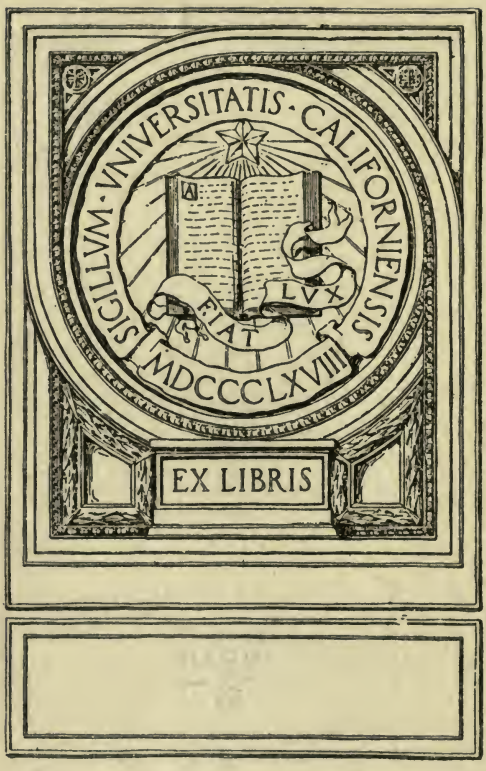
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LOUIS XVII

AND OTHER PAPERS

BY

PHILIP TREHERNE

AUTHOR OF "SPENCER PERCEVAL: A BIOGRAPHY"

T. FISHER UNWIN

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LOUIS XVII.

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"Grand Dieu ! ce n'est pas une cause
Que j'attaque, ou que je défend . . .
Et ceci n'est pas autre chose
Que l'histoire d'un pauvre enfant."

ROSTAND.

A COMMISSION was held in Paris during the month of June, 1910, by the Senate, to examine the petition of the grandson of Naundorff. This commission marks an epoch in the history of Louis XVII.; for Naundorff was buried at Delft, in Holland, as Louis XVII., and his children were acknowledged as Bourbons by the Dutch Government.

The mantle of Jules Favre, the life-long advocate of Louis XVII., has fallen to a great extent on the shoulders of M. Boissy d'Anglas, once senator for the Department of the Ardêche; owing to his good services, this petition was examined in the Senate, and

the case presented fairly on behalf of the descendants of Louis XVII.

The evidence of M. Henri Provins on this occasion was of the highest interest; nowadays, it is possible to discuss the problem calmly, and the twentieth century may see the solution of this historical mystery. Louis XVII. became an enigma, owing to the ridicule attaching itself to the host of sham Dauphins, and the suppression of all evidence connected with Louis XVII., in memoirs such as those of Talleyrand.

Of late years biographers have exercised less discretion.

Readers of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" have realised the American variety of claimant.

"Yes, my boy," observed a certain grotesque character in Mark Twain's amusing story, "it is too true—your eyes is lookin' at this moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette."

Since the publication of "Huckleberry Finn" the shadowy figure of Louis XVII. has appeared more than once in fiction and

on the boards of a Paris theatre. No personage in history has given rise to such a prolonged controversy. His death has been accounted for in every possible manner. Readers of memoirs and biographies, dealing with the imprisonment of the Royal Family in the Temple, were told that the Dauphin known as the Duc de Normandie died within its walls. Volumes with convincing titles, such as "The Dauphin who Died," 'The King who Never Lived," "The Murdered Dauphin," practically settled the question; but a blow was dealt to the school text-book theory when the rumour arose (founded on documentary evidence) that a deaf and dumb child had been substituted for the son of Louis XVI. Theories abound on the subject of the death and reappearance of the Dauphin. One wild argument was put forward that the boy must have died in the Temple, on account of a hereditary disease peculiar to the Bourbons. This statement requires further evidence before it can be accepted. Supposition plays an important part in the descriptions of his death. Another theory (tell it not in Gath) was pro-

claimed to the effect that Louis XVII. was rescued, and then quietly murdered; a theory of the "Dauphin who Died" school. An Orleanist historian disposes of the matter by stating that Robespierre caused the boy to be strangled in prison a year and a half before the official announcement of his death. He was said to have been taken to the Vendée and disappeared from view, that he escaped from the Temple and was irretrievably lost in the streets of Paris, that he escaped to England and to America. During the early years of the nineteenth century the army of pretenders kept the story alive, and in the imagination of historians Louis XVII. was murdered in the Temple; they treated the existence of the prince as a fable, and pointed the finger of scorn at every pretender who showed his head.

In English history, the case of the pretenders Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck showed no complications. They impersonated Edward V. and his brother—the little princes murdered in the Tower; there was another claimant, but he gave no trouble. So the pretenders were two, and they acted their parts for a short space of

time with some success. Warbeck was executed; Lambert Simnel engaged as a scullion in the royal kitchen. The Dauphin had many impersonators; in his case the pretenders were legion; any one with the slightest likeness to a Bourbon rushed into the arena. Their claims were generally absurd. The Richemonts, Meves, Hervagaults, Mathurin Bruneaus, the American variety, Eleazar Williams, who no doubt gave Mark Twain the idea for the Dauphin son of "Looy Sixteen" in "Huckleberry Finn."

There was an army of uncrowned kings: never had a royal personage been personified by so many claimants. Successive Governments were only too pleased to give the Dauphins every chance of proving their identities, and their claims were examined, and they were held up to ridicule and driven into outer darkness.

Those Perkin Warbecks of the nineteenth century were encouraged by the police; they helped to confuse the issue. The Baron de Richemont was given every chance to prove his rights to the throne of France—a persuasive rogue well considered by the authorities. Richemont was a popular claimant for the

police to subsidise, the very man for the lawyers to handle. The question of Louis XVII. was a great game of bluff from beginning to end, a topic for the secrecy of the council chamber and Cabinet. Every paper, every document, connected with Louis XVII. was a matter for anxiety. The King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., during the early forties of the nineteenth century, invited a Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Gray, whom he had met travelling, to dine with him in Berlin. After dinner he showed his guests some rare editions in his library, of which he was extremely proud. He took down a favourite volume to show them, when a paper fell out of the book on to the floor. The paper was docketed "Louis XVII." Mr. Gray picked it up and returned it to the King, remarking, "What is this, sir?"

His Majesty appeared confused, seized the paper, muttered something inaudible, and hurriedly concealed it. This incident explains the attitude of all Governments on the question. Their policy was to conceal every document connected with this mysterious case, probably myriads were

destroyed. Suppression was the policy adopted in connection with the Dauphin. Prussia played a considerable part in the history of Louis XVII. The King's embarrassment at that piece of paper being seen by strangers—foreign visitors to Berlin—is significant. The recognition of the Dauphin was impossible. The whole mechanism of political chicanery was put into action against Louis XVII. The hand of every ruler, every Government, was opposed to the man who might prove a dangerous claimant. The Prince of Orange was his only champion. A querulous letter from Sir Charles Bagot to George Canning, written in 1826, while Minister at the Hague (complaining of the behaviour of the Prince of Orange to the representatives of the Great Powers at a recent reception), shows which way the wind blew. Russia and Holland were allied by marriage, but Russia was merely lukewarm on the survival of the Dauphin. The Czar Alexander learnt the mystery of Louis XVII. from the Empress Joséphine at Malmaison. The Prince of Orange was more inclined to be outspoken on the question; the small kingdom of Holland was unaffected

by the succession to the French throne, and the great game of bluff no doubt disgusted a prince who happened to be ready to tilt at the windmills.

Mention has been made of the readiness of the French Government to examine the claims of pretenders, especially Baron de Richemont; but there was one pretender who came from Prussia to Paris in 1833, a claimant sufficiently dangerous to be refused a fair hearing. Dangerous enough to be boycotted, persecuted, imprisoned, hounded out of France, who twice narrowly escaped assassination. Of all the mysteries in the museum of history there are none that present a more pathetic spectacle than the life of Naundorff. The road of the pretender is invariably hard and beset with difficulty, and Naundorff will always be known as the man who never obtained a hearing or a State inquiry; he was the victim of the strongest combination of personal interests ever brought against a claimant.

He had as much right to be publicly examined as Richemont. Naundorff reveals in his letters, which were admirably edited by M. Otto Friedrichs, a firm belief in the

human tribunal. The day of Justice was a very real thing to him. He never realised that in his case the day of Justice would be inevitably postponed. The ordinary claimant awakens a mild public interest for a season, and then his memory is shrouded in oblivion. The name of Naundorff has, on the other hand, been kept alive, the subject of a revival and a prolonged controversy in Paris. Naundorff's personal narrative of his wanderings and vicissitudes, published in London in 1837 (entitled "*Abrégé de l'Histoire des Infortunes du Dauphin depuis l'Époque ou il a été enlevé de la Tour du Temple jusqu'au moment de son Arrestation par le Gouvernement de Louis Philippe*"), was the method which Naundorff employed to deliver himself bound into the hands of the critics. The book was translated into English. The English translation contained many additional documents, and was carried out under Naundorff's supervision. This personal narrative was not sufficient to prove his identity with Louis XVII.; no disciple of Dryasdust could accept this explanation of the mystery. He would rather believe the fable

of "The Mysterious Chair." The chair in question was originally a wedding present to the Empress Maria Theresa; she bequeathed it to her daughter, Marie Antoinette, and the chair was one of the pieces of furniture set apart for the use of the royal captives in the Temple.

We are told that Louis XVI. wrote several letters containing instructions to his son, the Dauphin, and that he hid them with a portrait of the boy, and a diamond pin, in the padding of this mysterious chair. The chair became the property of the King's valet, Fleury, who brought it to London, where it was purchased by the Regent, who passed it on to the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke, for some mysterious reason, conveyed the chair to Berlin to be renovated, and placed it in the hands of a Berlin upholsterer. During the process of upholstering, the villain of this fable, a workman, discovered the papers, the portrait, and the diamond pin. He sold the latter, but gave the portrait and papers to the watchmaker Naundorff, a friend of his, who deciphered the instructions and found himself equipped as a Bourbon pretender. We hear

nothing more about the chair until 1858, when an aged woman (name unknown) died in a Berlin hospital and left a richly carved chair, which was purchased by a mysterious foreigner (name not mentioned), evidently an Orleanist, who asserted that he knew the history of this remarkable piece of furniture. In these days the chair is in Vienna. This fable will be readily swallowed by supporters of the anti-Naundorff theory, and year by year fresh myths will be put into circulation—to create confusion in the minds of those who take an interest in the problem.

M. Rochefort's grandfather and grandmother were quite certain that the Dauphin died in the Temple. They believed that otherwise all *émigrés* would have flocked to the support of Louis XVII. These grandparents were in prison during the Terror and, being of a credulous disposition, probably believed everything they were told.

So far the opponents of the Naundorff Bourbons have been unable to prove that Joséphine (in the first instance) was ignorant of the movements of the Dauphin after he left the Temple—without Joséphine the

whole story of the survival falls to the ground. The Dauphin was hidden in a loft on the top floor of the Temple till the 12th of June, 1795. The deaf mute who had been substituted for him died on the 8th. Joséphine, through her influence with Barras, caused a fellow-countryman of hers —Laurent—to be appointed as guardian to the son of Louis XVI. A medal was struck in commemoration of his deliverance from prison, bearing the date June 8, 1795. Laurent died in 1801 at the age of thirty-five, and might have been quoted as a witness to the theory of hereditary disease and the Dauphin's lingering death—beloved of historians.

The doctors who attended the supposed Dauphin came to an untimely end. One of them detected the fraud the moment he set eyes on the sufferer. Dr. Dessault had attended the Dauphin at Versailles, and when they showed him the dying boy in the Temple he exclaimed, "This is not Capet's son!"

Of the four doctors who attended the boy-substitute, Dessault, Choppart, Doublet, were murdered within a week of the funeral.

The fourth, Dessault's assistant, one Abeillé, escaped to New York. The undertaker's men were all murdered within a few days of the funeral. Dr. Dessault's exclamation at the sight of the boy in the Temple prison sealed his fate; the Revolutionary Government was determined to dispose of inconvenient evidence bearing upon the death of the Dauphin. The rulers of France flattered themselves that Louis XVII. and all evidence of the death of his substitute had been effectually silenced, though a slight feeling of uneasiness ruffled the minds of the Sons of Freedom, for they issued an edict at this time ordering the arrest of any stray children of about ten years of age, wandering about the roads of France. Four doctors—Pelletan, Dumangin, Jeanroy, and Lassus—held a post-mortem examination on the body of the child who represented the Dauphin, and they exercised caution in the wording of their certificate—on the chance of the recognition at some future date of the son of Louis XVI. They profited by the example of the doctors who were in attendance at the Temple prison.

As long as Louis XVII. lived it became

necessary for successive Governments to act with extreme caution, and for that reason they encouraged sham Dauphins in every direction. The army of impostors caused the undoing of Mrs. Atkyns, the friend of Marie Antoinette, who, after the death of the Queen, spent £80,000 in the cause of Louis XVII. Mrs. Atkyns was at the mercy of her agents in Paris. For Joséphine it was a different matter, she was aware of the true facts of the case. Mrs. Atkyns knew the boy had been smuggled out of the Temple. She realised that Napoleon had him under lock and key in 1807. In that year she wrote to Spencer Perceval to congratulate him on his elevation to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Mrs. Atkyns was an ardent supporter of the Tory cause in the county of Norfolk. "There is a circumstance that most certainly may one day or other prove a severe check to the allied Powers should they attempt to enter France. It is a secret or artful menace that Buonaparte reserves as a last manœuvre." Mrs. Atkyns was in constant communication with Paris, and the "circumstance" alluded to in her letter is a veiled reference to Louis XVII. Mrs.

Atkyns was sure of the existence of Louis XVII. as a State prisoner, but among the confusion of pretenders there was little chance for her to get into communication with a prisoner of Napoleon's. Naturally enough, little has transpired concerning Napoleon's knowledge of Louis XVII. Silence and suppression were the watchwords of his secret police. The complete disappearance of Bathurst, the English diplomat, in 1810, taking important dispatches from Vienna to London, is an example of the methods in vogue. He stopped at a village posting-house at Perleberg on the road to Hamburg while they changed horses, alighted for a moment, and was never seen again. The usual questions were asked in the House of Commons, and the *Moniteur* glowed with righteous indignation on behalf of Napoleon when the suggestion arose that he was responsible for this outrage. Before Buonaparte reached his zenith, in the days of the Directory, he had learnt the importance of silence and secrecy on the vexed question of Louis XVII. So many interests were at stake that any one known to possess information concerning the survival of the rightful

heir to the throne led a precarious existence. Throughout the Terror a M. Petit du Petitval and his family lived at Vitry; he was a former ambassador to China in the days of Louis XVI. Under the Directory he was suspected of having compromising papers in his possession connected with the Dauphin. He and his family and servants, with the exception of a baby and its nurse (whom the murderers overlooked), were assassinated at Vitry on the 21st of April, 1796. All his papers were stolen from the château; nothing else was touched.

M. Bois Préau, a friend of the Petitvals, approached the First Consul through Joséphine: she interceded in vain. Under the Directory the murderers of the Petitval family "*furent à l'abri du châtiment legal et juridique.*"

The First Consul admitted to Duroc, that he had promised Cambacérès not to mix himself up in the affair. In after years Cambacérès earned his reward under the ægis of Louis XVIII. Barras and Cambacérès, poor as church mice during the Revolution, blossomed into men of substance at the

Restoration. All the papers and correspondence left by Barras were seized by the Government after his death.

It may be argued by votaries of Dryasdust that there was nothing for Napoleon to gain by keeping silent on the question of Louis XVII. at St. Helena, but even there, in his inmost soul, a faint hope existed of a return to power, and the son of Louis XVI. was of no use to him—merely a Bourbon the more to stand in his way.

Fouché was a safe receptacle for the secret, silent as the grave, a man who understood the requirements of the age.

