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La Marquise De Boissy
and
The Count De Waldeck

MARY R. DARBY SMITH.

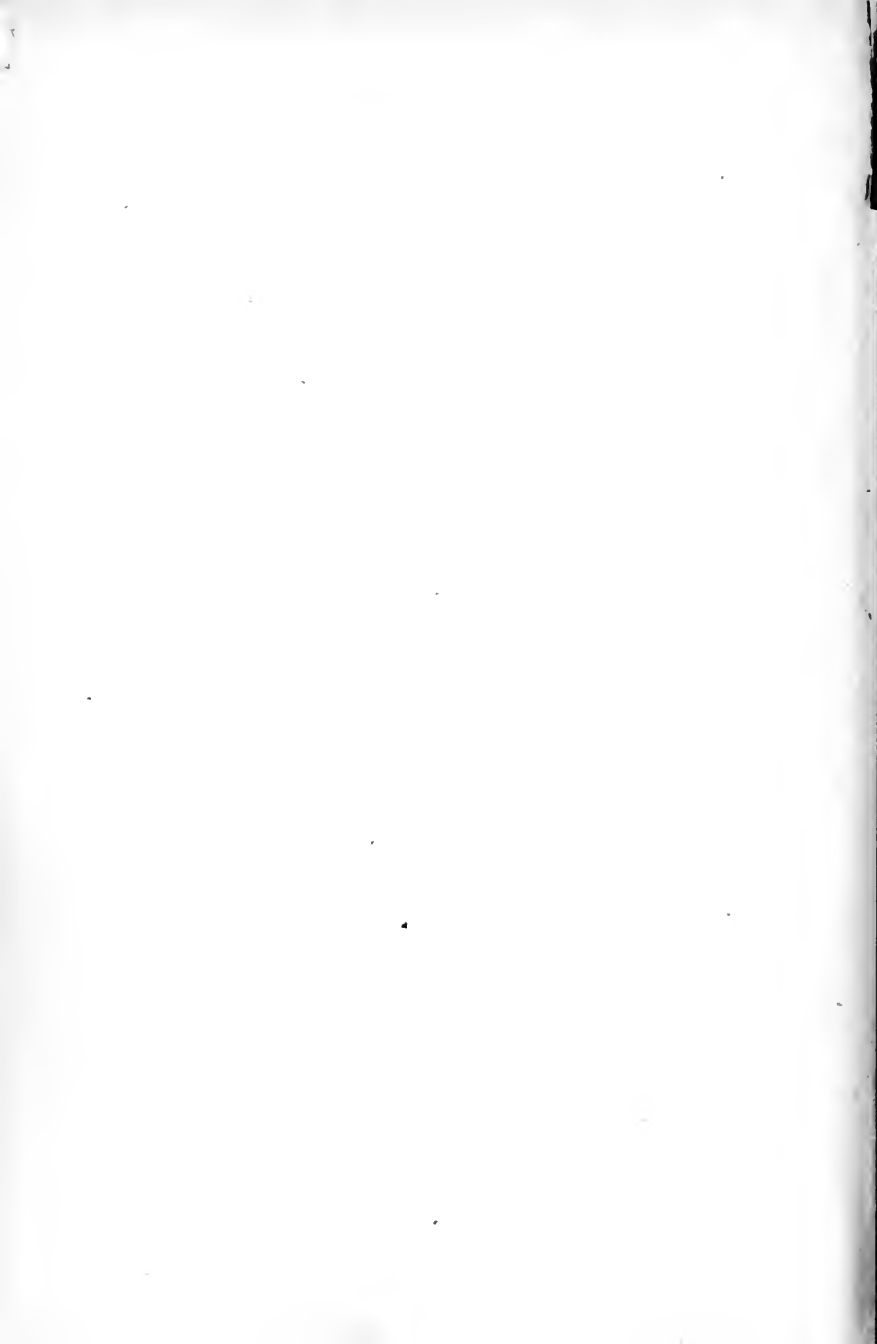


SMITH, MARY R. DARBY. *La Marquise de Boissy and the
Count de Waldeck. Portraits.* 12mo, cloth. Phil. 1878
Limited edition, 350 copies.



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Byron Steu



LA MARQUISE DE BOSSY.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
TWO DISTINGUISHED PERSONS:

LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY
AND
THE COUNT DE WALDECK.

BY
MARY R. DARBY SMITH.

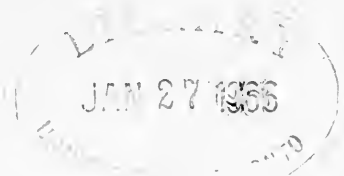
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TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON, D.D. ,
BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIS FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP FOR MORE
THAN SEVENTEEN YEARS, AND WITH HIGH ESTEEM
FOR HIS RARE CULTURE AND TRUE AND ZEAL-
OUS CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, WHEREBY HE
STANDS A SHINING LIGHT AMONG MEN,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
WITH HIS KIND PERMISSION,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY MARY R. DARBY SMITH.

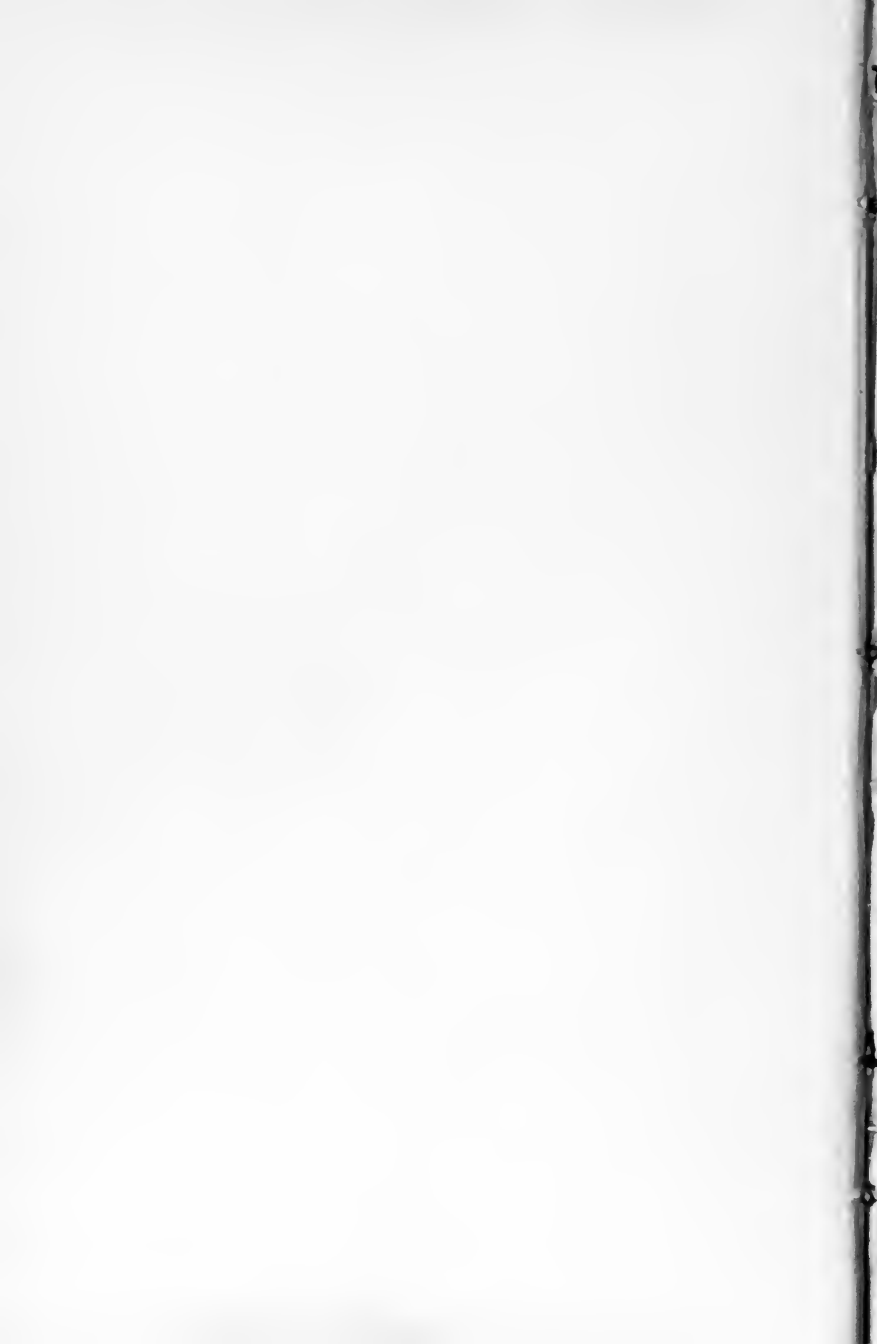


*Go, little book, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.*

CHAUCER.

*All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity.*

WHITTIER'S *Snow-Bound*.





MADAME LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY.

WHEN individuals of distinction are taken from this world, it is proper, and oftentimes instructive, to obtain some knowledge of their lives and characters. A long life offers many vicissitudes—occurrences take place which develop various phases as well as new manifestations of that life, and all grouped together form a portrait of the man whose history must always interest the thoughtful and intelligent. To judge a person by one act would be unfair and narrow. We might as well look at a fragment of a great structure and suppose we know the whole of it! The searcher after truth must carefully investigate, and then regard and consider the balances, and so come to right conclusions. How often is character misjudged. How often does one unhappy step—one error of judgment or act—condemn a fellow-being; thus placing him at once in an erroneous position, and coloring his life with a false blazon. To rescue such a one from prejudice or passion is a duty. “To be mute that the world may belie” is ignoble in the highest degree.

“To damn with faint praise” the gifted and the good is equally contemptible; but the generous-hearted love to be just, and are ever ready to appreciate true merit, and to speak of it—knowing well that “his praise is lost who stays till all commend.”

It is a deplorable fact, and one very derogatory to human nature, that people seem disposed to believe evil rather than good of their fellows. Once let an ill opinion be formed of an individual, it becomes an *idée fixe*, proving the truth of Shakspeare’s words: “Slander is for ever housed when once it gets possession.” It is mournful to see with what pertinacity and with what uncharitableness such are pursued and denounced, and by whom?—by those who are of the same great family of brotherhood called “fallen man,” whom the blessed Jesus came to seek and to save, and the very best of whom are tinctured with imperfections, so that the following quotation by a gifted poet is stamped with truth, and must be acknowledged by all:

“ In men whom men condemn as ill
I see so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I see so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two where God has not.”

God forbid that I should say one word in defence of sin; it is hateful in all its forms, from the “uneradicable taint” to those graver and grosser crimes which

shock the educated moral sense, and from which the purified and refined of heart shrink abashed. Only for sweet charity's sake let us be willing to believe the best, and not be so wedded to preconceived impressions that we cannot change our opinions or hear the voice of defence when spoken in truth in behalf of one calumniated or misunderstood. Emerson says it is often wise to change one's mind. He speaks severely of what he calls consistency—a wise man is open to conviction, and if he has *reason* to alter his views, has the moral courage to do so. But I did not mean to write a homily upon the divinity of virtue, the embodiment of which is in the form of Him who is "the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely," and whose highest teaching was the law of charity. It is this that I invoke in the judgment of her of whom these reminiscences are written.

Having had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance and friendship with Madame la Marquise de Boissy for several years, having had delightful opportunities of reading her character and seeing her in the privacy of her beautiful home-life, as well as in the courtly circles of the gay world which she received, and charmed by her winning graces of manner and kindness of heart, having been her oft-invited, oft-repeated guest, in private as well as in larger assemblies in Paris, also her happy visitant for some days at her charming villa near Florence, and during these hours and years witnessed

the development of rare attractions of mind and heart, I feel it incumbent upon me to speak of her as I have found her, and relate the interesting circumstances of our meeting and our after-intercourse, and most sincere mutual friendship.

It is the custom with many who hear words of commendation upon one no longer young to say, "Oh, but she is old," or "He is old," and then comes with the unthinking and the base the smile of indifference or contempt. Though no one admires more the freshness and charm of those short-lived halcyon days of youthful physical beauty, it is my opinion there is something better far than this—for, alas, in youth we too often discover a want of cultivation of heart, which, after all, is the highest possible education an immortal spirit may receive. *La jeunesse est cruelle* is a French maxim with too much truth in it. To me there is nothing more interesting than a refined, enlightened, and amiable old age—one sits reverently in the society of such—a tenderness mixed with esteem is felt when one is permitted to meet, as is occasionally the case, with these educated and kindly souls, who have gone through life and been improved and educated by it, and come out as gold purified by the ordeal, and not sullied by it, as, alas, we too often see. There are such spirits, and such I believe was that of Madame la Marquise de Boissy, more widely but not better known as the Countess Guiccioli. And now, before relating many of the interesting particulars of her and of her sweet daily

life, from the commencement of my knowledge of her, I must be permitted to say that it is a pain for me to have heard her spoken of in connection with Lord Byron, as I too often have. I have heard the opinions of some distinguished persons who have known her long, and who believe with me that though she regarded Lord Byron with the profoundest devotion the human breast can know, though as she once feelingly said to me, "We would have married if we could," yet she was always under the protection of her father and her brother, who themselves loved the great poet with a surpassing affection. It was at her Italian home she once read to me some verses composed by her father in honor of Lord Byron. They were replete with a friendship that vice could never have engendered, they were full of praises for the matchless genius and the enthralling fascination of a heart *capable* of all high thought and noble action. The true love that had been developed in him by this lovely young creature, so recently out of a convent, and who in a foreign fashion had been married to a *bon parti* before she knew what love was. So young—so innocent—a very child—but very superior and highly instructed, and devoted to books and study, as she told me. This being, it was reserved, should and did awaken in the immortal bard the deepest, most intense, and truest love he had ever felt, leaving "his heart open to angel visits that repelled the ministry of ill" within him—making him a better man, and if they

could have married all would have been well—but, alas! a grave mistake had been made by them both. It is not for me to enter into a matter that delicacy and charity alike forbid me to more than touch upon. No one has a greater reverence for a *true* marriage—it is a divine tie when made as marriage is commanded to be, “in the Lord;” it is a high, pure thing, which the Roman Catholics believe is a sacrament, and has a meaning sacred, and, as Bulwer says, “There are hearts to feel there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime,” but there are few. I firmly believe the feelings of Lord Byron and the Countess Guiccioli were of this description, but there were impediments to the consummation devoutly to be wished. The young victim of an ill-assorted marriage and the unhappy Childe could not marry though they loved. Yet, I reiterate, she was always under the protection of her father and her brother, and because they could not marry, Lord Byron went to Greece, attended by this brother; they went hand in hand to espouse the cause of the oppressed, and there “the wanderer” died, and on his neck afterwards was found a chain made of her hair, and a locket, which she did not know he possessed, with her initials and her picture, if I remember aright. Madame de Boissy showed me this with many other relics I shall speak of hereafter. The chain was sent to the Marquise by Mrs. Leigh, the beloved sister of the poet.

To show the true homage and respect Byron had

for this lady, I will here mention that before his departure for Greece he presented her with all his manuscripts—those splendid ebullitions of his surpassing genius, those spontaneous and eloquent poems that are so thrilling and engrossing that one might say of him, as was said by Milton of nature's great minstrel, "He makes us marble with too much conceiving." All these products of his prolific brain were laid at her feet for acceptance. What greater proof can be given of his entire regard for and faith in her?—and they were cherished by her as such treasures should be. A large and handsome mahogany casket contained them under lock and key. These, on one of the memorable and happy evenings passed in her society, she showed me. I handled and read them—some on scraps of paper, loose and fragmentary; but all there to be given, as she told me, to the three libraries in Europe, where she believed they would be properly and satisfactorily bestowed. They were to be divided between the libraries of London, Paris, and Florence, which I suppose in due time, agreeably to her directions, will be done. She related to me that, when she was in extreme grief, a gentleman, I think, of Florence, was, on some occasion, of immense service to her. In grateful feeling she offered to him the choice of Byron's autographic poems. The sagacious gentleman selected "Childe Harold." Many years had passed, but it was an everlasting matter of regret to her that she had been led to part with this peerless poem,

given at a time when the spirit of calculation was dead, and only sorrow lived. Years passed, and the Countess Guiccioli became the honored wife of the Marquis de Boissy, who was of an ancient and noble family—a peer of France, and afterwards a senator—a man of immense fortune, and of a loyal and intense character. For twenty years was she the adored wife of this eminent man, for whom she confessed she felt the deepest regard and friendship. She once said to me, “I had the most perfect love for Lord Byron—the most perfect friendship for the Marquis de Boissy—so that in heaven I should be unhappy without them both; they are together now, and are the best of friends, and I shall be with them ere long.”

She gives, in a volume I may speak of hereafter, the most graphic and touching account of the last days of her esteemed husband. They prove that he was, as she says, *un vrai Chrétien*, a man of very exalted and generous character, and from her description his last moments were not only beautiful, from his heroic resignation and divine spirit and faith, but very instructive, as his example was noble and animating in a high degree to the appreciative mind. I would earnestly recommend the narrative to those who love the records of the great and good departed.

A few days before he died—she writes that he called her and said, “I have a request to make to you; but do not alarm yourself, for you see I am getting better, but I should like you to promise me



LE MARQUIS DE BRISOT



that you will be interred with me in the vault of my family at Manancourt,* by my side, when you shall be called hence, for," said he, "without this promise, I will not be laid there myself." "He feared, perhaps," she added, "that my family in Italy would dispose otherwise of my poor mortal remains." She adds, "I gave him this promise, but one can imagine with what emotion;" so that in death as in life she was not to be removed from him.

