agonies. For several hours I only breathed a long time asunder. Then all on a sudden I recovered. Death flattered me ; for I had a great

fondness for it; but it only appeared flying off. The father forbid me to rejoice at the prospect of death. I immediately discovered that it was an imperfection and did it no more; remaining afterwards in the utmost indifference about it."

"During my extraordinary illness, the Lord gradually taught me that there was another manner of conversing among souls wholly his, than by speech. Thou madest me conceive, oh divine Word, that as thou art ever speaking and operating in a soul,—though therein thou appearest in profound silence,—so there was also a way of communication in thy creatures, in an ineffable silence! I learned then a language which before had been unknown to me. I gradually perceived, when Father la Combe entered, that I could speak no more; and that there was formed in my soul the same kind of silence towards him, as was formed in it, in regard to God. I comprehended that God was willing to show me that men might in this life learn the language of angels. I was gradually reduced to speak to him only in silence. It was then we understood each other in God, after a manner unutterable and all divine. Our hearts spoke to each other, communicating a grace which no words can express. It was like a new country, both for him and me, but so divine, that I cannot describe it. At first this was done in a manner so perceptible, that is to say, God penetrated us with himself in a manner so pure and so sweet, that we passed hours in profound silence, always communicative, without being able to

utter one word. It was in this that we learned, by our own experience, the operations of the heavenly Word to reduce souls into unity with itself, and what purity one may arrive at in this life. It was given to me to communicate this way to other good souls; but with this difference, that I did nothing but communicate to them the grace with which they were filled, while near me, in this sacred silence; but I received nothing from them: whereas with Father la Combe, there was a flow and return of communication of grace, which he received from me, and I from him, in the greatest purity.

“It was in this that I comprehended the ineffable commerce of the most holy Trinity to all the blessed; and how God, who communicates himself to them, forms in them a flux and reflux of his own divine communications; that the saints of the like degree, or hierarchy, return to each other these pure and blissful emanations, and further shed them on the inferior hierarchies, and that all are reduced into the first principle, from whence they flow. I saw that we were created to partake in this life the unspeakable happiness of the celestial regions, and that it requires us to be very pure to receive God thus uninterruptedly, and to leave him to flow back into himself in that same purity. We must indeed be very pure to receive and to communicate the divine Word, and afterwards to diffuse it, by a flux and reflux of communication, upon the other souls which God gives us. This is what fixes us in the divine unity, in which we are one in him from whom all is derived.”

“ It was shewn to me how this hierarchic order was, even in this life ; and that there are souls who communicate to an infinite number of other souls, without knowing it, to whom the grace of their perfection reaches ; that this hierarchy will be preserved through all eternity ; and that those who naturally communicate to each other will be in the like degree. It was then that I learned the secret of spiritual fruitfulness and maternity ; how the Holy Spirit renders souls fruitful in himself, and that there would be given to me in this way a numberless offspring, as well known as unknown. All those, who are my true children, are drawn in their minds at once to continue in silence when with me : and I have the like tendency to impart to them in silence what God gives me for them. In this silence I discover their wants and failings, and communicate to them in an abundant plenitude, according to their necessities. When once they have tasted of this manner of communication, any other becomes burthensome to them. As for me, when I make use of speech, or the pen, with souls, I do it only on account of their weakness, and because either they are not pure enough for the interior communication ; or because it is yet needful to use condescension ; or for the regulation of outward affairs.”

“ In my sickness I was often in all appearance at the point of death. Father la Combe administered the sacrament to me, the Prioress of the Ursulines having desired him to do it, as their priest was

then not at home. I was well satisfied to die, as was he also in the expectation of my departure. For being united in God, after a manner so pure, and so spiritual, death could not separate us, but on the contrary would have more closely united us. Father la Combe, who was on his knees at my bedside, remarking the change of my countenance, and how my eyes faded, seemed ready to give me up for dying: when God inspired him to lift up his hands, and with a strong voice, which was heard of those who were in my chamber, at that time almost full, to command death to relinquish. Instantly it seemed to be stopped: and thus God was pleased wonderfully to raise me up again; yet for a long time I continued extremely weak, during all which our Lord still gave me new testimonies of his love. How many times was he pleased to make use of his servant to restore me to life, when I was almost on the very point of expiring! As they saw that my sicknesses and pains did not end, they judged that the air of the lake on which the convent was situated, was very prejudicial to my constitution. They concluded that it would be necessary for me to remove.

“ During my sad indisposition, our Lord put it into the heart of Father la Combe, to establish a hospital in this place for poor people seized with maladies; and to institute also a committee, or congregation of ladies of the charity, to furnish such as could not leave their families to go to the hospital, with the means of subsistence during their

illness, after the manner of France ; there not having yet been any institution of this kind in that country. Willingly did I enter into it ; and without any other fund than Providence, and some useless chambers, which the gentlemen of the town gave us, we began it. We dedicated it to the holy child Jesus, and he was pleased to give the first beds to it from the earnest-pence of my pension, which belong to him. He gave such a blessing thereto, that several other persons joined in this charity. In a short time there were near twelve beds in it, and three persons of great piety gave themselves to this hospital to serve it ; without any salary, they consecrated themselves to the service of the poor patients. I supplied them with ointments and medicines, which were freely given to such of the poor people of the town as had need of them. These good ladies were so hearty in the cause, that, through their charity, and the care of the young women, this hospital was very well maintained and served. These ladies joined together also in providing for the sick, who could not go to the hospital : and I gave them some little regulations, such as I had observed when in France, which they continued to keep up with tenderness and love.

“ All these little things, which cost but little, and which owed all their success to the blessing God gave them, drew upon us new persecutions. The Bishop of Geneva was offended with me more than ever, especially in seeing that these small

matters rendered me beloved. He said, 'I won over everybody.' He openly declared, 'that he could not bear me in his diocese,' though I had done therein nothing but good, or rather God by me. He extended his persecutions to these good *religious women*, who had been my assistants. The Prioress in particular, had her own share to bear, though it did not last long: for as I was obliged, on account of the air, to remove, after having been there about two years and a half, they were then more in peace and quietness. On another side, my sister was very weary of this house: and as the season for the waters approached, they took occasion from thence to send her away, with the maid which I brought with me, who had molested me exceedingly in my late illness. I only kept her whom Providence had sent me by means of my sister: and I have ever thought that God had ordered my sister's journey hither, only to bring her to me, as one chosen of him, and proper for the state which it was his pleasure to cause me to bear.