It is the very anxiety of those in power that goes a long way to prove the existence of Louis XVII. Had he been murdered, as theorists suggest, the whole affair would have been buried in oblivion. The most vital point to be considered in connection with the mystery is the identity of Naundorff. The account of his imprisonment is somewhat confused, and it is impossible to verify the dates until he arrives in Berlin, according to his statement the year was 1810, when he was released from Vincennes by agents of the Empress Joséphine. Sceptics are

liable to inquire, "Why didn't he assert his claim at once?" Regardless of the fact that the greater part of his life had been spent in confinement, he might as well have asked the King of Prussia for the loan of an army corps.

Official Prussia has invariably employed the precision of the drill sergeant in dealing with her citizens, and the appearance of a mysterious stranger in Berlin was not likely to pass unnoticed by the authorities. Strict inquiries would be made on the subject of his nationality, his parents, his antecedents. Anti-Naundorffists are unable to account for his appearance in Prussia, or to discover anything in the Prussian registers concerning his parentage. If Naundorff's birth certificate were forthcoming, there would be an end to all his claims. The passport given him by a secret agent with which he arrived in Berlin, described a short man of fair complexion as tall and swarthy. In 1808 an order had been issued to the effect that before any person received the rights of citizenship in a Prussian town that the birth certificate must be produced, and foreigners were only to be admitted to the burghers'

rights after a residence of ten years. This edict was not enforced in the case of Naundorff. The name of Charles William Naundorff was supplied for the small stranger of fair complexion, and Lecoq, the chief of the police, granted him a watchmaker's licence when he moved from Berlin to Spandau in 1812. Lecoq was the agent of the Prussian Government acting for Prince Hardenberg, the Chancellor. Lecoq realised that the passport in no way described the mysterious stranger, and exercised diplomacy in the affair.

He questioned Naundorff upon his antecedents, and professed solicitude for his welfare, on hearing that he was the son of Louis XVI. He asked for proofs (as a mere formality), and Naundorff handed him papers proving his identity, letters from the King and Queen. Lecoq explained that he felt anxious for the safety of such a distinguished stranger. The responsibility of safeguarding a pretender to the throne of France was too weighty a task for the Prussian police. Napoleon was in the ascendant, his agents might any day discover the whereabouts of the missing Dauphin. Napoleon

had trampled Prussia beneath his feet; he was all-powerful, and those proofs of identity constituted a real danger for Naundorff. Lecoq assured him that the papers would be safe in his keeping, as safe as in a bank, that they would be restored whenever Naundorff felt inclined to prosecute his claim.

Lecoq assumed the pose of guardian angel, and Naundorff confided the papers to his keeping. The chief of the police was of French origin, to judge by his name, and took an interest in this young man who told him such a remarkable story.

Lecoq assured him that Berlin was a dangerous town to remain in, and advised him to retire to Spandau, where he would be safe from the vigilance of Napoleon. He would receive the rights of citizenship at Spandau under the name of Charles William Naundorff, and Lecoq supplied him with a watchmaker's licence—a congenial calling for the son of Louis XVI.

Lecoq made everything easy for the stranger, arranged all the details with the municipal authorities, kept the papers carefully in a safe place, and Naundorff never

saw them again, nor any one else for that matter. The public records of Spandau and Brandenburg contain Naundorff's acts of citizenship, and there are traces of his residence at Crossen. The ordinary hide-bound regulations were not enforced on the occasion of his marriage, in 1818, to Johanna Einert—the ceremony took place in a private sitting-room—for all the world like a minor potentate's. In 1822 his intimate friend, the burgomaster of Spandau, moved to Brandenburg, and the Naundorffs followed him and took up their residence in the town. At Brandenburg the even tenour of Naundorff's life as a maker of watches was rudely interrupted; he was accused of arson, of trying to burn the theatre, and of uttering false money. He was acquitted on these charges, but condemned to three years' imprisonment for stating at the trial that he was of the blood royal of France; an impostor of this calibre deserved at least three years in prison. The judge marvelled at Naundorff's audacity—a Bourbon pretender was capable of any crime in the eyes of the law: a poor clockmaker with his wife and family to support. Poverty was Naundorff's stumbling-

block. As M. Lenotre observed: "His straitened circumstances caused the onlooker to cry, 'How can a man be the son of Louis XVI. who cannot pay his rent, and has only one *bonne à tout faire?*'"

After Brandenburg, Naundorff lived for some years at Crossen on the Oder. The syndic of the town, Pezold, took up the cudgels for him, and helped him to present his claim to the authorities and to obtain a reversal of the judgment at Brandenburg. Unfortunately for Naundorff, Pezold died suddenly in March, 1832, at a most critical time in the fortunes of the claimant. The Prussian Government refused to take steps in the matter, and von Rochow, the Minister in Berlin, denied all knowledge of the papers Naundorff had surrendered to Lecoq. The same von Rochow declared that the acknowledgment of Louis XVII. "would mean the dishonour of every European Cabinet." Naundorff abandoned all hope of obtaining justice from the Prussian Government after the death of his friend Pezold, and early in the summer of 1833 started on his journey to Paris, travelling by Berne. He arrived in Paris in a penniless condition.

A French friend of Pezold's, one Albouys of Cahors, wrote to his brother and sister-in-law, who lived in Paris, and asked them to extend their hospitality to Naundorff, whom he believed to be Louis XVII. The Albouys family were inclined to be sceptical, but the personality of Naundorff prevailed, and for a time the tide of fortune turned; in spite of his poverty, his meagre knowledge of the French language, he found friends and believers in Paris. It was not surprising that, after a sojourn of twenty-four years in Prussia, French was almost a new language to Naundorff. What French he knew bore traces of a German accent, and this in itself was liable to prejudice his cause in the eyes of the omniscient critic.

In the month of August, 1833, he was recognised as the son of Louis XVI. by a lady-in-waiting of Marie Antoinette, the Countesse de Forbin-Janson. The next day Madame de Rambaud, the former nurse to the Dauphin, was confronted with Naundorff, and recognised the Duc de Normandie, the son of Louis XVI. The peculiar birthmarks, the scar on the lip, were identical.* Then

* The Dauphin, while playing with a pet rabbit in the gardens of the Trianon, was bitten on the upper lip.

followed Monsieur and Madame de St. Hilaire, Morel de St. Didier, friends of Marie Antoinette, and several others.

The publication of Naundorff's correspondence with his family threw a stronger light on his character than any pamphlets or books on the subject. So much has been made of the refusal of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, his sister, to grant him an audience, that it would seem her recognition was the one link wanting in the chain of evidence. Acknowledgment on the part of Madame de Rambaud was of higher importance. The daughter of Marie Antoinette had been reduced to submission by the wicked uncle, Louis XVIII.; never gifted with great intelligence, she was frightened into silence by those to whom the return of Louis XVII. was a form of nightmare. The tragedy of the Temple cast a shadow over her life, and she remained apathetic until the end. Her recognition of Louis XVII. would, to quote von Rochow, "have brought dishonour on every European Cabinet." No reliance can be placed on the account said to have been written by her in the Temple.

The Tichborne claimant was recognised

by his mother as he lay in bed with his face to the wall. She was eager to regain her son—no one can accuse the Duchesse d'Angoulême of any anxiety to recover her lost brother. Louis XVIII. and his successors would never permit such a breach of etiquette. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was never a free agent. When Madame de Rambaud travelled to Prague to plead Naundorff's cause, the Duchesse refused to see her, and observed that "she doubted the existence of Madame de Rambaud, whom she remembered in former days."

The weak, apathetic woman sat with folded hands, and remained imperturbable. Madame de Rambaud might as well have visited the Egyptian Sphinx. Works on Louis XVIII. scarcely mention the existence at any time of a Duc de Normandie. His imprisonment in the Temple is grudgingly alluded to; but every movement of Louis XVIII. in connection with Louis XVII. is suspicious. His agitated, almost apoplectic, interview with the Duc de Berri, a firm believer in the existence of Louis XVII. His behaviour with regard to Martin de

Gallardon, the peasant seer, who warned the King that Louis XVII. existed. His overpowering anxiety concerning the disclosures of the widow Simon (widow of the so-called brutal jailer of the Dauphin)—held up as a bogey for all time. None of these things are even hinted at in the standard works on Louis XVIII. To Martin de Gallardon is attributed the prediction that, although the brothers of Louis XVI. might succeed each other on his throne, no son of theirs should succeed them, and that a son's son (the Comte de Chambord) should die in exile.

No "son of France" has succeeded to the throne since Louis XVI. died on the scaffold. Napoleon I. died in exile, his son died in exile; Louis XVIII. had no children. Charles X. died in exile; the Duc d'Angoulême, died in exile, the Duc de Berri was assassinated; Louis Philippe, the doubtful son of Philippe Egalité, died in exile; his son, the Duc d'Orleans, was murdered; Napoleon III. died in exile; his son was killed in South Africa—a strange sequence of fatality.

The Comte de Provence dreaded beyond all things the appearance of his nephew;

he was tortured by the fear of a great scandal coming to light, and losing the throne. When he became Louis XVIII. he displayed activity in silencing the widow Simon, and in pensioning Charlotte Robespierre; one may be sure that the possible recognition of the Dauphin by the Duchess d'Angoulême was a matter for anxiety to all the conspirators behind the scene. Had she granted an audience to Naundorff, and acknowledged him as her brother, his life would not have been worth a moment's purchase; one would like to believe that she refused to see him for this reason; excessive importance has been attached to this side-issue of the problem. The Allies in 1814 chose their man to be maintained as a convenient king, and false Dauphins of the Richemont type were encouraged on every side—to be shown up in the eyes of the law and before the nation. To damage for ever and a day the cause of the outcast Louis XVII., to deprive him of his birthright. The Treaty of 1814 stated that the allied sovereigns had no certain proof of the death of Louis XVII., but the political situation in Europe obliged them to

place Louis Xavier Comte de Provence on the throne as regent for two years. During those two years the Allies would have time to discover if the son of Louis XVI. existed in the flesh. They had no intention of discovering the true heir to the throne—he was safe in Prussia.

Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV., wrote in 1814 concerning "the great news most talked of," and that she in her own mind was convinced of the existence of the Dauphin; her brother of Brunswick was of the same opinion; every one knew it behind the political scene. Naûndorff, finding that all applications to the Duchesse d'Angoulême (in spite of the devotion of Madame de Rambaud and his friends in Paris) were in vain, he determined to force the hand of the French Government and to stand his trial, and entered "an action in the First Tribunal of the Seine to show cause" why the sham certificate of his supposed demise as Louis Charles Capet should not be cancelled, and he, Naundorff, to be proclaimed Charles Louis Duc de Normandie. Gruau de la Barre, a counsel of eminence, pleaded for Naundorff, and the

case attracted the attention of Louis Philippe, known to the lampoonist as "King Chiappini," son of the jailer of Modigliana, exchanged for Maria Stella. Louis Philippe bearing no facial resemblance to any Bourbon, another monarch of the dummy variety, saw danger in this claimant, the upstart Naundorff, and acted accordingly. The plaintiff was arrested and conducted to England under police escort, and all his documents impounded. He arrived in London on the 18th of July, 1836. In a letter to his wife he described the tedious journey from Paris to Calais of two nights and three days, and the horrors of the six hours' crossing to Dover in a gale.

In the following year the English translation of the "*Infortunes du Dauphin*" was published. The translation was made by the Rev. C. G. Perceval, a nephew of the murdered Prime Minister and son of Lord Arden. He and other members of the Perceval family were firm believers in Naundorff, and pensioned his widow till her death.

Naundorff's wife and family rejoined him in London in 1838. They lived at a house

in Camberwell, and it was there that an attempt was made to assassinate him by a Vendean refugee named Roussel; he shot at Naundorff, wounding him slightly in the right arm. Descriptions of the attempt and the subsequent police-court inquiry were printed in the *Morning Advertiser* and other papers of that day. Naundorff remained in London until January, 1845, then he took refuge with his family in Holland, and died on the 10th of August of that year. William II. of Holland caused his Minister in Berlin to make inquiries concerning the identity of the man who described himself as the son of Louis XVI., and the result of the investigation was satisfactory. From that day the family of Naundorff have been acknowledged as Bourbons by the Dutch Government. His tomb, at Delft, contains the following inscription :—

Ici Repose
LOUIS XVII.
CHARLES LOUIS DUC DE NORMANDIE
ROI DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE
Né à Versailles le 27 Mars 1785
Décédé à Delft le 10 Août 1845.

William II., when Prince of Orange, knew of the great injustice that had been done to the son of Louis XVI. His acceptance of Naundorff caused much annoyance to the Orleanist party. The French Government objected to the inscription on his tomb ; the Dutch Government replied to the effect that if France was in a position to furnish proofs that Naundorff was not Louis XVII. then the inscription should be erased. Needless to say, the French Government was unable to prove anything, and the inscription remained. There were four sons and five daughters of his marriage with Johanna Einert ; the two younger sons were born in London.

A romantic incident occurred in connection with one of Naundorff's most prominent supporters, Jules Favre, who upheld the banner of Louis XVII., the most able advocate of his cause. Naundorff, before he died, gave Jules Favre a ring, a souvenir in recognition of his services. On January 21, 1871, Jules Favre, Minister for Foreign Affairs, met Bismarck at Versailles to sign the peace negotiations after the Franco-Prussian War. Having attached his signa-

ture he turned to Bismarck and remarked that he had forgotten to bring the seals of the Republic. "Seal with your ring," replied Bismarck. Jules Favre wore one ring with a seal on it, engraved with the image of a dove—given him by Naundorff—and this ring of Louis XVII. took the place of the seals of the Republic, when France ceded Alsace and Lorraine, and thirty-six milliards, to Germany.

Great credit is due to Jules Favre for his championship of Louis XVII.—he had nothing to gain by it. The moral courage of M. Boissy d'Anglas has lost him his seat in the Senate in these days of emancipation. When Naundorff came to Paris in 1833 and entered on the hard task of finding people likely to identify him, he met M. de Joly, the last Minister of Justice during the reign of Louis XVI. Naundorff spoke to him of the return from Varennes and referred to the detention of the Royal Family in the loge of the Logograph (the official organ of the National Assembly). He described his terror at being imprisoned behind bars. De Joly assured him that the bars had been removed before Louis XVI.

and his family were taken to the Logograph. Naundorff maintained that he had a clear recollection of the bars, and when De Joly consulted the archives he found that the bars were not removed till the day after the Royal Family was confined in the Logograph. Until convincing proofs are forthcoming that Naundorff was an impostor, that the Dutch Government laboured under a delusion in 1845 in allowing him to be buried as Louis XVII., there can be no meaning in suppositions of "The Dauphin who Died" description. They may be dismissed as Orleanist fiction. There is no better example in history of political cunning than the plot to suppress the question of Louis XVII. Prussia held the key to the secret, in common with the Vatican, and after the battle of Waterloo, with Louis XVIII. planted on the throne, justice was not to be expected for the son of Louis XVI. There was no demand for a genuine claimant. Everything was done to safeguard the throne of a king whose principal recommendation was his command of wealth. Humanity presents an ugly spectacle where material interests and State reasons are concerned—

the attitude of those in power, the organised system of swindling in high places, the exultation of the wealthy over the poor and downtrodden. The opponents of Louis XVII. were both political and clerical. Talleyrand was no friend to the outcast; the attitude of his followers was highly judicious. Whilst the negotiations between Talleyrand and the Allies were in progress, Louis XVIII. found partisans amongst the clergy like a true defender of the Faith—a militant son of the Church. The leaders of the Royalist party numbered Archbishop de Pradt, Abbé de Montesquiou, Abbé Louis, and others; they intrigued, as M. Provins wrote, "with Talleyrand, an unfrocked bishop." They advised Castlereagh, Nesselrode, and Hardenberg that Louis XVIII. was the chosen King of France. The son of Louis XVI. was of no consequence to them; he had suffered misfortune, was devoid of religious instruction, a stranger to the etiquette of courts; his poverty was considered as a previous conviction in the case of a criminal.

