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Hospitality.

ANACONA.----DUCHESS OF FERRARA.-MRS. GAUNT.-HIGHLAND WIDOW.- MRS. GORDON.-AFRICAN HOSPITALITY. MADAME BOUQUET.---FAITHFUL FRENCHWOMAN.-MADAME PAYSAC.---MADAME RUVILLY.

“Ask the gray pilgrim by the surges cast

On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast,

Ask who revived him? who the hearth began

To kindle? who with spilling goblet ran?

Oh! he will dart one spark of youthful flame,

And clasp his withered hands, and Woman name.”

BARRETT.

HOSPITALITY has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of Woman; compassion not only graces the educated and polished European lady, but is equally inherent in the bosom of the wild unlettered savage, and their distressed fellow-creatures find a ready home and shelter with both : thus the shipwrecked mariner and the way-worn traveller surviving their perils, return to their native country to unite theirs to the many testimonies already received of the charity and hospitality of the female sex.

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“Haste, gentle lady, haste—there waits

A noble stranger at the gates.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his Life of Columbus, gives an interesting account of Anacaona, widow of Caonabo, who, after the capture of her husband by the Spaniards, had taken refuge with her brother, the Cacique Behechio, who governed the province of Xaragua.

On the death of Behechio, Anacaona ceeded to the government. Her magnanimous spirit was evinced in her amicable treat of the Spaniards, towards whom, notwithstanding the ruin in which they had involved her husband, who died their prisoner, she appears to have entertained no vindictive feeling.

Notwithstanding the friendly behaviour Anacaona, Ovando the Spanish general, imagined that there was a deep-laid conspiracy among the Indians of Xaragua, to rise upon the Spaniards; and he "set out for that province, at the head of three hundred foot soldiers, armed with swords, arquebuses, and crossbows, and seventy horsemen, with cuirasses, bucklers, and lances. He pretended he was going on a mere visit to Anacaona and to make an arrangement about the payment of tribute.

“When Anacaona heard of this intended visit, she sent to all her tributary caciques, and to all her principal subjects, to assemble at her chief town, that they might receive the commander of the Spaniards with becoming ho-

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mage and distinction. As Ovando, at the head of his little army, approached, she went forth to meet him, according to the custom of her nation, attended by a great train of her msot distinguished subjects, male and female. They received the Spaniards with the popular arreytos, their national songs ; the young women waving palm branches, and dancing before them.

“Anacaona treated the governor with that natural graciousness and dignity for which she was celebrated. She gave him the largest house in the place for his residence, and his people were quartered in the houses adjoining. For several days the Spaniards were entertained with all the natural luxuries that the province afforded. National songs and dances, and games, were performed for their amusement, and there was every outward demonstration of the same hospitality, the same amity, that Anacaona had uniformly shown to white men.

“Notwithstanding all this kindness, Ovando being persuaded that Anacaona secretly meditated a massacre of himself and his followers, resolved to anticipate the supposed plot by a counter-artifice, and to overwhelm this defenceless people in an indiscriminate and bloody vengeance.

“He accordingly invited the Indians, in return, to witness certain national games of his country; and amongst other diversions was to be a tilting match, or joust with. reeds, and all the Spaniards were secretly instructed to arm themselves with weapons of a more deadly

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character, and to be in readiness for the signal of their commander.

Anacaona, with her daughter, attendants, and all the caciques, were assembled in a house which commanded a view of the square in which the joust was to take place. “Ovando, perceiving that every thing was disposed according to his orders, gave the fatal signal. The house was surrounded and no one permitted to escape. The Spaniards entered, and seizing upon the caciques, bound them to the posts which supported the roof. Anacaona was led forth a prisoner. The unhappy caciques were then put to horrible tortures, until some of them, in the extremity of anguish, were made to accuse the queen and themselves of the plot with which they were charged. When this cruel mockery of judicial form had been executed, instead of preserving them for after-examination, fire was set to the house, and all the caciques perished miserably in the flames.”