“ While I was yet, (indisposed,) with the Ursulines, the Bishop of Verceil earnestly requested the Father-General of the Bernabites, to seek among the religious, a man of merit, piety and learning, in whom he might place confidence, and who might serve him for a prebend and a counselor. At first he cast his eyes on Father la Combe; yet before he absolutely engaged him with the said Bishop, he wrote to him, to know, 'whether he had any objection thereto.' Father la Combe replied, 'that he had no other will but that of obeying him,

and that he might command him herein as he should think best in the case.' He gave me an account of this, and that we were going to be entirely separated. I was glad to find that our Lord would employ him under a Bishop who knew him, and would be likely to do him justice. Yet it was some time before he went, matters not being all fixed.

“ Before my coming away from the Ursulines, the good hermit I have spoken of, wrote to me, earnestly entreating me to go to Lausanne, which was only six leagues from Tonon, over the lake, because he still hoped to draw back his sister who lived there, in order to labor for her conversion. One cannot go thither to speak about religion without running some risk. As soon as I was in a condition to walk, though but feebly, I resolved to go. We took a boat, and I requested Father la Combe to accompany us. We got over pretty easily : but as the lake was above a quarter of a league distant from the town, I was obliged, notwithstanding my weakness, to muster up all my forces to get thither on foot, for we could find no other means of conveyance. The boatmen bore me up as well as they could, but not sufficiently for the condition I was in. When I arrived at the town I was extremely reduced. Both Father la Combe and myself spoke to that woman ; but she was newly married, and declared that, if it were not for regard to her brother, from whom we delivered letters, she would have informed against us, as

being come to debauch the Protestants. In our return we came near perishing on the lake, in a dangerous place, where there came a tempest against us, which seemed about to swallow us up ; but God protected us. Some days after, a bark foundered there, with thirtythree persons in it.

“ I then went off from the Ursulines, and they sought for a house for me at a distance from the lake. There was but one to be found empty, which had a look of the greatest poverty. It had no chimney but in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go to the chamber. I took my daughter with me, and gave up the largest chamber for her and the maid, who was to take care of her. I was lodged in a little hole, on straw, to which I went up by a ladder. As we had no other furniture than our beds, which were quite plain and homely, I bought some straw chairs and bosses, with Dutch earthen, and wooden ware. Never did I enjoy greater content than in this little hovel, which appeared so very conformable to the humility of Jesus Christ. I fancied everything better on wood than on plate. I laid in all my provisions, hoping to stay there a long time ; but the devil did not leave me long in such sweet peace. It would be difficult for me to tell the persecutions that were stirred up against me. They threw stones in at my windows, which fell at my feet. I had my little garden put in order : They came in the night, tore it all up, broke down the arbor, and overturned everything

in it, as if it had been ravaged by soldiers. They came to abuse me at the door all night long, making a noise as if they were going to break it open. These persons have since told who put them on such work. — Though from time to time I continued my charities at Gex, I was not the less persecuted for it. They offered one person a warrant\* to compel Father la Combe to stay at Tonon, thinking he would otherwise be a support to me in the persecution; but we prevented it. I knew not then the designs of God, and that he would soon draw me from that poor solitary place, in which I had enjoyed a sweet and solid satisfaction, notwithstanding the abuses from without. I thought myself happier here than any sovereign on earth.— It was for me like a *nest* and a *place of repose*; and Christ was willing that I should be like him. The devil, as I have said, irritated my persecutors. They sent to desire me to go out of the diocese. All the good, which the Lord had caused me to do in it, was condemned more than the greatest crimes. Those crimes they tolerated, but me they could not endure. All this while I never had any uneasiness, or repentance, for having left all; not that I was assured of having done the will of God therein: such an assurance would have been too much for me. But I could neither see nor regard anything, — receiving all things alike from the hand of my God, who directed and disposed these crosses for me, either in justice or in mercy.”

\* Lettre de Cachet.

The Marchioness of Prunai, a pious widow and friend of Madame Guyon, having heard that she had removed from the Convent of the Ursulines, on account of the air of the lake, procured a letter to oblige Father la Combe to come to her house at Turin, and to bring the invalid with him. She afterward told Madame Guyon that a superior force moved her to do it, without her knowing the cause thereof. This step, however, caused bitter mortification to the pride of the Marchioness. It gave new activity to the scandalous stories, which had already been promulgated; and as neither Catholics nor Protestants made common cause with the Quietist, she had enemies enough. It was reported that she was strolling about the country from province to province alone with Father la Combe; the news was speedily carried to Paris, where comedies were acted upon it.

It was not true, that she travelled alone with Father la Combe. She had with her an aged priest, a boy whom she had brought out of France, her chamber-maid, and her little daughter. The women and child travelled in a litter, the others took horses. All these circumstances were, however, omitted in her enemies' version of the story.

Even the Marchioness of Prunai, in consequence of the reports she heard, looked very coldly upon her, for a while; but being afterward convinced of the purity and sanctity of her life, she again became warmly attached to her.

After some time, business of importance com-

pelled the marchioness to leave Turin ; and Madame Guyon did not think it proper to stay there without her, being an entire stranger in the place. She knew not which way to turn. The Bishop of Verceil wrote to offer his protection, saying he wished extremely to have her in his diocese, and that he should regard her as a sister. But Father la Combe was at Verceil, and she feared to distress him by going thither ; though she says, had they believed it to be the will of God, the loss of reputation would have been as nothing.

Speaking of her converts at this time, she relates the following dream :

“ I saw a great number of very beautiful birds, which every one was pursuing with great emulation and eagerness. I beheld them all without taking part therein, and without wishing to catch any of them. I was not a little surprised to see that they all came to offer themselves to me, without my using any effort to take them. Among them there was one of an extraordinary beauty, which far surpassed all the others. Everybody was eager to get this : but it escaped them all, and me too as well as the rest ; but afterwards it returned to offer itself to me, when I no longer expected it. There was one of the others, which after having come in the like manner, fluttered for a long time, one while offering itself, another while retiring, but at length gave itself up entirely. This last appeared to me to be the religious man I have just been speaking of. Others fled quite

away. — But the beautiful bird, which had not any rival,\* is not unknown to me, though he has not come yet. Be it either before, or after my death, I am assured the time will come when he will give himself wholly up to God.