In addition to these shortcomings, he showed an inclination towards spiritualistic writing. During his sojourn in London he

wrote a book entitled "*La Doctrine Céleste de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ,*" a work which lost him the support of some of his Roman Catholic friends. Monsieur Brémond, who spent considerable sums in the cause, and placed his château de Grandclos at the disposal of Naundorff's wife and family for a whole year, was horrified at the *Doctrine Céleste*; and though he believed in Naundorff until his death, severed himself from the circle of supporters. In those days anything in the shape of inspired writing was likely to prejudice the chances of a man who needed the support of the Faith. Good Samaritans of the Brémond type were scared at this unorthodox publication, the work of one who claimed to be a Bourbon.

Politicians in the successive reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe saw the danger of the outcast son of Louis XVI. Louis XVIII. played the part of the wicked uncle to perfection. He had schemed and plotted against his brother and Marie Antoinette, and he used every weapon at his command against his nephew.

In real life the worthless individual, the villain of the piece endowed with wealth,

flourishes like a green bay-tree. Conventional justice displayed in melodrama is confined to the boards. The curtain has yet to be raised on the last act of the mystery of Louis XVII.

THE LUXEMBOURG PRISON

THE LUXEMBOURG PRISON

THE early stages of the French Revolution were overshadowed to a great extent by the crisis in Russia. The policy of Catharine the Great with regard to the Eastern question occupied the attention of European statesmen.

The rival parties in France used the mob alternately for their own ends; they were unable to realise that they cleared the path for anarchy, and the pawns in their game of chess—the game of party politics—would shortly overwhelm the country itself. The final stages of mob rule and the so-called domination of the people is exemplified in the prisons of the Terror, the shambles of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

The great upheaval which commenced with political tactics reached its apotheosis in the Luxembourg prison—an example to posterity of the result of mob rule.

The purveyor of class-hatred drawn from the slums of Paris helped to misgovern the French people under the sovereignty of Robespierre and Fouquier Tinville.

The champion of the poor and needy, whether he happens to adopt Syndicalism or Socialism, is sometimes excused by his political allies—on the score of sentiment.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, worthy of the highest traditions of the electioneering crocodile, he bewails the fate of the poor and needy. At the end of things, with the overthrow of Church and State and Law and Order, he finds no gratitude from the poor and needy when he has reduced the country to the dregs of bankruptcy—for the sake of a political income.

The final scenes of the French Revolution afford a rare lesson to the so-called champion of anarchy—the specialist in poverty. The earnest democrat is often beguiled by the political charlatan.

In eighteenth-century England the sowers of discontent preached discord, to the disgust of the moderate Whig. Throughout the ages the game is played on the same lines. There are Philippe Égalités in every

revolution, leaders among the swine of Circe grovelling for husks in the trough. The descendants of Judas hanker continually after the thirty pieces of silver, and it is some satisfaction to know that the prisons of Paris contained many instigators of the Reign of Terror—and that they met their reward.

Referring to the prisoners, Carlyle wrote in his "French Revolution": "They are Ci-devants, Royalists; in far greater part they are Republicans of various Girondin, Fayettish, Un-Jacobin colour. Perhaps no human habitation or prison ever equalled in squalor these twelve houses of arrest."

The Luxembourg prison, until the 20th Vendémiaire, 1793, was reserved for deputies imprisoned on a sham accusation of Federalism. After this date, the representatives of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity decided to transfer prisoners from the Grenelle section. Accordingly, "Seigneur and Shoeblack, Duchess and Doll Tearsheet," walked together in solemn procession through the streets of Paris to their new prison—a torchlight pageant, guarded by a ragged battalion of infantry.

They arrived at the Luxembourg at a late hour. The Seigneur was permitted to bring his valet, the ladies their maids—every class of the community was represented. Men who had helped to sow the whirlwind found themselves in prison with the very class they hoped to destroy. The Reign of Terror, the final expression of Equality, proved to the downtrodden, the workers of France, that there was something worse for them than the reign of Louis XV.

When the prisoners arrived at the Luxembourg, tired and footsore, they found nothing in the way of accommodation—there were no beds; and the great-coats of the men, the carters' frocks, were used as mattresses for the women during the night. The aristocrat lay down by the side of the sansculotte; some were lucky enough to find chairs to rest in.

Benoit, the head gaoler of the Luxembourg, seemed strangely out of place as a creature of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and could only offer his apologies for the lack of bedding.

The mistake was rectified next day, and each prisoner received a bedstead, a small

mattress, and bolster. Benoit, as new prisoners poured into the Luxembourg, acted to a certain extent as master of the ceremonies—a very humane gaoler. He transgressed the laws of Equality by arranging the prisoners in groups, according to their caste, creed, and nationality. Some, who had been courtiers at Versailles, were able to pass the weary hours in a befitting manner with scandal, cards, and music. Affairs of gallantry were carried on within narrow limits; the love-making at the Luxembourg reached the ears of those censors of morals, the Robespierre clique. The municipal officers, who visited the prisons at intervals, denounced this revival of court gallantry in the language of the gutter.

The retention of Benoit as gaoler is impossible to explain. That he remained at the Luxembourg as long as he did is sufficient proof that he managed to ingratiate the spies of the Tribunal and the makers of lists for the guillotine. He may be remembered in the history of the Revolution as a type of the kindly gaoler who, for a short space of time, escaped the eyes of the Triumvirate. Benoit came as a surprise to

the unfortunate victims of the Terror, who, after much execration from the mob, rough handling from their guards on their progress through the streets, found themselves under the charge of one who did everything in his power to make their sojourn at the Luxembourg as easy as possible.

Twelve prisons existed within the walls of Paris during the Terror, and the amount of human misery and suffering endured in those prisons is difficult to realise. Some of the inmates of the Luxembourg were in such a poverty-stricken condition that they were unable to provide the smallest necessaries for themselves, and Benoit charged the richest prisoners with their support. Each person took it in turn to clean the rooms, to cook, to fetch water; a common fund was instituted, prisoners paying in proportion to their means; the contributions averaged forty sous, or twenty pence a day. Communication with the outer world was permitted, and visits from friends and relatives. The Luxembourg was remarkable for the extremes that met within its walls. Some of the most distinguished prisoners had but a short time to wait for the tumbril—Danton,

Camille Desmoulins, Lacroix, Fabre d'Eglantine arrived together. Tom Paine was already a prisoner when Danton arrived, and when they met the latter addressed him in English: "I have endeavoured to do for my country what you have done for the freedom and happiness of yours. I have been less fortunate, but not more guilty—they are sending me to the scaffold, and I will go to it gaily."

Danton over-rated the influence of Paine. As an English member of the Convention, he had the reputation in Paris of being a powerful enemy of Pitt and George III. The result of mob rule in France found a faint echo in England; the efforts of the reformers, Tom Paine, Orator Hunt, and Cobbett, were of small account in the days of George III. In England the audience of the agitator was a small one—he ran the risk of State prosecution and prolonged seclusion in the Tower. Pitt and the Constitution were unmoved by the disturbances in France, the "Heaven-born Chancellor" was denounced by all sansculottes as the enemy of mankind. England, at the close of the eighteenth century, had some very

effective barriers against anarchy, and a sincere feeling of loyalty to the King.

Tom Paine, the English Jacobin, author of the "Rights of Man," was a firebrand of agitation blown over from England and welcomed in Paris with open arms; he had been the subject of a Crown prosecution in 1792. A Friend of Man who wished to promote discord in the land of his birth, to abolish tyranny, to see the Carmagnole danced in Pall Mall, and a mob surging round St. James's. In course of time, with other revolutionaries, he found himself in the Luxembourg awaiting the pleasure of Robespierre. The Anglo-Saxon love of interference in the affairs of others brought Paine into connection with the revolution militant. He experienced, at first hand, the reward of interference, and had time to meditate upon the wrongs of man in a Luxembourg cell. He escaped the guillotine by a curious oversight on the part of the turnkey. His name had been pricked by Fouquier Tinville, and when the turnkey went his rounds chalking the doors of those condemned for the morrow, Paine's outer door happened to be open, so the man marked it on the near

side and passed along. The turnkey who came next closed the door, consequently there was no chalk mark on Paine's door on the outside when the condemned prisoners were summoned the next morning.

The name of Danton shines forth from the scum of Chaumettes, Clootzs, Lapalus, Vincents, and Momoros. He tried to encourage the faint heart of Camille Desmoulins, who raved and lamented over his beautiful young bride, soon to be brought to the hands of Samson herself. There was no unhappier prisoner in the Luxembourg than Desmoulins; he carried his lamentations to the foot of the scaffold. Danton went to his death, as he himself predicted, with a light heart and a smile on his lips—he knew that Robespierre would follow before long.

Vincent, secretary of the minister Bouchotte, was one of the violent types of Jacobin, simian and beast of prey at the same time. When he found himself at the Luxembourg among those privileged beings who had figured at Versailles, he spent his time in reviling them; at the sight of a foreigner he grew rabid. One or two

English and Spanish prisoners threw him into a frenzy. The perfidious compatriots of Pitt came in for a large share of abuse. He attempted to assault some of the weaker prisoners, and the gens d'armes restrained Vincent with difficulty. His wife received permission to visit him, and one day as he lay in bed and she was trying to soothe him by talking of family matters, and of those likely to visit the guillotine, he sprang out of bed, seized a raw leg of mutton which hung at a window, cut off a large slice, and devoured it like a famished wolf, snarling, "Would I could thus eat the flesh of my enemies!" Hébert, the accuser of Marie Antoinette, was his intimate friend. He received deputations in his prison room from Revolutionary Committees, and they spent their time in bacchanalian revels. Finally Vincent was acquitted. He was useful to Robespierre, having all the attributes of a son of Freedom; he was accompanied to his house by a triumphal procession of his admirers.

Vincent was followed by a succession of scoundrels—Savard, Grammont, Duret, and Lapalu. The latter, when they brought him

to the Luxembourg, boasted that he had caused the death of seven thousand men in the neighbourhood of Lyons. In his spare time he made lists of persons whom he considered proper subjects for the executioner. Lapalu and his accomplices were transferred to the St. Lazare, a stepping-stone to the guillotine.

Retribution overtook many of these makers of lists. Men who spied on their fellow-prisoners and reported innocent people to the Tribunal—any one was liable to be suspected. The Terror dragged innocent and guilty alike into the whirlpool.

Among the sansculottes who arrived at the Luxembourg was a German Jew named Kalmer, who brought an atmosphere of low comedy to the prison, and became a source of amusement to those who had known him in former days. A true dealer on the Rialto, a bill-broker, with the low cunning of his class, he had held the position of President of one of the many Revolutionary Committees. On the outbreak of the Revolution, Kalmer abandoned the Hebrew faith, and speculated in Socialism ; he saw there was money to be made in adopting the cause of the people.

Overcome by the wrongs of man, he posed as a violent Jacobin, wore sabots and the red cap of Liberty, and contrived to send many citizens to prison, among them two brothers who were taken to the Luxembourg, and then, ever ready to do business, Kalmer offered to obtain their release for the sum of three thousand francs. Deposed from his high post of president of a committee, he found himself in the Luxembourg with the brothers who had refused to purchase their liberty from this enterprising stockbroker. He became the target of many inconvenient questions; his reputation was the property of his fellow-prisoners, and they took their turn at Jew-baiting.

"How many people do you keep in your pay in the Revolutionary Committees?" and "How many people have you arrested?" "What is the current price of human flesh among you now?" "Do not the Jews consider France a second land of Egypt?"

Some of his cross-examiners, familiar with certain incidents of his career, inquired at intervals the price of gold, silver, and women. Kalmer was never at a loss for an answer, but his efforts to live as a

sansculotte and practise the simple life in the matter of food were unavailing. He hoped to economise in prison, to live cheaply at the expense of others, but he was too well known. Then he flew to the other extreme, and ordered every kind of luxury from outside to impress his companions in misfortune. Fortune had forsaken him, and finally he saw the man who denounced him to the Tribunal set free, and Kalmer himself, the Jacobin with great possessions—two hundred thousand francs a year (so it was rumoured)—came to the guillotine. The rôle of sansculotte was as dangerous for this Jew, with the heart of a Judas and brain of a bill-broker, as it was for his royal prototype, Philippe Égalité.

The man who betrayed his own class, prince or stockbroker, was well rewarded in the French Revolution—Fouquier Tinville prosecuted without prejudice. The past services of creatures like Kalmer were not taken into consideration at the judgment bar.

Chaumette, the attorney of the Commune, the terror of the women of the town, crept into the Luxembourg with downcast eyes, none of the assurance of the prosecuting

attorney left in his composition, an object-lesson to attorneys in general, to smug lawyers eager for the emoluments of office. He shambled along, daring to look no one in the face. At first they treated him as a side-show, and he was only allowed to be inspected through a grating. Chaumette excited considerable curiosity, and a certain prisoner welcomed him as follows: "Sublime agent of the Nation, conformable with your requisition—your immortal requisition—I am suspected; you are suspected," pointing to one of his friends, "he is suspected, they all are suspected." His visitors assured him that he need fear nothing; merely some trifling badinage which a legal wit would find no difficulty in parrying. Chaumette was in the position of a boy at his first school who became the butt of the others. He avoided the courtyard where the prisoners took exercise, and rarely wandered farther than the coffee-room.

The Hébertists were his only sympathisers. Sometimes he attempted to defend his past conduct, when reproached by his fellow-prisoners. A contractor named Cousin asked Chaumette why he had stationed two gens

d'armes in his house after he, Cousin, had delivered up his accounts, which were perfectly correct. "I was convinced of your honesty," replied Chaumette. "I knew that your accounts were verified; but we were in a difficult position—we had to satisfy the people, who were in a state of agitation —and I could find no better expedient than stationing guards in the houses of all who had managed the public stores since the year 1789."

This explanation appeared unsatisfactory to Cousin, who was a poor man and objected to the expense entailed by the bailiffs of the Revolutionary Tribunal. He had been obliged to feed the hungry vultures who mounted guard over his house.

Chaumette's reference to the people reveals the attorney-democrat, the true lover of the downtrodden. When the lawyer leaves his office and adopts a political career the result is invariably the same. The champions of Jacques in France, and brother Hodge in England, bear a remarkable resemblance. The plausible lawyer adores all forms of persecution—the institution of bureaucracy, the methods of the tax-

collector. Chaumette felt himself obliged to sacrifice even the contractors employed by the National Convention, for the sake of the people. The Reign of Terror was Elysium to the agitator, the stirrer of class-hatred—the reign of the gas-bag, the spy, and the butcher. These sons of progress made the most of their time while it lasted, and Thermidor saw the apotheosis of the jack-in-office.

"*Lorsque la fortune nous surprend en nous donnant une grande place, sans nous y avoir conduit par degrés ou sans que nous nous y soyons élevé par nos espérances. Il est presque impossible de s'y bien soutenir et de paroître digne de l'occuper.*"

This maxim of la Rochefoucauld applied to many of those men who rose to high positions in the State during the Revolution.

Under the rule of Benoit, the kindly gaoler, even the vilest of men received protection. When Brichet (a former lackey of Madame de Polignac), member of the Revolutionary Tribunal, appeared at the Luxembourg, wearing the red cap of Liberty and sabots, to emphasise his patriotism, Benoit did his best to protect him from the general chorus of

jeers and derision. Brichet was furious with the gaoler on account of his reception, and blamed Benoit for allowing this outrage on his dignity.

At this time a calamity overtook the inmates of the Luxembourg. Benoit was arrested on account of an act of kindness to a prisoner, Lenain; he had given Benoit a sum of money in gold to be forwarded to his son-in-law, and Lenain received a receipt. The transaction was reported to the Tribunal; the mere fact of money being sent from a prisoner to a relative aroused the wrath of Robespierre and his friends —the money should have been impounded and forwarded to those birds of prey. A philanthropic gaoler was an anachronism; he had remained at the Luxembourg by an oversight; and now they snatched at the slightest excuse for an arrest and a possible conviction.