Mean while a most horrid massacre took place without; the armed horseman, sparing neither age nor sex, put the defenceless throng to an indiscriminate slaughter, and the princess Anacaona was carried in chains to San Domingo. “The mockery of a trial,” continues the historian, “was given her, in which she was found guilty, on the confessions which had been wrung by tortures, from her subjects, and on the testimony of their butchers; and she was ignominiously hanged, and in the presence of

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the people whom she had so long and so signally befriended.”

“This ancient fortress of my race

Shall be misfortune’s resting-place,

Shelter and shield of the distress’d,

No slaughter-house for shipwreck’d guest.”

“RENATA, Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis the Twelfth, and of Anne of Bretagne, after her conversion to the Protestant faith, and her retirement to the castle of Montargis, was distinguished by her hospitality and goodness. She displayed her kindness more particularly towards her countrymen: every Frenchman, who in travelling through Ferrara was exposed to want or sickness, experienced her benevolence and liberality. After the return of the Duke of Guise from Italy, she saved, as the army passed through Ferrara, more than *ten thousand* of the French from perishing by want and hardships. Her steward representing to her the enormous sums which her bounty thus expended, ‘What,’ replied she, ‘would you have me do? These are my countrymen, who would have been my subjects but for the Salic law.’ During the civil wars in France, she retired into her city and castle of Montargis, where she received and supported numbers of distressed persons, who had been driven from their homes and estates.”

“I myself,” says Brantome, “during the second period of these troubles, when the force

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of Gascigne, consisting of eight thousand men, headed by Messrs. De Ferrides and De Mousales, were marching towards the king, and passing by Montargis, stopped as in duty bound to pay my respects to her. I myself saw, in her castle, above three hundred protestants, who had fled thither from all parts of the country. An old steward whom I had known at Ferrara and in France, protested to me that she fed daily more than three hundred people, who had taken refuge with her.”

“If a hope of safety rest,

‘Tis on the sacred name of guest.”

HOSPITALITY has been too often dangerous to those by whom it has been exercised: during the proscriptions of Marius and Sylla it was considered a crime against the state to afford shelter to the outlawed fugitives, and punished by the extreme penalty of the law. Yet, in those as well as later times, women have been found who, with a courage superior to all hazard, have dared to acquit themselves of this first duty to society, and who have chosen to peril their lives and fortunes, rather than violate its sacred ties. It is a painful reflection that such self-devoted and heroic beings should have sometimes experienced the basest ingratitude from the objects of their bounty; yet it was by no means an infrequent occurrence for those, whose disin-

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terested compassion had generously bestowed shelter and support to the houseless wanderer, to be, in return for such favours, denounced as traitors, for the sake of the paltry reward offered for their apprehension.

Ane xample of this occurred in the reign of James the Second. "During Monmouth's rebellion, one of his followers, knowing the humane disposition of a lady of the name of Gaunt, whose life was one continued exercise of beneficence, fled to her house, where he was congealed and maintained for some time. Hearing, however, of the proclamation which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harboured the rebels, he betrayed his benefactress; and such was the spirit of justice and equity which prevailed among the ministers, that the ungrateful wretch was pardoned, and recompensed for his treachery, while his benefactress was burnt alive for her charity towards him."

"Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,

Such food as falls to simple servants' share."

POPE'S HOMER.

"AFTER the battle of Culloden, so fatal to the last hopes of the House of Stuart, Colonel Stuart, attended by his friend, Mr. Hamilton of Balgour, sought his personal safety in flight. They approached a lonely hut in the Highlands, to which Mr. Hamilton went to ask

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Shelter for an unfortunate stranger. The good woman opened her wattled door, and his looked comprehended at once that a poor refugee was in distress: though she did not understand one word of English, she followed Mr. Hamilton to the spot where he had left Colonel Stuart, who addressed her in her native tongue, and as his case was desperate, confided to her their names and their peril. She told him the cattle were pasturing near her cottage; but if he would wait a little, she would send the herds out of view, and get him removed without exciting suspicion. Having succeeded in this, she kept them concealed for several days; and when they at length quitted their humane preserver, she loaded them with provisions, accompanied them for a lodging, refusing at the same time the slightest remuneration. What adds to the merit of the action, is that the poor widow had lost tow sons in the king’s cause, to which she was strong attached.”