“ As I was with the Marchioness of Prunai, — undetermined whether I should place my daughter at the Visitation of Turin, to go thither with her, or take some other course, — I was exceedingly surprised, at a time I least expected it, to see Father la Combe arrive from Verceil, and tell me, ‘ I must return to Paris without any delay.’ It was in the evening, and he said, ‘ I must set off next morning.’ I confess this sudden news startled me. It was for me a double sacrifice, to return to a place where they had cried me down so much ; and towards a family which held me in contempt, and who had represented my journey (caused by pure necessity) as a voluntary course, pursued through human attachments. Behold me then disposed to go off, without offering a single word in reply, with my daughter and my chambermaid, without any body to guide and attend us ; for Father la Combe was resolved not to accompany me, not so much as in passing the mountains ; because the Bishop of Geneva had written on all sides that I was gone to Turin, to run after him ; but the Father Provincial, who was a man of quality, and well acquainted with the virtue of Father la Combe, told him, ‘ that it was im-

\* Perhaps Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.

proper and unsafe to venture on these mountains, without some persons of my acquaintance ; and the more so, as I had my little daughter with me ; he therefore ordered him to accompany me.' Father la Combe confessed to me that he had some reluctance to do it, and that only obedience, and the danger to which I should have been exposed, made him surmount it. He was merely to accompany me to Grenoble, and from thence to return to Turin. I went off then for Paris, there to suffer whatever crosses and trials it should please God to inflict.

“ What made me pass by Grenoble, was, the desire I had to spend two or three days with a lady, an eminent servant of God, and one of my friends. When I was there, Father la Combe and that lady spoke to me not to go any further ; that God would glorify himself in me and by me in that place. He returned to Verceil, and I left myself to be conducted, as a child, by Providence. This lady took me to the house of a good widow, there not being accommodations at the inn ; and as I was ordered to stop at Grenoble, at her house I resided. I placed my daughter in a convent, and resolved to employ all this time in resigning myself to be possessed in solitude by Him who is the absolute Sovereign of my soul. I made not any visit in this place, though it had been my general custom to make them in other places where I had sojourned. But I was greatly surprised when, a few days after my arrival, there came to see me several persons,

who made profession of a singular devotion to God. I perceived immediately a gift which he had given me, both of discerning spirits and of administering to each that which suited their states. I felt myself suddenly invested with the apostolic state, and discerned the condition of the souls that spoke to me with so much facility, that they were surprised at it. They said one to another, 'that I gave every one of them the very thing they had stood in need of.' It was thou, oh, my God, who didst all these things; some of them sent others to me. It came to such an excess, that, generally from six in the morning till eight in the evening, I was taken up in speaking of God. People flocked on all sides, far and near, friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came one after another; and God supplied me with what was pertinent and satisfactory to them all, after a wonderful manner, without any share of my study or meditation therein. Nothing was hid from me of their interior state, and of what passed within them. Here, oh my God, thou didst make an infinite number of conquests known to thyself only. They were instantly furnished with a wonderful facility of prayer. God conferred on them his grace plentifully, and wrought marvellous changes in them. The most advanced of these souls found, when silent with me, a grace communicated to them, which they could neither comprehend, nor cease to admire. The others found an unction in my words, and that they operated in

them what I said to them. They said, 'they had never experienced anything like it.' Friars of different orders, and priests of merit, came to see me, to whom our Lord granted very great favors ; as indeed he did to all, without exception, who came in sincerity.

"One thing was surprising ; I had not a syllable to say to such as came only to watch my words, and to criticise on them. Even when I thought to try to speak to them, I felt that I could not, and that God would not have me do it. Some of them in return said, 'The people are fools to go to see that lady. She cannot speak.' Others of them treated me as if I were only a stupid simpleton. After they left me, there came one and said, 'I could not get hither soon enough to apprize you not to speak to those persons ; they came from such and such, to try what they can catch from you to your disadvantage.' I answered them, 'Our Lord has prevented your charity ; for I was not able to say one word to them.'"

Many of the priests in that part of the country deemed her doctrines heretical, and were alarmed at the multitudes who flocked to hear her. They burned in the public-square all the mystical books they could find, and refused to grant absolution to those who practised inward prayer. Some friars of this very order afterward became what Madame Guyon calls her "spiritual children ;" she says she had the power of guiding and consoling those who stood in this relation to her, whether they were near

or distant, whether she had ever seen them or not : if they committed any faults, and concealed them from her, or covered them with disguises, she immediately felt it. She tells us,

“ Before I arrived at Grenoble, the lady, my friend there, saw in a dream, that our Lord gave me an infinite number of children, all uniformly clad, bearing on their habits the marks of candor and innocence. She thought I was coming to take care of the children of the hospital. But as soon as she told me, I discerned it was not that which the dream meant ; but that our Lord would give me, by a spiritual fruitfulness, a great number of children ; that they would not be my true children ; but in simplicity, candor and innocence.”

While at Grenoble, she wrote her commentaries on the books of the Old and New Testament. Of these works she says, “ when in writing on the Old Testament, I made use of passages of the New, to support what I had said, it was without seeking them, they were given me along with the explication ; and in writing on the New Testament, and therein making use of passages of the Old, they were given me in like manner without seeking anything. I had scarce any time for writing but in the night, allowing only one or two hours for sleep. The Lord made me write with so much purity, that I was obliged to leave off or begin again, as he was pleased to order. He proved me every way herein. When I wrote by day, often suddenly interrupted, I left the word unfinished, and he after-

wards gave me what he pleased. What I wrote was not in my head : that part was kept free and disengaged. If I gave any way to reflection, I was punished for it and could not proceed. And yet sometimes I was not duly attentive to the Divine Spirit, thinking I did well to continue when I had time, even without feeling his immediate impulse, or enlightening influence ; from whence it is easy to see some places clear and consistent, and others which have neither taste nor unction ; such is the difference of the spirit of God from the human and natural spirit, though they are left just as I wrote them, yet I am ready, if ordered to adjust them according to my present light."

At Grenoble she was likewise persuaded to publish a little tract, which had been written a long time, called " A Short and Easy Method of Prayer" : this book occasioned her much persecution. The confessors said it was none of her business to meddle with their province, and to administer to the help of souls. The Bishop of Geneva, and the people at Gex, did not fail to write to Grenoble against her, as they had done to other places. The Bishop of Grenoble's almoner advised her to go to Marseilles, which was his native place, until the storm passed over. The Marchioness of Prunai, having returned to Turin, sent to urge her to take refuge there. But Turin was very near to Verceil ; and she knew the world would say she had gone after Father la Combe.