Benoit was removed to stand his trial, and persecution commenced in grim earnest. A few days after Benoit's arrest each prisoner when he awoke found a guard stationed at his door. A police agent, a Pole named Wilcheritz, a former cobbler, in-

formed the prisoners that they could hold no communication with each other, nor with their friends outside. No newspapers were permitted. The prisoners awaited another massacre like the 2nd of September, and prepared for death. But the plan was to plunder them wholesale of their belongings. Robespierre's two arguments were murder and theft; in his methods for social reform he found them unanswerable. In this case the prisoners were obliged to surrender all their personal belongings, jewellery, plate, money, and dressing-cases; all knives, razors, nails, and pins were confiscated.

For two days the collection of articles proceeded. One prisoner had his portfolio taken from him, and he hoped this would satisfy Wilcheritz, but they took his rings, his sleeve buttons, shoe buckles, buckles of his garters, the buckle of his cravat. "Citizen," he said, "you will finish by undressing me." "Citizen," replied Wilcheritz, "justice is just; all will be restored later. I will answer for it."

As no inventory of the confiscated articles was kept, it is improbable that any of the prisoners who escaped the guillotine saw

their property again. The prisoners complained of the deprivation of all connection with the outer world, and clamoured to Wilcheritz to allow them letters and newspapers and the use of the courtyard. He replied, parrot-like, in every instance, "Patience; justice is just." "Patience," replied a prisoner, "is the virtue of asses, not men." "Thou art not, then, a Republican," retorted Wilcheritz.

When they plundered General O'Hara he gave them a lecture on the comparative liberty of the Press in France and England —he saw no chance of ventilating prison grievances in the Paris papers. "In England we may describe King George as a fool, but you dare not print 'Robespierre is a tiger.'"

Though the days of easy intercourse were past, some of the prisoners managed to correspond with their families and friends by means of dogs. A man received and returned messages in this way from his wife. Every day at the same hour the dog was seen coming and going, the letter concealed in his collar. He would allow none of the turnkeys to touch him. On another occasion a dog saw his master at one of the

windows of the prison, and tried to effect an entrance from the garden. One of the guards drove him away with his pike. His master whistled to him, and the dog continued his efforts. One of the heroes of the Terror, Henriot, who chanced to arrive at the prison at the time, saw the animal in this excited state, and questioned the guard. The man replied that he thought "the beast was mad." So the brave General Henriot crushed his hat firmly on his head, drew his sabre, and prepared for the encounter. His aide-de-camps, seeing their distinguished leader advancing to single combat with a mad dog, hastened to join him—the three heroes nerved themselves to destroy a public danger. From his window the prisoner saw his dog slashed to death by Henriot and his two assistants—an instance of personal heroism on the part of Robespierre's commander-in-chief.

Another dog was killed by the public executioner, because he howled in the Place de la Révolution after the execution of his master, and attempted to bite a Jacobin or two.

At the fête of the Supreme Being, Wil-

cheritz understudied Robespierre—he enjoyed a sartorial triumph, the cynosure of all eyes. He strutted about the prison clad in a coat of rose-coloured taffety, black satin waistcoat, black silk small clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes with splendid silver buckles ; he held an enormous hat in his left hand and carried a rose in his right, which he sniffed like any muscadin. The silver buckles excited the attention of some of the prisoners, as Wilcheritz had told them "that good Republicans should abjure buckles." "Perhaps he obtained them second-hand," murmured a cynic, who remembered the day of confiscation. But Wilcheritz was moderate in this respect, as on occasion Robespierre wore buckles of gold. Wilcheritz ran the gauntlet of the prisoners as proud as any popinjay clad in purple and fine linen—for one day, at any rate, he was a dandy amongst gaolers, the sansculotte brought to perfection on the spoils of others, preaching the doctrine of patience to the prisoners. The nation required both their money and their lives.

After Benoit had been tried and executed there was a general hope at the Luxembourg

that he would return to his post. But the prisoners were doomed to disappointment; he was considered too lenient for prison work, and even Wilcheritz was dismissed. Couthon reassured Robespierre he knew of the very man for the post; life had been too easy at the Luxembourg; these traitors to the nation, waiting their turn for Samson, must receive a fitting guardian—one of the Cerberus breed.

A monster named Guiard had been a signal success at Lyons; his reputation appealed to the Tribunal, and he was appointed to the Luxembourg without delay. The man Guiard fulfilled every requirement, and he took up his residence at the prison with his wife and family.

Of the twelve prisons of Paris the Luxembourg underwent the severest extremes in administration—the gulf between Benoit and Guiard was wide indeed. The latter was one of the brutalities dragged to the surface, whose passport to employment had been a series of outrages at Lyons on defenceless prisoners.

When he arrived the prison had never been so full; batches of prisoners arrived

in Paris from all parts of the country—over-crowding became the order of the day. Guiard commenced operations by forbidding the prisoners to take the air at any of the windows, as two cases of suicide occurred shortly after his advent—two men, who threw themselves from the roof.

Every night the prisoners were awakened by ruffians armed with crowbars and sabres, and accompanied by savage mongrels. Guiard himself chose an escort of dogs and paraded the place armed like a pirate of the Spanish Main, pistols in his belt and his sabre always drawn. His object in life was to cause as much discontent and misery to the prisoners as possible.

The presence of Guiard encouraged the contractors to provide contaminated meat for the commissariat. Every article of food supplied was of inferior quality, and the prisoners were only permitted one meal a day. Many of Guiard's victims prayed for death, and in some cases their prayers were answered; for on one night a hundred and twenty-nine were roused, and before the dawn they had entered the tumbrils on their way to the scaffold. Owing to the garbage

served as food at the common tables, there were several cases of sickness and blood-poisoning. The contractors were doing their best to poison those who escaped the guillotine!

From time to time a creature with a sepulchral voice walked round the prison, crying out, "Here is a list of the sixty or eighty winners in the lottery of the holy guillotine!"

At last the 9th Thermidor came to lighten their sufferings. When the prisoners heard the sound of cannon, the ringing of bells, they expected a general massacre; they knew nothing of what was passing in Paris. The mountebank Henriot made his appearance for the purpose of calling out the horse gendarmerie. He galloped about the streets in a half-drunken condition, and finally, to escape arrest, threw himself from a third-floor window. A cesspool broke his fall, a temporary resting-place before his execution. When the prisoners heard the proclamation inviting all citizens to support the National Convention against Robespierre and his satellites, they realised that their martyrdom was over.

The 9th Thermidor saw the end of a tyranny never equalled in history. The fall of Robespierre brought down to the dust the army of parasites, spies, and small officials employed by Maximilien and his party. Guiard fled from the Luxembourg with his family, sabre, pistols, and attendant mongrels, and vanished into obscurity. The day before this great deliverance one of his boys, hearing a prisoner complain of the treatment he had received, went up to him and remarked, "Never mind, you will soon be disposed of."

Guiard received a timely warning from a nephew, which accounts for his flight from the prison. It was afterwards discovered that a plan was formed by the Tribunal for the massacre of all prisoners on the night of the 9th Thermidor by means of an organised riot in connection with the Commune of Paris.

Chaos, caused by the reign of murder and theft, came to an end all too soon for the lawyer and demagogue. Out of anarchy and confusion arose the military dictator—the man destined to found an Empire, to hurl back disorder with a hand of iron.

The prisoners of the Terror had not long to wait before a decree was issued restoring them to liberty, and the slow torture of imprisonment endured at the Luxembourg came to an end.

CASANOVA AT DUX

CASANOVA AT DUX

Among the adventurers of the eighteenth century, Jacques Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, reigns supreme. Foremost among amorists and gamblers, he ended his days as a librarian—a librarian with a certain knowledge of black magic—and in the seclusion of Dux he set forth his experiences of mankind on paper for the use of posterity.

Debt, and a variety of amorous complications, had driven him from town to town throughout Europe; he had arrived at a critical point in his fortunes, when he met Count Waldstein in Paris, whose interest in occult science proved from the first meeting, a bond of union. They met at a soirée given by the Venetian Ambassador. Casanova's patron was a man of sensibility, with a taste for travel and the arts—a sonata of Beethoven's bears the name of this Bohemian family. He was not the first of the Wald-

steins to take an interest in magic and superstitions of the Cagliostro type. He persuaded Casanova to accept the post of librarian at Dux—a librarian capable of many things, a welcome addition to the household. The fortunes of the Waldsteins reached a climax under Albrecht von Waldstein, created for his services in war Duke of Friedland, and of Mecklenburg, by a grateful Emperor ; and known to readers of Schiller's "Trilogy" and students of school textbooks as Wallenstein: a strange corruption of Waldstein derived from the mispronunciation of foreign mercenaries, and handed down to posterity by means of a drama. In "Wallenstein's Camp," by Schiller, the priest exclaims, "*Ja freilich er ist uns allen ein stein.*" Wallenstein was not a favourite with the Jesuits. He was one of the most romantic characters in history, Napoleonic in his progress to fortune ; and when he reached the summit, was done to death by hired assassins in the castle at Eger. Wallenstein had grown too powerful for the Emperor and clericalism. After the assassination, the greater portion of his estates were sequestrated, and fell into the hands of other free-

lances—favourites of the Emperor—Clam Gallas and Clary. All these things are written in the history of the Thirty Years' War.

The Waldstein Palace in Prague remains a monument to the Duke of Friedland, to testify to one of the most remarkable careers in history. Occult science, a study of the planets, with Seni, the domestic astronomer, regulated the daily life and schemes of Waldstein. Though he left no issue (the heroine of the "Trilogy" being of a romantic and shadowy description), the family continued in the lines of Münchengraetz and Dux. The elder branch inherited the castle of Münchengraetz and the palace in Prague, whilst the properties of Dux and Oberleutensdorf in North-Eastern Bohemia were held by the younger branch. The Castle of Dux is a typical example of the Residenz Schloss, and one of the largest of its kind in Austria. The influence of Louis XIV. was felt, to a certain extent, over the entire German Empire, the period of countless minor courts and cardboard kingdoms; each ruler anxious to build his Versailles, to emulate in his own way the grandiloquence

of the French *régime*. Dux is a town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and the castle entrance stands on the northern side of the market-place. There is an outer and inner court, the latter guarded by gigantic allegorical figures in stone.

The early years of the eighteenth century showed considerable activity in the building trade. Many an ancient castle was modernised on the lines of Palladio, many a fine Renaissance building suffered at the hand of the restorer.

In some instances the *raub ritter* style of castle was abandoned, and a new Residenz Schloss built adjoining the town. The Erz gebirge, dividing Saxony from Bohemia, is studded with the ruined towers of robber strongholds. The feudal baron preferred to build on a peak. His descendant followed the fashion of the eighteenth century, and descended to the plain. Something imposing, with endless rooms, formal gardens, the inevitable *allée* and the *bosquet*, beloved of Watteau.

When Casanova came to Dux in 1784 the coal-mines of the neighbourhood had not been developed to any extent; coal of the

poorest quality—brown in colour and near the surface. Nowadays the country round Dux is given up to the coal industry; one drives through mining villages in every direction. Strikes are not unknown; but in Austria the agitator is treated with less leniency than in England. Sulphur fumes rise from deserted pits, and it is not until the uplands of the Erzgebirge are reached, with its dense forests, that the trees and vegetation show a freshness in colouring never to be found in a coal district. The oak-trees in the park are the finest in Bohemia; but on every hand there is evidence of the pollution of smoke and coal-dust.

It was a curious chance that brought Casanova to this castle in Northern Bohemia. He had been finally expelled from the Venetian States in 1782, for a lampoon levelled at the head of a Venetian dignitary. It was not the first time that he had been obliged to leave the land of his birth. Casanova throughout his life (until he came to Dux) had for one reason or another been accustomed to hurried exits. He was for ever on the move, and adventures met

him at every turn; with the Casanova temperament the comforting picture of a slippered old age, in the well-warmed entresol of a Venetian palace, is inconceivable.

In Venice, his birthplace, surrounded by fair ladies and priests and Inquisitors, sooner or later something must have happened.

He had been allotted a post in Venice as secret political agent to the State Inquisition, and this was hardly the kind of sinecure—or old-age pension—to comfort his declining years.

He set out for Vienna and was destined never to float along the Venetian canals again—the Venice of his youth, where he had loved, hated, and been imprisoned; where he had strutted, with all the importance of an agent for the State, across the square of St. Mark's. Judging from a bust of Casanova, there is something of the Cagliostro character in the powerful head; and in one respect they resembled each other; credulous humanity afforded them a rare harvest—women with a taste for dabbling in spiritualism, amateurs of occult science, fell easy victims to St. Germain, Cagliostro, and Casanova. The Venetian

would not have been out of place in the cast that played the tragedy of the Diamond Necklace, though Casanova was a mere tyro in the magic arts when compared to Cagliostro. He found a smattering of magic useful to him in his progress through the world. His knowledge of occult science was superficial, but he contrived to give susceptible women the impression that Merlin had returned to earth—a Merlin proof against the wiles of any eighteenth-century Vivien. Though born in Venice, he was Venetian only on the maternal side. The family derived its origin from Spain ; in the composition of the Chevalier de Seingalt there was blood of the Hidalgo ; the spirit of adventure was an inherited instinct in the Casanova family.

The first available ancestor recorded was Don Jacobo Casanova, of illegitimate birth, secretary to King Alfonso in the fifteenth century. He aspired to the hand of a young lady in a convent, Doña Anna Palafox, who had taken the vows with a view to becoming a nun. The love-making of Casanova soon overcame her religious scruples, and she fled with Don Jacobo to Rome. In course of time they were pardoned and received the

Papal benediction. Their son, Don Juan, continued the romance by killing an officer in the Neapolitan service. Juan left Rome hurriedly, threw in his lot with Columbus, and died at sea.

His son, Marcantonio, had the misfortune to be born with a talent for satirical writing. While employed as secretary to a cardinal he indulged his talent to such an extent that, like his father, he also vanished from Rome. The life of his son is lacking in exciting incident; he joined the army, and died a colonel of advanced age in France.

Casanova's father was the grandson of the retired veteran; in his twentieth year he ran away with an actress and went on the stage. He tired of the lady, and left her for the daughter of a Venetian shoemaker—the beautiful Zanetta Farusi. Giacomo Casanova was the result of this match, and lived (in spite of a delicate boyhood) to throw into the shade, all the deeds of his forebears in the fields of love and adventure.

He was the result of many generations of men who loved and fought; heredity brought him the taste for satire, which he never failed to make use of when attacking the

notables of Venice. It will be seen that Casanova's ancestors were of a restless, happy-go-lucky disposition, few of them lacking in enterprise, but without those qualities that go to make the business man, the individual who commences life in the manner of Dick Whittington and develops into a director of companies, or into a financier with a satisfactory bank balance.

A superficial knowledge of Casanova might encourage the Victorian moralist to put him down as a rough, ill-mannered, card-sharping type of swashbuckler. Nothing could be wider of the mark. Without a considerable amount of wit he would never have been welcomed by the many remarkable people with whom he came in contact, and finally Count Waldstein (occult science notwithstanding) would not have offered a mere bravo the asylum of Dux. Instead of a sojourn of fourteen years as librarian, this chevalier of many adventures might have been cast forth upon the world to write his revelations of the eighteenth century elsewhere.

Casanova's deportment was always a matter of admiration to those who knew him

—in that respect the Austrians could teach him little. He could hold his own in any company, a cosmopolitan in the highest degree. He knew every European capital of importance, and was in a true sense a citizen of the world. To represent Casanova as a vulgarian is entirely misleading. A puritan brought face to face with the self-revelation of the "Mémoires" would find it difficult to understand how this unabashed adventurer was able to find an asylum in any respectable household.

The Nonconformist method of concealment was unknown in the eighteenth century; everything was open to the light of day.

Casanova was the embodiment of the pleasure-loving eighteenth century, but he would have been equally effective in any other age. A bird of prey ever ready to strike, confident and resourceful—a politician in every respect.

