

slave, and the Mountain White boy whose feet were ever upon the mountain-tops of our National history."

—The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association of New York now embraces thirty-four hospitals. On the last Sunday of the year a collection for the Association is taken in the churches, and on the preceding Saturday in the synagogues. During the past year the Associated Hospitals took care of over 20,000 bed patients (of whom 15,000 paid nothing) and of more than 200,000 free dispensary patients.

—The late Bishop Brooks, whose "Sermons Preached in English Churches" is one of his best-known volumes, is to have a memorial in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the official church of the House of Commons. This memorial will very likely take the form of a window, worthy to rank beside the Raleigh and Milton windows, both of which have been erected by Americans. Close to the side of the Abbey is St. Margaret's Church, a little Westminster in itself, so illustrious are the dead who lie buried within the church's venerable walls. The rector of St. Margaret's is Archdeacon Farrar, who was one of the lamented Bishop's most intimate friends.

—The other evening, when Editor Stead, of London, was lecturing in Chicago on the desirability of establishing places of popular entertainment in every ward, Bishop Fallows was able to supplement the editor's appeal with a most encouraging announcement. This was that James M. Banks had given \$10,000 toward building the People's Institute—a club for the people—on the West Side, and that no difficulty was anticipated in raising the rest of the \$50,000 needed. The basement will be devoted to a department for instructing girls in domestic science. The first floor will be given up mainly to an auditorium to seat 2,500, and to hold 1,500 more, the auditorium to be used as a popular assembly and convention hall. Fraternity lodges and small societies will be taken care of on the next floor, where will also be placed a big free reading-room. On the third floor commercial branches will be taught. To carry out the club idea, to make the people feel that it is their club, moderate fees will be charged for everything except the reading-room.

—With a view of furthering Mr. Mozoomdar's work in India, in connection with the Brahmo-Somaj, it is proposed to organize a "Mozoomdar Mission Fund," somewhat on the plan of the Ramabai Association. Mr. Mozoomdar himself needs some regular personal support. He has none now. The ministry of the Brahmo-Somaj is not organized on the business plan which exists in this country, and which assures a certain income to a minister or a missionary. The ministry there exists more on the early Apostolic plan, in which men wrought with their own hands or lived on the casual bounty of the disciples. His work could be greatly extended if he had money to pay traveling expenses, and also to print his message in Bengali, Hindustanee, and English, and such translations as may suit his purpose. Further, much good could be done for the cause of education by establishing scholarships in the college for the education of young girls, and giving some adequate support to journals already existing. The Mozoomdar Association, like the Ramabai, is undenominational. It unites the co-operation of all liberal Christians. Contributions of large or small sums, from churches or from individuals, may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. William Howell Reed, 37 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.



## Ministerial Personals

### CONGREGATIONAL

—Henry J. Richardson, pastor for many years of the Lincoln Center Church, Lincoln, Mass., died on December 19.

—F. J. Fairbanks was installed as pastor of the First Church of South Royals-ton, Vt., on December 20.

—E. E. Preston, of Hamilton, Mo., has resigned.

—T. R. Reid has become the assistant pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—W. S. Woolworth, of Belchertown, Mass., accepts a call to Morrisania, N. Y.

—Stephen Livingston accepts a call to Derby, Conn.

—J. S. Gove was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Salem, N. H., on December 13.

—Frederick Hassold has become pastor of the church in Winthrop, N. Y.

### PRESBYTERIAN

—D. S. Mackay declines his call to the First Church of Albany, N. Y.

—W. E. Donaldson accepts a call to Toledo, O.

—J. J. Crane, of Pleasant Plains, N. Y., has resigned.

—H. H. Stiles, of Pittsburg, Pa., has declined a call from Crafton.

—A. M. Mann has become pastor of the church at Osawatimie, Kan.

### OTHER CHURCHES

—J. D. Easter accepts the rectorship of Trinity Church (P. E.), Redlands, Cal.

—J. R. Verbruyck accepts a call from the Gurley Memorial Church (Reformed), Washington, D. C.

—C. S. Witherspoon, rector of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Patchogue, L. I., died December 24.

## Books and Authors

### Memoirs of Madame Junot<sup>1</sup>

This is an attractive edition of a very entertaining book. As we turn the leaves we renew our interest in the stirring times of the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire; in the actors, both tragic and comic, who trod that brilliant stage; and, especially, in the great Italian, for such he was, whose terrible and fascinating personality dominates every scene. And, among the subordinate figures, none is more pleasing than the light-hearted, clever, and sensible Duchesse d'Abrantès—or let us call her, rather, Madame Junot, for the French heroes seem somehow more real by the names they were born under than by their honorary titles, torn from the battle-fields of all Europe. "Duchesse d'Abrantès" has an exotic sound, and well it may, for it came from a town in Portugal. But the case might have been worse. What if Napoleon had carried out his purpose to make Junot Duke of Nazareth!

