

AJACCIO

Local Tales of the Buonapartes—The House in St. Charles Street, as it Was When All the Family were at Home—Letitia, the Peasant Mother of Kings, and Her Husband, the Impoverished Notary—The Boy Napoleon, Whom His Playmates Nicknamed "Straw-nose."

Special Correspondence.

Ajaccio, Corsica, March 1.—Aside from its natural beauties, this sequestered island capital is not rich in "points of interest"—its one attraction being the boyhood home of the greatest man of modern times. The guidebook says it is in the Rue San Carlo, Place de Letitia; and on seeking the locality, you are surprised to find a dirty alley, barely eight feet wide, faced by a square the size of a bed-blanket, but brilliant with flowers. The celebrated house is in no way distinguished from its neighbors of equally unimpressive exterior, except by a marble tablet above its closed door, inscribed in weather-dimmed letters "Casa de Buonaparte." Yet it was evidently one of the best houses of its day in Corsica—four-story, plain-fronted structure, stuccoed yellowish-grey, with tiled, flat roof topped by a square observatory, and many windows shaded by the everlasting green foliage that covers every element in Ajaccio. Both square and street are entirely deserted, and your knocks upon the heavily-timbered door being no response, until at last a female voice, behind the shutters of an adjacent house, informs you that the concierge lives in the cottage at the end of the "Place." Thither you hie; with the result that the Buonaparte floor is finally unlocked by a dilatory old woman of voluble tongue, whose strange patois of mingled French, Spanish and Italian renders the information she pours forth well nigh null and void.

As in all the older houses of the Latin world, there is little to be seen on the first floor of the historic home—even the kitchen being on the second. A short flight of stone stairs goes straight up from the front entrance, without the preliminary of lobby or hall. Under the stairs are closed doors, suggesting cellars. The house runs back a long way, and all this ground space once answered the manifold purpose of stable, barn-yard and wood-shed, sheltering the family cow, horses, pigs and fowls, according to universal Corsican custom. Beneath this ground floor—so says the concierge—are extensive wine-vaults and storage cellars, having side doors opening into the streets that surround the place on three sides. Like a flash, a long-forgotten

INCIDENT OF HISTORY

recurs to your mind—how the young officer Napoleon, who had not yet won his spurs, escaped this way after his quarrel with the patriot, General Paoli. The latter sent to arrest him, a traitor to the Corsican cause. By a trap-door in the floor of his room, the future emperor descended to the wine-vaults, and thence made his way to a vessel lying in port—about halfway between the sea and the street.

Following the guide up the stairs—your hand on the same rusty iron rail which the hand of all the Buonapartes have pressed, and your feet in hollows of the stones which their feet have worn—you come to a broad landing at the second floor. On either side are slightly ornamented double folding-doors; and, looking up, you observe the same arrangement at the third and fourth floors, of shallow steps doubling back upon themselves to landings. After much fumbling with her keys—nowadays seldom used—the woman throws open the right-hand door, and you enter a great square drawing room. There is but one window, and that on the left. Dingy tapestry adorns the walls, on which are several mirrors and small pictures in frames of tarnished gilt. The floor is inlaid with hexagonal red flags, in the Corsican fashion. In the center, under a crystal chandelier, stands a table of dark wood, with white marble top that looks like a tombstone and around the four sides of the room, ranged in straight rows, as for a funeral, are at least twenty chairs, and two high-backed sofas all upholstered in faded green silk brocade, and with slender, claw-footed legs. Nothing here looks the least bit home-like—though said to have been restored to precisely its former state by the ex-empress Eugenie, who owns the house, it having been willed to her by Napoleon III.

Adjoining this is the study, or private office, of Napoleon's father, M. Carlo-Marie Buonaparte, who, as you know, was a solicitor, without fancy practice, and proud as he was poor. If this was his furniture, he must have been rather extravagant for an impoverished notary. Even the dressing room is a gem, of purest ray serene. It is very large and elaborate, made of choicest inland woods, all the borders and

PIGEON-HOLES

jeweled with elegant little plaques of lapis lazuli and other stones. How one yearns to run away with that bureau, those counters, aside from historic associations, probably does not exist. The several mirrors—how fond those Buonapartes must have been of looking at themselves, for there are at least a hundred in the house—are in delicate frames of lace-work flange, the gilding long since darkened like the fortunes of the family. The exquisitely carved mantelpiece of white marble represents Venus and Cupid at play; and the floor is tiled, like the terrace outside, upon one end of which the long window opens.