She therefore embarked for Marseilles, with a

young woman whom she had converted to her opinions, her chamber-maid, and the Bishop of Grenoble's almoner.

On the way, they met with several alarming accidents. The boat ran upon a rock, and opened at a stroke. All were terrified, except Madame Guyon; her countenance was perfectly tranquil. She says, "I did not so much as feel the first emotions of surprise, which are natural to every body on those occasions, and depend not on ourselves. What caused my peace in such dangers as terrify others at once, was my resignation to God, and because death is much more agreeable to me than life, if such were his will, to which I desire to be ever patiently submissive."\*

She arrived at Marseilles at ten o'clock in the morning; and in the afternoon all was in an uproar about her. Several very offensive letters were written to her; and the Bishop was requested to banish her immediately from the city, on account of her book on prayer. The Bishop of Marseilles, having talked with some who knew Madame Guyon, refused to comply with their request, and treated her with all possible respect; however, the persecutions and difficulties she met with did not admit of her staying long in that city. She says,

\* She frequently showed this willingness to die, which sometimes seemed even to amount to anxiety. Once, when riding with her husband, the carriage nearly overturned; she exclaimed joyfully, "never mind — it is breaking down on my side."

“ From Marseilles, I knew not how or whither I should turn next. I saw no likelihood either of staying, or returning to Grenoble, where I had left my daughter in a convent. On the other side, Father la Combe had written to me that he did not think I ought to go to Paris. I even felt a strong reluctance to going thither, which made me think it was not yet the time for it. One morning I felt myself inwardly pressed to go off; I took a litter to go to see the Marchioness of Prunai, which was, I thought, the most honorable refuge for me in my present condition. I imagined I might have passed through Nice to her habitation, as some had assured me I might. But when I arrived at Nice, I was greatly surprised to learn that the litter could not pass the mountain to go thither. I knew not what to do, nor which way to turn, being here alone, forsaken of everybody, and not knowing what God required of me. My confusion and crosses seemed daily to increase. I saw myself, without refuge or retreat, wandering as a vagabond. All the tradesmen, whom I saw in their shops, appeared to me happy, in having a dwelling-place of their own to retire to. Nothing in the world seemed harder than this wandering life to me, who naturally loved honor and decorum. As I was in this uncertainty, not knowing what course to take, one came to tell me that next day a shallop would set off, which used to go in one day to Genoa; and that if I chose it, they would land me at Savona, from whence I might get myself carried to the Marchioness of Prunai's house. To that I con-

sented, as I could not be supplied with any other way of getting thither.

“I had some joy at embarking on the sea. I said in myself, ‘If I be the dregs of the earth, and the scorn of nature, I am now going to embark on the element which above all others is the most treacherous; if it be the Lord’s pleasure to plunge me in the waves, it shall be mine to perish in them. There came a tempest in a place pretty dangerous for a small boat; and the mariners were some of the wickedest. The irritation of the waves gave a satisfaction to my mind. I pleased myself in thinking, that those mutinous billows might probably supply me with a grave. Perhaps I carried the point too far, in the pleasure I took at seeing myself beaten and bandied by the swelling waters. Those who were with me took notice of my intrepidity, but knew not the cause of it. I asked of thee, my Lord, some little hole of a rock to be placed in, there to live separate from all creatures. I figured to myself, that some uninhabited island would have terminated all my disgraces, and put me in a condition of infallibly doing thy will. But my divine Love designed me a prison far different from that of the rock, and quite another banishment than that of the uninhabited island. He reserved me to be battered by billows, more irritated than those of the sea. Calumnies proved the outrageous unrelenting waves, to which I was to be exposed, in order to be lashed and tossed by them without mercy.

By the tempest swelling against us, we were kept back, and instead of a short day's passage to Genoa, we were eleven days in making it. We could not land at Savona. We were obliged to go on to Genoa. We arrived there in the beginning of the week before Easter.

“The Doge was lately gone out of the city, and had carried off with him all the litters. Wherefore I could not get one, and was obliged to stay several days at great expense; for the people there demanded of us exorbitant sums, and as much for every single person, as they would have asked for a company at the best eating-house in Paris. I had little money left, but my store in Providence could not be exhausted. I begged with the greatest earnestness for a litter at any price, to pass the feast of Easter at the Marchioness of Prunai's house. It was then within three days of Easter; and I could scarcely any way get myself understood. By the force of entreaty, they brought me at length a sorry litter with lame mules, and told me they would take me readily to Verceil, which was only two days' journey, but demanded an enormous sum for it. They would not engage to take me to the Marchioness of Prunai's house, as they knew not where her estate lay. This was to me a strong mortification; for I was very unwilling to go to Verceil; nevertheless, the proximity of Easter, and want of money, in a country where they used every kind of extortion and tyranny, left me no

choice. I was under an absolute necessity of submitting to be conveyed to Verceil.

“Thus Providence led me whither I would not. Our muleteer was one of the most brutal men to be met with ; and for an increase of my affliction, I had sent away to Verceil the ecclesiastic who accompanied us, to prevent their surprise at seeing me, after I had protested against going thither.”

They were obliged to pass through a forest, where they were stopped by robbers, and slept at a house notorious for its private murders. They were led into these dangers by the wickedness of the muleteer ; but nothing could frighten a woman, who had so long wished to meet death. She arrived at Verceil in safety. She says, “Father la Combe came in a strange fret at my arrival ; God so permitting it ; he could not hide it from me. He said that every one would think I was come after him, and that would injure his reputation, which I found in that country was very high. I had no less pain to go thither. It was necessity only which had obliged me to submit to such a disagreeable task. The Father received me with coolness, and in such a manner as let me sufficiently see his sentiments, and indeed redoubled my pain. I asked him if he required me to return, adding, ‘that, if he did, I would go off that moment, however oppressed and spent, both with fatigues and fastings.’ He replied, ‘he did not know how the Bishop of Verceil would take my arrival, after he had given over all expectation of it ; after I had so long, and so

obstinately, refused the obliging offers he had made me ; since which he no longer expressed any desire to see me.'