From all that I can gather, the love of the Marquis de Boissy for her was one that "made breath poor and speech unable;" his devotion was shown by his acts, and I believe the secret of her winning the entire love of those who knew her intimately was the high, pure gift of an honest, good, warm heart, united with great refinement and tenderness—it was such a heart as "out of which come the issues of life;" it was this that deepened and intensified the homage of Lord Byron for her. His highly wrought, highly strung, and deeply romantic soul needed this river of life, as it were, to fructify and hallow his passionate yearnings; it was this heart that was as a pillow to his soul—it was just what he needed. Coldness and unkindness to him were as sparks to a mine already laid. Ah! if he could have married her, her sweet influence would have been like the harp of the Psalmist, at "whose harmonious touch the evil one did flee away." Her unswerving devo-

* Manancourt was a grand old family estate of the Marquis.

tion would have appealed to his impassioned soul, and all its wealth would have belonged to her—he would have been soothed and blest, and rays of pure light from his enfranchised genius would have illumined the world—as now his meteoric showers of eloquence captivate and enthrall. But it might not be. It is not here on this afflicted earth that crooked things are to be made straight. Our eyes must turn from “gazing on the ground with thoughts which dare not glow” to the high heavens—to the Rock hewn for us—to the throne of grace and mercy, and there find submission and hope.

Madame de Boissy was a Spiritist. I dislike the spirit of criticism. “Many men of many minds.” I believe myself in all things, but strive to hold fast to that which is true and good; but I have lived long enough, and seen enough of human nature, to have charity for those who differ from me in opinion. I know there are many upright, intelligent persons who believe in Spiritism. I hear what they say—I have investigated somewhat into it. There are curious manifestations, singular phenomena, but I do not embrace the subject. I believe there is no better teaching, no higher knowledge that we can hear and obtain, than that given by our Lord Jesus Christ. But when persons of integrity and high character assert that such and such has been their experience, can one insult them by doubting their word? Therefore, when Madame de Boissy related her revelations and consolations from this mysterious source, I lis-

tened—I could not refuse all credence to what she said. She was happy in her belief, whilst loving God and the Evangelists, in whom she reposed faith. She told me she had “prayed so much for Lord Byron that he had become elevated to an exalted state in heaven.” Roman Catholics believe that prayers for the dead are heard, and Madame de Boissy was born a Catholic. At the same time she was no bigot, and she has confessed to me she thought the Church needed purification.

But I have been for the most part making comments on this dear departed lady. It is interesting for me to remember our first meeting, and then the ripening of a charming acquaintance into the most congenial and faithful friendship, and the pleasing incidents connected therewith; and as I desire her to be known as she really was within the past few years, I cannot do better than describe her from the commencement of my knowledge of her. Our first meeting, and then our last.

I was at an evening party in Paris, at Mrs. M—— G——. This brilliant lady, wife of a former distinguished member of Parliament, gathers about her, wherever she is, the *élite* of society, with whom she is a great favorite. Between her and Madame la Marquise de Boissy there was the most cordial friendship. I was at this party a comparative stranger. The wife of the then American Minister, Mrs. General D——, was there, and said to me, “Do you know the lady on the sofa near you is Madame de Boissy,

the Guiccioli of Lord Byron?" I turned to look at her, and saw a striking-looking elegant woman; she appeared in her evening toilette a well-preserved person of between fifty and sixty years of age. Though no longer young, there was the look of steadfast beauty that could not but abide with her. Her still beautiful hair hung in rich yet delicate ringlets on either side of a face fair, very fair, and with patrician features; her neck and shoulders had an ivory whiteness; a calm and gentle dignity was in her mien. Much interested in her appearance, I asked to be presented to her, and was so. I at once said, "Madame, I am so happy to have the pleasure of meeting one whose friendship for Lord Byron has been so sincere. He was, I think, the king of poets." With a graceful inclination of the head, in a sweet, clear voice, in perfect English, she replied, "He was the king of men." The ice once broken, we spoke as persons of congenial tastes; in fact, we were sympathetic. I felt it forcibly. Then came courteous questions as to my whereabouts; the length of time I intended remaining in Paris; kindly invitations to visit her. "I receive on the mornings of every Wednesday from one till five, and on Mondays I have evening receptions. I hope you will come to both. I shall have much pleasure in calling upon you, and improving your acquaintance, and then we must have a *tête-à-tête* dinner, and we shall know each other better." I was charmed by her graciousness and lovely appearance—lovely still, though

numbering so many summers. It was a rich pleasure, and she became a joy to me, as she seemed to open her heart and take me in, till I was no longer a stranger but a friend. She occupied a hôtel—as they say in France—in the Cité de Londres, Rue St.-Lazare. Though the situation was not handsome, it was an elegant abode, and the rear of the house contained a fine garden and lofty trees, and a plashing fountain played and murmured therein as in the stillness of the country. The residence had three stories; the lower one was for the *grand monde*, spacious, lofty, and elegant, a superb suite of rooms terminated by a dining-room, which was on a magnificent scale. The walls were hung with crimson satin damask, and adorned by large Venetian mirrors, glittering like diamonds in contrast with the rich color of the hangings. A large plate-glass window revealed the suite of rooms where the guests were assembled. The music-room adjoined the *salle-à-manger*, and here she would gather artists or persons skilled in harmonies, and how often have I listened to the song or to the brilliant execution of some of these with a delight that music yields in all her varied measures! At these *réunions* the Marquise would pass from one and another with a graceful and kindly urbanity peculiar to herself—she the very star of these pleasant evenings, always in an elegant toilette, not extravagant, but *recherchée*. One evening I noticed her standing in close proximity to a fine oil-painting of herself by a distinguished

artist in New York.* The resemblance was very striking, and the beauty depicted in that portrait is not at all exaggerated.

But the visit of all others that has made the most striking impression upon me was the first *tête-à-tête* dinner that we had together, and the remainder of that evening wherein so much was developed and related to me of Lord Byron, that her confidence in me, and my quick sympathy, gave an inviolable seal to our intercourse and friendship, which even death, I trust, has not shaken or destroyed. She always said, smilingly, "You will be with us in heaven." This first visit I describe in all simplicity and truth, without polish or amendment; it needs neither to increase its interest. She related to me her first meeting with Lord Byron. It was at an evening party at Ravenna. Count Guiccioli desired her to go to a grand *soirée* given by a person of distinction there. She did not wish to go, but upon his entreating her to do so, she said, "Well, to please you, I will go for a quarter of an hour." They went; and she told me as she entered the room, happening to glance in a certain direction, she saw what seemed to be a beautiful apparition, half reclining on a sofa. It was Lord Byron, whose fame of course had reached her, but whom she had never seen before. The lady of the house went to the noble poet, and said, "Shall I present you to this lovely young bride?"—for she

* Monsieur Fagnani, since deceased.



COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.



was little more—and he replied, “No, I cannot know her, she is too beautiful.” “Oh, but you must be introduced to her; every one is; she is the person to be known among us now;” and accordingly he was brought to her, and the presentation took place. She said, “I was better instructed than most Italian girls, and immediately we were discussing the Italian poets, Dante, and Petrarch, and Boccaccio, etc. We had an animated conversation. An hour passed, and Count Guiccioli came to me, saying, ‘Your quarter of an hour has passed rapidly, I perceive.’ At parting, Lord Byron wrote something on a scrap of paper, and handed it to me.” Then came visits from him. Count Guiccioli paid him a good deal of attention, and they were thrown much together. Once she told me of a journey she took when she went in her own carriage accompanied by her servants, travelling in grand style. Lord Byron, attended by his servant, followed her on horseback. Now and then he would join her, and at a halting-place she would alight from her carriage at some beautiful point, where an imposing and “living landscape” was to be seen; and together in that “Fair Italy, the garden of the world,” the two would walk on, whilst the heavens and the earth seemed aglow with a “brilliant celestial light,” and their feelings exalted in the highest degree by the full sense of beauty, and the delight of a soul-stirring intercourse, such as few could give or receive. Their cup of joy was full. “We spoke little,” she said to me; but ah! they felt what they

“could ne'er express, yet could not all conceal.” And so in that terrestrial paradise a sentiment grew and was established that could have no happy result in this world, and has caused wretched gossip, vile suspicions, which, from what I have known and heard of this lady from intimate sources, have caused misjudgments and misconceptions of which she is most unworthy.

I had then only seen her in the presence of others, of a gay and worldly throng, but here she received me on another footing, in the privacy of her home-life, in a suite of rooms reserved exclusively for herself and those of her friends she chose to admit. These rooms were the embodiment of a comfortable and luxurious dwelling. They were in the form of a cross. There was the *salle-à-manger*, opening into the library adjoining, which was a charming terrace, enclosed by glass. Here were birds and flowers, of which she was so fond. This terrace overlooked the garden, and here we took coffee after dinner, often only lighted by the bright lady of heaven,—the shining moon; and here in converse pleasant and racy we used to sit, and could have imagined ourselves hundreds of miles away from gay and tumultuous Paris. One evening we sat there very late, and the fountain, whose sweet minstrelsy had mingled with our talk, suddenly ceased. “Ah!” I said, “the fountain has stopped playing.” She rang the bell instantly, and said, “Tell the coachman not to stop off the water,” and again the pleasing sound

was heard. On the right of the library was her bedroom, a large chamber with a huge old-fashioned bedstead, the tapestried curtains of which had been given by Louis XIV. to an ancestor of the Marquis de Boissy; on the left, her *salon* or drawing-room: and these three rooms formed the cross, the library being the centre, the dining-room and terrace on one side, the *salon* and *chambre-à-coucher* on the other. But I wander from the description of this memorable evening.

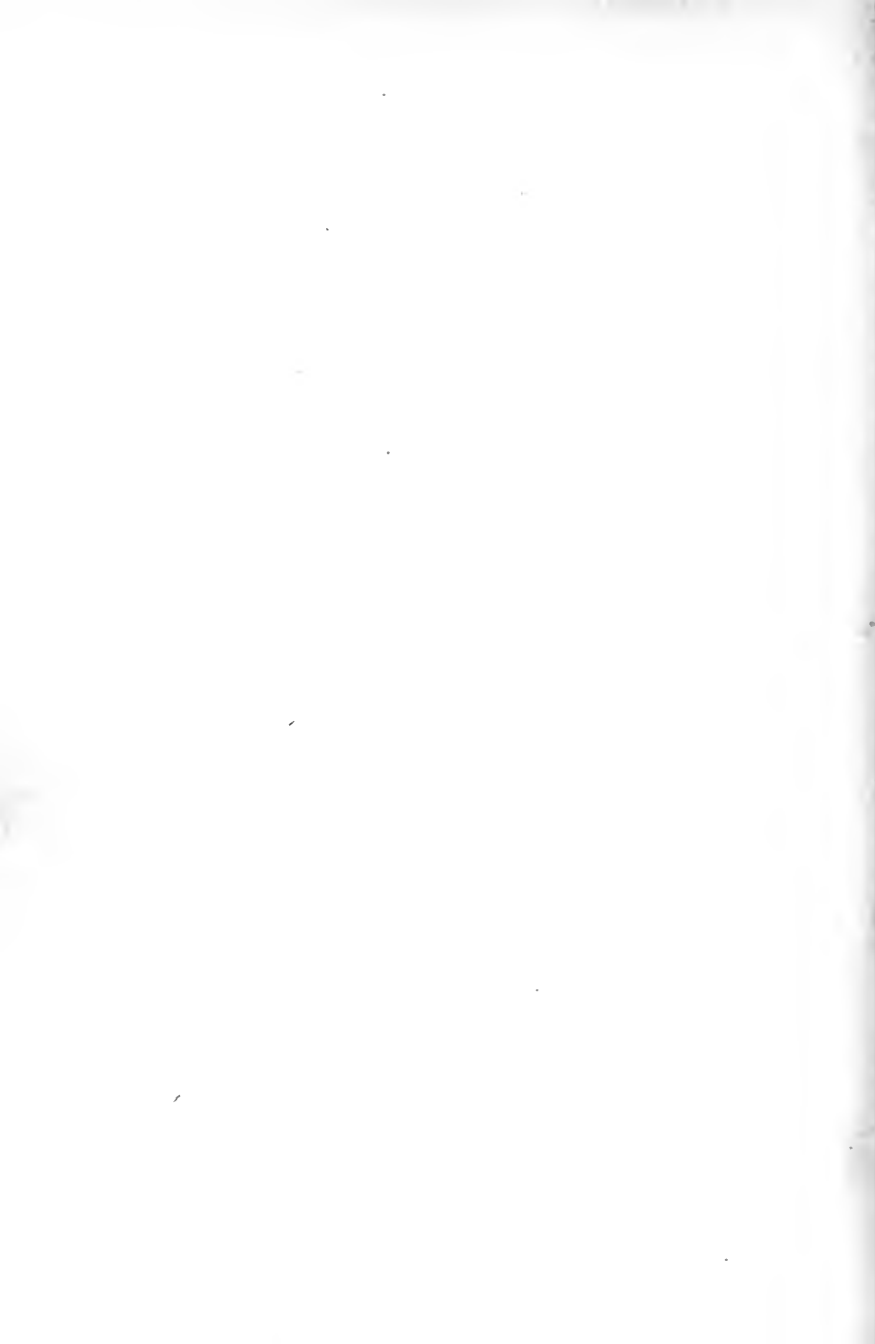
Our dinner was worthy of the hospitable and courteous hostess. Everything was in perfect taste. In front of her was a superb silver vase, supported, on a pedestal, by silver angels, the wrought work of which was so fine that Benvenuto Cellini might have envied the artist who made them. The vase was filled with violets—the angels seemed to be offering sweet incense upon the passing hour. She told me she was said to have the best cook in Paris; he had been with her twelve years. Her men-servants performed their duties to perfection; and after a refreshing meal we walked to the terrace to take coffee. Before leaving the table I asked for a few violets as a *souvenir*. With vivid pleasure her hand strayed among them, and she handed me five bouquets of this pet flower, whose fragrance the world loves, and this mammoth vase was filled with bunches of them, as if put there to be sent abroad, to scatter sweetness on the air. It proved to be a lovely night; the moon shone brilliantly in upon us. If we be-

came silent, which—although we had much to say—we now and then did, the very birds seemed to rejoice, and think it was not night, and we listened to them instead of to each other. She had been talking of spiritism, as well as of Lord Byron. She had told me that when writing of him in the book she has since published, if she was in doubt about a matter or a date, she would appeal to him from the Spirit Land and be satisfactorily answered; and so with reference to the Marquis de Boissy: her questions to him were always answered promptly, she said, and to her entire enlightenment. She told me she had volumes of communications from these dear friends, who, though lost to sight, she yet believed near her, and that they consoled and strengthened her. These books she showed me. “Shall we go to the *salon*?” I asked, “and will you speak with Lord Byron to-night?” “We will try,” she replied, as she rose and left with me the almost enchanting terrace, lit by the moon and stars. But before this *séance* she absented herself a few moments, and returned with a handsome, elaborately wrought steel box, with lock and key. “I thought,” she said, “it would gratify you to see these relics connected with Lord Byron.” “Oh!” I replied, “more than words can tell.” She unlocked the box, and first of all showed me the chain and medallion taken from his neck after his death, and sent to her by his sister; then various portraits taken of him, one surpassingly beautiful, and, she said, more like him than



LORD BYRON,

At the age of 30.



any other (a photograph of this picture is given here); two or three taken with her, and one of these I liked exceedingly. Among other things she handed me a volume of *Corinne* that he had picked up one day when he called to see her and found her absent, in which, on a blank page, he poured forth to her the devotion of his soul. There was a handkerchief he had dropped at parting—that parting that proved to be for ever in this world—when he left for Greece, wet with his tears; for six weeks she told me she was never without it—their weeping eyes had hallowed it, and henceforth it was a regarded thing. Other relics were in the basket, and after we had looked at them with sad and serious eyes, the box was closed and put in its shrine in her chamber.

She then returned and devoted herself to the accomplishment of my wish, to obtain a communication from Lord Byron. I shall never forget the scene that followed. She took down one of the large square pamphlet-shaped books with a crimson cover. She opened it, bent her fine classic head over her clasped hands, and was in prayer. Then she sat silent for a moment, and looking up, said, "He will speak with us." She then made the sign of the cross on the paper at the head of the dialogue that was to ensue. She asked him relative to me, and his answer came, and then I ventured to ask some questions through her mediumship. She was called a writing medium. The answers came like magic, and were written down with the utmost rapidity and

facility. They were so interesting to me, I remarked at the conclusion, I should like to have them. With her accustomed kindness, she at once said, "I will copy them for you," which she did in French; and here they are precisely as she wrote them for me, or at least as much of them as I think proper to extract from a little book which I have, and which I shall ever value as a *souvenir* of her good nature, and of that pleasant and remarkable evening.

The following answer came to a question put by her to Lord Byron :

PARIS, 20 Mars, 1868.

RÉPONSE.—Oui, je vous vois avec une très-excellente femme, qui me comprend plus que mes compatriotes ne m'ont jamais compris. Dites-lui que je l'aime, et que je suis heureux de la voir auprès de toi, ma bonne Thérèse.*

This series of questions and answers contains much that I prefer not repeating; but what I do give is the exact copy of her words.

RÉPONSES AUX DEMANDES.