This terrace, by the way, is an important feature of the place. It runs back at right angles to the study along the whole length of the house, serving as an out-door means of communication with all the rooms on that side. No doubt it was a safe and favorite playground for all the little Buonapartes—being screened off, to the height of six feet, by a trellis overgrown with greenery. It is still a charming place, compared to the gloom inside, though overlooked by the backs of tall, dilapidated old mans, and the view being a long line of many-hued "washing," hung out to dry, flat picturesquely in the breeze.

The third room is merely a passage between the sleeping apartments of papa and mamma Buonaparte; but, strange to say, it is most interesting of all, because right here the great Napoleon was born. History tells us that Madame Letitia was unexpectedly taken ill while attending mass in the cathedral. Her sedan chair was quickly called and she was hurried home; but so rapid was the march of events that it was impossible to carry her beyond the spindle-legged sofa in the passage-way. The "Man of Destiny" seems to have been master of the situation, even at his advent into whose severe outlines a must have made little else in the tiny room; except the wreck of a sedan chair, once resplendent with gilding and carving and lin-

HASTY JOUINNEY

ing of crimson plush—the same in which Madame Buonaparte made her from church on that eventful day. On a corner table, in a safe angle of the wall, is a large and curious carving in ivory, which the caretaker says Napoleon sent from Egypt to his mother. It oddly represents the nativity—Joseph and Mary seated on either side of modern chairs, in a parlor, gazing enraptured upon the Babe in a fine cradle; while outside and peering through the windows are the shepherds, just arrived and carrying satchels on their shoulders. "Butcher Napoleon" must have had a sense of humor in him, after all! On the mantelpiece is a marble bust of Eugene's beloved son. There are several pictures and busts of him scattered through the house, representing the various stages of his short career. The famous care with which this mother of many sorrows has sought in every way to link the memory of her dead with that of his more illustrious son, the emperor, has in it an element of the pitiful.

Letitia's room, with its once bravely flowered, now dim and ghost-like paper, its scope and many mirrors in frames of faded gilt, containing little but a dilapidated spinning-wheel, cradle of her peasant days, and the frame-work of a bed. The latter is painted in stone-grey monochrome, but in times long gone by was doubtless gay with color and gilding, for the curves and beading of the head and foot boards testify that it was the expensive style of bed known as "un lit Pompadour."

Several other apartments are shown, including a smoking-room and an immense ball room. The fact that Carlo Buonaparte occupied so large a mansion, with the luxury of a ball room attached, seems to indicate a social prominence which refutes the stories of his extreme poverty and the slanders concerning the character of his wife. The oft-repeated statement that "Napoleon was the son of a base-born father and brought up at a charity school," and the wicked insinuation that his father was not Letitia's husband, were probably instigated by the Bourbonist enemy. Though money was so scarce in those days that the boy Napoleon was ridiculed by his school mates as a "mezza calzettina" (one without garters), and doubtless rode the Buonapartes found it difficult to provide even shoes and stockings for so

MANY LITTLE FEET.

the feet which were afterwards to climb the steps of thrones—we learn from Corsica that besides his unlucrative profession, Carlo Buonaparte was also a considerable landed proprietor and a successful trader in wine.

How the handsome Letitia must have quailed in that ball room! It has no fewer than sixteen mirrors—a very large one at each end of the room, and long and narrow panels set between the windows. Instead of the usual red ties, its floor is a kind of primitive parquet, smooth enough yet for dancing, and its windows are of the round, allowing free access to the terrace.

We purposely left to the last the room which Napoleon occupied when a boy. There are no mirrors there, but a tiny dressing-glass above a rickety bureau. It shows the soldier's instinct, and might be in a barracks for the luxury of a plain bedstead and two or three chairs, a shabby writing-desk, and a little cupboard in the wall, where his school books were kept. In the small fire-place, the same old andirons; and beside it is a card table, with checkers, board attachment, where, perhaps, he practised with ivory pawns the moves he afterwards made with the kings and queens of Europe. The fact that Napoleon, of all the eleven children, was given a room on the parlor floor, is proof that he early assumed the "direction" of the family. His father died at the age of thirty-nine and Letitia had only three sons to depend upon. It is recorded that Cardinal Fesch, uncle of the Buonapartes, said to the jealous Joseph, "Yes, you are the oldest; but remember, Napoleon is his head."