“ It seemed to me then as if I were rejected from the face of the earth, without being able to find any refuge in it, and as if all creatures were combined to crush me. I passed that night without sleep, not knowing what course I should pursue, being persecuted by my enemies, and a subject of disgrace to my friends.”

The Bishop of Verceil, however, received her very kindly. He sent his niece to take her to her own house ; and the more he conversed with her, the greater was the respect he entertained for her. He urged her to settle permanently in his diocese ; and he wrote letters to his brethren in every direction, expressing his regard for her. He wished her to form a congregation at Verceil, in connexion with her friend the Marchioness of Prunai. Some of his relations became very jealous, thinking Madame Guyon would persuade him to give away his money in donations. She says she never thought it was the Lord's will that she should form an establishment there ; and this was soon decided by the air of the place proving so injurious to her lungs, that the physicians said she must leave it, or die. The good prelate was even affected to tears. He said, “ you were willing to stay in the diocese of Geneva, where they persecuted and rejected you ; and I, who would so gladly have you, cannot keep you. But go — I had rather have you live at

a distance from us, then see you die here." He wrote to her half brother, and violent enemy, Father la Mothe, that he was exceedingly sorry to part with her ; for she had been an angel in his diocese.

This Father la Mothe, under an appearance of friendship for Father la Combe, tried to get him removed to Paris, pretending that place was alone worthy of him ; and persisted in his endeavors, though the Bishop of Verceil strongly resisted parting with a man for whom he had such love and confidence. Madame Guyon says, " The Bishop of Verceil's friend, the father-general of the Bernabites, departed this life. As soon as he was dead, Father la Mothe wrote to the vicar-general, who now held his place till another should be elected, renewing his request to have Father la Combe as an assistant. The father, hearing that I was obliged on account of my indisposition to return into France, sent an order to Father la Combe to return to Paris, and to accompany me in my journey thither ; as his doing so would exempt their house at Paris, already poor, from the expenses of so long a journey. On the receipt hereof, Father la Combe, who did not penetrate the poison under this fair outside, consented thereto ; knowing it was my custom to have some ecclesiastic with me in travelling. Father la Combe went off twelve days before me, in order to transact some business, and to wait for me at the passage over the mountains, the place where I had most need of an escort. I set off in Lent, the weather then being very fine. It was

a sorrowful parting to the prelate. I pitied him, he was so much affected both at losing Father la Combe and me. He caused me to be attended, at his own expense, as far as Turin; giving me a gentleman and one of his ecclesiastics to accompany me.

“As soon as the resolution was taken that Father la Combe should accompany me, Father la Mothe reported everywhere, ‘that he had been obliged to do it, to make him return into France.’ He expatiated on the attachment I had for Father la Combe, pretending to pity me for it. Upon this, every one said, ‘I ought to put myself under the direction of Father la Mothe.’ In the meantime he deceitfully palliated the malignity of his heart, writing letters full of esteem to Father la Combe, and of tenderness to me, ‘desiring him to bring his dear sister, and to serve her in her infirmities, and in the hardships of so long a journey; that he should be sensibly obliged to him for his care,’—with many other things of the like nature.

“I could not resolve to depart without going to see my good friend, the Marchioness of Prunai, notwithstanding the difficulty of the roads. I caused myself to be carried thither, it being scarce possible to go otherwise on account of the mountains. She was extremely joyful at seeing me arrive. Nothing could be more cordial than what passed between us with abundance of mutual openness. It was then she acknowledged that all I told her had come to pass; and a good ecclesiastic, who

lives with her, told me the same. We made ointments and plaisters together, and I gave her the secret of my remedies. I encouraged her, and so did Father la Combe, to establish an hospital in that place; which was done while we were there. I contributed my mite to it, which has ever been blest to all the hospitals established in reliance on Providence.

“I believe I had forgot to tell, that the Lord had made use of me to establish one near Grenoble, which subsists without any other fund than the supplies of Providence. My enemies made use of that afterwards to slander me, saying, ‘I had wasted my children’s substance in establishing hospitals;’ though, far from spending any of their substance, I had even given them my own; and though those hospitals have been established only on the fund of divine providence, which is inexhaustible.”

Madame Guyon returned to Paris in July, 1686. Several of her friends warned her that her half brother had evil designs against her and Father la Combe; and this proved true; though the artful dissembler pretended the utmost friendship for both. He wished Madame Guyon to give up to her relations the small annuity she had left; and he was angry with Father la Combe because he would not use his power to make her do it. The applause which followed Father la Combe’s preaching exasperated him still more. He demanded a small sum of money, which Madame Guyon had placed in

his hands to pay for the entrance of a poor nun, saying he wanted it to repair a wall in his convent; and when Father la Combe replied that he had no right to dispose of the money contrary to the wishes of the giver, he told him he would make him suffer for it.

It would be tedious to enter into a detail of all the petty stratagems of malice and envy. By means of forged letters, false confessionals, and the artful concealment of favorable evidence, Father la Combe and Madame Guyon were pretended to be convicted of heresy and other great crimes. Father la Combe was imprisoned in the Bastille, in 1687. He appears to have been a conscientious man, singularly devoted to God. He endured his misfortunes with the calmness and resignation of a Christian, having an inward peace, which the world could not take from him. Soon after, an order was issued for the imprisonment of Madame Guyon; but the execution of it was deferred for a few months on account of her extreme illness. During this sickness a certificate from the Inquisition, establishing the innocence of Father la Combe, and the soundness of his faith, was artfully obtained from her by her wicked half-brother, under the pretence of setting the victim at liberty; but as soon as he got possession of the important paper he destroyed it. She says, "To Father la Mothe's insults I returned mildness, and for injuries made him presents."

In January, 1668, while she was yet too weak

to stand, she was imprisoned in the Convent of St Mary's, and denied the privilege of occasionally seeing her daughter. A very severe woman was appointed for her keeper; and the whole sisterhood had prejudices against her, as a heretic, an enthusiast, a hypocrite, and a mad woman. However, before many months had passed away, the prisoner won their entire affection and respect, by the meekness and purity of her conversation. This vexed Father la Mothe extremely. Liberty was offered her, if she would give up all guardianship of her daughter, and consent to her marriage with a certain unprincipled and dissipated man, with whom they wished to connect her. Madame Guyon replied that she would not purchase freedom at the price of sacrificing her child; and that she was content to stay in prison, as long as it was the Lord's will.