The merit of these memoirs is distinctly feminine. No man could have written them. Madame Junot kept no diary, and does not deal much in letters or other documentary proofs. She must have relied on her memory, with some aid from family tradition in the earlier period, for most of the infinite detail contained in these four goodly volumes, which, roundly speaking, tell with the ease and vivacity of polite conversation the story of the twenty-five years prior to the battle of Waterloo. In her own words, "These memoirs are recollections awakened by recollections. Touch one chord and ten others vibrate." That she is sometimes inaccurate in dealing at second hand with public affairs is likely enough, but no one can read the spirited record of her own observation and experience without feeling that it is true to life. If we must draw a line anywhere, let it be at the conversations. A reader with some experience of the fallibility of human testimony may be pardoned for doubting whether even Madame Junot could remember just what everybody said during a quarter of a century.

The maiden name of Madame Junot was Laura Permon, and the personal history of her parents and of herself and her husband crossed and recrossed that of the Bonapartes like the strands in an irregular web. Her mother, Panoria Comnena, was a Corsican of Greek blood, and a friend from girlhood of Lætitia Ramolino, the mother of Napoleon. Charles Bonaparte, the father of the Emperor, died at Madame Permon's house in Montpellier in 1785, recommending to her his son Napoleon, who had just left Brienne, and who was in his early military life a frequent visitor at her home in Paris, where her husband died in 1795, his death-bed shaken by the artillery which quelled the Sections. General Bonaparte, not long before his marriage to Josephine, astonished the Permon family by proposing a match between his beautiful sister Pauline and young Permon, and another between Laura Permon and Louis or Jerome, and in the same breath offered himself to the handsome widow, who laughingly refused him. Junot was Bonaparte's comrade in arms from the siege of Toulon in 1793, and in their junior days shared with him his own slender income, was passionately in love with the beautiful Pauline before his own marriage to Laura Permon, and after that event succumbed for a time to the fascinations of her sister Caroline, then the wife of Murat. Finally, Madame Junot, besides being the wife of a great officer of state in immediate attendance upon the Emperor, was a member of each of the court circles, different in composition and jealous of one another, which gathered about Josephine and Madame Mère. Surely no one had better opportunity than the daughter of Citizen Permon to observe and understand the Bonaparte family. Napoleon liked her lively ways, called her "Madame Loulou," pinched her ear and twitched her hair, after his boyish fashion, and once, at Malmaison, with his usual selfish-

<sup>1</sup> *The Home and Court Life of the Emperor Napoleon and his Family.* By Madame Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantès. 4 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ness, indulged in conduct that might have compromised her had he not been out-manuevered by the little woman, who, by a charming stratagem, to which only her own description can do justice, interposed between herself and the First Consul the manly form of her gallant husband, and, under that cover, beat a skillful and immediate retreat. No master of the art of war could help admiring such generalship, and that it was not lost on Napoleon the following quotation will show:

"A year afterwards I dined one day at Malmaison, while residing at Bièvre. I ordered my carriage at ten, but, as I was preparing for departure, a sudden storm came on, of such terrific violence as to injure the trees in the park. Madame Bonaparte protested against allowing me to go in such a tempest, and said that my chamber should be prepared. 'I fear nothing, Madame,' I answered. The First Consul was occupied, meanwhile, in pulling the fire about with the tongs, and apparently paying no attention to the conversation, though I could perceive a smile on his countenance. At last, as Madame Bonaparte insisted still more strongly on my staying, he said from his place, without resigning the tongs or turning his head: 'Torment her no more, Josephine. I know her. She will not stay.'"

Madame Junot's domestic life began early. She was married in 1800, at the age of sixteen, and in 1809 was the mother of five daughters and one son. That she was both a good mother and a good woman it is impossible to doubt. The story of Junot's brief and impetuous courtship is very amusing—a courtship directed not so much to Laura, who, indeed, was near marrying another man, as to her mother and brother. It was necessary, also, to gain the consent of the First Consul, who began by scolding Junot for not choosing a rich wife, and ended by promising him 100,000 francs for his bride's portion, and 40,000 francs for her *trousseau*. "Oh," he added, "you will have a terrible mother-in-law!" This emphatic tribute to the woman who had refused him had this foundation, that Madame Permon was a masterful and vivacious child of the south, who, when excited, dropped her French and spoke Greek or Italian with small reference to the linguistic acquirements of the other party to the conversation; who "found a sovereign panacea for all her sufferings in good Italian music;" and who, in 1789, out of gratitude to Salicetti, who had protected the family during the Reign of Terror, harbored that unhappy man, at the imminent risk of death to herself and ruin to her children, and finally carried him in her own coach, disguised as a servant, triumphantly past the barriers, and on to the South of France. Napoleon, who hated Salicetti, penetrated the secret, but had the magnanimity not to tell it. He was not far wrong in saying that Madame Permon had "a devil of a spirit." But this is a digression. So it came about that Laura, four months after the battle of Marengo, at an age when she might have been at school, was launched on the top wave of the most brilliant society in Europe, as the wife of General Junot, an aid-de-camp of the First Consul and Commandant of Paris, with a princely income and an official residence. Here are two pictures of the dinner-parties of a girl of sixteen:

"The first time that I dined at the Tuileries I was placed, as bride, next to the First Consul. He said to me, 'As for you, Madame Junot, now that you make a part of the family of my staff, you must see, hear, and forget [*vous devez tout voir, tout entendre, et tout oublier*]. Have this device engraved on a seal.'"