DEMANDE.—Vous verrai-je ?

RÉPONSE.—Oui, vous serez, un jour, dans notre ciel.

DEMANDE.—Trouverai-je dans le ciel celui que je puisse aimer ?

RÉPONSE.—Mais cela ne m'est pas donné de dire. Ce sont des mystères dont Dieu ne nous révèle pas le secret. Cependant, je crois qu'ayant un grand cœur comme vous avez, vous trouverez le contentement dans le ciel, ce qu'il vous manque sur la terre, car vous n'avez pu trouver un cœur digne de vous comprendre.

* The first name of the Marquise.

DEMANDE.—Elle désire partir pour l'Amérique. Quels conseils lui donnez-vous ?

RÉPONSE.—Oui, je lui donne le conseil de trainer encore un peu—afin que l'Amérique en lui écrive—des choses plus positives sur ces affaires. Alors elle pourra même, sans me consulter, prendre son parti sans craindre de se tromper.

DEMANDE.—N'avez-vous rien d'autre à lui dire ?

RÉPONSE.—Oui, je puis lui dire que tout ce qu'elle fera sera toujours digne d'un cœur honnête et généreux. Cependant, elle doit marcher dans la voie de la justice et de la religion, car c'est dans cette voie seulement que l'on peut trouver le repos sur la terre, et le bonheur dans l'éternité.

DEMANDE.—Avez-vous autre chose à lui dire ?

RÉPONSE.—Mais non, si ce n'est que je prierai toujours pour elle le bon Dieu afin qu'il lui donne le repos sur la terre, et le bonheur dans l'éternité.

PARIS, 27 Mars, dix heures du soir.

QUESTIONS APRÈS LE DÉPART DE M. R. D. S.

DEMANDE.—Veux-tu me dire toute ta pensée sur elle ?

RÉPONSE.—Oui, elle est la bonté même, mais trop enthousiaste en toute chose ; ce qui fait qu'elle a gâté sa vie, et n'a jamais pu se marier, car jamais elle n'a pu comprendre les autres, ni être comprise.

* * * * *

Maintenant tu es son idole. Son enthousiasme pour moi est redoublé depuis qu'elle t'a connue. Elle a une belle intelligence, mais elle la suffoque sur les préjugés religieux.

* * * * *

Sa conscience est tout ce qu'il y a de plus pur sur la terre. Elle sera un des anges de notre ciel lorsqu'elle mourra, et elle aura bien peu à expier. Elle a passé sur la terre sans se salir.

PARIS, 27 Mars, 1868.

This (by her accredited) conversation with Lord Byron I have written verbatim, omitting only what

appeared to me obligatory on my part. As it belonged to her and is a part of her, it is not without interest.

Whilst speaking of spiritism, I cannot but remember her account of what she termed an apparition which appeared to her in June, 1870. She related it to me the day after it took place. She said she was lying in bed rather later than usual, when she saw her maid, Annette, come into her chamber holding up the corners of her apron, which was a red one, and she spoke to her, saying, "Annette, I am very lazy this morning, but prepare my things and I will get up." She was surprised to hear no answer, and thought she had gone out on the terrace to feed the birds; but, moving the curtains to ascertain the fact, she was astonished to find the window closed and Annette not there. She rang the bell instantly, and said, "How is this, Annette?" as her maid appeared. "I saw you just now enter the room, and I spoke to you, and you made me no answer." "Oh, no, Madame," she replied; "I have not been here before to-day!" "Is it possible?" she said; "then I have had an apparition. I must evoke the spirit of the Marquis de Boissy and ask an explanation," which, as soon as she was dressed, she did. The answer was, "Yes, I sent you this visitant in the form of Annette, that you might not be frightened, and now I wish you and your household to be vaccinated at once." The small-pox was then bad in Paris, but she had scarce given it a thought; yet, relying im-

PLICITLY on this injunction, she sent promptly for her physician, and she and some of her servants were vaccinated. At this very time her maître-d'hôtel was very ill in an upper chamber, and on the return of the doctor from visiting him, she asked, "How is the poor fellow?" "Very ill, Madame," was the reply; "it is quite necessary he should be removed to the hospital." "Oh, no," replied the Marquise, "he will be well attended to here; he shall have all the care possible. Annette will prepare his *bouillon* herself, and the men-servants will take good care of him—he shall have all he wants." "But, Madame," the physician said, "I must insist upon it—he needs the sort of service he can only receive in a hospital." She yielded reluctantly to this, without at all knowing his malady, and when she went out to drive, the poor man was removed to the hospital, and in eight days was dead of the small-pox. This was a singular circumstance, and Madame de Boissy fully believed it was this revelation that saved her and her household from this frightful disease. I am not called upon in giving this relation to give my own opinion of this incident. I have already stated my views, and that I do not embrace spiritism; but as we have on record, in both profane and sacred history, marvellous dreams and apparitions and stories of second-sight, and as there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," I do not cavil with this dear lady because of her vision,

which she saw or dreamt she saw, and there I leave it.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Demonology and Witchcraft," has related similar peculiar incidents, and given marvellous reports of supernatural visitations and unearthly sights and sounds, which no logic can reasonably explain, and which leave the mind bewildered or affrighted, warned or consoled, according as the revelation or manifestations are accredited.

Madame de Boissy had deep religious feelings. Often has she told me of the love she had for the Evangelists, and all they related of the Saviour of men ; yet was she liberal as a Catholic, and had views of her own, which, with the Ultramontanes, might have been thought unsound.

She used to say to me, "I am not worldly. I do not love the world, though from my position I must mingle in it and do my part." What she has revealed of herself in her home-life is what has pleased me best. How industrious she was on those quiet evenings, of which we had so many ! Whilst talking with an *abandon* that became her, her hands were almost always busy. She would be working with worsted, winding skeins of silk or wool, making *allumettes*, dipping her fingers so daintily in a pretty little vase by her side and rolling them up with a celerity few could excel.

At her large parties she thought of all, and divided her attentions so that no one should feel neglected. What kindness she invariably showed me as a stran-

ger! Knowing I did not speak French with facility, and was timid about it, if she saw me sitting alone she would beckon me to her, sometimes lay her hand on mine and leave it there, whilst being surrounded by crowds of admiring friends, or by those who came to pay their respect to her, for she was much courted, and by the highest in the land, and English people also showed their warm regard for her. I have seen an English gentleman of high rank, and one of the most conservative of men, take her hand and bend over it as if he were addressing a divinity.

To me she gave honor such as I did not merit. At one of her grand dinners, where I was invited to meet some very distinguished people, I had been delayed, owing to the difficulty of getting a *voiture*, and arrived late. There were the Duchess of — the Baroness B——, and others of high rank; yet I was the first to be taken in to dinner by one of the Emperor's chamberlains, a peer of France, and a person otherwise remarkable, as his breast was covered with decorations. I mention this for one reason only—to show the consideration she manifested to me before others, and naturally I was not insensible to it, for I was alone in Paris and with no name of high report to win the world's honor; therefore it evinces her amiability and lovely nature, and at this very dinner I overheard her speak of me as only the honest and good at heart speak of their friends. A debt of gratitude as well as justice I owe her, and it is my pleasure as well as my duty to speak of her

as I believe she merits. She constantly called to take me to drive with her in the Bois de Boulogne, and unlike the gay world, who went in streams, as it were, following the beaten track of fashion, driving to see and be seen, she invariably chose the more retired part of the Bois, and then, when out of the reach of these crowds of loiterers, we would leave the carriage and have a quiet promenade *à pied* under the leafy trees, and oftentimes 'neath a "sky so cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, that God alone was to be seen in heaven." I used to delight her by frequent recitations from the poems of Lord Byron. How she enjoyed those rambles! Taking my arm, at times stopping and looking up she would exclaim, "How refreshing, how lovely is nature!" I have seen her thus with a countenance so beaming and bright, that under her light veil one would have pronounced her face that of a handsome woman of not more than forty years of age. Sometimes I left her to gather wild flowers, of which we were both so fond, and she would await my return with a pleased expectancy. Now and then we met children—these seemed to interest her much—she had a ready admiration for their childish games and merry gambols, for their fun and frolic. The experienced woman of the world showed that its false spirit had not spoiled her. I always observed nature had far more charms for her than art. Numberless were these drives and walks with her. I recollect them with great pleasure, for although she was much my

senior, her society and her sweet company gave a zest to them such as few could have conferred. There was nothing trite or commonplace about her, or her appearance, and age had not robbed her of her attractions—there was intrinsic worth there, and grace and culture, and time's defacing fingers could not and never did steal them from her. Sometimes dining with her at her accustomed hour, half-past seven, she would order her carriage and drive with me on my return to my apartments in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, enjoying with me the brilliant Champs Elysées and the fresh air.

Usually, when I did not go with her during the day to the Bois de Boulogne, she would stop on her return, make kind inquiries after me, and send me a bouquet of wild flowers by her servant: in fact, scarcely a day passed without her showing me some courtesy. I had an *appartement au troisième*, they called it, but it was in fact *au quatrième*. Once her groom was ill, and as the coachman could not leave his horses she mounted herself those high and tedious stairs to ask me to accompany her in her drive. All these evidences of her good heart it is a pleasure for me to remember and relate.

Now and then we would go to concerts together—she was a patroness of music, and numbered many artists among her friends.

As the summer advanced, changes came. She proposed to leave Paris for her Italian villa near Florence.

The Marquis de Boissy bequeathed her this place, also a superb country residence called *Luciennes*, near Versailles.

I cannot forbear introducing here a very interesting historical account of *Luciennes*, sent me by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, after reading my article upon Madame de Boissy. My dear friend had often talked to me of *Luciennes*, and wished me to see it; and we were to have gone to pass a day there together. But the excitement and worry resulting from the war put aside the pleasant project; besides, she frankly confessed to me that it was a pain for her to visit this magnificent place, for it was at *Luciennes* the Marquis de Boissy died. And she told me that she had never passed a night there since, though visiting it occasionally, as duty demanded.

Dr. Mackenzie's account, which he was so good as to give me, I have asked permission to insert in my little history of the Marquise, and he most willingly consented. Therefore I have much pleasure in introducing it, as it adds interest to one of her delightful homes, and shows the surroundings which the generous and princely Marquis placed about his beloved wife:

“*Luciennes*, a handsome pavilion on the brow of the hill of Marly, half-way between Versailles and St.-Germain-en-Laye, was presented by Louis XV. to Madame Dubarry, shortly before the arrival in France of Marie Antoinette of Austria, which was

immediately followed by the marriage of that Princess, in May, 1770, to the Dauphin, afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI. At that time there was a Château de Marly (destroyed during the first French Revolution), belonging to the King, little inferior in splendor to Versailles itself, and a favorite residence of his Majesty, because a less strict etiquette had been recognized there. In its immediate vicinity was Luciennes, which, under the circumstances, was convenient for the monarch and his fair friend. In a letter from Madame Dubarry to a confidante she said of the King, 'Among other marks of his favor, he bestowed upon me the splendid pavillon de Luciennes, sold by the Duc de Penthièvre, after the death of his son, the Prince de Lamballe. You know this charming spot, which both nature and art have so liberally contributed to adorn. I have converted it into the most perfect and delightful habitation in which a mortal could desire to end her days.'

"Here Dubarry lived in an almost royal manner, with the King as a very frequent visitor, solacing herself, in his absence, with Darine, a favorite white-and-tan poodle, Henriette, her trusty confidante, and Zamor, a diminutive African, who, at her request, was appointed, by regular commission under the royal seal and sign-manual, Governor of Luciennes, with an annual salary of one thousand livres. It was Zamor's treachery that, in 1793, betrayed Dubarry to the scaffold, on which, soon after, his own life was rendered up. There was an intermittent rivalry

between Marie Antoinette and Dubarry during the last four years of the King's life.

“ Writing to her mother, at Vienna, soon after this contest began, Marie Antoinette said, ‘ It is pitiable to see his weakness for Madame Dubarry, who is the silliest and most impertinent creature that it is possible to conceive.’ Maria Theresa, who had condescended to write to Madame de Pompadour, affectionately addressing her as ‘ My friend and dear sister,’ advised her daughter to conciliate Dubarry, but Marie Antoinette refused to humble herself so far. On the King's death, in May, 1774, the favorite was ordered to retire to the abbey of Pont aux Dames, near Meaux, not far from Paris, but was soon permitted to return to Luciennes, where, having obtained a pension from the Crown, she continued to live for some years. Here she was visited by the Emperor Joseph II. of Germany, and a little later by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the illustrious American. Finally, she sold Luciennes to the Duc d'Orléans (Egalité), and retreated to England. On her return to Paris she was found guilty of being ‘ suspected,’ and was guillotined in December, 1793. It is estimated that Dubarry, whom Marie Antoinette always spoke and wrote of as ‘ that creature,’ cost France, during the few years she was a royal favorite, the gross sum of twenty-five million francs, or equal to seven million dollars of our money. Thus *dear* was she to France! Luciennes finally became the property of the late Marquis de Boissy.”

This place the Marquise, after the death of her husband, only visited occasionally, and never to pass a night. Her visits there, she told me, were always fraught with sadness, for there her husband died, for whom she had the most respectful and devoted regard, which he must have merited, from all I have heard of him, despite some eccentricities. Madame de Boissy has written a very interesting and eulogistic letter upon the character and life of the Marquis to Monsieur le Vicomte d'Yzarn-Freissinet, author of a memoir of the Marquis, published in Paris in the year 1870. This letter will richly repay a perusal. One evening in Paris, having just received the proof-sheets of this tribute, she asked me if I would read the last four pages of it. As I did so I saw the tears coursing down her cheeks in fond recollection of her lost and honored husband, of whose exalted and generous character she frequently spoke to me. I regret that time and space will not permit me to quote a few passages of it, as the words are by herself, and prove how blest she was, and how grateful for this blessing, for the devotion of so noble a heart was a blessing—one, too, which she received when she was no longer young, so that her latter days were comforted and enriched as few can boast; but Heaven was the dispenser after all her poor torn heart had suffered.

During the last winter I passed in Paris, in 1870, I frequently met at dinner the son-in-law of her husband, who married the only daughter of the

Marquis by a previous marriage. This gentleman, then the Prince de L——, now the Duc de R——, one of the oldest and most distinguished names in France, had three sons and one daughter by this lady, and very high-bred and cultivated young people they were. I was struck with the affection and respect they entertained for Madame de Boissy—and they spoke to me of her in terms of the warmest regard. Her character must have been singularly amiable, for not only was she much beloved by her own family and that of her husband, but the relations of Count Guiccioli were on terms of affectionate intercourse with her, and held correspondence with her,—in fact, her old age was blest. She had “honor, obedience, troops of friends.” She had a large fortune left her by the Marquis, and every luxury wealth could give, but her devoted spirit never forgot the lost and the departed—she thought of them, and wrote of them. Her two volumes upon “*Lord Byron jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie*,” she gave me, also another volume called “*Les Idées religieuses de Lord Byron* ;” and how truly she quotes the words of La Bruyère: “*Le contraire des bruits qui courent des affaires et des personnes est souvent la vérité.*” She also presented me the volume containing the letter upon the Marquis de Boissy, to which I have already alluded. She gave me also large and fine engravings of herself and of the great minstrel, and of her husband, and several beautiful photographs. Whilst speaking of these

prized gifts, I have to recount a cruel loss I sustained at a *fête champêtre*, near Philadelphia, which I attended soon after my return to America. I lost a very pretty locket she gave me, containing a small portion of her hair, and that of Lord Byron, with the date and names engraven thereon. The chain of a bracelet to which it was attached broke, and I suppose it dropped, and had there been honesty I must have received it, but my inquiries were all fruitless and the loss irreparable. In the life of Lady Morgan, she mentions in one of her letters having met with a similar misfortune in Regent's Park, London. She lost a medallion containing the hair of Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, given by the latter many years ago, before her marriage to the Marquis de Boissy: so it would seem there is a fatality about these *souvenirs*. At all events, both of us were losers of choice relics never to be replaced. When leaving Paris in the summer of 1869, she going to Italy and I to England, she invited me to pay her a visit in October, when I intended to be *en route* for Rome and Naples, prior to her return to Paris. I gladly accepted this invitation, but was detained longer than I expected both in Ireland and in England, so that in order to fulfil my engagement after reaching Paris, I was obliged to travel four days and nights to reach Florence and Setimello in time; but I arrived safely, and found my dear old friend in good health, and such a welcome as one with her heart would be sure to give.

I was delighted with the villa. Mrs. Radcliffe would have been charmed to describe it, with its suites of rooms, its corridors, its chambers remote and solitary, and its surroundings of wood and plain. The large drawing-room, hung with tapestry representing the wars of Flanders, had been given, she told me, by Louis XIV. to an ancestor of M. de Boissy. This room opened into a beautiful little chapel. There was a spacious orangery attached to the house, and here it was my delight to wander in the early mornings, looking down from the large open windows, long avenues, from which in the perspective even Florence could be seen more beautiful—for “distance lends enchantment to the view.” From this matutinal and fragrant visit I would return to breakfast with the dear Marquise, in a noble *salle-à-manger*, where great frescoes of the villas of the Marquis stood in bold relief on the walls. Our repasts were always cheery, and if there was not always “the feast of reason,” there certainly was “the flow of soul;” and civilization and art made our meals delightful to sight and sense. Indeed, from early morning to our parting for the night, there was all in our intercourse that good taste and true friendship could desire.