Want of air and exercise brought on a raging fever. Some of her friends tried to procure her liberation. Even Father la Mothe pretended to desire it, because he was afraid of being suspected of malice, by over-doing the matter. She was repeatedly urged to write a retraction of the sentiments she had professed, and was threatened with the scaffold if she did not. She answered she would sooner die than write what she believed to be false. A forged retraction was then circulated, in which she was made to accuse herself of heresy and crime, and to say she detested the day on which she first saw Father la Combe.

At last, one of her female relatives obtained her freedom through the mediation of Madame Maintenon.

She says, "Some days after my release, having heard of the Abbe de Fenelon, my mind was taken up with him, with much force and sweetness. It seemed to me that the Lord would unite him to me in a very intimate manner, beyond any other, and that of him there would be formed a spiritual filiation (or sonship) to me. I had an opportunity of seeing him the next day.\* I inwardly felt this first interview did not satisfy him. I experienced something which made me want to pour out my heart into his; but I did not find yet the due correspondence for it, which made me suffer much. Next morning I saw him again. We remained in silence together for some time, till the cloud was dissipated; but he was not yet as I desired him to be. Eight whole days I suffered on his account, after which I found myself united to him without any obstacle: and ever since, this union has increased, after a manner pure and ineffable. My soul seemed to be joined to his in the bond of divine love, as was that of Jonathan to David. The Lord has given me a view of the great designs he has upon this person, and how dear he is to him."

"At my coming out of St Mary's, I entered into the community of Madame Miramion. My enemies, not yet tired of plotting against me, told me

\* She saw him, for the first time, at the house of her friend, the Duchess of Bethune.

it was more proper for me to enter into a private house. This was to set on foot new forgeries, as before. When they saw that, with all their endeavors for it, they could not prevail, they wrote to Madame Miramion, assuring her that they saw me go into bad houses in the suburb S. Marceau; and that I held assemblies. Father la Mothe was the author of these letters. Madam Miramion, who knew that I had all this time kept my bed in a fever, with an imposthume in the eye, which was dressed every day, herself generally being present at the dressing, was very much provoked at such a procedure. Father la Mothe came to see her, to confirm what he had written, and to add thereto other calumnies, of things which he said I had done within eight days past. She fell upon him sharply for the blackness of his accusations; assuring him she now believed all that had been told her of the flagrant malignities with which he had all along pursued me; having such manifest reason so to do, as she was a witness that for three months past I had kept my bed."

Her daughter was married, at the house of Madame Miramion, to Louis Nicholas Fouquet, Count de Vaux, son of the famous superintendent of the king's finances. On account of her extreme youth, her mother remained with her two years and a half. The family of Fouquet were intimate friends of Fenelon, archbishop of Cambrai; and Madame Guyon had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. Having a dislike to everything

like an affectation of singularity, he was at first disposed to avoid her; but the modesty of her demeanor, and the extreme simplicity and gentleness of her manners, soon prepossessed him in her favor. Although she was more unreserved and incautious than the Abbé Fenelon, she strongly resembled him in her disinterestedness, her love of God, her conscientious courage, and her total abandonment to the guidance of Divine Providence: it is not strange, therefore, that he became one of her disciples, as well as a zealous friend and admirer.

Madame Guyon and Fenelon often met at the institution of St Cyr, where the scholars became very partial to her eloquent discourses and mystical writings. Even influential men, and brilliant ladies about the court, fascinated by the charms of her conversation, began to devote themselves to God and their families, to talk of the beauty and excellence of a spiritual life, and to express their pity for those immersed in the frivolous pleasures of the world. This was treated as fanaticism; the zealots of the church became alarmed; and no means were spared to bring the fair devotee into discredit. Tired of these annoyances, she privately made arrangements to enter the Convent at Montargis, intending to bind herself by a vow never to see any one but the Prioress. Her family discovered her design, and effectually opposed it. She says, "I now took a little private house, to follow the inclination I had for retirement. I sometimes had the pleasure of seeing my family and a few

particular friends. I often went to St Cyr.\* Certain young women of that house having informed Madam Maintenon, that they found in my conversation something which attracted them to God, she encouraged me to continue my instructions to them ; and by the agreeable change in some of them, with whom before she had not been well pleased, she found she had no reason to repent it. She then treated me with much respect ; and for three or four years after, while this lasted, I received from her every mark of esteem and confidence. But that very thing drew on me the most severe persecution. The free entrance I had into the house, and the confidence which some young ladies of the court, distinguished for their rank and piety, placed in me, gave no small uneasiness to the people who had persecuted me. The Directors took umbrage at it ; and under pretext of the trouble I had had some years before, and of Quietism, which they said was making a great progress, they engaged the Bishop of Chartres, Superior of St Cyr, to represent to Madame Maintenon that, by my particular conduct, I troubled the order of the house ; that the young women in it were so attached to me, and to what I said to them, they no longer hearkened to their Superiors. She caused me to be respectfully told of it. I then went no more to St Cyr. I answered the letters the young ladies wrote to

\* A house established by Madame Maintenon as an asylum for the daughters of those who had been ruined in the king's service.

me, but my letters were unsealed, and passed through the hands of Madame Maintenon."

Before this period Madame Maintenon had treated her with distinguished respect and regard. Her prepossessing appearance, her mild and steadfast courage, and her captivating earnestness of style, had so much attracted the royal dame, that whenever she was wearied with the emptiness of the court, she used to send for Madame Guyon to amuse and console her. But now, the face of affairs was changed. M. Foquet assured his mother-in-law, that Madame Maintenon was among the most open and decided of her enemies. Those who had before persecuted her, now kept no measures; and the vilest stories were busily circulated at her expense.

At this period three or four ineffectual attempts were made to poison Madame Guyon; but we are not informed who were implicated in this wickedness.

While thus surrounded by darkness and danger, death deprived her of the protection and counsels of her pious and faithful friend, M. Foquet. Much as she needed his assistance she says, "I felt nothing but joy, I was so certain of his happiness."

"I should rather have envied him than wept, if the love of the will of God had not prevailed above everything in my heart. — Some days after, I imagined I saw him as when he was alive. Knowing he was dead, I asked him how he fared in the other world. With a joyful countenance he

answered, 'Those who do the will of God are accepted of him.' I thought this little digression would not be displeasing to those for whom I have written it, as most of them knew him well."