As the law-abiding citizen of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries he would have made a striking figure in politics—with a twinkle in his eye advocating the cause of the oppressed, from the standpoint of a charlatan, or company promoting to pass

the time. In his day he found sufficient scope at the card-table, a gambler worthy of the steel of Charles James Fox. Fox was a man with a fortune to dissipate; Casanova's proud boast being, that he came from nothing, had nothing but his wits and his sword. Like Balzac's hero, he threw his challenge at the city of Paris. "*A nous deux maintenant,*" the card-tables of Paris first supplied him with the means for further conquests, and the wheel of fortune favoured him in other directions.

He had no private fortune, no patrimony to squander, like the stereotyped dull roysterer of the clubs; no snug berth in a flourishing business to help him to a selfish and pleasure-loving existence. He prevailed entirely by his brain, was blessed with an immense appetite and a perfect digestion. Unlike Byron, he enjoyed seeing women eat heartily; æstheticism played no part in his composition; a greedy woman had his sympathy.

A man who could effect his escape from the Piombi of the Doge's Palace was assured of a niche in history. Jack Sheppard's feats as a prison-breaker fade into oblivion

beside Casanova's flight from the roof-prison under the leads, where the Venetian Inquisitors lodged him. As a lover of considerable experience, he might well have sung "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." It required something more than a body of corrupt Inquisitors to hold Casanova captive. The incident of the escape from the Doge's Palace adds greatly to the romance of his career. His detainments were always temporary, until he came to Dux. After due consideration of his life, his last refuge from the anxieties of the outer world may appear to some another and more prolonged captivity, a St. Helena rather than an Elba, taking the case as a matter of proportion. He was still in the vigour of life, and walked with head upright; in advanced middle age he looked considerably younger than his years. To the elderly satyr of his generation (of the Richelieu description) he was an object of amazement.

Gamblers in London and Paris had reason to remember Casanova long after his departure for that castle in the shadowy realm of Bohemia.

No doubt his contemporaries, when they heard of Casanova's retirement, murmured amongst themselves: "What has he done that for? Broken up in health, I expect—*et pour cause,*" and other remarks of the same kind. One of the consolations after middle age is passed is to speculate over the gradual breaking up of contemporaries, and to reflect that "so-and-so is looking very old." Casanova had lived harder than any adventurers of his day—they would have been reduced to bath-chairs, and health-cures, and semi-idiocy in attempting his Gargantuan feats before reaching middle age. He was born in 1725, and came to Dux in 1784. Count Waldstein persuaded him to accept a nominal post of librarian, at a salary of one thousand guldens; the library and museum remain in the left wing of the castle, and little has been changed or added since Casanova's day. Amongst the treasured relics is the spear used by one of the murderers of "Wallenstein." Their names are curiously familiar—Gordon, Butler, and Devereux.

A second spear is shown in the castle at Eger; another relic of "Wallenstein," a

fountain cast from Swedish cannon, has been removed to Münchengraetz. Although Dux may be said to be in an out-of-the-way part of the world, in the eighteenth century Teplitz (which is within an easy drive) was a fashionable resort; nowadays it threatens to become a Bohemian Cheltenham, as in some instances the springs are exhausted. At the Clary Schloss are Chinese wallpapers presented by Frederick the Great. The day of Teplitz has passed—it is no longer counted among the fashionable watering-places, such as Carlsbad and Marienbad. During Casanova's sojourn at Dux many interesting people came to Teplitz, and he could keep in touch, to a certain extent, with the outer world. There were compensations at Dux—though lack of means kept him a prisoner, and his travelling days were done. On one occasion, owing to a disagreement with an insolent official at Dux, Casanova departed in high dudgeon and directed his steps to Weimar. He found the atmosphere of the small German Court unsympathetic, for a bright star of German literature shone there with splendour. The Grand Ducal Court payed homage to

Goethe. They took no interest in Casanova and his reminiscences; there was no place for Casanova with Goethe at Weimar, so he returned to his niche at Dux and to the care of the library. A small room situated in an angle of the right wing contains the correspondence and literary remains of Casanova, including a theological work and neat packets of letters. I read many of these letters during my visits to Dux in 1896 and 1898. They are principally from friends, some in the sloping, graceful handwriting of women, trained in the careful caligraphy of the period, when letter-writing was an art. Some are from his patron, one little note is from Versailles. Waldstein knew that such an epoch-making scandal as the affair of the Diamond Necklace would appeal to Casanova in the seclusion of Dux, a man who thoroughly understood the state of things in France, who would appreciate the effect of these disclosures connected with the Queen. The note consists of a few lines on faded yellow paper (probably an enclosure), announcing that Cardinal de Rohan has been arrested and the adventurous Madame de la Motte. In addition to

these papers of Casanova, the room contained several Holbein miniatures and a Rubens' study of a Venus—the smiling face would have appealed to the author of the "Mémoires." The writer found one slip of paper tied up with the letters, a synopsis in Casanova's own hand for the great work of reminiscence. The manuscript of the "Mémoires" was rescued from among the other papers in 1820. The new century had emerged from the ashes of the Revolution; there was no time in those stirring days for the exploitation of autobiographies. Casanova had not outlived the eighteenth century, but he endured to see the downfall of the monarchy and the triumph of democracy. The Napoleonic wars commenced after his death; in the turmoil of history during the European struggle, with Austria at the feet of Napoleon, there was every reason for the "Mémoires" to remain hidden away upon a shelf at Dux. Not until 1820 did the work emerge into the light of day and receive consideration at the publishing house of Brockhaus at Leipsic, but the book was not given to the world until many years had passed. Casanova, while writing his

recollections, must have realised that, sooner or later, they would see the light. There was none of the reticence of the precious school about Casanova; he laid his life open for the formidable moralist of the Victorian age. This blow from the eighteenth century—this bolt from the blue—descended on the threshold of a puritan revival. The "Mémoires" will always hold rank as one of the great autobiographies of the world. There was no venom in Casanova's work. He refrained from indulging in recollections likely to give pain, for the sake of revenging himself upon his enemies and their posterity.

It is quite evident he had no circulating library in his mind's eye; his adventures were never intended for ordinary circulation, though as regards the question of quantity his book would have met the approval of all circulating libraries where the fatuous novel containing seventy-five thousand words reigns supreme.

At Dux he found a home where he could write either theologically or biographically, as he felt inclined; a theological work sounds paradoxical, but the manuscript

remains among the treasures of the Fideicomissus. For once in a way the good apprentice is permitted to languish in obscurity, while his bold bad brother has been parading the world in the original and bowdlerised editions. Thackeray did not disdain to make use of Casanova, and in "Barry Lyndon" there is a strong Casanova element. The age of heavy drinking, and duelling, and gambling, and amorous adventure. As a tavern guest he recalls the atmosphere of the "Sentimental Journey" and the heroes of Fielding. Laurence Sterne and Rabelais would have found in him a congenial companion.

He had time enough at Dux to indulge in retrospection, to gaze down the vista of years, to set forth his life in black on white for the judgment of the nineteenth century. Many of his adventures sound like the narrative of Baron Münchausen, more especially his escape from the Doge's Palace; but his statements have stood the test of accuracy—evidence has been forthcoming in his support, and in several instances these adventures have received vindication. His progress through life was that of a harlequin

—a tap of the wand and he vanished from one town to another.

The long stone corridors of Dux, hung with many antlered heads, may at intervals have become wearisome to the warm-blooded Venetian, as he paced to and fro, brooding like Napoleon over past conquests; but he had a roof to cover him, and a stove to sit by, as the years drew to a close. If he had not encountered Waldstein at the critical moment in his fortunes he would never, in all likelihood, have died in comfortable circumstances; his course would have been downhill, accompanied by poverty and the loneliness of old age—like the tragic end of Beau Brummell.

Casanova was lucky in his patrons—he exploited the Marquise d'Urfé to some purpose, and Waldstein was the support of his declining years.

A man who exists on the charity of others must expect to put up with minor slights and vexations, and there was a rift in the lute at Dux. Some of the superior domestics took advantage of their knowledge of Casanova's poverty to behave in the manner usual to domestics. He presented a certain

steward with a small portrait of himself, and he found it hung in a most disrespectful manner in an outhouse. He waged a continual warfare with the domestics as the irritability of old age gained upon him. The chef disregarded his wishes regarding the preparation of macaroni, and he found fault with the underling from the stables who drove him to Teplitz.

No more despicable type exists under the sun than the menial who, from the lofty eminence of his calling, takes advantage of a dependent in Casanova's position. They saw in him a foreigner honoured by their master and his guests ; a foreigner in charge of the library, likely to make an indefinite stay at Dux ; a foreigner unable to reward their important services in a manner satisfactory to the ideas of the Austrian lackey. There is a sordid side to the lackey element in considering Casanova's fourteen years at Dux. He viewed with disgust the pomposity of the head officials—the patronage of the serving-men and jägers and other parasites connected with the estate, anxious to make the most of their time.

His principal enemy, a steward, was the

cause of a lawsuit. From time immemorial the dependent has been placed in a false position, and it required all Casanova's sense of humour to continue among the parasites of Dux.

Philosophy no doubt helped him through many of the lesser worries, and his correspondence is sufficient evidence that he kept in touch with the outer world, and retained an interest in the larger things of life. Among the guests at Dux he was ever a centre of attraction. He found an audience of sympathetic listeners among Count Waldstein's friends. As a guest he was invaluable; it is easy to conjure up a vision of the great dining-hall, with its white panelling covered with dark paintings of the glories of Wallenstein—the Duke of Friedland, leading a charge in one of his campaigns, staring out of the picture surrounded by a halo of smoke, and cannon-shot, and warriors on bloated steeds; the ceiling fresco represents a fourteenth-century ancestor presenting his twenty-four sons, fully armed, to the King of Bohemia. At the long table are seated various guests, and those innumerable Austrian cousins

who sojourn at length with the heads of their respective families, a reminiscence of feudalism. The soft glow of candlelight lights up the discreet ladies. They regard the librarian furtively, and whisper behind their fans. The Liechtensteins, the Metternichs, the Lobkowitzes, and the Clarys envy their host, as they listen to the store of anecdote from the Chevalier de Seingalt. A librarian with a past rivalling the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights. Casanova was a full-blooded librarian; nothing of the bespectacled bookworm wandering about and fingering the volumes, and drawing life exceedingly mild. He had drunk the cup to the dregs. The world had been his book, for study and reflection; the world of men and women, of every description, of every nationality.

With regard to knights of industry and other rogues and knaves he admits that he never hesitated to take the law into his own hands and to fleece them on every possible occasion. He invariably showed a great consideration for women in his dealings with them; there was nothing brutal in his love-making. La Charpillon, who rejected

Casanova in London, after much importunity on his part, proved to him that the course of true love never did run smooth. He could afford to laugh at the fat and offended type of woman, on the look-out for a husband years younger than herself.

The love incidents of his travels might have supplied inexhaustible material to the author of the "Sentimental Journey." There were moments when Casanova yearned for the rush and movement of a capital city; and when Count Waldstein was absent in Vienna or travelling, the spectre of loneliness assailed him; but the law of compensation rewarded Casanova by lodging him at Dux, not in Venetian prison, where solitude would have conquered even this proud spirit at last. Philosophy had been his shield and buckler, and he was able to murmur those dying words in the ear of the priest, "Bear witness that I have lived a philosopher and die a Christian." The last phase was one of compromise with the Catholic Church; his final atonement may be accounted for by his interest in theological matters and the uncertainty of an

after-existence. Casanova had small reason to respect the Roman Catholics of his day. He had encountered shady priests and disreputable clerics of the school of Cardinal de Bernis, and Casanova had a keen eye for hypocrisy.

Whilst a student at the University of Padua he had a strong inclination to become a physician; his mother wished him to be a lawyer; both professions would have afforded a fine scope to a young man eager to fleece the unsuspecting, but destiny allotted him a leading place in the rank of adventurers. For a brief period Casanova thought of adopting the priesthood, but he merely reached the probationary stage; in due course he might have drifted to the Abbey of Thélème and become a Rabelaisian father superior. The priests at Dux made more than one attempt to convert the sinner—attempts which he resented; whether the castle chaplain had any knowledge of the autobiography is doubtful. Casanova probably read him extracts from the theological manuscript on winter evenings. To the favoured few at Dux and Teplitz he read extracts from the "Mémoires," and he

never tired of telling the story of his flight from Venice. To this day it forms the sole attraction, the redeeming feature of his career, when the expurgated edition is presented to readers of eighteenth-century adventure.

According to the Prince de Ligne, many of Casanova's troubles at Dux were of his own imagining—he found a sympathetic listener in the Prince. Like the aged frequenter of clubs, the irascible type of individual who finds fault with trivial things, Casanova grumbled at the raucous sound of a hunting horn, at the failure of others to understand his pronunciation of German, at the shortcomings of the chef.

Count Waldstein's kindness to him was unceasing, and he acted with forbearance in all his librarian's disputes with the domestics. When Casanova's life comes to be examined, one of the most remarkable facts connected with it is that he reached the age of seventy-three. His constitution was worthy of a Titan or Augustus the Strong of Saxony; on one occasion he fought a duel of endurance with a Frenchman at Salzbach, named D'Entragues. The

latter proposed a game of picquet, the first to leave the table being liable to a forfeit of fifty louis. They faced each other at a card-table at three o'clock in the afternoon; late in the evening D'Entragues proposed an adjournment for supper. Casanova reminded him of the forfeit with gentle irony. They played on through the night, and the early dawn found them determined as ever. All through the day they continued the duel of endurance; cups of broth and chocolate were brought to them at intervals. Casanova never turned a hair, but his opponent resembled a modern Cabinet Minister after an all-night sitting, "his brow sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," or want of sleep.

Casanova referred to his opponent's complexion as that of a "resurrected corpse."

Deaf to their friends' entreaties, they sat through another night, and at nine o'clock on the day following the Frenchman collapsed; the Homeric encounter came to an end, and D'Entragues fell from his chair in a dead faint, and was borne away to bed. Casanova presented the long-suffering marker with six louis; then, after a visit

to the apothecary, he went to bed "and slept till three."

Casanova fought many duels, but this ordeal may be reckoned as the highest test of his powers—forty-two hours at the card-table. A conversational duel in which he indulged with Voltaire resulted in a defeat for Casanova, nor did he receive much encouragement from Frederick the Great when he obtained an audience at Berlin. Generally speaking, he could hold his own either with his tongue or his sword; after his meeting with Voltaire he acknowledged defeat. He crossed swords in argument with many distinguished men, and during his last years at Dux, where he encountered the Prince de Ligne, he became addicted to quotations from Homer and Horace, as became a translator of the classics. The Prince de Ligne took a keen interest in the "Mémoires," and the author interested him no less. It has been suggested that the Prince de Ligne disliked the librarian at Dux; there is nothing in the life of De Ligne to convey any such impression; on the contrary, he made a point of seeing much of Casanova whenever he stayed at Dux or

with his son-in-law at Teplitz. There was a rapid exchange of classical quotations, and then Casanova read his manuscript to the Prince. The latter was of the opinion that a final instalment of the "Mémoires" existed —so far they have never been found. Extracts from the missing Chapters III. and IV. are still among the papers at Dux. The published edition ceased at the year 1777. De Ligne is sufficient evidence that Casanova wrote the "Mémoires" himself, and if other evidence were required the synopsis in his own handwriting is conclusive. Armand Baschet was the first to shatter the absurd theory that another hand wrote the autobiography. Casanova's residence at Dux for fourteen years was no doubt answerable for the mystery that attached itself to the authenticity of the "Mémoires." Incredulous people asserted that he lived on into the nineteenth century, and died in 1812. Stendhal was credited with the authorship of the autobiography on the presumption that he had concocted a kind of eighteenth-century *Contes drolatiques*.

Casanova's death is set forth in the registry at Oberleutensdorf, and a small

tablet records his demise in 1798, and marks the last resting-place of the Chevalier de Seingalt (the title of his own creation) in the church at Dux.