“O, Woman!

When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou!”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE honourable and hospitable conduct of the Highlanders was well illustrated, at the

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same period, by the conduct of a clergyman and his wife, of the name of Gordon.

“After the battle of Culloden, immense numbers of officers and men received refreshments from Mrs. Gordon, and every part of the manse, except one room, was filled with the wounded. To guard against treachery, Mrs. Gordon lodged the fugitives in separate apartments. So cautiously did she conceal from each, the condition of the others, that the first request was, that they would not intrust her with their real names: she could serve them under a fictitious appellation. In this manner a father and son were five months under her roof, without knowing their proximity. Colonel Stuart, being a native of the neighbouring country, was personally known, and, with his usual impetuosity, had introduced his friend Mr. Hamilton, before Mrs. Gordon could ask him to give only a borrowed name. However, she said, the gentleman must in future assume the designation of Mr. Milton, and the colonel himself must be Mr. Grey. She gave separate chambers to each, and as Colonel Stuart was the most obnoxious to government, the window of his room allowed a speedy retreat to the lake, where a boat was constantly in waiting, to facilitate his escape to the upper district of Badenoch, in case of a close pursuit by the military stationed all around, to intercept the outlaws. In a few days Colonel Stuart found he must betake himself to his friends in the mountains; but the inquest in that quarter be-

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ing more rigid, he returned to Alvey, and hearing music and dancing, he got in at the window of his own room and went to bed. He had been two days and three nights without rest, sometimes hidden in caverns, sometimes even obliged to strip and plunge into a bog, covering his head with branches of birch, which he carried for the express purpose; and sometimes, like Charles the Second, he eluded his pursuers by ascending a tree. He was now disposed to sleep soundly, little suspected that several officers were in the house. Mrs. Gordon had heard they were in search of Colonel Stuart. She hoped he was far off, but trembled for other guests; and the ready expedient of collecting some young people, and appearing heedlessly merry, she knew would divert suspicion. The officers, in place of ransacking the manse, joined the merry dancers, and went away after supper, convinced that a family so jovial could have no concealments. Some of the company were to sleep at the manse. Mrs. Gordon had then no spare room, except that occupied by her daughter; but she made as many beds as the floor could contain, and the young lady with her cousin were removed to Mr. Grey’s room. They undressed. One of them attempted to raise the bedclothes, when Colonel Stuart awoke. He had loaded pistols, and his sword unsheathed always beside him when he lay down to rest. Providentially the sword came first to hand. The candle had been extinguished, but a gleam of the moon showed a

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female figure, in time to advert the fatal thrust. Had Colonel Stuart seized the pistol, it must have been too late to recognize the daughter of his benefactress. The shock of a bare possibility of taking her life, he said, was more overwhelming than all his past misfortunes. She was Mrs. Gordon’s only child.”

Colonel Stuart pays the following tribute to the female sex: “In all our wanderings,” says he, “we have preferred applying to the gentler sex. They never rejected us; and, if they could contribute to providing for our safety, after separating from them, we found they had a quick and clear perception of the means, and sympathy to stimulate their exertions, and to render them effectual. Even ladies, who were keen partisans of the House of Hanover, spared neither trouble nor expense in our behalf.”

“’Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,

Cheer the sad heart, not let affliction grieve.

By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,

And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.”

POPE’S HOMER.