Had Madame Guyon alone suffered by the bigotry, or mistaken zeal of her enemies, she probably would have endured all in silence; but when she found that the slanders heaped upon her, threw a shadow upon the reputation of her friends, she thought it a duty to demand redress. In June, 1694, she wrote to Madame Maintenon as follows:

"MADAME,— Permit me to throw myself at your feet, and to trust in your hands my safety and reputation. For eighteen years, the love of God has been my only employment; I have associated with none but persons of distinguished virtue and piety; I have no connexion with any individual suspected by Church or State; yet I am calumniated on all sides. The blackest suspicions are thrown upon my past and present conduct, and I am even made to accuse myself. They say I rebel against the church; that I want to establish a religion of my own; and that I, who profess to know nothing but Jesus Christ, think myself more learned and enlightened than the Doctors of the Sorbonne.

"M. Bossuet is aware how perfectly I have always submitted to my spiritual directors. He himself once told me that I had the simplicity of a dove; and he has offered to certify that I am a good Catholic. Yet he has forbidden me to approach the sacraments; and painful as obedience has been,

I have abstained more than three months ; although my soul is disquieted within me, I utter no complaints. My life, from its beginning to the present moment, has been irreproachable ; yet they persist in accusing me of the most scandalous vices. By the pure love our Saviour showed in dying for the good of men, I conjure you, madame, to use your influence with the king to have commissioners appointed to examine into my life and manners, and to give my doctrines an impartial consideration.

“ Will not you, madame, who so well know the malice of the world, protect me from the injustice of mankind, by giving me a fair opportunity to free myself from the implication of the atrocious crimes, whereof I am accused ? ”

Not long after she again writes to the same lady :

“ MADAME,— Since they constantly accuse me of making harangues, and of teaching others to do so, I am content to remain in concealment. I have believed that in neither writing, nor talking to any one, I should satisfy the world, appease my enemies, and abate the zeal of certain very worthy persons, whom prejudice has estranged from me. But when I continually hear myself accused of crimes, I feel that I owe it to the church, to my family, and to myself, to demand an inquiry into facts. I merely claim the justice that is not refused to criminals, even in uncivilized countries.

“ I beseech you that commissioners may be appointed to examine into my cause ; that half of

them may be taken from the clergy, and half from the laity ; slander has blinded so many men of integrity, that mere probity is not sufficient, — they should be unprejudiced. Could you obtain this favor for me, madame, you will discover that I am not wholly unworthy of the kindness with which you have heretofore honored me. If it be God's will that I should submit to the accusations brought against me, I will adore his justice with all my heart, asking the punishment my sins deserve."

To these appeals, the royal dame replied, "She had never believed any of the reports which were propagated against my morals, which she believed were very good ; that it was my doctrine which was bad ; that in justifying my morals, there was room to fear they would give a free course to my sentiments, and in some sort authorize them ; that it was best to clear up first what related to my doctrine, after which all the rest would fall of itself."

The request to have commissioners appointed, was refused. The real fact was, it was necessary to persecute Madame Guyon in order to destroy a more important personage. The Abbé Fenelon had powerful enemies at court. Madame Maintenon disliked him, because he had honestly advised the profligate old king not to marry her. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, having been accustomed to see himself admired as the first genius of the age, was jealous of his fame, and of his great influence over the mind of his royal pupil, the Duke of Burgundy.

It was not to have been expected, that the unsuccessful tutor of the father should indulge a cordial friendship for the eminently successful tutor of the son. The disgrace of Fenelon was probably the real object, although the interests of religion were made the pretext. The Bishop of Meaux, the Bishop of Chalons, and Monsieur Tronson were appointed to examine the writings of Madame Guyon. At the particular request of Madame Maintenon, Fenelon was added to the number.

The writings were condemned ; and all but the Archbishop of Cambray signed an unqualified censure. He insisted ' that her intentions were pure ; that in the course of their friendship she had unreservedly disclosed to him her inmost sentiments ; and he felt perfectly sure that if her books contained anything erroneous, the fault lay in the obscurity of the style, not in the unsoundness of her opinions. He said he had narrowly watched her practice, and observed the counsels she gave the ignorant ; and the more he had known her, the more she had risen in his esteem ; he therefore could not conscientiously condemn one, whose life and conversation had always been edifying to him ; the least he could do in this case was to preserve a profound silence."

This was precisely what his enemies liked — the imputed heresy of Madame Guyon at once fell back upon him. In December, 1695, Madame Guyon was imprisoned at Vincennes, and was soon after transferred to the Bastile.

In the course of the following year, M. de Noailles, the new Bishop of Paris, pitying the severity of her punishment, obtained leave to remove her from the Bastile, and place her under the care of M. de la Chetardie, curé de St Sulpice. Two women were appointed to watch over her. About this time a letter was circulated, said to have been taken from Father la Combe, in which he besought Madame Guyon to repent of their criminal intimacy. When this was shown to her, she calmly replied, that it was either a forgery, or Father la Combe was crazy, and in that state looked upon the reiterated charges of his enemies as facts; and it was indeed soon discovered that he was completely delirious; in which condition he afterward died at Charenton. Madame Guyon always insisted that they continued to communicate in God, and that each spirit knew the other's state, while debarred from every form of human intercourse.

In 1697, *The Maxims of the Saints concerning Interior Life*, by Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, was published. A general outcry was immediately raised by his enemies, who considered it an apology for the doctrines of the Quietists. This book, combined with Father la Combe's letter, excited fresh clamor against Madame Guyon. The king and Madame Maintenon, who, oddly enough, undertook to be rigid judges of female virtue and propriety, denounced the devout enthusiast as a corrupt and designing woman, and Fenelon no better than a fanatical protector of vice.

Louis the Fourteenth wrote to Rome to hasten the condemnation of the book of Maxims ; and with the King, Madame Maintenon, and Bossuet, to oppose him, no saint on earth could have written a volume, that would have been pronounced orthodox.

The Maxims were condemned ; Fenelon was disgraced at court, and banished to his diocese. It happened that his palace at Cambrai, with all his furniture and books, was at the same time destroyed by fire. He met all his misfortunes with tranquillity and firmness : “ It is better than if it had been the cottage of a poor family,” said he. The meekness, simplicity, and kindness of his manner won all who saw him. A celebrated writer said of him, “ I know not whether Fenelon was a heretic in asserting that God ought to be loved for himself, but I know Fenelon deserves to be so loved.”

