

husband was a man of more than ordinary ability, and owing to the co-operation and aid of his wife soon rose into especial prominence.

She was no ideal of womanhood, but of power, self-sufficient and reliant. She was one of those strange beings so very rarely seen—combining the soul of a strong man and the body of a woman,—an uncongenial relationship—restlessness and chafing on the one part—chains and a prison house on the other. She writes, "In very truth I am sick of being a woman. I ought to have had another soul or another sex or else have lived in another age." This virile vigor was characteristic of the woman throughout her whole life.

M. Roland was the fairest fruit of the system of Rationalism; she was a disciple of whom Montaigne, Rousseau, or Bayle might be proud. Though infidel she was not destitute of virtue; without the high incentives to a life of honor which a faith in God's Revelation alone gives to man, her conduct was strictly conformable to the most rigid code of rectitude, and actuated by the loftiest principles which move the unsanctified soul.

She married, not from love—but from reason. The old and sallow faced philosopher inspired respect but could not inspire love. Yet she was true to her marriage vow as far as it was possible. If she loved the regal and handsome Bazot, leader of the Giroude, it was a necessity of her womanhood and a result of the laws of her being. This love is the only feminine trait in her character, and was strangely compounded of the patriot's passion for his country, the enthusiasm of party politics and the true passion which is native and peculiar to the feminine heart. Though our standard of morals could not justify infidelity even in thought—yet when purity in word and deed is maintained and an iron will employed to subdue even the criminal thought, by one born in an unhealthy ether and living in an age when divorce was as popular and almost as legal as marriage, our admiration of such a character is heightened. In this age of France, when moral restraints were cut loose by the impious hands that endeavoured to dethrone God; when the state was hurled reeling, blinded and orphaned into a vortex of destruction, M. Roland never allowed herself to

sin even in her secret soul, but resolutely banished such indulgence until violence freed her from conscientious restraint and allowed her the luxury of her own heart companionship in the solitude of a cell. Amid her lofty speculations and restless ambitions she found scant time for domestic duties or cares. The hand that struck such powerful blows against the Monarchy, that wielded a pen which undermined the throne of the Cæsars, could not, though fair and shapely, fondle and caress. Even her maternal tenderness was forgotten in the passionate love of country and liberty. "My passion is for the general good. I am like those animals of burning Africa which are shut up in our menageries."

Such was she—a sublime intellectual masterpiece. Most of the passions and instincts of the animal were wanting. Her mind delighted to revel in the cold, clear atmosphere of Philosophy. to expatiate in the realm of ancient learning. Plutarch and the divine Plato were the friends of her youth, but most of all did she find delight beneath the strong rays of the great luminary Rousseau. The eloquence of Massillon and Bossuet, the new and startling theories of Montaigne and Voltaire and the Philosophy of Flechier and Helvetius were the viands on which a girl of nineteen summers regaled her mind. "Philosophy" she writes "has dispelled the delusions of a vain belief." A legitimate effect of such tuition! Though sceptical she was not an atheist, but clung to the belief of the soul's immortality and the existence of a just Deity; a religion of sentiment rather than of Revelation and more after the model of Jean Jaques than of Paul.

In the turn of Fortune's wheel Jacobinism—representative of brute force and Unreason—is uppermost; underneath in the dust is the Giroude—representative of Wisdom and Moderation.

Marat and Robespierre cannot live in the same city with M. Roland; nay, France itself cannot hold them and she must die. Having seen her idol, liberty, trampled under the heels of the Parisian Canaille; her principles and party sink in the chaos and whirlwind of terrorism; her friends perish one by one, or, hunted to the shambles by the myrmidons of anarchy and misrule, it only remains for her, like Sardanapalus, to devote her body to death on the funeral pyre of Truth, Liberty and Justice. She was of those who having lived heroically, heroically die.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.