I had the pleasure of meeting some of her own relatives—the Gamba family—during this visit. She was exceedingly fond of one of her nephews, to whom she told me she had bequeathed this estate. He appeared all that her praises spoke, and his

young Countess was happy in having so good as well as so handsome a husband. To them both I am indebted for the splendid sights of Florence. For several days they devoted themselves to showing me the lions of this far-famed city; its churches, its galleries, and its works of art; its beautiful Cascine, where they drove me with such fine horses, I yet remember them for their great beauty and perfect bearing. It was by the courtesy of Count and Countess G—— that I was first initiated into the splendors of Florentine art. It was to Mr. Charles Isidore Hemans,* son of Felicia Hemans, the sweet

* Mr. Hemans has since departed this life. He was a gifted man, a great antiquarian, a hard student. His books prove this. His "Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art" he was kind enough to present me with. He visited me frequently both in Rome and in Florence, and I have listened with delight to his recitations of his mother's poems. He was just such a son as one would expect Mrs. Hemans to have,—refined, intellectual, religious, and learned. The kindness and friendship he manifested for me in many ways, and our interesting intercourse and most agreeable correspondence, are among the many cherished recollections of my life. Just before leaving Rome, in 1869, we had together a charming ramble over the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. His perfect knowledge of ancient Rome—his lore, one may well say, of every spot of ground in classic Italy—made him in truth an encyclopædia of knowledge relating to the history and archæology of this "garden of the world," and no questions on the subject could have been put to him without receiving the promptest and most erudite replies. It is impossible in this tribute to an Italian friend, having had occasion to name Mr. Hemans, whose friendship was formed in Italy, and whom I knew so

poetess, that I had my more perfect and particular initiation into the marvels of painting and sculpture with which Florence abounds. When the time came for me to quit this delicious *séjour* of a few days, there was grief at parting; but she consoled me, saying, "You will see it again;" but alas for human calculation! she has passed away, and I have not seen it again, and never shall I now; or if I do, it will be a saddening visit. "Its bright inhabitant is gone."

I went from Florence to Rome, and then to Naples, and returning from this beautiful city stopped at Caserta, Rome again, Perugia, Assisi, Florence, once more. But the Marquise had returned to Paris, and after a few days passed there, I went to visit the Italian lakes, and soon after was glad to find myself in Paris once more, and near the kind friend who had showered so many favors upon me. I took my old apartment in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and the winter came on apace. The Marquise wrote for me to spend Christmas Day with her, and again on New Year's Day she wrote for me, saying, "We will commence the year together." How well she seemed and looked! And grim winter without only

well in that fair land, not to say a few words in honor and respect for this sweet Christian gentleman, who lived long enough to give a beautiful example of modest merit and refinement united to rare scholarship and piety as sincere as it was unobtrusive.

"Cur manat rara meas lacrima per genas?"

made the brightness within more delightful. One day, at dinner, she said, with a sweet smile, "I am an old woman, but I believe I do not look it," and in truth she did not. There was nothing of the decrepitude of age about her. And so we continued our pleasing intercourse through the winter and spring. Presently all Paris was alarmed by unhappy rumors of war. The French, alas! were confident and vain-glorious, sure of success; but it was frightful. Such a spirit was manifested in the moral world there as in the natural world before the explosion of a volcano. Wrathful mutterings and a dread apprehension filled many minds, and then came at last that declaration of war, which intoxicated one half of France, and filled with sorrow the other. At the morning receptions of the dear Marquise, I would overhear grave and threatening, as well as arrogant, if not vindictive talk by the gentlemen, all of whom were so sure of victory that the whole thing seemed an excitement to them.

At these receptions, at this beautiful season of the year, the Marquise shared with her friends the magnificent fruits of her belle *Luciennes*. Such strawberries I had never seen,—many of them as big as good-sized tomatoes,—they were prodigious. La belle France had everything but tranquillity. Splendid flowers and fruits came not only from *Luciennes*, but poured into Paris from all parts; and with these came tidings of preparations for a cruel war that was to be a snare and a scourge for this unhappy people.

I was preparing to return to America, the Marquise was making arrangements to go to her home in Italy; when we met, care and anxiety were upon us both. I dreaded our parting, but it had to come. Our views of the cruel war were widely different. Yet, though we did not agree on this subject, not a shadow came between our hearts' affection. Some time later, when I was in England, she wrote me :

Vous êtes trop prussienne pour que je vous accable en parlant de politique. C'est à Dieu la décision et le dernier acte de cet horrible drame. Mes deux petits enfants le prince de Léon, et mon filleul Henri (son frère cadet), se battent tous les deux dans les mobiles. Jusqu'à présent rien ne leur est arrivé, si ce n'est que Henri a été trois fois près d'être tué ! Vous pouvez imaginer l'état du pauvre Duc de R—, leur père.

Her kind and sympathetic heart bled at the sufferings of her adopted country. But I could go on enumerating instances of her tender and compassionate nature, till I should prolong this article to an unwonted length, and so reluctantly I close my brief and unsatisfactory account of her. Those who have loved her have shown taste and discrimination, and I shall ever be glad that I have known her so well, and seen and been intimate with a character calculated to awaken so much admiration and affection. Dear friend, sweet friend, faithful heart, good heart, as I recur to thy fidelity and truth, the wish cannot but arise that there were more like thee, and though my mortal eyes shall see thee no

more on earth, in some better land, where thy spirit hath found rest, we may meet where there are no partings, and no tongues to defame.

Let the vile and ribald world love to believe evil—cherish their low impressions—cling to them—live in darkness if they will shut out light and truth—yet they still exist—they are mighty, and will prevail even here—inevitably hereafter are we not promised? “Here,” as a distinguished writer says, “as cats pursue mice and do not look up though an elephant pass by, there are persons so busily mousing for defects, they let high and beautiful qualities escape them in their search after what is more congenial to their nature.”

Thou dear departed one looked for good and embraced it, and “all the rest was far.” Peace to thy ashes. Repose and joy to thy soul; and in eternity may we rejoice in the new heavens and the new earth from which all evil is banished.

She with me disliked the idea of leave-taking, and whilst our last meeting in Paris was sad, she did not mean, I should think, it would be the last, for then there would have been too much grief for any enjoyment, so she spoke of our meeting again, and, though grave, talked cheerily to me.

The next day I received the following note from her:

Ne venez pas, chère amie. Vous ne me trouverez pas, car je pars. Je vous remercie de tout. Que Dieu vous bénisse. Prions réciproquement Dieu l'une pour l'autre. Nous nous

reverrons, peut-être même à Paris, avant votre départ pour l'Amérique. Ecrivez-moi, je vous écrirai. Aimez-moi toujours, et croyez-moi toujours

Votre affectionnée,
THÉRÈSE DE BOISSY.

Then in English underneath, in clear, bold letters, was written the benediction, "God bless you."

I must here remark that her writing was always fair, open, and distinct—quite shaming the modern fashionable style of penmanship that often brings to my mind Sheridan's amusing denunciation upon "easy writing," which I cannot find it in my heart to quote at this time.

How touchingly beautiful are her notes and letters to me!—how full of warmth of heart, of devotion, and of rare intelligence! I have a legion of them. I read and re-read them with mingled feelings of grief and joy—grief that she has gone forever, and joy that I was loved by one so lovely. I often ask myself the question, What am I to do with them at my death? they are too valuable to be lost—they recall a character replete with unusual and very charming qualities. I trust her life will be written by one cognizant of the truth and who will do her justice.

She told me that Lord Byron from the spirit world had advised her not to allow their correspondence to be published until fifty years after her death. Since writing the above, I have been looking over the journals kept with all diligence during the few years that I have known her. I find constant allusions to

her—reports of her pleasant talk and of interesting incidents connected with her. These I must for the present forego to repeat, and come to a conclusion. I received, on the last day of January, 1873, in Philadelphia, a letter from the Countess G——, the sister-in-law of the Marquise de Boissy, informing me that for fifteen months the latter had been very ill from neuralgia, and had been forbidden to write by her physician, but that she had deputed her *belle-sœur* to write to me to explain why she had not written, sending me at the same time most affectionate messages and kind wishes and prayers for me. I was grieved at the intelligence of her illness, but I never dreamed death was near her. I was blind to the admission, and looked forward to seeing her again the ensuing summer. Oppressed with care and with engagements, I delayed writing till March. My letter arrived too late with a package I much wished her to receive. “Too late, too late!” these dreadful words struck a chill to my heart, when I heard she was no more, for I must have appeared neglectful to this kindest and best of friends. I will hope that from the spirit land, with eyes that have no more of earth’s dross, she may see the constancy of my affection for her, and that neither absence nor death can ever change it. To the Divine Keeper of the faithful I resign her, and in Him is hope. Without this the grave would be despair and life only bitterness. But “He giveth His beloved sleep,” and bringeth light and immortality from the

tomb, so we that sorrow may look up, believing in the beautiful words of Bulwer :

* * * * *

There is no death ; an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with velvet tread.
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

* * * * *

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again ;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is life.—There are no dead.

The foregoing account of Madame la Marquise de Boissy was written immediately after receiving the sad intelligence of her death, which took place in March, 1873, at Setimello, by a letter from her sister-in-law, the Countess G——, of Florence, whose husband is a senator there, and one of the "*ancien noblesse*." Two years passed, and again I trod Italy's soil, and, remembering the dear friend who had passed away, when at Florence I naturally desired to see the spot that contained her last earthly remains. The Countess G—— had the amiability to take me to that charming villa, seven miles from Florence, where I had passed such happy and delightful days with her who had departed this life



COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.
From the bust by Bartolini.



for ever. After a rapid drive, we found ourselves at Setimello, near Sesto, and were treading familiar paths and tracing the steps where she was wont to be.

I could indeed adopt the language of Lord Lyttelton in his touching lament for her who had been as his life :

“Blest shades of Hagley,
Where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is gone.”

Under a sky as beautiful as in those pleasant days when I enjoyed her sweet and gracious society, we passed into the house, and were conducted from the drawing-room to the pretty chapel adjoining it, which I have before spoken of, the entrance to which was concealed by the hangings of a rich curtain. To this sacred and convenient retreat I had frequently been a visitant when the guest of the Marquise; now I was led thither, and shown the white marble tomb that held her mortal remains, and read the modest yet tender and appropriate words that told her name, with the dates of her birth and death, in a manner befitting good taste and good feeling. “Here she is in the midst of us,” said the Countess. “Yes,” I replied; “what a favored place for the poor body to rest in! And here,

‘After life’s fitful fever, she sleeps well.’”

There was no gloom in this sanctuary—that only told of silence and of peace. I am glad that I have seen her in her last home—guarded by the

hands of love even in the jaws of death. Peace to thy ashes, dear friend! We passed out of the chapel into the orangery adjoining it on the other side. Sweet odors and sweet flowers and the singing of birds were around her as she lay enshrined in everlasting repose in a hallowed spot dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

I bade an affectionate farewell to Setimello, taking with me some lovely flowers given me by the Countess G——, and can look back upon this my last visit there, as well as to all my associations with the dear lady of whom I have written, without any distaste or alloy.

Among her many notes and letters to me, I have selected two which I have had lithographed for this volume—two that I can with propriety introduce here as containing nothing exceptionable or of a particular character, but her autograph is thus seen. The first note she ever wrote me I have given for this book in French, and the other a fac-simile of one written in English, so that in both languages her penmanship can be seen. Some of her letters are very pleasing, but not suitable to be published in a book like this; though the time may come when they will be thought quite worthy to see the light. The photographs are all copies of those given to me by her. She gave me several, and I have given all but one, and on that she passed an interdict that I should never show it. It is a copy of a charming picture of herself as a cherub, taken

Paris 24 Mars
1868

Voulez vous Madame me faire
la faveur de dîner tête à tête
avec moi, dans mes petits ap-
-partements, Jeudi prochain
20 mars à 7^h?

Y'espère que vous le
pouvez - et j'en serais
charmé. Agrée en atten-
-dant chère Pauline mes com-
-pliments empresseés et
affectionnés

Marquise de Borthy

25 Mai 1868

My dear friend

If you have nothing better
to do this evening come
to take Tea with me at
9 o'clock

It will give me great
pleasure as always

Your affectionate
Th. de Witt
J



in infancy in a pretty attitude, holding by a string a canary-bird, which has flown above her head, but which is still captive, held by the tenacious "enfant" quite securely. Madame de Boissy told me she was the idol of her uncle, and when a baby, so great was his admiration of her he had her painted in this way for his own pleasure. I saw the painting, and I think it was at my request she had it photographed.

In conclusion, I wish it distinctly understood that there has been but one motive in writing the account of Madame la Marquise de Boissy, and that is to do justice to her amiable character, and place the truth before the public as far as it has come to my knowledge. I hope what I have written may be read with care, and that it will be remembered that her acquaintance with Lord Byron lasted four years, when she was between fifteen or sixteen years of age and twenty, and that she was, as I have already mentioned, under the protection of her father and brother, but that for twenty years she was the honored wife of the Marquis de Boissy, a senator and peer of France. I have endeavored to show forth her refined and literary life, fulfilling most amiably social duties, given to generous hospitality, and her confession to me was, "I am not worldly, though from my position, etc., I must mingle with the world and do my part in it."

Her affection for me and her great kindness have naturally awakened reciprocal and grateful sentiments, and if I have succeeded in placing her in a more

elevated point of view than she has been regarded by many, I shall not have written in vain. I am glad to say that my little history has been warmly approved by some of those whose opinion is worthy of respect and consideration, and I am tempted to quote a few lines addressed to me by Lady Wilde, of Dublin, distinguished as a writer both of prose and poetry, widow of the late Sir William Wilde, so well known as an eminent oculist and man of letters in Ireland.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS M. R. D. SMITH
UPON READING HER MEMOIRS OF MADAME LA MARQUISE DE
BOISSY, BY "SPERANZA" [THE NOM DE PLUME OF LADY
WILDE].

Upon this page thy hand hath traced
A picture of a lovely mind,
A form with every beauty graced,
A heart good, generous, refined.
Her love was Byron's best reward,
His laurels twine around her name,
And ever with the English Bard
The Guiccioli will rise to fame.

* * * * *

Beautiful as the last verse is, I regret I cannot insert it. A proper modesty forbids it, as the lines are quite too flattering, and come from a heart of love, which is proverbially blind.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who was cognizant of my writing these reminiscences, was so good as to

send me the following additional facts, some of which have been already alluded to. I am glad, however, to add them, as corroborating what has already been stated, as well as naming others not before spoken of, and my sincere thanks are due to him for this kindness:

“The Countess Guiccioli, who was born late in 1801, and died in March, 1873, was the daughter of the Count Gamba, of Ravenna. Mr. Karl Hillebrand, an accomplished German, who knew her family, communicated some interesting details respecting her in a letter which was published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 16th of April, 1873. One passage of this is as follows: ‘I have had the privilege of looking through the whole of the extremely valuable manuscript collection left by the Countess, which is still in the possession of her family. It contains, besides the manuscript of a work on “Byron’s Stay in Italy,” by the Countess, which is full of unpublished letters and contemporary notices, a quantity of Lord Byron’s autograph manuscripts (for instance, of “Marino Faliero,” several cantos of “Don Juan,” the “Prophecy of Dante,” etc.), and, what is a good deal more important, an extensive correspondence, dating from 1820 to 1823, which, however, is scarcely adapted for publication.’

“In her book, ‘Lord Byron jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie,’ Madame Guiccioli intimated that she *intended* to write about Lord Byron in Italy. It was stated, immediately after her death, that Madame’s

last request was that her Byron papers should be published. This has not been done.

“The late Marquis de Boissy was born in 1798, of the very old Breton family of Rouillé, and his property was chiefly in the department of the Cher. His marriage with the Countess Guiccioli was the last celebrated in the Chapel of the Chamber of Peers, at the Luxembourg, Paris, before the outbreak of the Revolution of February, 1848.

“The Marquis, who died in 1866, bequeathed all his property to his widow, with final reversion to his only daughter, who married the Prince de Leon, who became Duc de Rohan several years ago, by *his* father’s death. This lady is no more, but her offspring have inherited all the property.”





COUNT DE WALDECK.



THE COUNT DE WALDECK.

CN recurring to my journal kept during my residence in Europe, I find an account of an extraordinary man whom I knew intimately in Paris, and whose life is so replete with interest that it seems incumbent upon me to write what I know respecting him.

I must first narrate how I made his acquaintance, and be pardoned, *en attendant*, a little digression. In my travels it is my habit to visit places of interest as I pass along. Landing at Queenstown after my second voyage to the Old World, *en route* to the enchanting Lakes of Killarney, I stopped also at Cork, the environs of which are charming. The far-famed Blarney Castle is a picturesque and interesting ruin near by; after a drive there in an Irish jaunting-car, I was induced to visit the celebrated Turkish Bath Establishment half a mile from Blarney, of which so much might be written. Suffice it to say, I was so delighted with the place, with its fine landscapes and well-cultivated grounds, that, having been immured for fourteen days on ship-board, they had such an attraction for me that I obtained permis-

sion of the gentlemanly proprietor and physician* at the head of this establishment at that time to go there for some days ; and here it was that I met the invalid *savant* to whom I am indebted for my introduction to the centenaire Count de Waldeck, whose history I have found so interesting and so well worthy to be made known, that I shall relate the facts of his life as they have been presented to me. The *savant* from whom I heard of this remarkable personage has passed away ; he, as well as the aged traveller, of whom he related so much, has departed this life ; their researches and their labors are over ; but never shall I forget the interesting information he gave me, nor the delight with which I listened to his varied and erudite conversation.