THE celebrated traveler, Mr. Mungo Park, experienced the hospitality of the female-sex on many occasions. “In his first African journey he had arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, and sought to obtain a passage across the river to that part of the town in which the king resided; but owing

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to the crowd of passengers, he was detained two hours; during which time his majesty was apprized that a white man, poorly equipped was about to pass the river, to seek an audience. A chief was immediately sent, with an express order that the traveler should not cross without his majesty’s permission, and pointed to a village at some distance, where it was recommended that the stranger should pass the night. Park, not a little disconcerted, repaired to the village; but as the order had not been accompanied with any provision for his reception, he found every door shut. Turning his horse loose to graze, he was preparing, as a security from wild beasts, to climb a tree and sleep among the branches, when a beautiful and affecting incident occurred, which gives a most pleasing view of the negro character. An old woman returning from the labours of the field, cast on him a look of compassion, and desired him to follow her. She led him to an apartment in her hut, procured a fine fish, which she broiled for his supper, and spread a mat for him to sleep upon. She then desired her maidens, who had been gazing in fixed astonishment at the white man, to resume their tasks, which they continued to ply through a great part of the night. They cheered their labours with a song, which must have been composed *ex tempore*, since Mr. Park, with deep emotion, discovered that he himself was the subject of it. It said, in a strain of affecting simplicity, -- ‘The winds roared, and the rains fell. The

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poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring hi milk, no wife to grind his corn.—*Chorus*—Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c.’ Our traveler was much affected, and the next morning could not depart without requesting his landlady’s acceptance of the only gift he had left, two out of the four brass buttons that still remained on his waistcoat.”

“Is aught so fair

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,

In the bright eyes of Hesper or the morn,

In Nature’s fairest forms, is aught so fair

As virtuous friendship? As the candid blush

Of him who strives with fortune to be just?

The graceful tear that streams for others’ woes?

Or the mild majesty of private life?”

AKENSIDE.

“WHEN, at the period of the French Revolution, the chiefs of Gironde party were fugitives in the south of France, and everywhere sought that asylum which was too often denied them by self-love and cowardice, Gaudet found a place of succor and safety in the house of one of his female relatives, whose name was Bouquet, not only for himself, but also for his friend Salles. The news of this unexpected relief being carried to three companies of the proscribed Deputies, they determined to beg this courageous woman to permit them to share in the retreat of their friends. A

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faithful messenger was found, and returned in a few hours with the answer. Madame Bouquet invited them to come; but, at the same time, recommended them not to approach her house till midnight, and to take every possible precaution not to be perceived by anyone; their safety in her house, which was what occupied her thoughts, depended greatly on these preliminary conditions.

“They arrived at midnight. They found their friends lodged thirty feet under ground, in a large vault, the entrance to which was so concealed that it was impossible for a person ignorant of the circumstance to perceive it.

“The continual residence of five men in this cellar, although it was very spacious, rendered the air so corrupt that, as it could not be renewed but with great difficulty, Madame Bouquet contrived, in another part of the house, a second asylum, more healthy, and almost as secure. A few days afterwards, Buzot and Petion informed them by letter, that having within fifteen days changed their place of retreat seven times, they were now reduced to the greatest distress. ‘Let them both come,’ exclaimed this generous woman.

“All this time not a day passed without Madame Bouquet being menaced with a domiciliary visit, not a day in which the guillotine did not lay some heads in the dust. Too generous not to be liable to suspicion, this heroic woman each day heard the satellites of tyrrany swear, as they passed her habitation, that they would burn alive in their houses all

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who gave shelter to the proscribed Deputies.

“’Well,' said she, ' let these inquisitors come, I am contented, provided you do not take upon yourselves to receive them; all that fear is, that they will arrest me, and then- what will become of you?'