Madame Guyon was punished with less mercy than her defender and friend. In vain the Bishop of Grenoble proclaimed his respect for her virtue and piety ; in vain the sisterhood of St Mary’s bore public testimony to the meekness, simplicity, patience, and devotion of her character. She had to contend with the enemies of the Abbé Fenelon combined with her own : and her candor, and childlike credulity, made her an easy prey to their cunning and intrigue.

Madame Guyon was again imprisoned in the Bastille in 1698. Three of her friends at St Cyr were banished ; and one of her sons, who had served with distinction in the regiment of French Guards, was ordered to quit it.

A strong effort was made to pollute the stainless reputation of the venerable Archbishop of Cambray; but, notwithstanding the malice and power of his enemies, his name has passed down to posterity, surrounded by the pure light of Christian virtue. As nothing could be proved against the innocence of Madame Guyon's character, and the rectitude of her intentions, her family at last succeeded in obtaining her liberation. While in the Bastille, she thus describes her state of mind in an address to her children.

“As my life has ever been consecrated to the cross, I was no sooner out of prison, and my spirit began to breathe a little, after so many persecutions, but my body was afflicted with all sorts of infirmities. I have had almost continual maladies, which often brought me to the very verge of death.

“In these last times I can hardly speak at all of my dispositions. It is because my state is become simple and without any variations. It is a profound annihilation. All I know is that God is infinitely holy, righteous, good and happy. I see nothing below myself, nothing more unworthy of his bounties. All good is in him; I am a mere NOTHING. To me every condition seems equal. All is lost in his immensity, like a drop of water in the sea. In this divine immensity the soul sees itself no more, but it discerns every object in God; without discerning them otherwise than by the feeling of the heart. All is darkness in regard to itself, all is light on the side of God,

who permits me to be ignorant of nothing that is proper, or of real advantage. There is here neither clamor, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor vain pleasure, nor uncertainty; but a perfect peace; not in myself but in God: no interest for self, no anxiety or bustle for self. If any think there is any good in me, they are mistaken, and by such thought do injury to my Lord. All good is in him and for him. The greatest satisfaction I can have is because *he is what he is*; and because *what he is he will be forever*.

“I am astonished that any should place confidence in such a poor creature as I am. Nevertheless, I answer what they ask without difficulty, my own will and inclinations are vanished. Sometimes indeed I could wish to undergo the worst of sufferings, so that souls might be brought thereby to know and love God.

“I dearly love the church: whatever wounds that, wounds me. I seek nothing for myself. I study nothing; but there are given me immediately, as occasion requires, expressions and words very forcible. If I wanted to have them they would escape me, and I could by no means catch them. When I have something to say, if I am interrupted, it is all lost. I am then like a child from whom, unperceiving, his apple is withdrawn. He looks about for it; but all in vain: he finds it no more. My God keeps me in an extreme simplicity, godly sincerity, uprightness of heart, and enlargedness of spirit; in such sort, that as to particular things, I seem to look from and above them, and of

them to see nothing at all, except when occasions present them.

“He gives me a freedom with the various people who come to see me; and makes me discourse with them, not according to any dispositions of my own, but according to their states. I am not afraid of any of them laying snares for me in what they say. I cannot have recourse to precautions in any of these cases, conscious of my own innocence and uprightness in them. Oh, carnal prudence! How opposite do I find thee to the simplicity of Jesus Christ! I leave thee to thy partisans. As for me, all my prudence, my wisdom, is in following him in his simple and lowly appearance: and if to change my conduct would make me an empress, I could not do it; or were my simplicity to cause me all the heaviest sufferings, I could not depart from it.

“My children, I will not deceive or mislead you. It belongs to God to enlighten you, and to give you esteem, or disesteem, for me. I want only to keep my place, and go no more out, no more to move from my centre. I pray God to enlighten you always, to give you thereby the clear discernment of his holy will, that no false light may ever lead you to a precipice.

“Let us abide in our nothingness, paying homage to his holiness: then shall we find in him all that we want. If we seek for anything for SELF out of him, then, however holy he may appear to us, we are liars, and the truth abideth not in us. We deceive ourselves; and in that state shall never be the saints of God, who, having no other holiness

than his, have renounced all selfish usurpation of his sacred rights.

“Holy Father, I have committed into thy hands those whom thou hast given me; keep them in thy truth, that the lie may not come near them; for to attribute anything to one’s self is to be in the lie; make them to know this to be the great truth of which thou art jealous. All language which deviates from this principle is falsehood. He who speaks only the ALL OF GOD, AND NOTHING OF THE CREATURE, is in the truth, and the truth dwelleth in him; usurpation and selfishness being banished from him. My children, receive this instruction from your mother, and it will procure you life. Receive it through her, not as of her, but as of and for God. Amen!”

During her imprisonment she composed five volumes of hymns and spiritual poems, several of which have been translated by Cowper. They are full of devotional fervor, and the versification is free and flowing.

When she recovered her liberty, in 1701, or 1703, she was exiled to Diziers, near Blois, where her eldest son resided. She lived in a very secluded manner at Blois, for fifteen years, engaged in works of benevolence and piety. Even those who had been the most strongly prejudiced against her, learned to honor her simplicity, sincerity, and meekness. She died at Blois, June, 1717, soon after she had entered her seventieth year. She was buried at the church of the Cordeliers (an order of

Franciscan friars) where a very beautiful epitaph commemorates her virtues.

Her daughter, the Countess of Vaux, became, by a second marriage, Duchess of Sully; and was again left a widow at the early age of twentyeight.

I have thus endeavored to give a faithful portrait of one of the most remarkable of the Mystics. I have not deemed it either necessary, or useful, to inform the reader what appeared to me beautiful, or what appeared absurd.

It is evident that Madame Guyon sincerely wished to follow the Lord in the path of regeneration; though she was often lost in darkness, and still more frequently bewildered in the dazzling light of her own enthusiasm. I leave my readers to judge of her according to their own opinions.

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#### NOTE.

##### LIST OF BOOKS REFERRED TO.

The Life and Religious Experience of Madame Guyon, written by herself.\*

La Vie de M. de Fenelon, Archévêque Duc de Cambrai.

La Biographie Universelle.

Rees' Cyclopedia.

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\* It is supposed that some parts of this have been added by collectors. It is deficient in details, and sometimes incorrect in dates. There is, however, no doubt that it was principally written by herself.