“Oh, the prevailing might of a sweet learned tongue,”

and so yielding to this attraction when he was alone, I found myself near him ; and he, pleased with so attentive a listener, poured forth the riches of his knowledge and of his mind. One day sitting near him, he handed me a letter, saying, “This is from one of the most extraordinary men of the age—Count de Waldeck, now ninety-nine years of age.”

“What!” said I, interrogatively, looking at the beautiful *écriture* before me, “this written by a man of that advanced age?” “Yes,” he replied ; “and as you are very appreciative, and are going to Paris, where he now resides, I will give you a letter of

* Dr. Bates, since deceased.

introduction to him." I could not but express my thanks for the courtesy; and as the letter from such a veteran is not without interest, and was presented to me by the receiver, I give a translation of it, which proves his industry and zeal.

LONDON, September 11, 1865.

22 PERCY STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall be here until the 18th of this month. If you return before that date, will you have the kindness to let me know, that I may be able to have the pleasure of seeing your collection,* and of presenting my respects to Mrs. de W—— as well as to yourself?

You ask for a copy of the "Ancient Monuments of Mexico," and of my drawings, published by order of Napoleon III., in five numbers, double volumes, less one. I have chosen the best and first edition for you, and have left them in the care of my brother-in-law, E. Henwood, whose address you know. The price is £3 15s.

I should regret extremely to leave London without your having seen my great work, of which you will find an account in the circular which has been sent you, and in which I hope you have had the kindness to interest yourself and recommend to your friends. Mr. P——, who spent three hours yesterday in examining it, approves of the plan and execution, and has promised on his part to advise the subscription, the only means I have of undertaking the publication, and of combating the Jesuits, who wish to prevent the execution of the plan, which is not, from their point of view, in accord with the received chronology.

I remain, sir, yours very sincerely,

DE WALDECK.

* This gentleman had a rare collection of curiosities and antiquities, which he afterwards, I understand, presented to the British Museum.

Such was the letter from Count de Waldeck to Mr. de W——, at the age of ninety-nine years; and I became so interested in him that I asked for further particulars respecting him, and Mr. de W—— wrote for me the following account of him, dated September 16, 1865:

“Count de Waldeck, a distinguished Mexican traveller, is of Prussian family, but a naturalized subject of France. He has published several laborious works on the antiquities of Palenque, Yucatan, Guatemala, and other parts of Central America. He resides in Paris—2 Chaussée des Martyrs, Montmartre—and is now in his ninety-ninth year. He married, fifteen years ago, an English lady—at that time in his eighty-fourth year—and has one boy, now fourteen years of age, who is a pupil in one of the military schools of France. Some two or three years ago Count de Waldeck offered all his manuscripts and his exquisitely-finished drawings to the French Government for a certain sum of money, with the view of making some provision for his wife, but the Government instead actually conferred upon him an annuity for life. He is now actively engaged in drawing illustrations for a forthcoming work on Mexico. He rises very early in the morning, and so seats himself at his desk in readiness for work that he may catch the first rays from the sun as it appears above the horizon.”

Mr. de W—— adds that the French Government

has just completed the publication of the first volume (folio) from Count de Waldeck's papers.

In a short time after this conversation I quitted St. Ann's Hill,* and ere long was on my way to the Continent, and was soon established in Paris, which is indeed the rendezvous of the world. I did not forget the centenaire, and wrote him a note enclosing Mr. de W——'s letter of introduction, and begged him to name a day convenient for him to receive me. An immediate answer in his fine and perfect penmanship was returned, dated March 5, 1867, 2 Chaussée des Martyrs, saying as follows, in perfect English :

Your favored letter, with the one of my friend, Mr. de W——, dated Saturday, did not come to hand till this morning at 11. I shall be most happy, if not too late, to have the pleasure of your visit to-morrow, Tuesday, any hour after one.

Yours respectfully,

DE WALDECK.

I did not fail to go at the time appointed, and drove over in the direction of Montmartre to Rue des Martyrs, and ascended four flights of stairs to his comfortable apartment, where his pictures adorned the walls of a cosy *salon*, and where I was received with perfect urbanity, and with a shade of courtliness very becoming his advanced age ; but there was nothing of decrepitude about him. I found him full of vigor of mind, and still an athletic look about him ; his voice was firm and sonorous, and he talked

* The name of the Turkish Bath Establishment.

as a man who was yet ripe for art and for all that makes life pleasant. He showed me many of his pictures of the far-off countries which he had explored. They appeared to be executed with great fidelity and finish. He took me to his studio, and adjoining this was his bedroom, where he could, if disposed, look at his easel from his bed, and criticise for improvement the work of his hands. I was astonished at his productions, and felt a deep interest at once in his labors and a respect for his persevering and indefatigable industry, of which his paintings around him gave ample testimony. But, worthy to be noticed and admired as these were, his conversation interested me more than all, and I was led to ask him many questions of his past history, and his replies took me back to scenes I had read of, but never expected to have heard of from an eye-witness. I should here say that he was born at Prague, in Bohemia, in 1766. He was ten years old on the breaking out of the American Revolution, and he said that he "had lived through forty-two revolutions." His relations of his past life, particularly his earlier career, were most interesting. He was a hale-looking, well-proportioned man, about six feet in height; his head was covered with fine white hair, and he had a long white beard, which added dignity to his appearance. He did not seem more than a well-preserved man of seventy years of age. He told me that he had always enjoyed good health; that he had lived temperately, and had used much out-door exer-

cise; that he slept well, and had invariably a good appetite; that he rose with the dawn, and did not give himself more than about seven hours' sleep, thus following out the counsel of Sir William Jones in this respect:

“To soothing slumber seven,” etc.

The Count was careful of his health—he was a very hearty man, and had a never-failing appetite. He talked much of horseradish as a remedial agent—he recommended its use warmly; to be taken for six weeks, every spring, grated horseradish mixed with crumbs of bread, and flavored with lemon-juice instead of vinegar; taken in large quantities by the tablespoonful, instead of the teaspoonful, three times a day, at each meal. He said he had known persons who had singularly improved under this régime, and he pronounced it a complete alterative and a renewer of the system and a great purifier of the blood.

I give his opinion for what it is worth to those who seek good health and are ambitious for length of days.

I prolonged my visit to listen to his recitals. He resided in England for some years, and was often in company with Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan, and drank with them his full allowance of port, but was never intoxicated. He said he had frequently dined with George III. I wish I could remember the name of a nobleman with whom he stayed in Scotland at the same time that Lord Byron was a guest also. He

spoke of the exceeding beauty of the noble poet. He said they would start off early in the morning—the ostensible purpose was to fish in a river near by; but the old Count laughed, as he said, “Lord Byron would swim, and leave me to fish alone.” He made comments on him I care not to repeat, but dwelt upon his marvellous beauty as something that almost deified him. He knew Beau Brummel and Count d’Orsay, Robespierre and Marat; he pointed to a painting given him by Marat—in fact, he seemed well disposed to talk of former days; but I had paid a long visit, and, though wishing to hear more, yet felt I must bid my veteran friend good-by, for whom I already entertained much sympathy; as I did so I added, “*Au revoir*,” to which he responded heartily.

In a day or two he called to see me. Those who know Paris well will understand the immense distance he came, when I narrate that he walked all the way from Montmartre to the upper part of the Champs Elysées to see me. He was now one hundred years old, and I said, interrogatively, “You have walked this distance?” and he said, “Yes”—seating himself with evident satisfaction—“and when I sit down I feel forty; but my legs are bad—they were bitten by the rattlesnakes in the ruins of Palenque, where I passed three years making sketches, and I have never gotten over it;” and then the conversation, or rather the narrative to which I had listened a few days before with so much interest, was resumed. He told me he had been in Egypt with

Napoleon ; that, being an Austrian subject, he had accompanied him under a feigned name, as a *savant*, with the rank of captain ; he was frequently by his side, and partook of his humble fare. He said Napoleon had a great dislike to ceremonial dinners, preferring to eat alone. The Count was an admirer of this wonderful personage, yet confessing his inordinate ambition, but calling him a "just man." He related to me of himself that he had the power to copy the handwriting of any one perfectly ; that upon one occasion, from mere caprice, he wrote the name of Napoleon Bonaparte so like that it was a fac-simile. This reached the ears of Napoleon, who was not pleased ; he sent for Count de Waldeck, and said, "I hear you can imitate the handwriting of any one, and that you have imitated my signature?" "Yes, sire," replied the Count. "Now," continued Napoleon, "write it here, and then look at the top of the paper before you ;" which the Count did, and, to his dismay, read, "Condemned to three months' imprisonment at Vincennes." He bowed his head and retired, and went to the prison. Two weeks after, Napoleon sent for him, and said, "You will not do it again ? It is a bad practice ; it is dangerous. I had to make an example of you, though I know that you are a friend to me and of my dynasty." Such was the discipline of this autocrat even with his friends.

The more I heard from Count de Waldeck, the more surprise I felt at his vigor and energy at his time of life. He told me he went every day to the

Imperial Library, where he was occupied in antiquarian researches; that he never rode or drove; and this from a centenaire living in the fifth story of a house in the Rue des Martyrs!—that alone would have sapped the energy of many a younger man in these degenerate times. He was an artist as well as an archæologist, and his paintings and sketches of the countries he had visited, of the ruins he had beheld, were replete with interest. He told me he had travelled eighteen thousand miles on foot through South and North America; that he had visited Mexico and Central America; that he lived three years in the ruins of Palenque, making sketches, where reptiles and poisonous flies endangered his life; that he returned to France and offered the labor of his hands as well as head, his sketches and notes, to the French Government, which took them, and only offered him a pension for life, which the brave old artist accepted, saying, however, "I will be even with them yet," and his life was prolonged to an extraordinary age. The French Government brought out his pictures and his notes in a volume, which was exhibited at the great Exposition in Paris. The Count was, however, extremely dissatisfied with the manner in which it was done, and his intense desire was to gain a sufficient number of subscribers to enable him to publish it in a more creditable and satisfactory manner. He had already the names of a number, but not enough to authorize him to undertake it in the manner he wished. Much touched by

his indomitable perseverance and by the enthusiasm he evinced in the matter, I determined I would try to aid him and use my influence in his behalf, that he might fulfil what seemed the cherished wish of his heart. I said all I could to encourage him. I became a subscriber myself. It was delightful to witness how sanguine and grateful he looked.

Before leaving me on this occasion, he gave me the history of his second marriage in his eighty-fourth year with a young girl of seventeen. I will relate the event in his own words. "I was living in Paris on my return from my travels, devoted to art and my studies, when my English housekeeper, who was a superior woman, said to me, 'Count, will you allow me to send for my niece in England, that she may receive lessons in music and in French?'" The Count said, "I shrugged my shoulders, and replied, 'I don't care; do what you like.' She came. I saw Ellen, and I loved her, and I said to myself, 'This is very silly for a man at my time of life,' but I could not help it, and I married her." She was a very pretty young creature, and was charmed with "her old gentleman," as she called him; and, as she has since told me, she always highly appreciated him, and made him an excellent and attractive wife. No doubt his days were prolonged by her unswerving devotion. She bore him one son, now a young man of about twenty-six years of age, and for whom the Count cherished the most devoted affection. I was in Paris when the war

broke out between the French and Germans, and I asked the Count what he would do if France claimed the services of Gaston (his son's name) in the war. "I will go in his stead," was his grave and heroic answer, and he meant it.

Soon after my introduction to him, and after several visits paid and received by him, my sympathies became thoroughly aroused in his behalf; it appeared to me he was not appreciated, and that poor justice—or, indeed, no justice at all—was done him after his life-long labors in art and archæology.

"How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits
Honor or wealth for all his world of pains;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
If any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains."

Thoughts of this kind passed through my mind more and more with regard to him. I felt I had little influence, but what I had I would exert in his behalf. I was "instant in season and out of season" in speaking of him. I induced several of my compatriots to call upon him. I went with some of these to see him, and they were delighted and astonished. "Have I said too much?" I asked, upon one occasion. I recollect well the reply: "No, not half enough." Eight of these became subscribers to his work. I had set the example. The price was ten pounds, or fifty dollars; but the trusting centenaire said, "I do not want the money till

the book is out. Only give me your names and addresses, that I may know where to send them." Some of those to whom I introduced him became his friends. Among them were some persons of large fortune, who had it in their power to benefit him. He became known among Americans—he was invited to evening parties by my friends, who sent their carriages for him; and at these *soirées*, though an object of general attention with his, comparatively speaking, young and pretty wife, he evinced a dignity and suavity truly inbred, and pleased all to whom he was presented. At one of these evening parties was Mr. Hale, formerly our Minister to Spain, Mr. R—— W——, of Boston, and others of like position, who appeared to feel a true interest in him. I presented Mr. O—— T——, of Washington City, to him, and his generous-hearted and appreciative wife said, "We will, of course, subscribe to his book." So now I had caused expectation as well as hope in the old man's heart; but there was yet much to be done, and I determined to write to the Emperor Louis Napoleon about him; and, as I knew he was familiar with the English language, I wrote in my native tongue, that I might the better express myself in behalf of the aged Count. I made an apology for troubling his Majesty, but begged him in consideration of my motives to pardon my temerity, and after the perusal of my letter to act as was his gracious disposition, or words to this effect. I then went to General D——, who was at that time

the American Minister in Paris, and told him my wish was to get the letter into the Emperor's hands. He advised me to go to the Tuileries and see General Fleury and commit the letter to him for his august sovereign. I did so. One fine morning I drove there, and asked for the general, sending up my card by one of the servants of the palace. I was promptly and politely received. I asked of the general, "Do you speak English?" His quiet reply was, "Pas un mot;" so in imperfect French I told my errand, and asked if he would be so good as to see that the Emperor received the letter. To my astonishment, in perfect English he replied, "I will give it to his Majesty with my own hands." I thanked him sincerely; and, buoyant with hope for the Count, waited for good news, which came to me before the week expired. Monsieur Pietri, le premier secrétaire de l'Empereur, called to see me, wishing to learn more of my aged friend. I told him all I knew, and he appointed a day for me to come again to the Tuileries to hear the result of my application. My second visit confirmed my hopes, for the Emperor had subscribed for twelve copies, and even designated how he wished them bound; so there were twenty subscribers I had gained for the veteran artist, and I felt more pleasure than I can express in taking the pleasant tidings to him. I saw how satisfied he felt, and how encouraged. Alas for the poor Count! The cruel war between France and Germany broke out—his hopes were nipped—Napoleon became a pris-

oner—the Count even lost his pension—and the great work, upon which his very soul was centred, had to come to a stand-still. Yet he was “up and doing, with a heart for any fate; still achieving, still pursuing;” he devoted himself to other pictures, and idleness never for a moment paralyzed his hands. Of his hopes who can tell? Such a pride he took in his superb drawings and in his valuable notes, with which he hoped to enrich the world! I had seen these splendid and deeply-interesting drawings, which had been pronounced very fine by consummate judges, and those who became subscribers to his book and saw them, and some of the proofs, were all eager for the volume to be finished, that the treasures might be in their own possession. But it was not to be—disappointment walked hand in hand with our aged but heroic friend—nobly he bore it, with a dignity quite touching.

From what I saw of his great work and really labor of love, I am convinced it would have been a rare and superb volume, giving us a world of information upon the ancient places of the Western Continent, and proving by his investigations that America was earlier civilized than the present “Old World,” and that its antiquities are more ancient than those of Asia and Africa, whence the arts were introduced to Greece. His sketches of the ruins of Palenque were extremely curious, and some of them beautiful, and I regret I cannot with perfect clearness enumerate many of these, such as would throw light upon

them that an archæologist might admit and would receive with interest. I can only speak in general terms of what promised so much, and sorrow for him who now sorrows no more, that he did not live to see of the fruit of his hands, but descended to the tomb, like many another poor mortal, with cherished wishes unfulfilled. Yet he has left behind him noble proofs of his genius as a painter and his talents as a writer. His pictures were annually received at the *Salon* in Paris. One I remember which was exhibited in 1868—a picture of still life, entitled “Une Macédoine,” executed by M. de Waldeck at the age of one hundred and two. It represents above thirty subjects of high antiquity, taken mostly from the superb Cabinet des Médailles of the Imperial Library in Paris, Rue Richelieu. The centre subject is the famed and the largest cameo in the world, representing the apotheosis of the Emperor Augustus. More than eighty figures result from the composition of the thirty subjects, and this elaborate painting was given with the utmost finish and exactness. I was frequently inquired of with regard to the forthcoming book, and I wrote to him, desiring that he would give me a particular description of the projected volume, that I might the better explain it to those who felt interest in his undertaking. I received the following note from him :

DEAR MADAME,—With my thanks I enclose, as you wish, the prospectus of my book—your valuable and kind recollection of me in my anxious endeavors to promote the progress of

knowledge concerning antiquity, manners, history, human and natural, of the pretended New World.

I am truly proud of the interest of so highly gifted a lady becoming a warm protector of my work. Madame de Waldeck desires to be most kindly remembered.

Believe me, dear Madame,
Your truly obliged,
F. DE WALDECK.

Prospectus of a work by Count de Waldeck, subscribed to by his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III.