“Petion and Buzot arrived, and then there were seven of them. The difficulty to provide for them was great, provisions being extremely scarce in the department. Madame Bouquet’s house was allowed by the municipality one pound of bread per day; but, fortunately, she had a stock of potatoes and dried kidney beans. To save breakfast, it was agreed that her guests should not rise till noon. Vegetable soup was their whole dinner. After the day had closed, the Deputies silently and cautiously left their retreat, and assembled round their benefactress. She was in the midst of them as a mother among her children, for whom she devotes her life. Sometimes a morsel of beef, procured with great difficulty, an egg or two, some vegetables, and a little milk, formed the supper, of which the hostess ate but little, however entreated, the better to support her guests.

“ A month stole away in this peaceful security, with which was mingled the sweet enjoyment of generous affection and grateful friendship; when the Deputies, having some unusual reason to fear for the safety of their benefactress, forcibly expressed to her their appre-

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hensions. ‘Have I not lived sufficiently long?’ replied this admirable woman, ‘having given you shelter? And is not death all that is to be desired, when one has done all the good possible?’

“A circumstance which adds infinite value to this generosity, that Madame Bouquet carefully concealed from her guests the uneasiness which secretly consumed her, occasioned by one of her relations, who had formerly been the intimate friend of Guadet. This man having learned what passed in Madame Bouquet’s house, set in action every means his mind could suggest, composed of falsehoods and artifices, the fruits of a pusillanimous temper and a miserable self-love, to induce her to banish the fugitives from her house. Every day he came to her with stories more terrible one than another. Sometimes he declared that he felt himself bound to denounce traitors put out of the sanction of the law; and then he would affect strong remonstrances in behalf of a family endangered by her imprudent conduct. He sometimes acted as if his mind was disordered by the terrors that, on her account, he indulged in; and, at length, fearing that he would take some sudden and desperate measure, endangering the lives of the Deputies, she felt it justice to them, to lay her situation before them. Her voice was almost stifled with grief as she spoke to them.

“There was but one course for the Deputies to take; they resolved to quit their happy and peaceful asylum, and the moment of their separation, so mournful to all, and so fatal and

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eternal to most of them, was fixed for the following night.

“Sad effects of civil dissension! Exemplary virtue passes for a crime; and instead of an altar reared to their glory, those whom it actuates are sent to the scaffold!

“Suspected of having afforded an asylum to the fugitives deputies, it was not long before Madame Bouquet was arrested, together with the whole family of Guadet. It was well known with what tenderness and ingenuity the father of that Deputy sought to save his son, who, with his friend Salles, had taken refuge under his roof. Carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Bourdeaux, his judges were too prudent to question this venerable man concerning the concealment of his son; even they dreaded the touching voice of nature, and the indignation of virtue. He was simply asked why he had given asylum to Salles; to which the old man answered by clasping his hands, and raising them to Heaven. Witness of this afflicting scene, Madame Bouquet, as vehement in her indignation as she had been impassioned in her protection of the Deputies, had not power to listen in silence to such an interrogatory.

“’Yes, monsters,’ she cried, ‘beasts of prey, fed with human blood! If humanity, if family affections are crimes, we all merit death.’ Throwing herself into the arms of the elder Guadet, she burst into tears, adding, as she pressed the old man to the bosom, we have now only to die.’

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“The Tribunal, perceiving the increasing interest in the spectators of this affecting scene hastily closed the trial by pronouncing the fatal sentence of death. " Thus fell this admirable woman, whose magnanimity does as much honour to human nautre, as her execution disgraces the system under which she died."

"Ah! why should virtue dread the frowns of fate?

Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!

A little world of clear and cloudless day,

Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay;

A world, with memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,

The home of happiness, an honest breast."

ROGERS.

“ANOTHER outlawed Deputy, Languinais, took refuge at Rennes, at a house belonging to his mother, and of which an old female domestic had the care. The fear of terrifying this poor woman caused him, at first, to conceal from her his real situation; but having learnt from the public papers the execution of Guadet, at Bourdeaux, and that the government had extended their inveterate proscriptions to those friends of the outlawed Deputies who should give them shelter, and even to the domestics who would not reveal the places of their concealment, he determined immediately to declare himself, and prevail upon her to shun the impending danger by instantly quitting the house. The declaration of his misfortunes, so far from influencing this affectionate

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creature to avoid a participation of them, only made her resolute not to abandon him in the hour of danger. ‘It is nothing to die,' said she, ‘but it is a great deal to save the life of one’s master.’