What of the domestic life that once went on here? These moldy walls tell few tales, but no doubt the afterwards illustrious family had its joys and sorrows, its petty quarrels, its loves and hates, just like other folk. Fanny, the well-born young bridegroom, only eighteen, bringing home his beautiful child-bride of fourteen years—Letitia, a child of peace and birth, but of fortune much superior to his own. How little the youthful couple thought that they were destined to become the parents of a race of princes who should practice the rule of the whole world, that fate was going to shower imperial crowns upon that humble roof! There is not a tale in the thousand and one of

Do not pay your money nor sign a contract for a place until you have looked through the windows at the view which is to be yours. The view from the windows of the house in St. Charles Street, as it was when all the family were at home, is a sight to be remembered. The view from the windows of the house in St. Charles Street, as it was when all the family were at home, is a sight to be remembered.

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the Arabian Nights which compares with the history of this family, the

POOR LITTLE NOTARY

in his struggles to make ends meet, and his eternal but always unsuccessful lawsuits against the Jesuits of Ajaccio, until he went to his rest before middle age, the young Napoleon, who remained a peasant to the last day of his long life, hardly, unimpeachable, frugal and not always scrupulous. She was a woman of heroic mold, unmoved in her faith, and to her he owed his tremendous physical endurance. Such a number of children as came to this home! The two oldest, a boy and girl, died in infancy. Then came Joseph, baptized in the little Corsican church as Napoléon, then, (in 1769), came the youngest, Napoleon, as the church record shows. Nine others followed in quick succession, six of whom lived to share their brother's greatness; and all the children, as Napoleon was still in possession of all her faculties. The

girls are said to have been rather wild and careless, like their neighbors in the

What a Tale it Tells. If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a lumpy nose, a wide mouth and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, and make you look like a new man. Only 25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

issue. But a superficial, shallow, incompetent, trivial mother has left a heritage to the world which can and does poison the stream of life as flows in the history of the world.

It is hardly surprising even in this age of progress and professorship that motherhood should be amongst the last of the phases and forces of life to receive scientific consideration. Man-kind in all ages of the world has sought to reach that first which was farthest away from him. In the primal days of Nimrod the people on the plains of Shinar sought to reach heaven by building a tower instead of a tabernacle. Astronomy was old before ecology was born. Men would pluck aspers from the clouds and reach for the stars while the flowers of the fields of earth were trampled upon unnoticed.

In studying government statesmen have found not only the virtues but the defects and have traced the cause of these defects to inefficient means and imperfect system of education. The school boy of today is the statesman of tomorrow. Educators have striven most diligently to perfect the system, but the schools. They have noted the defect of the system and have decided only recently that the greatest obstacle to the progress of the world is the mother.

The root of these evils is parental ignorance. In every phase of life scientific investigation is vanquishing ignorance. This enlightenment is mechanical and intellectual effort is due largely to professorship. If the professor of political economy has helped the government and the professor of physics has helped the engineer, the professor of motherhood should help the mother. "Motherhood a profession"—has been the slogan of the day. Why not? Doctors, lawyers and teachers find themselves in this phase of life to be accepted? When a man is engaged in everyday occupation in life is to be scientifically considered? Why not?

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Men in every sort of profession are now compelled to understand that there must be systematic training and a scrupulous investigation of the profession. The mother must prepare herself for her distinguished mission, for there is no one more highly honored than she who looks after the nurture of the child.

The students are looking forward with great anticipation for literary, Saturday night, Miss Babcock will give a recital. The older students know that the school year is not over until the students are anxious to learn.

Supervisor H. P. Brown, of Millard county, spent the day in visiting the classes—talking with old acquaintances.

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The music department is very busy now. The opera, "Daughter of the Regiment," is being prepared for competition with a game of baseball. At 2 o'clock the sports will recommence with a game of basketball between the boys; followed by the same between the girls. The track sports will be continued in the following order: Fifty-yard run, one-half-mile run, two-hundred-yard hurdle, running broad jump, stand high jump, pole vault, throwing the hammer and putting the shot. A ball will be given in the evening in honor of our visitors.