ENCYCLOPÉDIE
D'ARCHÉOLOGIE AMÉRICAINE
ICONOGRAPHIE DES RUINES ÉPARSES DU
MEXIQUE AU PÉROU

COMPRENANT

Tous les Monuments connus, mais jusqu'ici imparfaitement décrits, et un grand nombre d'autres encore inédits, répartis en 115 planches lithographiées, photolithographiées ou chromolithographiées, d'après les dessins originaux, et représentant plus de 2000 sujets,

AVEC UN TEXTE TRÈS DÉTAILLÉ

Pour la description des Monuments et leur étude comparée, indiquant leur origine probable et leurs rapports avec ceux de l'ancien continent, notamment de l'Inde.

(Une étude spéciale est consacrée au culte du Lingha, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la conquête.)

PAR F. DE WALDECK,

Doyen des voyageurs et des artistes, auteur du *Voyage archéologique et pittoresque dans l'Yucatan*, et des *Monuments anciens*

du *Mexique* (ouvrage publié en 1865, sous les auspices de S. Exc. le Ministre de l'Instruction publique).

En publiant cet ouvrage, résultat de longues années de travail, le désir de l'auteur est de faciliter les études, et surtout les études comparées, d'archéologie américaine. La division en deux volumes, dont l'un (in-quarto) comprend le texte, et l'autre (format des *Monuments anciens du Mexique*) les planches, permettra au lecteur d'avoir commodément sous les yeux les figures en même temps que leur explication. Le texte, reconnu insuffisant, des *Monuments anciens du Mexique*, sera complété dans le présent ouvrage, et nécessitera, à titre de référence, la reproduction sommaire de quelques-unes des planches déjà parues, dans des dimensions appropriées aux besoins de l'étude et au format du livre.

En outre des édifices, plusieurs planches seront consacrées à d'autres sujets non moins importants, tels que les trois genres de céramique, des manuscrits curieux (codices), la copie d'une précieuse carte historique, les costumes anciens, civils et militaires, entre autres ceux qui ont été conservés jusqu'à nos jours, certaines curiosités anthropologiques, enfin l'histoire naturelle dans ses rapports avec le sujet du livre. Le texte sera suivi d'un appendice très étendu, servant de preuve aux conclusions de l'auteur.

L'importance de cette publication demande qu'elle soit en partie souscrite avant d'être mise en œuvre. Quatre-vingts souscriptions, à 250 francs chacune, payables seulement lors de la livraison de l'ouvrage, suffiront pour en assurer l'exécution. En dehors de ces 80 souscriptions, il ne sera tiré que 420 exemplaires, qui seront vendus 300 francs.

Pour souscrire, remplir le billet ci-joint, et l'adresser à M. de Wuldeck, 2, Chaussée des Martyrs, à Paris.

N. B. Les personnes désireuses de voir les dessins de l'ouvrage, pourront s'adresser au domicile de l'auteur, tous les samedis, de midi à quatre heures.

Paris, 1^{er} juin 1867.

Here is the English translation of the preceding :

ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY.

ICONOGRAPHY OF THE RUINS SCATTERED
BETWEEN MEXICO AND PERU,

COMPRISING

All monuments, known, but hitherto imperfectly described, and a great number of others never yet published, divided into 115 plates, lithographed, photo-lithographed, or chromo-lithographed, after the original designs, and representing more than 2000 subjects.

With a text giving a very particular description of the monuments, and of the comparative study of them, indicating their probable origin and their relations to those of the old continent, especially of India.

A special study is consecrated to the worship of the Lingha, from the earliest times up to the conquest.

BY F. DE WALDECK,

Dean of travellers and artists, author of "Travels in Yucatan, Archæological and Pictorial," and of "Ancient Monuments of Mexico," published under the auspices of his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction.

In publishing this work, the result of long years of labor, the desire of the author is to facilitate the study, and especially the comparative study, of American archæology. The division into two volumes, of which one (a quarto) comprises the text, and the other (in size resembling the "Ancient Monuments of Mexico") the plates, will enable the reader to have before him, conveniently, at the same time, both the plates and their explanation. The text of the "Ancient Monuments of Mexico," hitherto regarded as incomplete, will be completed in

the present work, and will necessitate, by way of reference, the summary reproduction of some of the plates which have already appeared, in dimensions appropriate to the requirements of the study and the size of the book.

In addition to edifices, several plates will be devoted to other not less important subjects, such as the three styles of ceramic art, curious manuscripts (codices), a copy of a valuable historical map, ancient civil and military costumes, especially those still in existence, certain anthropological curiosities, and, lastly, natural history in its relations with the subject of this book. The text will be followed by a very extensive appendix, proving the author's conclusions.

The importance of this work requires a partial subscription before publication. Eighty subscriptions of 250 francs each, payable only on delivery of the work, will suffice to assure the execution of it. Besides these 80 subscriptions, there will be but 420 copies printed, which will be sold at 300 francs each.

This prospectus will give full information as to the studious and laborious work Count de Waldeck had been so earnestly engaged in for so many years, and long after the period when men cease to labor, as a general rule, so that heartfelt respect as well as deep sympathy will be felt for the non-fulfilment of his efforts and aims; but he has left a bright example of courage in adversity and submission in hope, so that his life should give stimulus and instruction not in vain.

Count de Waldeck knew Marie Antoinette, and went to see her the second day of her imprisonment. He received a commission from Madame C—— O——, of Clonmel, Ireland, wife of an Irish member of Parliament, to paint from memory the unfortunate Queen. He succeeded well. It was an oil-paint-



THE SECOND DAY OF THE IMPRISONMENT OF MARIE
ANTOINETTE.

Painted by Count de Waldeck at the age of 104

ing about two feet in length. Mrs. O—— was kind enough to allow him to have the painting lithographed, and his widow has these pictures for sale, that they may add to her small means. I purchased several of them, and have had a copy made for this volume by a photographer of this city, but in so reduced a form it does poor justice to the picture. He called it “*Seconde Journée de Marie Antoinette à la Conciergerie :*” l’original appartient à Madame C. T. O., de Clonmel ; peint par le Cte. Max. de Waldeck à l’âge de 104 ans.

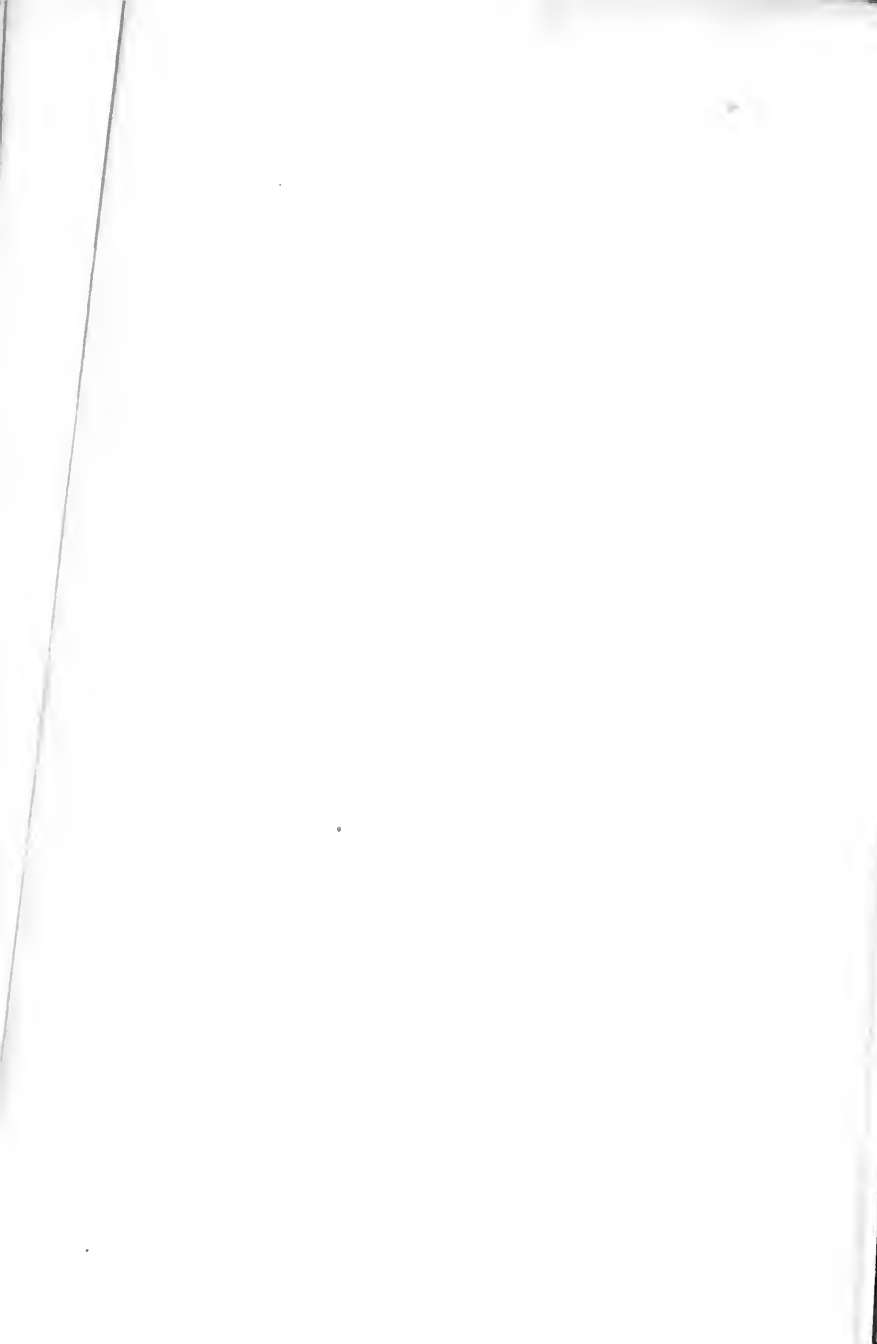
What a lesson does this portrait impart—history teaches us many such ! One cannot look upon it without associations the most painful. One pauses as like a flood rush upon the memory the griefs and disasters of this afflicted lady, of whom Burke once spoke in such extravagant terms of praise, when in her radiant youth she dazzled the beholder by her grace and beauty. It brings to mind forcibly his sympathetic and splendid speech upon this august and most unhappy sovereign of France, whose tragic career the world mourns, and I am tempted to give a brief extract from it here, as adding interest to the picture, and as not misplaced in this connection or with the thoughts awakened by the very name of Marie Antoinette. “It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating

and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. Oh, what a revolution!" etc.

Soon after the cruel disappointment of Count de Waldeck and the blighting of all his hopes by the fall of Napoleon and the consequent suspension of his pension, I, too, was forced to say farewell to him in deep sympathy and sorrow. Before I left Paris I gave him a commission to paint a vase which is in the Cabinet des Médailles in the Imperial Library in Paris. The vase is in silver, and represents the bas-reliefs of Achille pleurant sur le corps de Patrocle. (Achilles weeping over the body of Patroclus.) Peint à l'âge de 104 ans, en 1870, par J. F. Maximilien Comte de Waldeck. (Painted by the Count in 1870, at the age of 104 years.) I have had this painting photographed by the same artist who has copied the other subjects named in this volume and another not yet named, which is well worthy from two reasons: first, because it was a gift to me from my grateful old friend; and, secondly, because it was an original Assumption of the Virgin—a truly Catholic subject by a Catholic artist. I cannot criticize it; it is by one respected and admired by me, and it has some beautiful points—the heads of some of the angels are charming. It was an offering of affection, and is therefore highly prized by me.

I embarked once more for America, glad to escape the excitement and horror of this blasting war, and







SILVER VASE.

From the Cabinet of Medals in the Imperial Library of Paris.

Painted by Count de Waldeck at the age of 104.



that the wide, wide sea should be between me and the disasters that were befalling unhappy France.

A few months after my return I received a letter from Count de Waldeck, informing me of his project to cross the Atlantic to try his fortune in America. Indefatigable man! he explained to me his views and intentions, but it will be well to insert his letter, that his motives as well as his genius and courage may be better understood. I was astonished at his temerity, but, seeing his sincerity and earnestness, could not but exclaim, "The noble soul by age grows lustier!" The following is a translation of his letter, a fac-simile of the original of which I have also inserted:

74, RUE DES MARTYRS-PROLONGÉE,
August 24, 1871.

MY DEAR, GOOD FRIEND,—I have just received the letter you wrote to Ellen; she is now in London. . . I write English too badly to address you in that language. Since past events, which I have survived with great difficulty, I rise at dawn, and work until dinner-time without the slightest intermission, to finish my diorama, by the advice of the first artists and the connoisseurs of Paris, who pronounce it inimitable, and promise for it a sure success, but it is positively necessary that I should finish it entirely before leaving Paris.

You must remember that the downfall of the Empire has deprived me of the pension which Napoleon III. allowed me, and that I am reduced to a daily misery with fifteen hundred francs from the Institute.

It is not that I have no objects of value: my diorama, when finished, will have cost me fifty thousand francs, and my engravings of Marie Antoinette are double their value, but France is ruined for a long time, and if she ever recovers it will be a miracle. If I could borrow ten thousand francs, in

two months I should be in New York, with all that I own that is valuable, and I would establish my diorama there, which would make my fortune and that of Gaston, who would go with me. When the famous Barnum sees my spectacle he will not fail to speculate on its profits, and if some one who could see some part of it would speak to him of it, or write to him the details of it, he would hasten to second my views in this respect, for never before has any artist of merit occupied himself in reproducing upon glass the history of all countries, and the science of all people, since the heroic age to this date. My age, my journeys, and my long experience become a guarantee of the archæological, geological, astronomical, etc., perfection, which will teach the people what they do not know.

I do not think Ellen will go with me to America; she is too much afraid of the sea-voyage. She will remain with her relations in London; for me, voyages are merely promenades. I have been accustomed to them since 1785, with *Le Vaillant*.

What pleasure it will be to see you again!—but shall I ever have that joy? My health, my appetite, my sleep, are the same to-day as they were thirty years ago; that is what makes me talk and write as a young man.

It is not worth while to think of my great work on the antiquities of Central America unless I can publish it in New York, and I am afraid that the one hundred and twenty-five plates will be an obstacle; there is only in Paris the firm of *Lemercier* that could do it under fair conditions.

Gaston and Blanche* (who is now a big girl) beg me to send their kind remembrances. As for myself, you know I can never forget you, and I am very glad that you escaped the trials of the siege and the horrors of the *Commune*.

Ever yours faithfully,

DE WALDECK.

What was I to do? Could I have the heart to write to him and dissuade him from the hazardous

* Blanche is a niece of his wife's, an estimable English girl.



24 août 1871



74 Rue des martyrs prolongée



Ma chère et bonne amie

J'ai bien de recevoir la lettre que vous adressez à Ellen, mais comme elle est à Londres pour le moment, je lui ai ouverte,

J'écris trop mal l'anglais pour vous adresser en cette langue, et depuis les événements passés, et aux quels j'ai survécu à grand-peine je me lève avec le jour, et je travaille jusqu'à l'heure du dîner, sans s'occire intermittance pour compléter mon spectacle d'opéra qui, de l'avis des premiers artistes et les connaisseurs de Paris son prononcé inimitable et appelée à un succès certain; mais il faut avant tout que je le termine entièrement avant de quitter Paris. Vous devez bien penser que la chute de l'Empire m'a privé de la pension que me faisaitNapoleon III et que j'ai été réduit à une misère cotidiennement mes 1500 francs de rente de l'Instruction publique.

Ce n'est pas que je manque d'objets de valeur, mon spectacle terminé me coûte 50,000 francs, et mes estampes de M^e Enton vaudront le double, mais la France est ruinée pour longtemps et jamais elle se relève? c'est un miracle! Si je pouvais emprunter 10,000 francs? dans deux mois je serais à Newyork avec tout ce que je possède de précieux, et j'y établirait mon spectacle qui ferait ma fortune et celle de Sartou qui viendrait avec moi. Le fameux Burbank, quand il verra mon spectacle ne manquera pas de spéculer sur son produit, et si quelqu'un qui en avait vu un parti lui en parlait, ou lui en écrivait - les

les détails, il s'empreserait de secourir mes vœux à cet égard, car, jamais, aucun peintre de mérite ne s'est occupé de reproduire sur verre l'histoire de tous les pays et la science de tous les peuples depuis les temps héroïques jusqu'à nos jours, mon âge, mes voyages, et ma longue expérience deviendront une garantie de la perfection archéologique, géologique, astronomique, &c. qui enseigneront au peuple ce qu'il ne sait pas.

Je ne pense pas qu'Ellen me suive en Amérique, elle a trop peur d'un voyage par mer, elle résiderait chez ses parents à Londres. pour moi les voyages ne sont que des promenades j'y suis habitué depuis 1785. en travaillant

Lesch plaisir j'espérerais de vous revoir! mais, aurais-je jamais cette félicité? Ma santé, mon esprit, mon sommeil sont les mêmes aujourd'hui qu'à 30 ans c'est enqui me fait paraître un jeune homme. (Si devroit)

De mon grand ouvrage sur les antiquités de l'Amérique centrale, il n'y faut plus penser, moins que je le publie à Newyork? et j'ai la crainte que les 125 planches ne soit un obstacle, il n'y a qu'à Paris la maison Levesque, qui peut les faire dans des conditions favorable.