“In vain Lanjuinais remonstrated, entreated, and even commanded that she should think of her own safety ; it was enough, he assured her, that she kept the secret of his asylum; while to remain near him, served but to endanger her own life, without adding to the security of his. She rejected his reasons, and persisted to demand, as a special favour, the privilege of remaining with him. She prevailed, and through the zeal and exertions of this worthy, domestic, Lanjuinais finally escaped the researches of the government until the fall of Robespierre, when his benefactress received, in the liberty and safety of her master, an ample reward for her toils and virtuous perseverance."

"What is this passing scene?

A peevish April day!

A little sun, a little rain,

And then night sweeps along- the plains,

And all things fade away."

KIRKE WHITE.

" RABAUD DE ST. ETIENNE also was compelled to fly from place to place, every moment in danger of falling into the hands of his pursuers. Madame Paysac, an inhabitant of

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Paris, having learnt that he was concealed, somewhere in that city, took every possible means to discover his retreat, that she might offer him a more secure asylum in h house. The worthy St. Etienne refused to avail himself of a friendship that could scarcely fail to entail destruction on such a generous being, but Madame Paysac would admit of no denial.

“ ‘What,' said she, because there is some danger to be hazarded in the attempt to save you, would you have me leave you to perish? What merit is there in benevolence that is exercised only when there is no need of it?'

“The scruples of St. Etienne were silenced by the perseverance of his friend; he was so received into her house, and partook of every consolation his miserable state would admit of. But the restless vigilance of the government soon discovered the retreat of the unfortunate St. Etienne, and the benevolent Madame Paysac speedily followed him to the guillotine with the same intrepidity she had shown in confronting danger to perfect his safety.

" Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest

Affiane'd in my faith, a friendly guest."

POPE

“IN the city of Brest, a stranger one day presented himself before a lady named Ruvilly, and besought her to grant him an asylum from

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the dangers of proscription. There was something in the appearance of this stranger that at once inspired respect and confidence; his gray hairs, the traces that sorrow had left on countenance, greatly affected Madame Ruvilly, whose compassionate heart was ever alive to the claims of humanity. She did not consider her own danger, she did not even inquire who the person was to whom she was about to give a shelter that might involve her in utter ruin,—he was unfortunate, and Madame Ruvilly could not resist such a title. She concealed him, and sought to lessen the sense of his misfortunes by her kindness and attentions.

“ At the expiration of two days, the stranger came to take leave of her. Madame Ruvilly, whose pity and delicacy had forbade her to question him, could not forbear expressing her astonishment at his abrupt departure. ‘I am, Madam,' said he ‘a priest; if I remain longer here my proscription will extend its fatal consequences to you. Suffer me to depart instantly, while you are yet safe, that I may not have the additional misery of bringing you to destruction'

“’But where will you go?' said Madame Ruvilly. ‘God will direct me,' answered the stranger.—'What !’ exclaimed Madame Ruvilly, ' know you not where to seek a retreat, and would you have me expose you to such danger? Ah no! I cannot consent to it. The more unprotected you are, the more it is my duty to shelter you. I beseech you to remain

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in this house, at least till a moment of less danger.’

“The old man resisted so strongly the humane entreaties of Madame Ruvilly, that he came off victor in the generous contest; but though no one but a sister of Madame Ruvilly witnessed the scene, the traces of such generous hospitality were too soon detected. When summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, Madame Ruvilly avowed the only service she had rendered to the old priest; her only regret was the afflicting spectacle of her sister who was condemned to death, for not having denounced her to the Tribunal.

“These two women submitted to death with a pride of having incurred, from such a government, the penalties attached to the performance of a generous action.”