A GERMAN VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1761

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At the commencement of the eighteenth century Baron Kielmansegg, Master of the Horse to the Elector of Hanover, decided upon a site for a shooting-box adjoining the village of Gülzow in the Duchy of Lauenburg. The shooting-box grew by degrees into a fair-sized country house, large enough to be entitled Schloss. The property lay within reasonable distance of Hanover, travelling by Luneburg across a district of heathlands. Gülzow in these days is a few hours by rail from Berlin and Hanover, and remains an agricultural district, in spite of the encroaching villas of Hamburg merchants in the Schwarzenbek direction. After the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck, as a reward for his success in empire-making, received the title of Duke of Lauenburg from a grateful German Empire. His estate of Friedrichsruh with its forests and

farms lies in the duchy on a sandy plateau above the Elbe. The forests of Friedrichsruh march with the compact Gülzow estate and are traversed by some of the sandiest roads in Northern Germany. A motor-car wandering off the highroad from Hamburg to Berlin would find these roads or sandy tracks impassable. In places a wagon may find itself buried to the axle-trees on a summer day in loose sand. Though the Bismarck property is of greater extent than Gülzow, there can be no comparison in point of interest between the two houses. Friedrichsruh, a large white house of a typical German description among the trees, where the Iron Chancellor spent his last years brooding over the past, surrounded by his family and pipes and Danish boarhounds, has little to interest the antiquarian, beyond the fact that Bismarck lived in it. The Sachsenwald was a noble addition to the family property of Varzin; a fitting reward to a great statesman and conqueror. The house itself is in no way remarkable. Gülzow, on the other hand, a long, mellow red-brick building, flanked by an octagonal tower, is in all respects a Georgian treasure-

house. Like the old manor-house of many an English village, it stands close to the church and village of Gülzow, a Hanoverian property situated in Prussian territory owing to the annexation after the Danish War. If the shade of the builder of Gülzow were to revisit the place, he would find by the irony of circumstance that this essentially Hanoverian dwelling stands in close proximity to Friedrichsruh, the home of Bismarck, whose policy sent the King of Hanover to live in exile, and secured Hanover for the German Empire.

The chronicler of the Georgian era would gaze enraptured on a room at Gülzow containing the Coronation chair of George III., with its massive gilt carving covered in lilac, green, and silver brocade, with a portrait of the King by Zoffany hanging above it, portraits by Kneller of George I., another of his Britannic Majesty George II., a chair covered in brocade worked by the Electress Dorothea Sophia, the unfortunate prisoner of Ahlden ; a firescreen embroidered by the lady known to the British public of that day as "the Elephant," the Countess Kielmansegg, who accompanied George I.

to England and was created Lady Darlington. Thomas Hood made the name of Kielmansegg familiar in his stirring poem of the heiress with the golden leg.

"To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree
To the very root of the family tree
Were a task as rash as ridiculous.
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick—
Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

"It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the kill-man perchance to Cain,
But, waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore
A patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore
Who was famed for his great possessions."

Gülzow contains in every direction portraits of historical interest. In the dining-room are the ladies of the Court of Queen Anne, painted by Kneller, and formerly in the Kielmansegg town-house in Hanover —Sarah Jennings, Lady Sunderland, the Duchesses of Dorset and Ancaster, and many others; another room contains the Countess Platen of evil memory, the murderer of

Königsmarck, Countess Walmoden, and Chancellor Hardenberg, and Stein; then follow three generations of the Kielmansegg family—Lady Darlington, Lady Howe, and her daughter Lady Shannon, two English alliances.

Gülzow is not open to the public, and these relics of the Hanoverian Georges might fail to awaken enthusiasm in the breast of a burgher from Hamburg ignorant of the works of Mr. Lewis Benjamin, but Georgian experts from Great Britain would depart satisfied with this collection of historical portraits and relics. In England, where the demagogue of to-day—the friend of man or, to put it more accurately, the possessor of a snug Cabinet salary, raves at the much-abused landlords, it is a strange coincidence that those oppressors of the people throw open their picture-galleries and parks to the public in a more public-spirited fashion than is customary in country districts abroad. Gülzow recalls the Georgian era more clearly than many of the padded Georgian biographies compiled in suburban districts. This was the country home of Count Frederick Kielmansegg, who set out

with his brother Charles to visit England and witness the coronation of George III. in 1761. The Kielmansegg connection with England commenced with Lady Darlington, and a Baroness Kielmansegg married the second Lord Howe.

Count Frederick was her nephew, and may be described as a forerunner of Prince Pückler-Muskau, the Smorltork of Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers." Kielmansegg came to observe, to inspect, and to set down his impressions of England and English society. He travelled under the most favourable circumstances, and fully appreciated the hospitality showered upon him and his brother. He was limited as to time, and took the same interest in landscape gardening as Prince Pückler-Muskau. Six months in England in those days with London as headquarters was considered a lightning visit. The travelling legislator who spends a short holiday in India, and does it rapidly, and returns to England in a reminiscent and instructive mood, covers more ground than travellers in European countries were able to do during the eighteenth century; but in many ways sightseeing was more

leisurely in the days of George III. and far more thorough.

From September, 1761, to March, 1762, Kielmansegg certainly made the most of his time; from the Newmarket Autumn Meeting until he attended a concert given by the much-married Miss Chudleigh at her Knightsbridge house—his time was fully occupied.

The brothers found accommodation in London at a lodging-house in Great Ryder Street kept by an aged spinster; owing to the many visitors to London for the Coronation rooms were at a premium, especially in the parish of St. James's. Foreign visitors were surprised at the prices they were expected to pay, from servants' board and lodging to the charges of the livery stables. Coronation and Jubilee celebrations have always brought a harvest to the hotel-keepers and lodging-houses; in the eighteenth century accommodation was limited, and they charged accordingly. The Kielmanseggs arrived in London on the 15th of September, and shortly after their arrival visited their aunt, Lady Howe. They were presented to the King and Queen,

and they filled in their time before the Coronation by visiting Ranelagh and the *Levée du Roi,* and attended various theatre parties and receptions. They saw Garrick at the Drury Lane, and a rehearsal of the King's champion, Dymoke, at Westminster Hall in full armour, preparatory for the Coronation. At the Queen's reception they were impressed by the bulky form of the victor of Culloden. He was Carlyle's "fat boy" during the early campaigns of Frederick the Great, and he had increased in size since his efforts in the Jacobite rising; he lived well, and ate heartily, and to Hanoverian eyes the spectacle of the Duke of Cumberland was a gratifying one.

Fashionable London was the district bounded on the north by Great Berkeley Street and Queen Anne Street, on the south by Pall Mall, on the west by the Park, on the east by Tottenham Court Road. The Inns of Court formed a barrier between the West End and the City. Society resembled the Austrian society of to-day. Commerce had not yet obtained a footing in the House of Lords.

The harmless middle-class craving for

social advancement remained unnoticed. To become an hereditary legislator on the strength of company promotion or the owning of newspapers or the building of ships was out of the question. Lombard Street worthies went without the earthly reward of a coronet, and even Beer received no recognition beyond material gain.

The liberation of the middle class—the City worthies—was to come with the reign of the younger Pitt. He fortified the peerage with financiers; as Disraeli expressed it, "He caught them in the alleys of Lombard Street and clutched them from the counting-houses of Cornhill."

> "Bobby Smith lives here,
> Billy Pitt made him a peer,
> And took the pen from behind his ear."

This rhyme commemorated one of Pitt's creations. Thus the barrier which existed at the time of the accession of George III. was broken down, and the City joined hands with the West End towards the end of the century.

During the early days of George III. foreigners were able to observe a society

recruited entirely from those families who had served the State either politically or in the Army or Navy—a society where money alone was no recommendation. Owing to the good offices of Lady Howe, there was no difficulty about tickets of admission both to Westminster Hall and the ceremony in the Abbey. The Kielmanseggs were favoured guests; other German visitors found it impossible to obtain admission even to Westminster Hall.

On September 22nd, the morning of the Coronation, they made an early start at half-past four. It took them an hour and a half to go from Pall Mall to Charing Cross, on account of the crowds thronging the streets; they arrived at the Abbey at six o'clock in a sedan-chair and waited there till half-past twelve before the royal procession arrived. They were greatly impressed by the pomp and circumstance of the peers and peeresses in their robes, and after the Coronation ceremony they watched the banquet in Westminster Hall. The question of eating and drinking is criticised in detail, and on the whole the English cuisine was approved of.

After the Coronation the brothers visited Cambridge and attended the Newmarket Autumn Meeting, where Kielmansegg backed his fancy, a mare of the Duke of Grafton's, in order to say he had betted at Newmarket; he lost a guinea by this venture. Then followed visits to Oxford and Windsor. They inspected Stowe and Blenheim, and Kielmansegg echoed Voltaire's opinion on Vanbrugh's masterpiece: "*Que c'était une grosse masse de pierre sans agrément et sans goût.*"

In the year 1761 "Dodsley's Environs of London" was published, a complete encyclopædia of the metropolis and the objects of interest within a twenty-mile radius. The work was in six volumes, illustrated with fine engravings. The Kielmanseggs managed to visit a great proportion of the principal sights mentioned in the work, and a few outside the twenty-mile limit. Every moment of the six months was profitably employed—sightseeing of a strenuous description alternated with as much party-going as possible.

Statistics of the various objects of interest were noted down—both Oxford and Bath afforded an orgy of statistics even to the

number of sedan chairmen at Bath and their charges, an English mile being a shilling, and five hundred yards sixpence. Like Smorltork, Count Kielmansegg collected information in every direction. By the 2nd of November they returned to London, and on the following day attended the opening of Parliament by the King—full details were given of the two Houses and the British Constitution. One royal procession succeeded another. Lord Mayor's day was celebrated with more ceremony than usual; owing to the recent Coronation the entire Royal Family were present—the banquet of Gargantuan proportions; the Hanoverians gazed upon pieces of roast beef weighing 230 pounds. After a social interlude and visits to the Italian Opera, an expedition was arranged to witness an execution at Tyburn. The march to Tyburn was not abolished till 1780; the hanging of a criminal was one of the sights of London, and rarely failed to arouse a responsive thrill in the breast of the youthful blade when all other amusements palled. The gallows stood opposite the Marble Arch; stands were erected as at a race meeting. Kielmansegg

witnessed the execution of a young forger named Lee; it was a new sensation for a foreigner to see a man hanged "*à l'Anglaise*," and the crowds round Tyburn, the gin-drinking, and the raucous sounds of the ballad-sellers bawling their wares at the foot of the gallows. In course of time the death-cart drew up under the gallows and the condemned man sat in the cart with the rope round his neck; then the cart drove on, leaving the man swinging, whilst any friends of his who happened to be present held him by the feet and hastened strangulation. Kielmansegg's next experience was a debate in the House of Commons, where he heard Pitt defend his war policy in a forcible speech. He was moved by the eloquence of the Great Commoner, and was able to compare the oratory of a man who swayed the destinies of England with that of his brother-in-law, the pompous George Grenville, who replied in a dull, irrelevant speech attacking Pitt; the Grenvilles invariably played a grotesque part in politics. Kielmansegg and other visitors to the House were reduced to a feeling of extreme boredom by Grenville's speech, which hastened their departure.

The serious work of the sights of London had commenced, such as the Tower, the Bank, the British Museum; by Christmas the brothers saw everything of interest within range. January was taken up with social engagements, and a visit to Woburn afforded a chance for meditation upon the great yearly outlay in coal necessary to keep an English country house dry. Lady Howe's yearly expenditure of £70 a year on coal was considered excessive; but Woburn, with its many rooms, was a matter for statistics.

They attended a Court ball on the Queen's birthday, and Kielmansegg was struck by the high standard of good looks; in a minuet of sixty-two dancers beauty was predominant. Few of the dancers were ill-favoured; all rejoiced in some redeeming feature, and the general effect appears to have been dazzling. The Kielmanseggs were present at a reception of the eldest of the beautiful Gunnings, the Duchess of Hamilton; every night the brothers went somewhere and met some one of interest, such as the Minister from Tripoli at Northumberland House.

They were asked to accompany Prince

Charles of Mecklenburg, the Queen's brother, to Portsmouth early in February. They left London in their own carriage, and on arriving at Godalming discovered that all the horses had been requisitioned by the Duke of York, so they found themselves delayed in the little country town with other travellers. The hostess of the inn proposed that the foreign gentlemen should travel by stage-coach known as "the flying machine." Stage coaches were not usually patronised by the quality, and the company on the Portsmouth road was liable to be somewhat mixed. The Kielmanseggs were obliged to proceed in separate "flying machines," and the elder brother had the best of the bargain. His fellow-travellers were pleasant enough—a Captain Campbell, in the East India Company's service, and his young and attractive bride, a skipper's wife, and one or two other harmless people. The younger Kielmansegg was accompanied on the journey to Portsmouth by an unwieldy publican's wife who had continual recourse to her brandy-bottle, one or two sailors' wives on their way to Portsmouth, and a man with whom it was possible to converse, who

alighted five miles out of Godalming in the neighbourhood of Thursley—a coach-load worthy to form the subject of a Rowlandson drawing. The younger brother was able to study low life at close quarters, a sailor's wife on either side, and the lady with the brandy-bottle showed the bibulous hospitality of Fielding's heroines, and probably fell into a drunken sleep by the time the stage-coach arrived at the journey's end. The journey by stage from Godalming to Portsmouth was a rare opportunity for observation. The elder brother entered into conversation with his companions on the state of the roads, the weather, the political situation. He addressed his remarks principally to Mrs. Campbell, the bride of four months, and the time passed agreeably for the distinguished foreigner from London. They encountered no highwaymen, no romance of the road, with the exception of a drunken carter who refused to allow the "flying machine" room to pass, and with many oaths defied the occupants of the coach. The Count's servant and the other male passengers thrashed the carter and prevailed on him to allow the coach to continue

on its way, while Kielmansegg conversed with Mrs. Campbell.

When they reached Portsmouth preparations were in progress for the West Indian expedition—an expedition planned by Pitt which resulted in the capture of Martinique, a place of considerable strength. Spain lost, in addition, Grenade, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent. The Kielmanseggs spent four days at Portsmouth, visiting the ships under Lord Anson, destined to convey the expedition to the West Indies. There was manning of yards and saluting whenever Prince Charles of Mecklenburg and the Duke of York made their appearance. The visitors were shown the dockyards, and witnessed the procession to Spithead. There were dances at the Assembly Rooms, where Kielmansegg met his fellow-passengers from Godalming and danced with the lady. Portsmouth he considered one of the worst towns in England, its inns deficient in comfort. From Portsmouth they went to Southampton, celebrated at the time as a health resort, a place with no trade to speak of, and picturesque surroundings, recommended by the medical faculty.

At the beginning of March they returned to London and embarked on a final round of gaiety and sightseeing.

They discovered the village of Chelsea, two miles from London, and the coffee-house of Don Saltero, and Chelsea Hospital was dealt with from a statistical point of view—Chelsea, the twentieth-century happy hunting-ground of the house-breaker and flat-builder. They heard the "famous" Gardini play and a violin concerto at Covent Garden. Their visit to England was drawing to a close. Little remained to be seen in London itself and the serious business of farewells had to be considered, and an experience in the shape of a concert given by an eighteenth-century heroine, Miss Chudleigh, at her house in Knightsbridge, the Miss "Chlodeleg" who proved a good Samaritan to Casanova when he fell from his horse while riding in the neighbourhood of her house. No self-respecting visitor to London could leave for the Continent without seeing one of England's institutions, the famous Maid of Honour. Kielmansegg reflected on the luxury of her surroundings, her drawing-rooms crowded with valuable furniture

and bric-à-brac; the walls covered with Old Masters, not a vacant space to be seen; the spoils of a lady who appeared at a masque as Iphigenia ready for the sacrifice, in tights and gauze. The party was given in honour of the Prince of Mecklenburg and a select company. They admired the house and its admirable situation, the views over Chelsea and Hyde Park.