Goston et Blanche (qui après tout est une grande fille) s'unissent à moi pour vous présenter leurs hommages, quand à moi vous savez que jamais je ne pourrais vous oublier, et j'en suis heureux que vous ayez échappée au douloureux de siège, et aux horreurs de la commune

Est à vous de coeur

de Waldsch



attempt? Could I dampen the enthusiasm that hoped so much, that had endured so much, labored so much? His chief object now was to enhance his income for the dear objects of his devotion—his wife and his son. Chimerical as the undertaking seemed to me, I did what I could for him. His marvellous health, his indomitable energy, and the amazing courage he had shown in all his reverses, did not entirely discourage me, and I had so much sympathy for him that I determined to do as he requested, write to Barnum, who possibly might be struck with his proposition and accept so great a novelty as the works of a man of such marvellous force and age.

But I was disappointed. Sensibly, perhaps, he wrote the following reply:

438 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
April 26, 1872.

MISS SMITH,—Your letter of Wednesday duly arrived. I go to Baltimore and Washington next week, and return the week following, but fear I cannot stop over, as I shall have a couple of grandchildren with me. If I can do so, however, I will inform you in advance, though I assure you I feel too old, and certainly your friend is, to engage in a new speculation.

Very truly,
P. T. BARNUM.

Thus perished the ardent hope of the Count for the realization of his efforts. He had to mourn talent unappreciated, hope frustrated, and the enterprise and labor of his brain all lost as far as he was concerned. No doubt he did not despair, his char-

acter would not permit him to do so ; doubtless he thought the time *would* come, perhaps even when he was dead and gone, that the world would do justice to his merit and genius, and that his son might yet reap the benefit of his original invention, upon which years of patient toil and artistic talent had been expended. It was not for thee, brave man, to succumb to ill fortune—steady as an oak of the forest thou hast borne the blasts of adversity ; and when thy exit comes, from “the alpine heights of affliction,” thou mayst find thyself in green pastures, at rest and satisfied for evermore.

I passed two or three years in America, and again the attractions of Europe led me there. From England I went to Austria, spending some time in Vienna—loitering over its great Exhibition, seeing many things novel and interesting.

Winter came on apace, and after visiting Russia—passing nearly a year there—and then going to Germany for many months, as time rolled on Paris again became my destination—Paris, that I had not seen since I left it a scene of discord and devastation, threatened, as if by a volcano, with dismay and ruin. I left it with difficulty and in affright. I returned to find peace established and the traces of war scarcely visible. I drove down the beautiful Avenue des Champs Elysées, in the direction of Montmartre, to inquire after my ancient friend. The sun was bright as Italy’s ; the storm that had passed over the moral world of Paris seemed to have left it purified,

and by contrast the quietness that reigned appeared very striking. Arriving at 2 Chaussée des Martyrs, I left my *voiture* and ascended again the tedious stairs—those four long flights that led to the apartment of Count de Waldeck. All was very still. I rung the bell, and by a few steps found myself, alas! in the sick, if not dying, chamber of the Count. My rapid travelling and constant change of scene had kept me from hearing from my friends, or even writing to them for some time. My return was a surprise to them. What was my sorrow to behold the invalid, half supported by his wife, propped up by pillows; death I saw was hovering there. Madame de Waldeck seemed rejoiced to see me. I kissed the forehead of the dear old Count. His wife addressed him, and asked, “Do you know who it is?” He stretched forth his hand, looked at me, and said, “*Petie!*” and soon fell asleep again. We talked gently by his side, and she told me that he had a fall during the past winter—that he had been to a *soirée* at one of the Ministers’, and coming away had slipped on the steps—had injured his back—that an abscess had formed, the result of which it was thought would prove fatal. “Before this,” the Countess de Waldeck said, “he had been so well; and but for this, who can tell how long he might have lived?” We talked sadly by his bedside until it was time for me to leave; then again bending over him, I said, “Good-by, dear Count.” He said, “*Ta ta*”—a favorite expression of his for leave-taking—

and then took my hand, looked at me for some moments with the utmost clearness, and said, "Remember, my dear, there are few to be trusted, few who are sincere. Try, then, always to reflect before you advance your sentiments, and be careful to whom you express them." And then he added, "God bless you!"

Wise and prudent man! who can tell how many lessons had taught him the propriety of this counsel, or what thoughts he had of me and of my expansive character, that made him utter from his dying bed these pertinent remarks to me?

It was very remarkable that in his state of lethargy, and it being some years since he had seen me, he should so distinctly have remembered me, and shown such kindness and affection. Truly glad I am that I was permitted to see him again and receive his affectionate farewell. It was the last day I could have done so; the next brought tidings of his demise. And then came that long and ceremonious invitation to his obsequies, such as is the custom in France, and which I insert for the benefit of those interested in this remarkable man:

You are requested to attend the funeral services and entertainment of M. Jean Frédéric Maximilien Count de Waldeck, officer of the order of Venice et du Mérite de Venezuela, honorary member of the London Athenæum, member of the Geographical Society of Paris, titular member of the Committee on American Archæology, titular member of the

M

Vous êtes prié d'assister aux *Funérailles & Entierrement* de
Monsieur Jean Frédéric Maximilien Comte de Waldeck, Officier
de l'Ordre du Lion et du Mérite de Navarre, Membre honoraire de
l'Académie de Londres, Membre de la Société Géographique de Paris
Membre titulaire du Comité d'Archéologie américaine. Membre
titulaire de la Société américaine de France. Vice-Président d'honneur
de l'Alliance Universelle et Auteur de plusieurs ouvrages, écrits dans
sa 110^e année, muni des Sacraments de l'Eglise, en son domicile
74, Rue des Martyrs.

Qui se feront le Dimanche 2 Mai 1875, à midi très-précis
en l'Eglise St. Pierre Montmartre, sa paroisse

En se réunira à la Maison mortuaire.

Ode Profundis!

De la part de M^{me} la Comtesse Ellen de Waldeck, de M^{lles}
M^{lles} J. F. de Waldeck et leurs enfants, de M^{lles} Gaston de Waldeck
de M^{lles} Hornwood de G. Hornwood, Esq. et sa dame de E. Hornwood
Esq. sa dame et leurs enfants, de M^{lles} Edwin Hornwood et sa dame de
M^{lles} Wallis et son fils, de M^{lles} M^{lles} Price et leurs enfants, de
M^{lles} Blanche Mac Donald, ses veuve, fils, belle-mère, beaux-
frères, belles-sœurs, neveux et nièces.



American Society of France, honorary Vice-President of the Universal Alliance, and author of several works. Deceased in his hundred and tenth year, having received the sacraments of the Church at his home, 74 Rue des Martyrs. The funeral will take place Sunday, May 2, 1875, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, at the parish church of Saint Pierre Montmartre.

His friends will meet at the house of the deceased.

De Profundis.

On the part of Madame la Comtesse Ellen de Waldeck, of M. and Madame J. F. de Waldeck and their children, of M. Gaston de Waldeck, of Madame Henwood, of G. Henwood, Esq., his wife and their children, of M. Henwood and his wife, of Madame Willis and her son, of Mr. and Mrs. Price and their children, of Miss Blanche MacDonald, his widow, sons, mother-in-law, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, nephews, and nieces.

One of the French papers contained the following remarks relative to the Count :

“ At the time of the opening of the present Exposition at the Palais de l'Industrie, the oldest of the painters, Count Max. de Waldeck, expired at his residence, No. 2 Rue des Martyrs: the previous month he had reached his hundred and tenth year. This is not death, it is but a slumber; only this time the sleep will be eternal. He has smiled at his wife

and at his young son, and let his soul take its flight towards God.

“This robust old man was one of the most extraordinary examples of longevity ; but his great age is less astonishing than the clearness of his mind. He worked at painting until the last, and his conversation, especially when he related his long peregrinations, was exceedingly interesting.

“It is but a few years since he sent one of his pictures to the Salon. His friends said, jestingly, that he had made of his palette a cuirass against the scythe of Death. This time the great reaper found the weak spot in his breastplate.

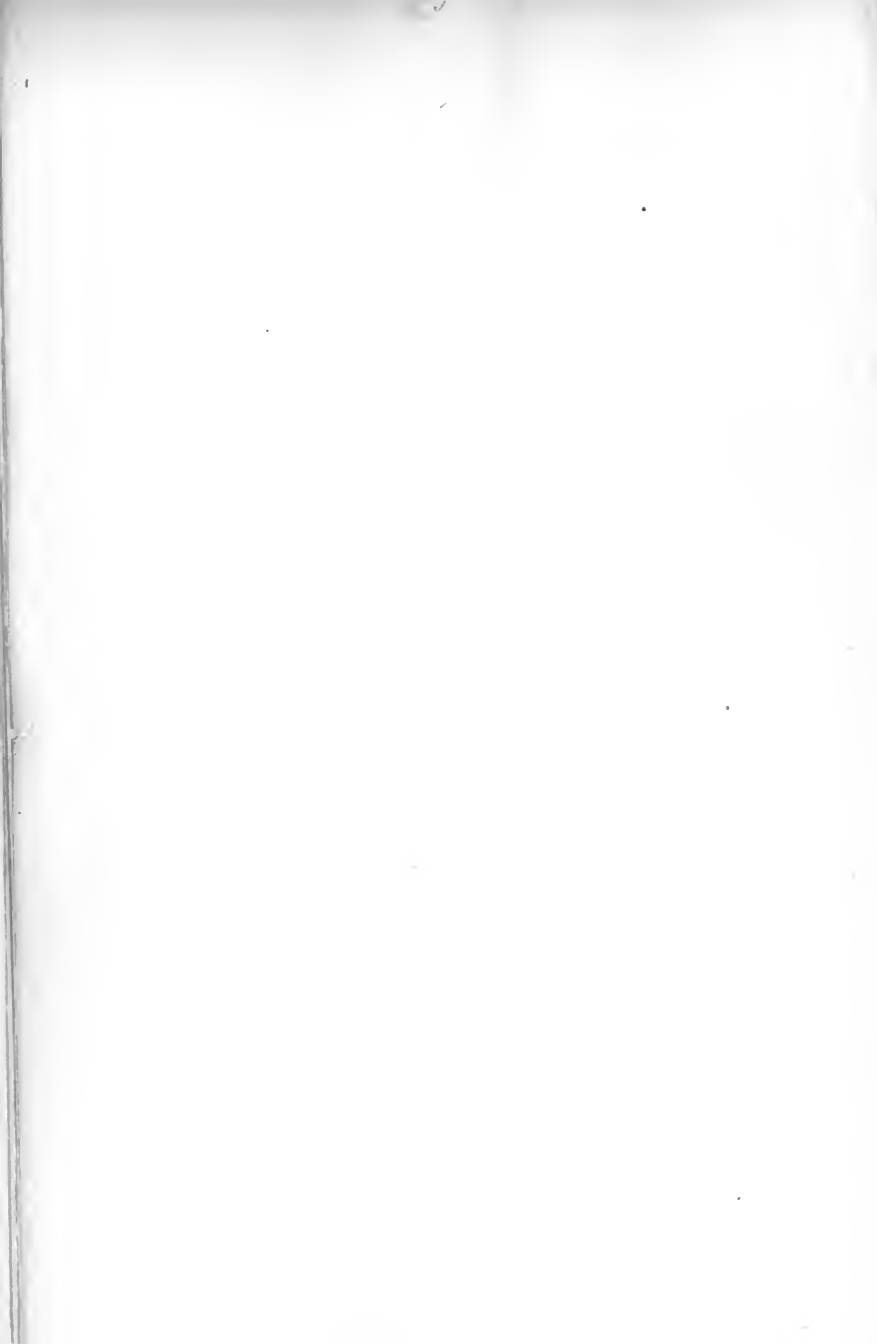
“‘You are still working at your archæological studies?’ some one asked him lately. ‘What else should I do?’ he replied. ‘Antiquity is a passion with me. *Similia similibus*. Look! here is an encyclopædia, in three volumes, treating of the archæology of Palenque, which I hope to see published before my death. It is the work of my youth. I was scarcely a hundred and two years old when I began it!’”

The morning of the day in which we should see our dear friend consigned to his last earthly tenement in Père La Chaise shone beautifully. Nature gives no sympathetic throb for the woes of her children—so I thought as again, and probably for the last time, I drove over to Rue Chaussée des Martyrs—to the home of him whose spirit had left us here for ever. I found a number of persons already collected to pay



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

Painted by Count de Waldeck.



the last office of respect. The grief of Madame de Waldeck and her son seemed heartfelt, and grave, sad faces told of the respect and affection felt for the departed. The solemn moment came. The cortége followed the mortal remains of the respected and august traveller. "Earth that had nourished him" for so long now "claimed his growth, to be resolved to earth again." The funeral procession ascended the hill of Montmartre* to the ancient church there. What a magnificent view of Paris met our eyes from this lofty site! We entered the church; but, as the service was long, and the church felt damp and chill, I stepped out and walked over the grounds of this historic place.

The church itself is pronounced "un curieux

* The heights of Montmartre witnessed the final struggle between the French and the Prussian and Russian allies on the 30th of March, 1814, and also were the scene of important events during the sieges of 1870 and 1871.

From this hill is to be seen a fine view of the vast sea of houses in the city, of the plain of St. Denis, and the course of the Seine towards the north, and of the valley of the Marne with Vincennes towards the east. According to tradition, St. Denis and his companions suffered martyrdom here, and the present name of the hill is probably derived from Mons Martyrum. Others suppose the name to be derived from Mons Martis, from a temple of Mars which is said to have stood here in 1147. Louis VI. founded a Benedictine abbey here; in fact, the heights of Montmartre are full of history, and it was not inconsistent that in the antiquated church on this lofty site the funeral services of the ancient traveller should take place.

morceau d'architecture"—the only equal to it to be found in Paris is Saint-Martin-des-Champs,—and is well worthy attentive visits from archaeologists.

It was built about the twelfth century: of the monastery and other buildings attached to it not a vestige remains. Around the church is a sort of garden, which Baedeker says "is called 'Jardin des Oliviers,' containing curious sculptures, to which pilgrimages are frequently made;" but another and more elaborate guide of Paris says it is called "Le Calvaire." I knew nothing of this. I stepped out of the church in the beautiful spring weather under a sky worthy of Italy, and wandered over the hallowed grounds alone, and suddenly, descending a gentle hill, came to an open hollow, half cave, half grotto, where was represented the immortal scene on Calvary's historic mount—there were the three crosses, telling the divine story of Christ the Saviour and the Pardoner of sinful men. With reverent eyes I gazed upon this sacred scene.

I quite agree with the revered Dr. Arnold, who, although a Protestant, did not object to pictures and sculpture representing divine history or heavenly things that appeal through our senses to the soul within us. I cannot resist making this remark *en passant*, when I know there are so many who regard such with prejudiced eyes.

But I must leave these thoughts and this solemn sight to say that I returned to the church to wait for the funeral procession that was to attend the mortal

remains of our departed friend to Père La Chaise, where the interment was to take place. I had lingered so long in these quiet and secluded grounds, which were, from their lofty site, lifted far above the turmoil of busy Paris, that I found myself just in time to take my place among the mourners, and entered the carriage appointed for me with friends who had full sympathy with me in the feelings of respect and affection with which the Count was regarded by all who knew him well. The ancient cemetery of Montmartre is no more used—it is closed forever—“the dead reign there alone”—so that a long journey was before us before earth to earth, ashes to ashes, could be consigned to its “eternal resting-place in the silent halls of death.” Those who know Paris will understand how great the distance was to be walked by the gentlemen all the way, as is the habit in Paris.

We arrived at last at this populous city of the dead, Père La Chaise, of which a volume might be written—has been written. Here we were to part company with our venerable and venerated friend—he to “lie down in his last sleep with the wise and good, the powerful of the earth,”

“Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre,”

and we to go back to the city’s busy hum, and for a little while longer “to plod on,” pursuing, if “not our favorite phantom,” the course of life which

seemed most befitting us. At the grave a solemn assemblage was gathered; we stood in reverent silence for a while, then I saw the body lowered into the profound and what seemed its interminable vault. I heard the priest read the service, and the acolytes respond; there was then showered upon the coffin some of our mother earth, and lastly holy water was sprinkled by all the mourners into the grim receptacle of the mortal remains of him whom we all loved and respected; then we listened with tearful eyes and affectionate hearts to two admirable and just discourses upon the merits and abilities and rare life of the great traveller and devotee to art, and left the cemetery saying, in hope, Adieu and Au revoir.

I was much struck with one of the eulogiums delivered upon our deceased friend—and the gentleman who gave it promised to send it to me, which he did, with the following note, a translation of which I give. I am exceedingly sorry to say that the pamphlet that contained it has been lost, or I should gladly insert it here. It was a noble, eloquent tribute to the memory of him whose earthly life was at an end forever.

PARIS, May 4, 1875.

MOST HONORED MADEMOISELLE,—

The word of a gallant man being sacred, I have taken measures to send you the address that I had the honor of pronouncing at the tomb of our dear and regretted Count; feeble words, it is true, in a literary point of view, but having for their excuse the sincerity of the highest sentiments, dictated by the love of him who inspired them. I am very happy to

December 9th 1867

2 Champs-Élysées.

My dear Miss Smith-

The doubt which was expressed to you regarding my advanced age is most painful to my feelings, if I was (un-
intrigant) like those called Bohème in Paris, it would not surprise me, as a Scullion, my noble blood recoils at the
idea imputed.

My certificate of Birth is in the keeping of the Imperial
Ministry of Arts. I was obliged to produce it when his
Majesty pensioned me for the Work on Palengui, Occurrences, &
which you know was published at the expense of the State.

