

**MARIE OR
GLIMPSES
OF LIFE IN FRANCE**

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Marie or Glimpses of life in France by Marie Ryan Trévorec

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MARIE RYAN TRÉVOREC

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M A R I E

OR

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN FRANCE.

Marie Regan Trévorre
"

"Spät erklingt was früh erklang,
Glück und Unglück wird Gesang."
GOETHE.

—
"Was eine lange weite Strecke,
Im Leben von einander stand,
Das kommt nun unter eine Decke,
Dem guten Leser in die Hand."
GÖTTE.

L O N D O N :
BELL & DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1869.

[The Right of Translation is reserved.]

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TO

THE REVEREND DAVID JAMES STEWART, M.A.,
ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS.

MY DEAR MR. STEWART,

I offer you a little book which would not have been written but for you. It was your desire that what you had heard me tell of the impressions left on my mind by visits to France, now ranging over a long time and the greater part of the country, should be wrought into as lively a story, with as much bustle of incident and change of characters as I could compass within a very small volume. Your writer began with no other wish than that of turning out a task set by you as neatly as was feasible. There must, however, be some occult power in *ink* which is at present imperfectly recognised; Luther's inkstand may not have been hurled at the Foe as a missile, but as a counter-charm. Perhaps there is more than we think in the Eastern mode of sorcery by gazing into a splash of ink in the palm of an infant's hand. I stirred the little pool of my inkstand with a quill, and shapes appeared who would have it that they

had something to say. I shall be proud, indeed, if you think them worth hearing, for, if I may alter by one word a sentence in a dedication to a book of our own days, you are "the severest of critics, but a perfect" friend.

You must admit that I have followed your behest to be not too learned or didactic. After reading Jules Favre's recent speech in the "Corps Législatif," you will, I am sure, allow that the collisions between my characters and the French official system are under-drawn. A Frenchman in Mr. Lalor's situation would have fared worse. After telling you that I began the tale as a task, I cannot fail to add that the work soon became play, and that your suggesting it is one of the many kindnesses, old and new, for which you are thanked now and ever by

THE WRITER.

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M A R I E.

MY NAME is Mary, but where I am now living they call me "Marie," for they speak French, not English, as I do, who am an Irish girl by birth; at least, my parents were Irish. I may have been born in Lancashire; for, when I can first remember anything, my father was working at the Liverpool Docks as a ship's carpenter. One of my brothers worked with him, the other went to sea. My mother had been a servant in good places, and learnt the English ways, so that she kept all about her clean and tidy. When very young, I was taken by a lady of a family in which she had lived, and was happy in finding a good master and mistress, with whom I stayed all the years I was in service.

By the time I was grown up, my master left off trade, being now rich, and without children. He broke up

house, and of all the servants kept only me to wait on Mrs. Richards.

I said "good-bye" to Father and Mother, and we went travelling about, living six months here and six months there, mostly where there were waters with a bad taste, which were said to be good for the health.

I seldom wrote home, and hardly ever got a letter. Poor people found it dear to pay the postage in those days, and you looked for some great news to make it worth your while.

We were staying at Buxton, when my brother wrote to tell me of the death of my poor father, and that mother had packed up all she had, and gone to live with him in the Isle of Man, where he was then working. He begged me to go and nurse her, and mind his house, for she was too weak and ill to do much. It seemed hard to have paid above a shilling for such poor news. I sat down and cried, tossed about between my duty to my mother and my liking for my place. My mistress was very sorry too, but thought I must go, and my master said there could not be a doubt about it.

Next day they told me it made little matter to them where they went. They had heard the Isle of Man was healthy. They would take me there, and make some stay.

"And mind, Mary," said my master, "you must pick up a Manx cat without a tail for your mistress