The concert lasted from noon till half-past two, and when the music came to an end there was an *ambigue* served at a long table. Horace Walpole observed at one of her fêtes that on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries. "You would have thought her the protégee of Vertumnus himself."

Elizabeth Chudleigh was a hostess who thoroughly understood the requirements of male guests and the fat boys of her day.

"With jellies soother than the creamy curd
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one
From silken Samarcandto cedar'd Lebanon."

Her morals sank into insignificance at the sight of the *ambigue* groaning with *delikatessen*. Miss Chudleigh's Hanoverian visitor felt some doubt in his own mind as to her qualifications for the post of Maid of Honour. That she was a Maid of Hearts is undeniable, and encountered more than one knave in her career. She had been secretly married for some years to Captain Hervey, and since that date she accepted the protection of the Duke of Kingston, who was responsible for the Knightsbridge establishment. The Duke married her in 1769, a marriage which resulted in a sensational trial for bigamy. With regard to Miss Chudleigh's personal appearance, Kielmansegg preserves a discreet silence. Her hospitality alone receives recognition. At that time she was forty-two, and when the Baroness d'Oberkirch met her twenty-four years later "she still retained traces of more than ordinary beauty." Her deportment was of great dignity and queenliness, a figure resembling Marie Antoinette's. Miss Chudleigh was the subject of more gossip and scandal than any woman of her time, and to German eyes she proved something of an enigma.

Until the morning of their departure, the 17th of March, the brothers continued the social round, and on their last night attended a ball given by the Duke of Ancaster in honour of the much fêted Charles of Mecklenburg, at which Kielmansegg received much attention from his host, and was in high request as a partner. Not till five o'clock did they return to Great Ryder Street. They changed quickly and set out in post-chaise for Harwich; there they were delayed three days by contrary winds. They sailed on the 21st of March, and landing at Helvetsloeys, proceeded in a leisurely manner to Hanover. In a limited space of time the brothers had seen many aspects of England—at the commencement of the reign of George III. They witnessed his coronation, listened to Pitt in the House of Commons, inspected the fleet at Portsmouth, and studied English society from the point of view of the distinguished tourist; everything was made easy for them, and people were always ready to furnish information. A strong German element existed in London at the time of the Coronation of George III., an outward sign of the Hanoverian Succession. Kielmansegg came

into contact with privy secretaries, privy councillors, and gentlemen ushers imported from over the seas. A certain social status was requisite among these secretaries and councillors, and they compare favourably with the financial *rastas* of a more civilised age, the naturalised barons, the alien capitalists, who carried London by storm towards the close of the nineteenth century. Patriots with German Jewish names, with securities safe in foreign undertakings, holding no land in England, and patriots to the core, representing English constituencies, and buying their way to the House of Lords. Free-lances of finance casting the spell of the pawnbroker over Mayfair and St. James's. Men whose antecedents and financial attractions found no recognition in Vienna, or Berlin, received high honour and a warm welcome in London. The satellites of George I. and his successors have been held up to ridicule, but any foreign ruler chosen to succeed to the throne of Great Britain would have brought his friends.

William of Orange transplanted a few Dutchmen; had Philip of Spain remained in England, he might have insti-

tuted a colony of Inquisitors. The Maypole *Emerita*, and the Elephant of the Elector of Hanover, were not so burdensome to the country as the fair ladies of Charles II. They levied a modest toll on the revenue, the goods and chattels of the British public, and there was little enough romance in George's love-making.

Kielmansegg's impression of England shows that the bad feeling caused by the Hanoverian Succession and its parasites had died away by the time George III. entered on his long and eventful reign.

BARBEY D'AUREVILLY

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JULES BARBEY D'AUREVILLY occupies a place apart from other French writers of the nineteenth century, a connecting link with the Romantics of 1840. An American lady student of advanced years entered into a lengthy argument in Calderon's Oxford skit, "Downy V. Green," with a professor of Greek. They argued on educational matters; she attacked the antiquated methods of Oxford, and brought the professor to a standstill. When he retired, defeated, from the contest, she remarked to her friends, "Very stupid, but no end of a type."

D'Aurevilly was by no means stupid, but he was assuredly "no end of a type."

He remained like a rock, a changeless personality, and the waves of the Second Empire and of the Republic beat against him in vain.

He retained the costume of the forties—

the tail-coat, the pronounced waist, the stock, the velvet waistcoat, the diamond studs, the black satin trousers of his early aspiration. An octogenarian author or artist might be expected to outgrow the cult of clothes. They have been known with advancing middle age to surrender themselves to the spreading girth of the waist-line, to grow careless of their personal appearance. D'Aurevilly wore stays till the end, a type of stubborn preservation. He strutted jauntily along the boulevards, cane in hand, or was to be seen meditating in the churches of Paris. He was born on November 2, 1808; obscurity attaches itself to his parentage; much of his early youth is veiled in mystery.

Like Villiers de L'Isle Adam, there was no uncertainty in his own mind regarding a distinguished ancestry. He too might have observed: "*Car je porte en moi, les richesses stériles d'un grand nombre de rois oubliées.*" He claimed descent from a knight whose name was inscribed on the tomb of William the Conqueror; no doubt this ancestor assisted at the Battle of Hastings.

D'Aurevilly's interest regarding England

was in no way connected with the Conquest. The period that attracted him was the golden age of dandyism. English beaux supplied the material to a work entitled *Du Dandyisme et de Georges Brummell.* The work was privately printed in 1845, and was finally published to the world in 1861. The book made his reputation; he adopted the philosophy of clothes with all the ardour of a Gallic Teufelsdröckh. His birthplace was Valognes, and his early years were passed there and at Caen. The very atmosphere of the neighbourhood was inspiring, for Brummell ended his days at Caen, a derelict of the body dandiacal.

The tradition of this arbiter of fashion was overpowering to D'Aurevilly; he could appreciate the past splendour of the greatest dandy of them all. As a young man he longed to shine in a world of dandies, to be a d'Orsay, a Brummell, surrounded by adoring women, to reproduce in himself the ideal type of dandy and to preserve the type to an extreme old age. The philosophy of clothes obsessed him completely; in this D'Aurevilly was entirely serious, and he presents a flamboyant personality in the

gallery of authors. Throughout his life he preserved the ideals of his youth, entirely oblivious to the attacks of his enemies, who ridiculed his methods of the Romantic school, who laughed at him behind his back, who declared that he was the son of a butcher in the hamlet of St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte. A writer in Paris who makes himself conspicuous in the matter of clothes and outward demeanour would at all times attract a share of ridicule.

Whistler, who doubtless sympathised with D'Aurevilly swaggering along the boulevards with his clouded cane, was warned by a French friend that it was dangerous to play the charlatan in Paris to the extent tolerated in London.

D'Aurevilly preferred the dandies of England to the authors. After reading a few pages of Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" he described the writer as vulgar, unworthy of the lofty consideration of one whose mind refused to dwell on matters connected with middle-class life.

An author with a large circulation made no appeal to him. D'Aurevilly would be astonished if he knew that nowadays *Les*

Diaboliques is printed in a popular edition to be obtained at all the bookstalls in France, the most characteristic of all his imaginative writing.

In his lifetime he cherished no illusions concerning his public. He observed, "I write for an audience of thirty-five people."

The superior literary expert may sneer at his work, at his subjects, at his style; but Barbey D'Aurevilly will be remembered when many writers who disgorge novel after novel will be forgotten. The commercial element was unknown to him; the society love-novel containing the love interest according to contract, the work of fiction concocted with a view to many editions, was an unknown quantity to D'Aurevilly. That he was fantastic, irrepressible, is not sufficient reason for consigning him to oblivion. His own personality is reproduced in his heroes, the Don Juans, the Mesnilgrands, the de Brassards of his imaginative brain—the elderly beaux struggling to preserve the appearance of extreme youth with the necessary valet or elixir of life. He rejoices in monstrous types of women such as La Pudica and Hauteclaire Stassin, who appear

in the best known of all his works, *Les Diaboliques*, a collection of short stories. In his preface he explains that these stories must not be mistaken for an *Imitation chrétienne*—"*Elles ont pourtant été écrites par un moraliste chrétien.*" The Englishmen of his fancy are invariably of the dandy type. The Monsieur Hartford, for instance, who makes his bow in a story dealing with a game of whist; he appears in an irreproachable costume with spotless linen, ruffles, rings on all his fingers, like M. Bulwer. (Shade of Bulwer Lytton, whom D'Aurevilly classed as a second-rate dandy of the flashy type.) Hartford bore a handkerchief of Indian silk in his hand, on his lips a perfumed pastille. His profession was that of a cotton-broker, and he came from a dinner party where the menu seems to have consisted of essence of anchovies, of Harvey sauce, and port wine. D'Aurevilly understood the English fashion of stimulating thirst a hundred years ago; he echoed Peacock in the famous port incantation:—

"Let the ocean be port and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that red sea."

His feelings towards the Anglo-Saxon were no doubt prompted by sentiment for Beau Brummell, the country of skilled tailors, and poets of the calibre of Byron, who could mix port, claret, and champagne at one sitting.

The Englishman of the whist story, the exquisite Monsieur Hartford, is reckoned a champion of the game, and he upholds the honour of England against a marquis of the old régime, who had played with Maurepas, with the Comte d'Artois himself, with the Prince de Polignac, with De Rohan, with Cagliostro, with Fox, Dundas, Sheridan. There were no half-measures about d'Aurevilly; one can believe that his conversation was like his prose, of a tumultuous description.

Very little is known of his early life; as a writer he reached maturity and recognition in middle age; there is no trace of him to be found from 1831 to 1851—it is probable that poverty kept him at the grindstone near the town of Caen. Twenty wasted years, while he dreamed of his sartorial heroes, and longed to emulate the adventures of Byron, to dress like Brummell, to attract

attention in the glare of the limelight like Disraeli.

He came to Paris in 1851, and his principal source of income was derived from literary and artistic criticisms, which he contributed to *Le Pays* until his death. He felt competent to give a definite opinion on everything connected with pictures and books; his opinions were formed in 1840, and with a ceaseless flow of words for ever at his command he trounced both artist and author in turn.

D'Aurevilly's attitude with regard to the Roman Catholic Church is somewhat enigmatical; he professed all the fervour of a Crusader; the feudal tradition and the outward display of the Romish Church appealed strongly to him. On the other hand, he made use of the clerical element in a manner distasteful to all devout Catholics; he failed to understand why *Le Prêtre Marié* was frowned on by the Vatican and banned by Catholic booksellers. He saw no harm in portraying a devil masquerading as a monk—it all came into the day's work. The horns and tail of his satanic majesty peep out as vividly in this book as the

disguised devils in Ingoldsby's "Legend of the North Countrie."

D'Aurevilly loved to linger in the Paris churches, posing magnificently, cane and hat in hand; he sought the seclusion of the long-drawn aisle for meditation, like Mesnilgrand. A Mephisto in mufti, he sought the dim light of a cathedral; the mediæval atmosphere of Notre-Dame enthralled him. Here was an appropriate setting for the descendant of a Norman paladin, sniffing the odour of incense, listening to the organ and the distant chanting of the choir; he could breathe the atmosphere of feudalism and escape for a space from the turmoil of the boulevards.

To some extent his life was a prolonged pose, which he maintained until the end.

He should have been born in pre-revolutionary surroundings; the artificial day of powder and patches, when every one was sure of his coat armour and feudalism still lingered.

One can see him attending the Black Mass instituted by the Pompadour; all forms of diabolism attracted him, and had he written a version of "Faust" the hero would have been Mephistopheles. At the end of his long

life he would have gladly signed a compact for the renewal of health and youth, to start life afresh, to pass through limitless Brocken pageants with never a thought of purgatory.

His insincerity regarding the Catholic Faith is only equalled by his sincerity in all matters connected with the heroes of the dandy world. He showed an utter disregard for the feelings of the priesthood, and it is not surprising that this vehement upholder of the solemnity of ritual was looked on with suspicion by the clergy. Everything was fair to him in fiction: he may be considered a master in the production of thrills. French writers excel in the faculty of making their readers' hair stand on end—their blood run cold. *La Fille aux Yeux D'Or*, by Balzac, is an example of the thrilling situation brought to perfection by a genius.

Balzac made use of the occasional thrill, D'Aurevilly relied on it constantly in his short stories.

He loved to *épater le bourgeois* by an appreciation of splendid sinners such as *Le Bonheur dans le Crime*. An old fencing master, Stassin, has a daughter who acts as assistant at the fencing lessons. A Comte

de Savigny, one of the pupils, falls in love with Hauteclaire Stassin, and she with him, after sundry bouts with the foils. Her father dies, and she continues to give lessons. De Savigny marries a young lady in the neighbourhood, and shortly after Hauteclaire disappears from the town; the fencing-room is closed, and she reappears as maid to the Comtesse de Savigny. The lovers poison the wife, and after a short interval marry and live happily ever after. The doctor who tells the story and witnesses the grim tragedy from beginning to end is uneasy at the sight of such unmerited happiness. One is given to understand that they continue to an advanced age, Hauteclaire a lovely Amazon, De Savigny a dandy beyond compare, robust in health and strength; and towards the end of the story she informs the doctor that she in no way regrets being childless. "*Les enfants, ajouta-t-elle avec une espèce de mépris, sonts bons pours les femmes malheureuses.*"

Barbey D'Aurevilly showed a fighting spirit; in his obscure youth he struggled with poverty, and emerged from the ordeal to take his place in the world of letters.

He fought gallantly against the encroachments of old age. Until the winter of 1888 he was to be seen on the boulevards. On an April morning of 1889 he breathed his last in a poor apartment in the Rue Rousselet. It is a coincidence, that Oscar Wilde shortly before he died translated D'Aurevilly's *Ce Qui Ne Meurt Pas*, Wilde's last work in this world. The one wrote in praise of beauty which never dies, the other translated the book when all hope in life had abandoned him; and both died alone and poor—Wilde in the prime of life, D'Aurevilly worn out by old age. He died bravely, alone in his garret-room; no friend was with him at the last.

THE DREAM OF JOHN WILLIAMS

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Mr. John Williams, a manager of mines in Cornwall, was a man who took little interest in the march of events. He dwelt in an out-of-the-way part of the world, and led a methodical existence. He lived at a stirring epoch of English history. The Peninsular War was in progress—a war destined to break the power of Napoleon. Mr. Williams was unaware of political movements; he took no interest in the Orders in Council or their effects on the French colonial trade. This retaliatory and protective measure had not affected the Godolphin mine. In the ordinary course of events the even tenour of Mr. Williams's existence would have remained unruffled—notoriety was thrust upon him through the romantic medium of a dream. At his friends' request he left a careful authentic statement of his experience on that night in May, 1812. It stirred the

placid soul of Mr. Williams, and caused him much mental uneasiness. Judging from his narrative, it seems evident that his wife was a lady who took no interest in her husband's dreams, and preferred an uninterrupted slumber in a four-poster.

Dreams of stirring events are all very well for the young, but nocturnal visions in connection with the middle aged are generally unromantic, and classified with nightmares. Why this manager of mines became the recipient of a premonitory dream is difficult to explain; had there been no Mrs. Williams he might have taken advantage of the omen, and been the means of averting a disaster. As a widower or a bachelor, the journey to London by stage-coach was by no means an impossible feat, but Mrs. Williams threw cold water on the dream from the first, and the friends and acquaintances of Mr. Williams took a sceptical view of the matter, and suggested that he might expose himself to ridicule, the keenest weapon in the world with which to pierce the Anglo-Saxon hide. Nothing offends the bucolic personage more than the idea of ridicule, or the possibility of being laughed

at; and London lay afar off. To be suspected of a romantic turn of mind was worse than anything in the world to a man who led the life of a machine. His wife treated the matter lightly—brushed it aside as the result of indigestion and the vagaries of spring weather on the constitution.