Since the age of 18, I have kept my daily journal, although
many of them have been lost I still possess 35 volumes, from
about the age of 40. I will show them to you, and you will
find every 16th of March noted as my birth day, I could,
as a Coquet make myself two years younger owing to the
circumstance of my having been Baptized two years after
my birth. There are still living in Paris two or three
persons who have known me then sixty years. The God-father
of my son Gaston, Count de St Rest can affirm, my dear
friend that the galling reality is helus too true.

Madame de Waldeck desires me to present her
best and kindest love, in which I join most sincerely

Remainning always

yours truly

C^{te} de Waldeck



have merited your kind attention, and for your request for this communication.

I take, then, the liberty, Mademoiselle, of sending you a copy, with the testimony of my most respectful consideration.

G. B.

10 Rue Rochechouart.

It may be interesting to the reader of this chronicle to peruse one or two of the letters and notes of Count de Waldeck, as they are all indicative of his amiable and manly character, and, written as they were by one more than a century old, they evince a warmth and freshness of feeling very remarkable.

He had heard of dubious remarks that had been made to me as to his great age. These wounded him very much, and he wrote me the following letter on the subject, in English :

MY DEAR MISS SMITH,—

The doubt that was expressed to you regarding my advanced age is most painful to my feelings. If I was (*en intrigant*) like those called Bohèmes, in Paris, it would not surprise me; as a gentleman, my noble blood recoils at the idea imputed.

My certificate of birth is in the keeping of the Imperial Ministry of Arts. I was obliged to produce it when his Majesty pensioned me for the book on Palenque and Ocotzinco, and which you know was published at the expense of the State.

Since the age of 18 I have kept my daily journal. Although many of them have been lost, I still possess 35 volumes, from about the age of 40. I will show them to you, and you will find every 16th of March marked as my birthday. I could, as a coquette, make myself two years younger, owing

to the circumstance of my having been baptized two years after my birth.

There are still living in Paris two or three persons who have known me these sixty years. The godfather of my son Gaston, Count de St. Priest, can affirm, my dear friend, that the galling reality is, *hélas!* too true.

Madame de Waldeck desires me to present her best and kindest love, in which I join most sincerely,

Remaining always

Yours truly,

DE WALDECK.

I frequently heard doubts as to his age, and I was very glad to have this refutation of them in his own handwriting, which I took pains to speak of, and in some instances to show. The great preservation of both his person and faculties awakened, along with surprise, the doubts of which I speak.

Here is a note which he sent me, accompanying a photograph he enclosed for me with it. I give a copy of his note, which was in French, as well as a translation :

MA CHÈRE ET BONNE AMIE :

Vous avez désiré mon portrait. Je vous le donne avec le plus grand plaisir, quoique ma mine grondeuse serait capable de vous mettre en mémoire mes brusques attaques contre les folies de ce monde.

Je suis si vieux que je n'ai plus rien d'humain que le cœur. Hélas ! il est resté jeune malgré mes 102 ans, et il me parle toujours de vous et de l'intérêt que vous a inspiré le vieillard. Votre bon cœur a fait pour moi des merveilles. Aussi croyez et pour toujours

à la reconnaissance

du CTE. DE WALDECK.

MADemoiselle M. R. SMITH.

THE TRANSLATION.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,—

You desired to have my portrait, and I give it to you with the greatest pleasure, though my scolding face will bring to your memory my brusque attacks on the follies of the world.

I am so old that I have no longer anything human about me excepting my heart. Alas! that remains young in spite of my 102 years, and speaks always to me of you and the interest with which the old man has inspired you. Your good heart has done wonders for me, therefore believe and for ever in the gratitude of the

COUNT DE WALDECK.

I came across a few days since a letter from the Countess de Waldeck, which was written to me when I was in Moscow, in 1874. She speaks interestingly of her husband, so that I am tempted to quote that which relates only to him. She says: "My dear old gentleman, who, thank God! is still alive, though very weak; you will, I think, find him very much broken by all the sad effects of the fearful siege. We one and all suffered so much. He says it has shortened his life ten years. I cannot help smiling when I hear him say it. Yes, dearest, you are right in speaking of his industry and perseverance. I am greatly in hopes he will live long enough to see crowned with success the drawings he commenced, and the dear old gent is very deeply engaged in revising the text, which is a real *casse-tête*. The 16th of this month he entered his 109th year. We gave a *soirée*. How much I wished you had been amongst us! The party broke up at near three in the morning. He remained up

till the last, and sang, as also Gaston (their son), who has a very fine voice." . . .

She ends the letter with this kind message from the centenaire: "M. de Waldeck joins me in very best love and prayers for your good health and happiness."

Madame de Waldeck writing to me of this *soirée* brings to my memory a charming reunion I gave some few years since in Paris, at my apartments in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, called since the war the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, when I had my rooms filled with "a goodlie companie," and some distinguished persons were there. Among these none was more remarkable than the Count and Countess de Waldeck and La Marquise de Boissy. It was at this little party I presented the centenaire to the latter. She was much interested in him and very gracious to them both. I remember well her kindness in offering to take them to their home in her carriage at midnight, which she did on that cold winter night, though it was certainly more than a mile out of her way, and kept her exposed to the night-air, and she no longer a young woman; such was the amiability of her character and her unselfishness!

I saw a letter in which Mr. O—— T——, writing from France, speaks of him as follows: "Among the many interesting objects of Paris, nothing appeared more remarkable than the aged Count de Waldeck, in his hundred and second year." Mr.

T—— then relates much that is worthy to be read concerning him, and reports many of the anecdotes of the Count, particularly with regard to Napoleon I. In this letter Mr. T—— speaks playfully of him as being something of a wag, and tells that he confessed, "My only vice is snuff." He told a significant story of Napoleon, when Emperor, that at an entertainment, a venerable pair, with their twelve sons, all decorated with the Legion of Honor, sat at a table apart from all others. Napoleon, after offering some attentions, said to the old couple, "I only regret your age, that you cannot give me twelve more sons like these." Mr. T—— tells that Count de Waldeck is spoken of in Stephens's work; in fact, were I to quote from various sources anecdotes and statements with regard to this remarkable man, my volume would be extended to an unwonted length. Two notices more I insert, and with them conclude this history. The first is taken from the "London Illustrated News," and its perusal will repay the reader:

THE LATE COUNT WALDECK.

It was mentioned that the famous centenarian, Count Jean Frédéric Waldeck, died at Paris on the 29th ult. Descended from an old Prague family, he was born on March 16, 1766. In 1785 he went to the Cape with Levaillant, and made explorations in Southern Africa. Returning to Paris in 1788, he studied painting under David and Prudhon, joined the Italian Expedition as a volunteer, in 1794, and was present at the siege of Toulon, afterwards following the army to Egypt as a civilian. Resolving not to be included in the capitula-

tion, he started from Assouan with four companions, and crossed the Desert of Dongola. Fatigue and sickness carried off his four companions, but after four months' privations and dangers he reached the Portuguese settlements. In 1819 he was with Lord Cochrane in Chili. He afterwards made archæological explorations in Guatemala, then settled in London, and in 1822 lithographed Captain del Rio's sketches of the ruins of Palenque and Chiapa. Suspecting, however, the accuracy of these drawings, he went as engineer to the silver-mines of Itulpuxahua, but soon threw up the appointment and visited South American ruins and antiquities. He was at first encouraged by the government, and spent three years in studying the ruins, fauna, and flora of Palenque, but was deprived by Santa Anna of the greater part of his drawings and MSS. Returning to France, he sold the remainder of his Palenque drawings to the government, and their publication was commenced in 1863, he himself lithographing them. In the Salon of 1869 he exhibited two archæological pictures, entitling them *Loisir du Centenaire*. He recently celebrated his 109th birthday.

The following notice of the Count de Waldeck, which appeared in one of the Paris journals at the time of his death, and a translation of which has been given on pages 85, 86, I deem worthy of insertion in the original :

Au moment même où s'ouvrait l'Exposition du Palais de l'Industrie, le doyen des peintres, M. le Comte Max. de Waldeck, s'éteignait dans sa maison de la rue des Martyrs. Il était entré, le mois dernier, dans sa *cent-dixième année*!—Ce n'est pas une mort, ç'a été un assoupissement ; seulement, cette fois, le sommeil sera éternel. Il a souri à sa femme, à son jeune fils, et a laissé son âme s'envoler vers Dieu.

Chez ce robuste vicillard, un des exemples les plus extraordinaires de longévité, c'est moins le grand âge qui étonnait

que la lucidité de l'esprit. Il a travaillé à la peinture jusqu'à ses derniers jours ; et sa conversation, surtout quand il racontait ses longues pérégrinations, était si aimable, si intéressante !

Il y a quelques années à peine il avait envoyé un de ses tableaux au Salon. Ses amis disaient, en plaisantant, qu'il s'était fait de sa palette une cuirasse contre la faux de la mort.

Cette fois, la grande faucheuse a trouvé le défaut de la cuirasse.

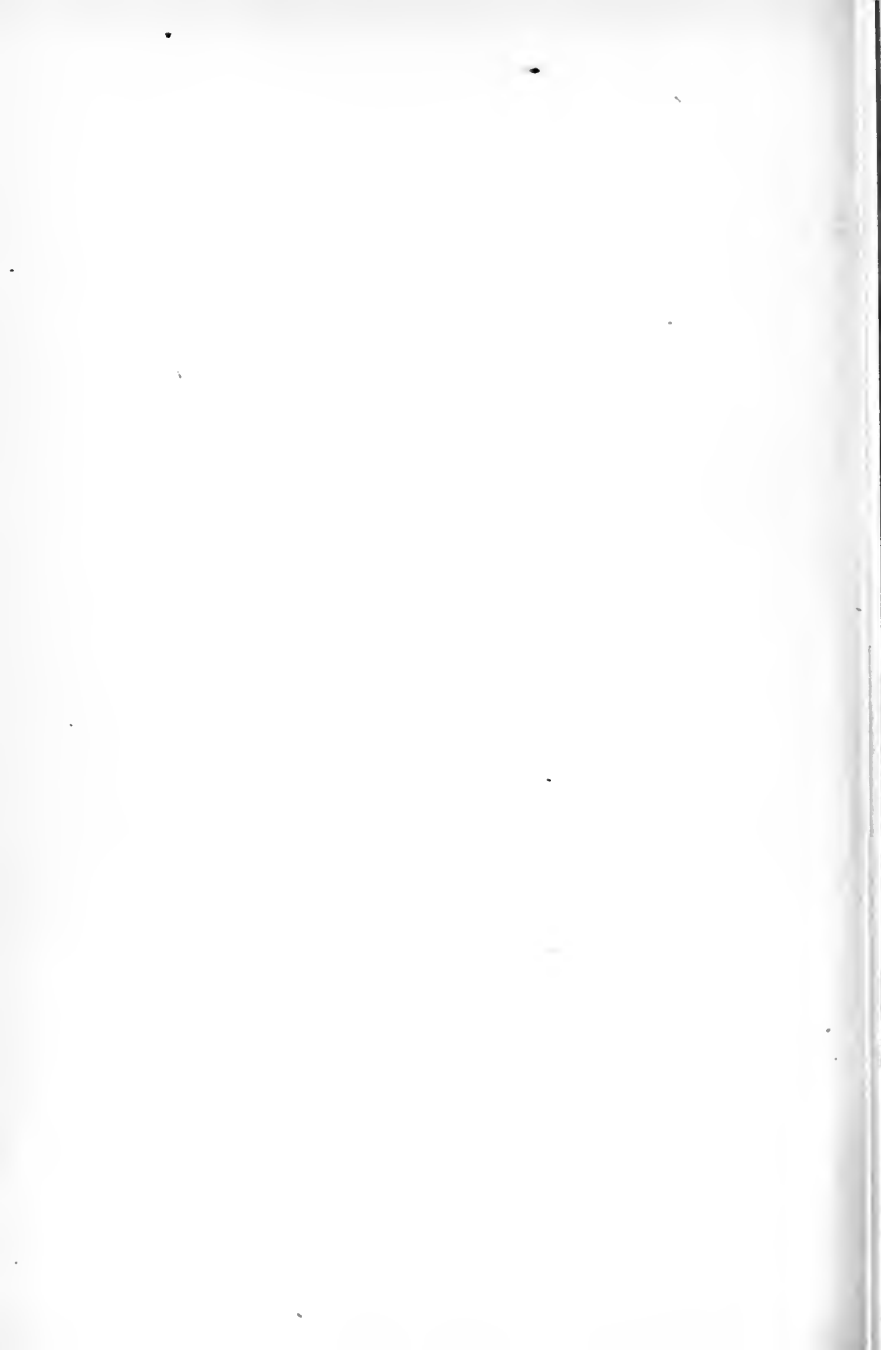
Cet aimable centenaire avait des mots charmants, des mots de situation.

—Vous travaillez donc toujours à vos études archéologiques, lui demandait-on dernièrement.

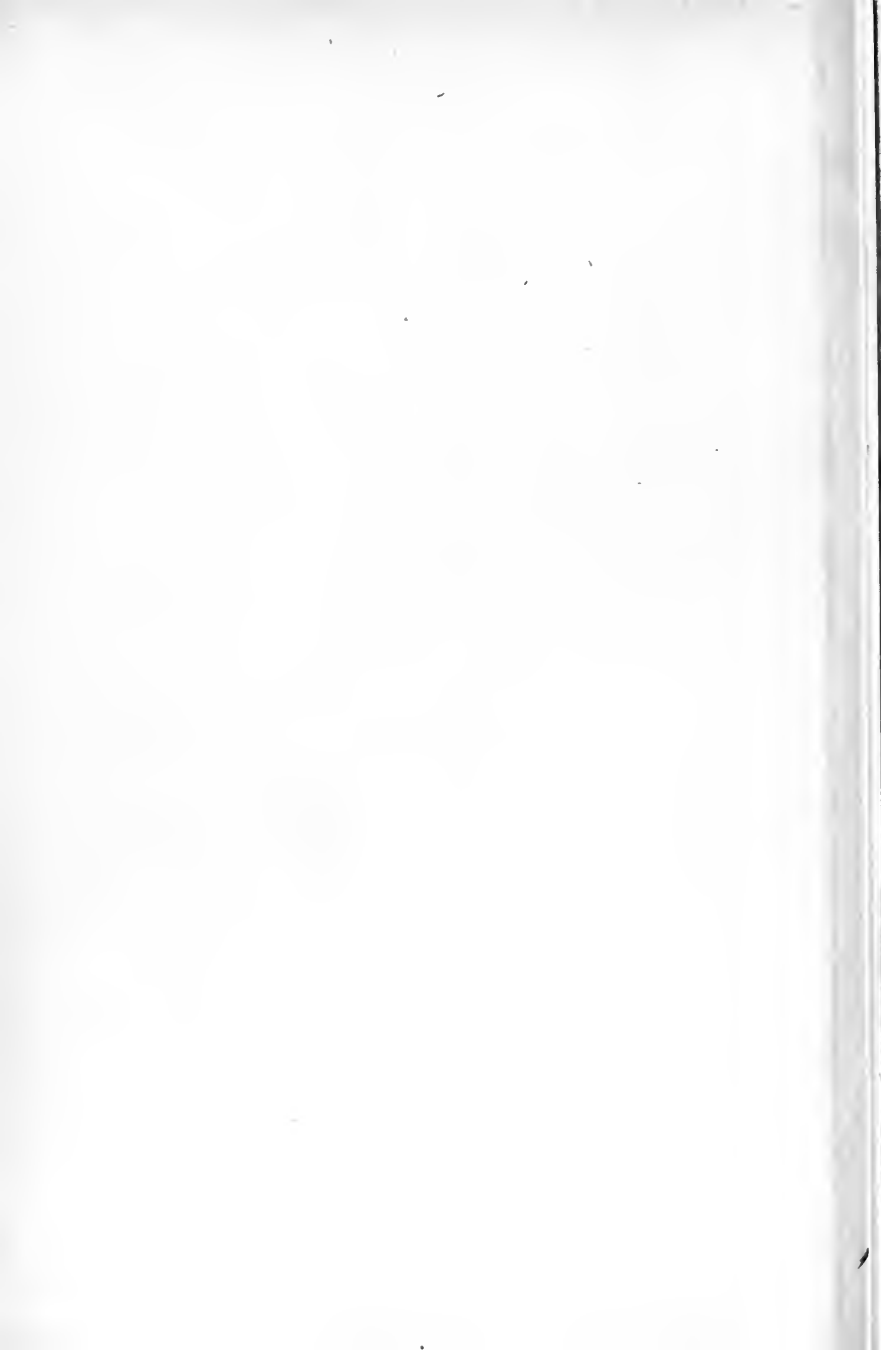
—Que voulez-vous ? répondit-il ; l'antiquité me passionne. *Similia similibus*. Tenez, voici une *Encyclopédie* en trois volumes, traitant de l'*Archéologie palenquéenne*, que j'espère bien voir éditée avant de mourir. C'est une œuvre de jeunesse : j'avais à peine cent deux ans quand je l'ai commencée !

My task is done. I can only say Godspeed to the two narratives I have given, urged by justice and by truth to write. The life of patient and persevering artistic labor led by Count de Waldeck to so advanced an age is without a parallel, and should not be forgotten. The testimony to Madame de Boissy is a tribute of affection and respect ; and that both may interest the reader and cause amiable criticism towards one who for the first time ventures before the public as a writer, however humble, is the earnest wish of the author.





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Recollections of two
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