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Others in Salt Lake City during the vacation were President Kerr, Prof. Snow, Swendsen and Misses Baker and Hurling.

During Director Widtso's absence a young director was in appearance at the Widtsoe cottage. It is claimed that he will be director in fact.

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ditions favorable to healthy growth. Nursery plays and songs, used instinctively by the world over, would have less natural and fond; but more wisely turned into a means of strengthening the infant limbs and at the same time the heart and mind. The beautiful play and work of freedom and order, of individual rights and social duties, the connection that is established between the child and the world, the child and the industries, arts and sciences of men. Nothing is more injurious to the training of heart and character, than to regard education as a mere acquisition of knowledge which stand separate in the eternal world, as sunders from their vital connection in the eternal world. That is, if the child eats, he must see his food in relation to others, through when it comes to him; these relations are to be brought out through play, song, picture and story. To grasp what is before him, unrelayed without any regard to other links in the chain, is morally a training to selfishness and intellectually a training to narrowness. Heredity we catch the grand educational of the present time—unrelated, uneducated.

Mothers if you are wise, if you are in earnest, you will study the writings of Froebel and become imbued with this spirit. Do not say that you cannot understand him or that it is a useless task to undertake the studies of Froebel's writings. Make a beginning and you will find that your desire to learn, your mother love, your determination and your steadfastness will enable you to grasp Froebel's thought so fully that it will transform your own thought and life.

What Froebel saw in the heart of the child he has told us in the Mother Play. As a child book this little collection of songs and games is unique in literature, as a mother's book likewise it has no ancestry and no posterity. When all women have laid to heart his lessons, the ideal which hovers before us in the realization of Froebel's dream, will be realized, for then at last each mother will reverent and nurture in her child the

out the grounds for the new buildings, which will be begun at once.

Photographer Dryden is still trying to catch the views to illustrate the next catalogue. His latest is a shot at the "gym" girls in bloomers.

SALT LAKE HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Georgegan, member of the board, was looking over the high school Friday afternoon.

O. W. Moyle, member of the board of education, addressed the school Friday morning on the subject of the new preaching school edifice. He urged every member of the school to do something in the way of arousing the interest of the tax-payers. Mr. Moyle stated that the closing of the school would be a calamity which the people of Salt Lake could not under any circumstances afford to have happen. He predicted that if proper effort was made to interest the tax-payers, they would see it in the same light and endorse by an overwhelming majority, the proposition to keep the schools open for the full time.

Superintendent Allison and wife and Dr. Adams, principal of the Madison school, of Ogden, were visitors this week.

Superintendent Cooper was a visitor Wednesday afternoon.

The Wednesday exercises were held this week during the fourth period, instead of the first as has been the custom. The program, which was musical in its character, was one of the best of the year. Mrs. Allison of Ogden, sang "Easter Day," and "Ben Bolt," and Mr. Easton sang "Lock, Johnson, Sloop," and "Annie Laurie," after which they appeared in a vocal duet. Prof. Stephens, leader of the Tabernacle choir, played a piano accompaniment.

"Red and Black" made its appearance Friday and is an interesting number.

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divine humanity. The mother who transmits to her child a robust constitution certainly gives him an invaluable gift, but if she knows how to develop his natural good health and how to bring intelligent, energy and will into existence from the vital powers of the child, her gift is double in value.

Therefore mothers should be able to make intelligent provision for their children's physical, mental and moral growth; to the activity that strengthens the muscles; to the diet and dress, that secures health and comfort; to the knowledge that protects their sexual functions. Because these things are so quickly enumerated it does not follow that the ability to provide for them is readily acquired. Indeed it means a regular course of instruction in housework, economics, hygiene, physiology, pedagogy, psychology, scientific cooking and physical culture.

Scientific motherhood means more than casual thought can grasp. It will fit the earth for the Savior's advent. It means the reformation of the drunkard, the redemption of the criminal, the abolition of asylums for the blind, dumb and insane. It means the elimination of selfishness, the death of oppression, the birth of brotherly love, the uplifting of mankind, through true spiritual Christianity and the control of heredity weakness of mind and body.

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