Three times during the night Mrs. Williams was awakened from her slumber, for the dream in all its details was repeated three times during the night, and Mr. Williams insisted on her hearing the dream and its details three times, as he awoke after each dream. No doubt a feeling of constraint arose at the breakfast-table on the following morning. This triple dream is a remarkable example of the abnormal in an essentially normal setting. Nothing could be more conventional than the ordered routine of Mr. Williams, and, as he observes in his statement, he had "no leisure to pay any attention to political matters."

This is the story of the dream told in Mr. Williams's words:—

"Being desired to write out the particulars of a dream which I had in the year 1812, before I do so, I think it may be

proper for me to say that at that time my attention was fully occupied with affairs of my own, the superintendence of some very extensive mines in Cornwall being entrusted to me. Thus I had no desire to pay any attention to political matters, and hardly knew at the time who formed the administration of the country.

" It was, therefore, scarcely possible that my own interest in the subject should have had any share in suggesting the circumstances which presented themselves to my imagination. It was in truth a subject which never occurred to my waking thoughts. My dream was as follows: About the 2nd or 3rd of May, 1812, I dreamed I was in the lobby of the House of Commons, a place well known to me. A small man dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat entered, and immediately I saw a person who I had observed in the first instance, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat and yellow metal buttons, take a pistol from under his coat, and present it at the little man above mentioned. The pistol was discharged, and the ball entered under the left breast of the person at whom it was directed. I saw

the blood issue from the place where the ball had struck him. His countenance instantly altered and he fell to the ground. Upon inquiring who the sufferer might be, I was informed that he was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I further saw the murderer laid hold of by several gentlemen in the room. Upon waking I told the particulars to my wife. She treated the matter lightly and desired me to go to sleep, saying it was only a dream.

"I soon fell asleep again, and again the dream presented itself with precisely the same circumstances. After awaking a second time and stating the matter again to my wife, she only repeated her request that I should compose myself and dismiss the subject from my mind. Upon my falling asleep the third time, the same dream without any alteration was repeated, and I awoke as upon the former occasion, in great agitation. So much alarmed and impressed was I by the circumstance above narrated, that I felt much doubt whether it was not my duty to take a journey to London and communicate upon the subject with the party principally concerned. Upon this point I

consulted some friends whom I met on business at the Godolphin Mine on the day following. After having stated to them the particulars of the dream itself, and what were my feelings in relation to it, they dissuaded me from my purpose, saying I might expose myself to contempt or vexation or be taken up as a fanatic. Upon this I said no more, but anxiously watched the newspaper as the post arrived.

"On the evening of the 13th of May, as far as I can recollect, no account of Mr. Perceval's death was in the newspapers. But my second son, at that time returning from Truro, came in a hurried manner into the room where I was sitting and exclaimed, 'Father, your dream has come true. Mr. Perceval has been shot in the lobby of the House of Commons. There is an account come from London to Truro written after the newspapers were printed.'"

May the 2nd and 3rd is given as the date of the dream, and on May 11, 1812, the Committee of Inquiry on the Orders in Council was in progress at the House of Commons. The Committee had commenced operations in April. This retaliatory

measure had been instituted during "the Talents" Ministry in 1807, intended as a counterblast to the decrees of Milan, issued by Napoleon. The Orders forced all neutral vessels sailing to foreign parts subject to blockade to touch previously at some British port on pain of confiscation.

Spencer Perceval has been a target for the abuse of successive Radical historians, and the wildest accusations were made by Napier in his "History of the Peninsular War." Mr. Fortescue has shown in his admirable Ford lectures on "British Statesmen of the Great War" that this ill-feeling arose from the fact, that Perceval and his successors until the year 1827, kept the Whigs out of office. Their hands were restrained from the picking and stealing of sinecures, and in consequence the pens of subsequent Radical historians resorted to deliberate misrepresentation.

Perceval was in no way responsible for the financial depression in 1811. He accepted office under the most trying circumstances, and the greatest proof of his political strength is seen in the way he carried on the Government in the face of the Regent and

a powerful Opposition. In 1912 it is easy to criticise the Orders in Council, but the Orders alone were not sufficient reason for the feeling of unrest in the commercial world.

There were other factors at work.

Bad harvests and over-speculation on the Stock Exchange caused a general financial depression in the year 1811. People grumbled at the cost of the war, and for some time the Whig chorus of "Stop the war!" had been heard in the land. The substitution of machinery for hand-labour caused the Luddite riots in 1811, and a feeling of discontent and unrest was established.

Petitions from manufacturers in the North and Midlands came to Westminster—they were on the look-out for a scapegoat; the state of the markets was unsatisfactory, and they decided that the Orders were responsible. Stock Exchange gambling and bad harvests were merely side-issues—the war an absolute necessity. In the face of a powerful Opposition Perceval had carried on his war policy with a weak ministry; he defended the Orders in Council through thick and thin; he contended that

"the object of the Orders in Council was not to destroy the trade of the Continent but to force the Continent to trade with us."

Brougham led the attack on the Orders in the House of Commons; he represented the enlightened policy of the Edinburgh school, the small circle of reformers waiting for the downfall of the Tories. On the 11th of May, 1812, Brougham commenced the examination of a master potter from Staffordshire who had come to London to testify to the evils of the Orders in Council. Brougham remarked on Perceval's absence, and proceeded with the examination.

One of Perceval's friends hastened in the direction of Downing Street to inform him they were in Committee, and met him in Parliament Street. On hearing that the Committee was in progress he hurried to the House and passed rapidly through the lobby; the place was crowded with Members and their friends talking in groups—the time about half-past five. Throughout the afternoon a man had been waiting in the recess of a doorway within the lobby, close to the entrance door of the House. He kept as vigilant a watch as any sentinel

(clad in a snuff-coloured suit with brass buttons) on the expectation of settling accounts with Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, a former ambassador at Petersburg. John Bellingham, who stood waiting there, was a man with a grievance—a grievance he considered that only blood could atone. The iron of a Russian prison had eaten into his soul. He was of St. Neots in Huntingdonshire, son of a land surveyor, who had been afflicted with madness and died in an asylum. Bellingham started his chequered existence as apprentice to a jeweller; he received a nomination to a cadetship in the East India Company. His ship was wrecked on the voyage out, and this became the turning-point in Bellingham's career. For some unknown reason he abandoned all idea of the East India Service, and returned to England and became a tinplate worker. Trouble was ever at his heels. Before long his house was burnt to the ground and he became bankrupt; then he failed as an insurance broker owing to lack of capital. He married, and matrimony accentuated the tragedy of his life. In spite of continual misfortune he ventured upon a post in a

merchant's office at Liverpool, and the firm, seeing in Bellingham a man of some address, sent him as their commission agent to the White Sea. He drew bills on the firm for £10,000, and made use of the money on his own account; threw it away like many an optimist with a taste for speculation. The temptation was too much for him, and fortune never favoured Bellingham. He returned to England and underwent imprisonment for breach of contract; he served his term, and then made a reappearance at Archangel—a fatal step, as it turned out, for him.

He was arrested for debt, and the British Ambassador, Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, was unable to interfere on his behalf; the arrest was legal, and he added two years of a Russian prison to his experiences. A debtors' prison in Russia to a man without friends, a man whose father had died insane, was sufficient to rouse the sleeping curse of heredity. He was mad, obsessed with one idea when he returned to England—the redress of his grievances. The mania of persecution held him in its grip. The whole world was against him, and he occupied

himself by sending petitions to Lord Wellesley, then Foreign Secretary, to Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, and the Prime Minister. He hoped vainly to obtain compensation; he brought a petition himself on May 10, 1810, to Downing Street, and Herries, Perceval's private secretary, informed him that Mr. Perceval would not give permission for the introduction of his petition.

Sir Samuel Romilly mentions that Perceval, as was his duty, refused to listen to these applications, but "he could hardly have accompanied his refusal with any harshness, for few men had less harshness in their nature."

At intervals Bellingham made attempts to gain recognition from the authorities, and on March 12, 1812, he made a final effort and forwarded a printed circular to the Prime Minister and every Member of the House of Commons enclosing copies of a petition to the House, and the answers he had received from the Home Secretary. By May 11th Bellingham determined to draw attention to his case in a more forcible manner. Armed with two pistols, he

waited in the lobby, and when he saw Perceval he stepped forward and shot him in the lower part of the left breast. A bystander noticed "a small curling wreath of smoke like the breath of a cigar rising above Perceval's head. I saw him reel back against the ledge on the inside of the door, and then making an impulsive rush, as it were, to reach the entrance of the House on the opposite side, I saw him totter forward not half-way and drop dead between the four pillars in the centre of the space, with a slight trace of blood issuing from his lips."

The only words he uttered were "murder" or "murdered"; he never spoke again. He actually expired ten minutes after in the room of the Speaker's secretary on the left of the lobby, whither he was taken by William Smith, a Member at whose feet he had fallen and who raised Perceval in his arms, and with Bradshaw and another Member bore him to the room nearest of access. The body was subsequently removed to the Speaker's house. Lord Francis Osborne and Lord Ossulston, were crossing the lobby at the moment when the shot was fired, and

were close to Perceval when he received his death-wound. A *Morning Post* correspondent, Jerdan, sprang at Bellingham and seized the pistol, which he relinquished without a struggle and sat down on a bench to the left of the door. In contemporary accounts of the murder stress is laid on the smallness of the pistol; in these days it might be considered a miniature blunderbuss; it hung some years ago in the hall at Cowdray, a clumsy kind of firearm of the highwayman description; no decorative work to be seen on stock or barrel; the kind of pistol a collector would overlook in a museum as unworthy of inspection. The pistol was presented to Perceval's nephew, Lord Egmont, by a priest, in whose possession it had been since the murder.

It is a coincidence that Perceval (as Mr. Fortescue observes) rejected a peace overture from Napoleon a few days before the murder, and he fell by Bellingham's pistol two days after Napoleon's departure from Paris to take command of the army for the invasion of Russia.

Bellingham made no attempt to evade arrest. Some one cried out, "Where is the

rascal who fired?" and Goodiff, an officer of the House, seized him and asked "If he was the villain who shot Mr. Perceval?" and Bellingham replied, "I am the unfortunate man," and added something about the redress of grievances from the Government. He was then taken by a private passage to the prison room on an upper story over the committee-rooms. When Bellingham admitted that he had shot Perceval, General Gascoyne, the Member for Liverpool, caught hold of him with such violence that he nearly broke Bellingham's arm; afterwards, he and General Tarleton, the other Member for Liverpool, identified Bellingham. He was examined by the magistrates and depositions were taken of witnesses to the murder. One of the witnesses stated that he heard Bellingham say, "I wish I were in Mr. Perceval's place." He was searched, and another pistol (loaded) was found on him, and several copies of petitions. Bellingham announced to the magistrates that he expected to be brought before a tribunal where he would receive justice and compensation for his losses, and be acquitted on the charge of murder. After his examination by the magistrates Belling-

ham was taken to Newgate and double-ironed.

Lord Holland compared the murder and its details to the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton at Portsmouth. Felton stabbed the Duke and offered no resistance when captured—he stood quietly by like Bellingham; in Felton's case he set out with the intention of killing the Duke; no one else would have satisfied him. Perceval's murder was a matter of mischance. Bellingham saw in him the chief representative of a Government that refused to redress his grievances, real or imaginary.

"The whole scene," wrote Lord Holland, "and many of the circumstances, recalled the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, and in nothing did it resemble it more than the cool composure of the assassin, who, I think, resumed his seat, but certainly made no effort to escape. We heard either the report of pistols or the screams of horror which the perpetration of the deed had excited. I recollect exclaiming, 'What is that?' and being told, after a short interval, that it was a madman who thought himself the Duke of Norfolk and

frequently molested the Courts of Justice with his pretensions."

There was consternation in the House of Lords when "a figure, pale and breathless, rushed into the House, and, leaning on the bar, repeated twice or thrice, 'He is murdered; I saw him dead!' In the general confusion it was some time before they realised that the Prime Minister had been shot; such a tragedy in the lobby of the House seemed impossible to them. His brother, Lord Arden, was in the House at the time.

"All expressed horror; some few seemed to ponder on the changes likely to ensue, and more were manifesting apprehension that the crime was connected with extensive designs, and the result of conspiracies which the state of the country rendered by no means improbable."

Descriptions of the murder vary in detail, but the main incidents of Williams's dream, and the description of the colour of Perceval and Bellingham's clothes, and their respective heights, is accurate in every respect—there could be no doubt regarding the scene of the murder and the principal characters,

Perceval was small and slightly built; all portraits of him were painted after death, with the exception of a miniature by Miles at the age of twenty-eight. These portraits, by Beechey and Joseph, are not satisfactory; the portrait by Joseph in the National Portrait Gallery was painted from the death-mask by Nollekens, and Perceval's sister, Lady Redesdale, sat for the eyes. Posthumous portraits reflect little of the living subject; all animation is lacking; the portrait is as cold and lifeless as the average marble bust. The colour of their clothes and the difference in height between the murderer and his victim proved the genuine nature of the dream more than anything else; even the change of expression in Perceval's face is described when he received his death-wound. Bellingham has been condemned as a cold-blooded assassin, but when his ill-starred career, the taint of heredity are taken into consideration, it is difficult to understand the refusal of Justice Mansfield to hear those witnesses who offered to testify to the prisoner's insanity. Criminal procedure was never influenced by sentiment in the early days of the nineteenth century.

Bellingham confessed that he intended to kill Lord Granville Leveson-Gower; "but," he added, "Perceval appeared and he felt that he must kill some one." Lord Wellesley was no longer Secretary for Foreign Affairs when the murder occurred, otherwise he, in common with the Prime Minister, had been the recipient of Bellingham's petitions, and numbered with the oppressors.

In one respect the law was merciful; he was not permitted to remain waiting for months in suspense, for they tried him at the Old Bailey without delay, and he was hanged within a week of the murder. Bellingham, during his trial and execution, showed great firmness and self-possession. There was none of the spectacular and theatrical effect attending a modern trial for murder, no novelists among the audience eager to give their impressions of the prisoner to the interviewer. No doubt, like Lord Tomnoddy of the "Ingoldsby Legends," Byron received information that "there was a man to be hanged" in the early hours of the 18th of May, a murderer of eminence, the assassin of a statesman who had led the Tory party since the death of Pitt.

An execution of the kind was one of the events of the early London season, and Byron hired a room for the night with an uninterrupted view of the gallows. He went from some assembly with two former schoolfellows, Bailey and Madocks; they arrived at the scene of execution at three in the morning to see Bellingham "launched into eternity." They found the house closed, and while Madocks roused the inmates Byron took a stroll with Bailey arm-in-arm along the street. Byron noticed a woman lying on the steps of a house, and "with some expression of compassion offered her a few shillings." She pushed his hand away with violence, and "starting up with a yell of laughter began to mimic the lameness of his gait." Bailey records that "he did not utter a word, but he could feel Byron's arm trembling in his as he left her."

Had Williams made the journey to London to "warn the party principally concerned," and obtained an audience with the Prime Minister, Perceval would have listened to his story beyond a doubt; for, according to Lord Rokeby, he had a presentiment of his approaching death a few days before it

occurred, and gave his will to Mrs. Perceval at the time. Williams was no visionary ; his statement of a dream foreshadowing a cold-blooded murder is the best authenticated example of the kind in history. This premonitory warning was not the kind of stuff that ordinary dreams are made of. His indifference to contemporary politics makes it the more remarkable.

There were no penny and halfpenny illustrated papers to illustrate the daily lives of Cabinet Ministers and their families, and to excite the interest of a curious public. Williams was unable to identify the victim of the murder in the lobby until he made inquiries in his dream concerning "the little man" who had been shot, and was told by some mysterious informant that the murdered man was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Perceval held the two offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The lobby itself was familiar to Williams. He had visited it in former days. This much he knew, but, judging from his statement, had the murdered man been Lord Wellesley or Castlereagh, Williams would have been

none the wiser. Had the dream followed the working of Bellingham's brain, Williams might equally have witnessed the murder of Leveson-Gower, the diplomat whom "a person" in a snuff-coloured suit lay in wait for, through that afternoon in May a hundred years ago.

THE END.

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