The other scene is more domestic:

"Frequently during the year of the battle of Marengo, which was also that of my marriage, have I seen a dinner-party prolonged until nine o'clock, because Bessières, Lannes, Eugène, Duroc, or Berthier, or some others of his companions in arms, or all together, explained to Junot, who was greedy of the most trifling details, all those of this memorable affair. The table then became the plain of Marengo; a group of decanters at the head stood for the village, the candelabra at the bottom figured as the towns of Tortona and Alexandria, and the pears, the filberts, and bunches of grapes represented, as well as they

could, the Austrian and Hungarian regiments, and our own brave troops."

During her married life Madame Junot was in almost constant attendance upon the Court, except that she accompanied her husband to Portugal in 1805, when he was sent to Lisbon as Ambassador, and again to Spain in 1810, where her sympathies were deeply moved by the miseries of that afflicted country. A son was born to her at Ciudad-Rodrigo, and Wellington, whose army was almost in contact with the French, courteously sent the news to Junot in a letter written by his own hand. This child of war grew up to enter the army, became Lieutenant-Colonel, and died in 1859 from wounds received at the battle of Solferino. Junot, whose consuming passion was devotion to the Emperor, and who wore himself out in his service, died in 1813 by his own hand while delirious from brain fever, away from his wife. Madame Junot never saw Napoleon after her husband's death. For her "the wine of life was drawn," and she withdrew somewhat from society, but in 1814 had a remarkable interview at her own house with the Emperor Alexander, and in the same year entertained the Duke of Wellington, who felt a chivalrous interest in the widow of his old antagonist. She died in 1838, leaving four children surviving her.

We close this book with increased respect for Napoleon, and firm in the conviction that Napoleonism, as a political idea, was bound to fail. The central defect of the system was that, deriving, on the one hand, no support from tradition, and connected, on the other, by no vital tie with the people as the source of power, it required a Napoleon to keep it in action. Accordingly, when the hand of the originator was withdrawn, the machine fell to pieces, like the empire of Alexander. Moreover, as Napoleon burst sword in hand into a world of shams, so he became too fond of war, and destroyed faster than he could consolidate.

Napoleon was not merely an idolized leader; he was an organizing statesman. We are no longer in danger of admiring Napoleon without discrimination. Such a confusion of ideas would be a crime against the divine order. He was immoral, or rather unmoral, and as for truth-telling, that is not a virtue of the Latin races, as it was not of the ancient Greeks. But, below audible speech, there is a veracity of character, a correspondence with reality, which to those who possess it is a stronghold of power. This was the secret of Napoleon, and so far his work and his influence will endure, though the gilded bubble of the Empire has passed away.



*The Mummy: Chapters on Egyptian Funeral Customs.* By E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D., F.S.A., etc. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) The focal point of ancient Egyptian thought and religious ceremonial was the destiny of the future life. The Hindu beheld immortality through the medium of rebirth and transmigration; the Egyptian hoped that his spirit would, after a cycle of three thousand years, return from the land of Amenti, and reanimate his body, or, in default of that, an image made sufficiently like his body to deceive the spirit. For this reason the Egyptian, from early times, embalmed the corpses, in order that they might be preserved against the return of the spirit. It happens that, as the art of embalming was perfected, the portrait images were more carelessly wrought, and so art, especially the art of sculpture, in Egypt, passed from a lifelike realism to a rigid formalism. The word "mummy" means, literally, a bitumenized thing. Let us glance for a moment at the graphic account of the funeral ceremonies as it is given by Mr. Budge. As soon as an Egyptian died, a notice was sent to the undertaker, who was a priest, with the title Cher-Heb, and he immediately took charge of the body. With the recitation of many religious prayers and charms, the internal organs were first of all removed and embalmed by themselves, and then placed in four several jars, dedicate to the four children of Horus. These jars are now known as "canopic jars." The body was then placed in a tank of natron, where it lay for seventy days, and allusion to this period occurs in Genesis 1, 3. The body thus became shrunken, but in other respects was unchanged in appearance. Next it was carefully filled with spices, gums, natron, and bitumen. If the provision for funeral expenses was large, the amount of bitumen was small and that of spices and gums large; if small, then the reverse was the case. The nails were stained;